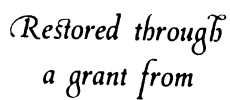

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THIRTY-THIRD VOLUME.

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 The Parable of the Lily.

Fashions for February, colored.
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 The Bashful Lover—Is the Rain Over.
 Fashions for April, colored.
 The Detected Truant.
 Fashions for May, colored.
 The Melody.
 Fashions for June, colored.

ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

January Number, Sixty Engravings.
 February Number, Fifty-One Engravings.
 March Number, Sixty Engravings.
 April Number, Sixty-Two Engravings.
 May Number, Fifty-Six Engravings.
 June Number, Fifty-Six Engravings.

MUSIC.

Hame, Hame, Hame!
 Whisper of Love Waltz.
 Onaway!
 Oh, Waly, Waly!
 Oh, Leave Her to Her Grief!
 The Three Fishermen.







INITIALS FOR MARKING.



SHAWL CLOAK



INFANT'S CAP.



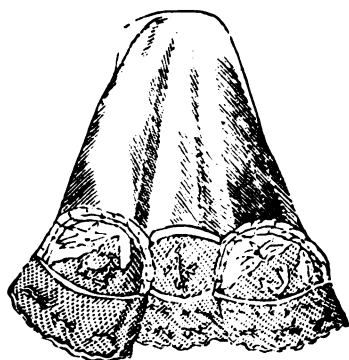
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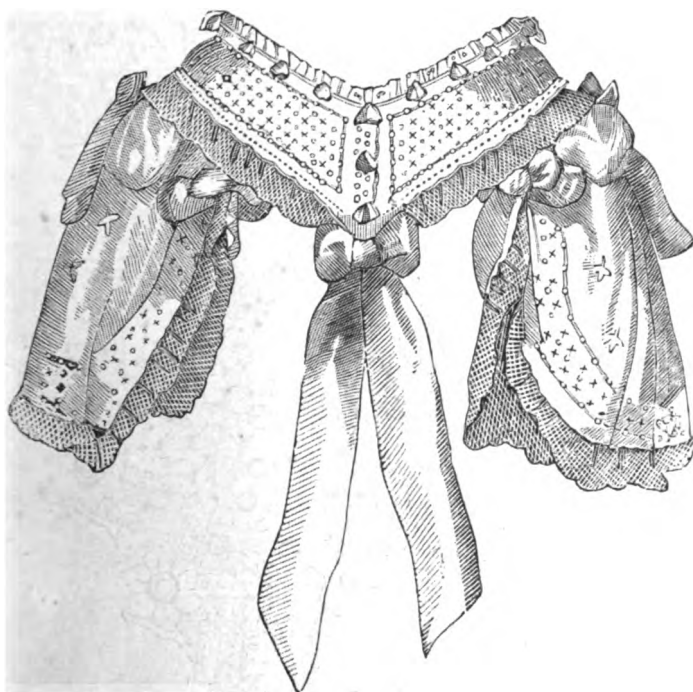
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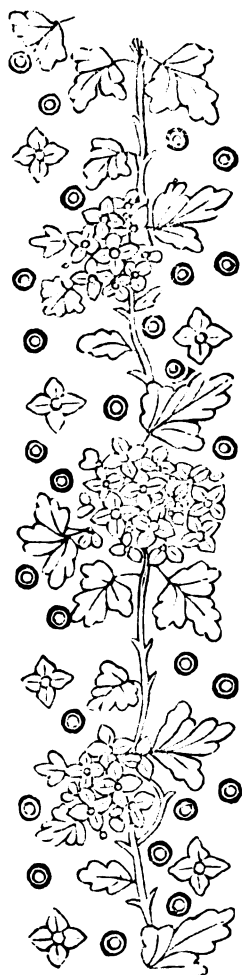
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SLEEVE.

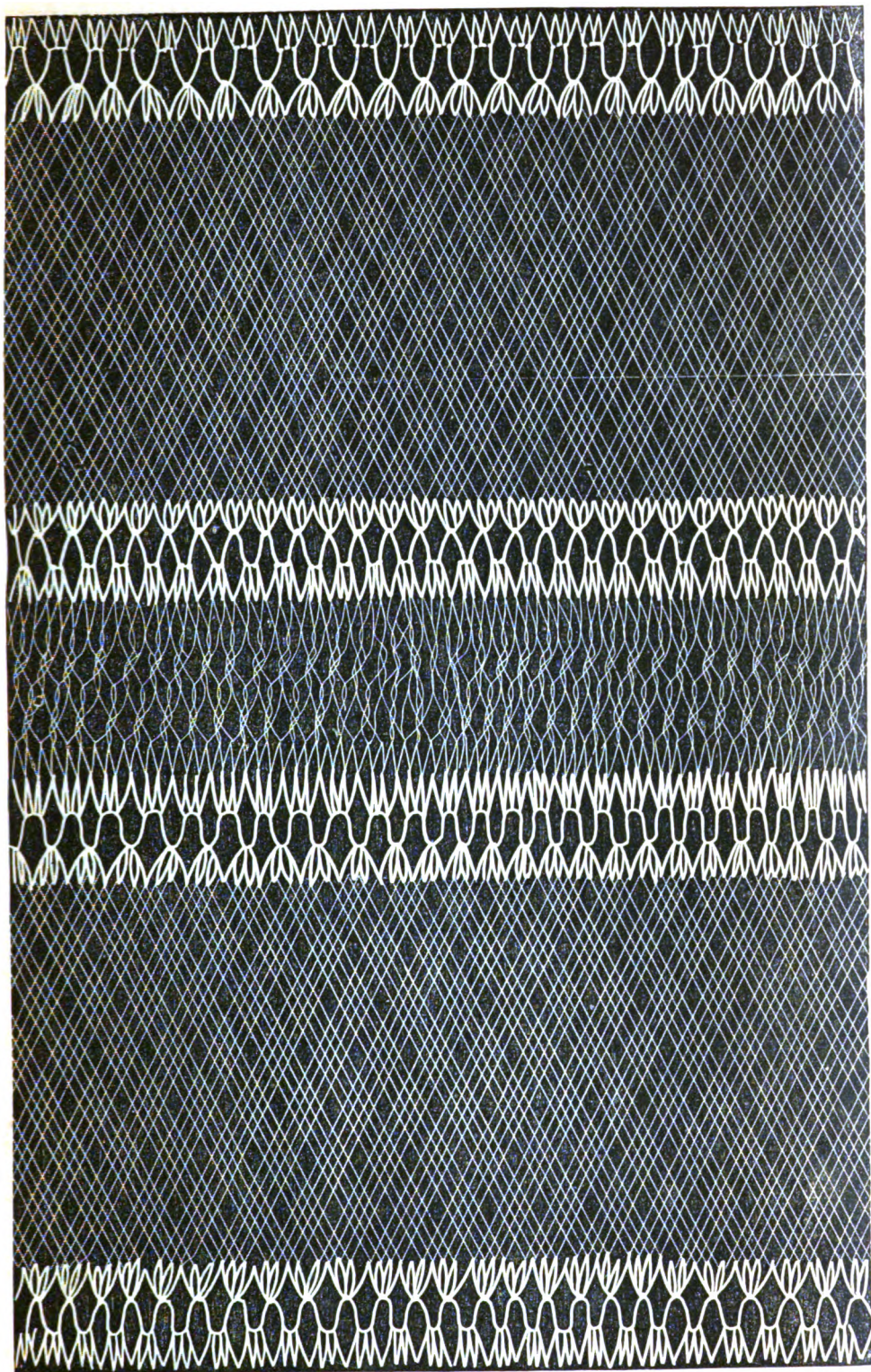


BERTHE WITH SLEEVES.



INSERTION.





NETTED WINDOW CURTAIN.

HAME, HAME, HAME!

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

ADAGIO
PATETICO.

The first system of the musical score is written for piano. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle and bass staves begin with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is marked with a tempo of 'ADAGIO' and a dynamic of 'PATETICO'. The first staff has a 'mf' (mezzo-forte) marking. The second staff has a 'dim.' (diminuendo) marking. The third staff has a 'p' (piano) marking. The lyrics 'Hame, hame, hame, O' are written below the staves.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The treble staff has a '3' marking above it. The middle and bass staves have a '3' marking above them. The lyrics 'hame fain would I be, Hame, hame, hame, to my ain coun - trie! There's an eye that ev - er weeps and a fair face will be fain, As I' are written below the staves.

pass through Annan wa - ter with my bonnie bands again; When the flow'r is in the bud, and the leaf up - on the tree, The lark shall sing me hame in my

ain coun - trio.

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain would I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
There's nought now from ruin my countrie can save,
But the keys of kind heaven to open the grave,
That all the noble martyrs who died for loyalie
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain would I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
The green leaf of loyalty's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering and a',
But I'll water't with the blood of usurping tyrannie,
And fresh it will blaw in my ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain would I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
There's nought now from ruin my countrie can save,
But the keys of kind heaven to open the grave,
That all the noble martyrs who died for loyalie
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain would I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save;
The new grass is growing aboon their bloody grave;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my e'e,
It'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie.



NEW STYLES OF BONNETS.





PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1858.

No. 1.

CAUGHT A TARTAR.

BY MISS CARRIE E. FAIRFIELD.

HERMAN WINTHROP was a physician, a widower, and the father of two children. His quiet home had been under the charge of a housekeeper rather more than a year, and as the evenings began to lengthen, and the winter winds sounded their premonitory notes through the leafless branches, he began more sensibly to miss the comforts and endearments of an unbroken home circle; and to think seriously of filling the vacant seat by his hearth-stone.

The doctor, spite of the advice of his elders in the profession, had married young, and as a consequence, found himself at thirty with a small family upon his hands, and an income somewhat narrower and more precarious than he could have desired. Still he was a handsome man, a great favorite among the ladies, and had possessed an excellent professional reputation. Under these circumstances ambition whispered that it would be very possible for him to contract a brilliant alliance; to carry off some dashing heiress, whose solid charms should allay his pecuniary vexations; while her beauty, her wit, and her style should make him the envy of half the town. To do the doctor justice, he did not draw on his imagination for all these details; they were suggested to him ready-made, in the person of Miss Minerva Hall, a lady whose apparent age was five or six and twenty.

On the other hand, he knew a little cottage just out of town, embowered amid roses and honeysuckles and clumps of evergreen, where dwelt, in the retirement of domestic peace and tranquillity, the solace and joy of a widowed mother, and the pet and idol of the small circle of cultivated and warm-hearted people with whom she moved—sweet Annie Huntington.

Annie was gentle and fair-haired; she had none of the golden graces or subtle fascinations of her town rival; but she possessed what was better, a refined and educated mind; an amiable disposition, and a warm, loving heart.

The doctor's first wife had been a woman of this stamp; quiet and domestic in her tastes; gentle and affectionate in disposition; and the doctor had some rather distinct impressions that these same qualities had had much to do with the happiness of these few years of married life. He was a domestic man; he loved his home, and home enjoyments, and home endearments; yet, nevertheless, Amy had come to him a portionless bride, and the consequence was, he was in debt now, and harassed daily for funds.

One dreary November evening, the doctor came home from a round of most vexatious professional calls to find tea not ready, the housekeeper cross, the children in tears. Before the cloth was scarce removed, the children were sent to bed for some trivial misdemeanor, and shortly afterward, the housekeeper, irritated at some sharp remark by the doctor, slammed the door behind her and retired to her own room.

Thus left alone to his own meditations, the doctor fell very naturally to soliloquizing, and his soliloquy took very much the tone of the dismal rain which beat continually against the windows.

"What a miserable life this to lead! It will be the ruin of me and my children soon, that is certain. But how to mend it? The truth of the matter is, I ought to marry a fortune. I'm bothered to death, day by day with duns; there's the grocer's bill hasn't been paid these six months; and the butcher's bill is about due; and the interest of the mortgage on this house must be paid next month. To be sure with the right kind of management all these things could be straightened out in the course of time; but a housekeeper at the head of internal affairs isn't like a good wife, I've seen that; neither, I have a slight suspicion, are all women like Amy, poor soul; she was a good wife to me; but then I oughtn't to have married her when I did; why couldn't I have waited awhile, and not have plunged myself headlong into—I know not what.

Well, 'experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.' There's Minerva Hall now, that would be a match worth talking about; ten thousand easy, I suppose, she will bring to the man who is fortunate enough to win her; besides her wit and the queenly air she has. It does one good to see her come sailing down the street; head up, and such a bust; and her slender foot fairly scorning the ground she walks on. They say such women are apt to have tempers; but I think that is half humbug; and any way, no man will object to a little spirit of the right sort. It's spicy. As to her being heartless, that's all nonsense too; every woman has a heart, only every man hasn't the wit to lay his hand upon it. Trust me to find the soft spot in a woman; once get your hand fairly wound in among the heart-strings, and you can manage the proudest of them. Now Minerva has a sort of weakness for me; I know that; I've seen it this long time, and on the whole, I don't believe I shall ever do better than to take her."

The doctor paused, and I think a vision of the pretty cottage, and its fairer inmate flitted across his brain, for he grew more deeply pensive, and a gleam of tenderness softened his dark eye. But presently he muttered, "Pshaw! that will never do; she hasn't the dimes."

Things grew hazy in his brain for awhile; and then, as if just arrived at a sudden resolution, he started up, arrayed himself for a walk, and went out into the darkness. When he came back, it was as the affianced husband of Minerva Hall.

A short time elapsed, to the doctor it seemed very short, until she was brought home to preside as Mrs. Winthrop over his household.

It may be doubted whether, even on his wedding night, the doctor felt himself supremely blest; but perhaps the first real tangible drop of bitterness in his cup was tasted when he saw his handsome wife stand before her mirror, and divest herself of a very handsome set of false teeth, and two or three heavy braids of hair. These slight operations, together with the washing off of a coat of rouge and pearl-powder, wrought quite a transformation in the beautiful Miss Hall.

One morning, shortly after, Mrs. Winthrop was going shopping, and desired her liege lord to supply her with the necessary funds.

"I am extremely sorry," replied the doctor, blandly, "but really, my dear, I haven't the money by me this morning."

The full, red lip, whose pout during the courtship had been so bewitching, swelled now in earnest in a way that wasn't half as fascinating.

"A pretty reply to make to my first request for

money; doubtless this is only the commencement of the insults which I shall be called upon to endure," said the bride.

The doctor was a little heated, and replied, "Very likely, madam; for when I married an heiress, I expected her to find herself in pin-money."

"You did, eh? So you married me for my money, did you; and you have the impudence to tell me of it to my face too, actually before the honeymoon is over. It is shameful, sir; it is outrageous."

The doctor strove to apologize; but the virago had the advantage of him, and she continued to pour out the torrent of invective long after he had placed the door between them and was hurrying down street. As this scene had commenced at the breakfast-table, its effects upon the children, who were present, can be better imagined than described. That day the doctor took the pains to ascertain the amount of Miss Winthrop's "fortune." It turned out to consist in the use of five thousand dollars. Subsequent discoveries proved to him that, as the result of the lady's extravagance, her account at the banker's was usually overdrawn.

The delightsomeness of the doctor's evenings at home may be imagined. Generally his resource, after tea, was the newspaper or periodical; or if the household atmosphere was too stormy, he betook himself to a small upper room, which was usually denominated his study. Sitting there one evening, while his wife was entertaining two or three fascinating young gentlemen in the parlor, he heard a timid knock at the door, and his little golden-haired Amy entered; his first born, his pet, the namesake of his early love. She led her younger brother by the hand, and both were crying.

The doctor's heart was touched. By some strange forgetfulness, he seemed never, till this moment, to have taken into consideration the claims of his children in his choice of a step-mother for them. Now, as if in a magic-glass, the enormity of his conduct in this respect was held up before him. Stretching out his hands, he said tenderly,

"Come here, Amy, darling, and tell me what grieves you."

Amy glided gently into his embrace, and Harry climbed noiselessly to his father's knee.

"Please, papa," said Amy, timidly, "is the new mother to be always our mother; or will she go away, by-and-by, as our own mamma did?"

The doctor's eyes filled with tears.

"Why do you ask me such a question, my dear?" he inquired, with a choking voice.

"Because, if she is only to stay here a little while, I will try to be patient and good till she is gone: but oh! papa, I hope she will not be here always."

Spirit of the gentle, departed Amy! wert thou hovering near, to watch the upwelling of that long slumbering fountain of parental tenderness! Closer, closer to his heart he held the dear offspring of his youthful love, and asked, "What is it, Amy, darling: tell papa what Mrs. ——— what the new mother has done."

"Oh! it is many things, papa; first of all, she don't love us, me and Harry, I mean. I am sure she don't; for she scolds us so, and says such hard things. Calls us 'beggar's brats:' does that mean our own mamma?"

"Go on, my dear. What else?"

"Then she makes us eat in the nursery, you know." The doctor's heart reproached him for ever having consented to this arrangement. "And she only gives us dry bread and little bits of pie and cake that are left; because she says now that she has been cheated into marrying a beggar, she must be economical." The doctor thought of a new set of expensive jewelry brought home that morning, and sighed. "But that is not all, papa, she strikes us; look there," and the little one stripped up her baby brother's sleeve, and showed the marks upon his arm.

And these were Amy's children! "Oh! fool that I was," groaned the repentant father. For a half-hour he held the children on his knee and comforted them. It made them very happy, for childish sorrows are easily assuaged; and then taking a hand of each, he led them into the nursery, and himself saw them laid into their quiet bed; nor did he leave them, till locked in a sweet, childish embrace, they both slept quietly.

The next morning there was a scene. It was commenced by some mild request of the doctor's in regard to the nursery arrangements; for the doctor had by this time learned the fallacy of his old notions, in regard to the ease with which a spirited feminine may be managed, and now

actually dreaded an encounter with Mrs. Dr. Winthrop.

"Did he expect her to trouble herself," she said, "about another woman's brats? No, he hired a nursery-maid for that—it was none of her business, to be sure, whether he ever paid her or not—as for the children coming to the table with her, it was a ridiculous whim, and as long as she was mistress of that house it should never be tolerated. Of course when they were grown up it would be different, but no slobbering, pin-afore babies should ever be seen at her table."

"Madam," cried the doctor, enraged at her impudence. "I fancied I married a lady when I married you, but I see I was mistaken."

"Ha!" she exclaimed, with a laugh of bitter scorn, "you thought you caught an heiress, but you may find instead that you—'*Caught a Tartar!*'"

"I believe you, madam," and rising from the table, the doctor was seized with a sudden impulse to hurl the carving-knife at her head, when suddenly—he awoke!

He looked around in bewilderment. The fire was going out in the grate; the candle was wasting and guttering upon the mantle, and still, as when an hour ago he had fallen asleep, the dismal November rain beat against the windows.

The doctor rubbed his eyes, looked eagerly around him, as if thoroughly to satisfy himself that the scene was real, and then fervently ejaculated, "Thank the Lord!"

The next evening found Dr. Winthrop a guest at Rose Lawn. A week later he was the accepted suitor of sweet Annie Huntington; and it was not many months till he led her from the altar a happy bride.

Home pictures, very different from those seen in his dreams, greet the doctor now upon a winter's evening; and under the quiet but efficient management of his gentle wife, the wrinkles have disappeared from his brow, the cares from his heart, and he is now a prosperous and a happy man.

AURORA AND ZEPHYRUS.—A SCULPTURED GROUPE.

BY DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

On! for some old Promethean art to wake
These sweet creations into life and light;
Some spell—like that of Poetry—to make
These glorious forms of Youth and Beauty take
Life's hearted beam, and be supremely bright.
By her own Zephyrus, glad Aurora lies
There, half-supported on her snowy hand,

She gazes on him, passionately fond,
And watches, 'till he opens his radiant eyes—
Full, soft and dark, now sealed by sleep's wand,
Beaming at once his love and his surprise!
Amid his clustering curls her fingers stray—
The night-mists fade—earth languishes for Day—
Aurora lingers. Who can chide her stay?

THE IMPROMPTU MARRIAGE.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

"For heaven's sake, Susy, do be serious, if you can, for five minutes. Pray, pray, cease this trifling, which is but cruel playing with my feelings, and let us treat this subject as it deserves, soberly and seriously."

"Well, there, then!" cried the laughing, black-eyed girl to whom Charles Westerly spoke. "There, then, is that grave enough? See, the corners of my mouth are duly turned down, and my eyes rolled up, and I am as sober as a patient who has caught sight of the dentist's pulikins. Do I suit you so?"

"You suit me any how, and you know it well, you witch," cried Charles, gazing, with a smile, at the pretty face puckered up in its affectation of demureness. But he was not to be driven from his point; and he resumed, gravely, after a pause,

"The time has come, Susy, when I feel I have a right to demand an explicit answer to my suit. You have trifled with my earnest feelings long enough. I have grown restless under my fetters."

"Shake them off then, Charley!" interrupted the saucy girl, with a pretty defiant toss of her head, which plainly said, "I defy you to do it."

"I cannot, Susy—I cannot, and you know it," replied the hapless lover, impatiently.

"That being the case, take my advice—wear them gracefully, and don't pull and jerk so—it only makes them hurt you."

The young man turned away angrily, and walked silently up and down the room, evidently fretting and fuming internally. Susy, meantime, looked out of the window and yawned.

Charles continued his moody walk.

"Oh, what a beautiful blue-bird, out on the maple tree," cried Susy, suddenly; "do come and see it."

Charles mechanically approached the window and looked out.

"Don't you think, Charley," said Susy, laying her hand on his arm, and looking up eagerly in his face, "don't you think you could manage to——"

"What? Susy, dear," asked Charles, all his tenderness awakened by her manner, "what?"

"Drop a pinch of salt on his tail," returned

the provoking girl, with an affectation of simplicity, "for then you know you could catch it."

His answer was to fling her off, and with a suppressed exclamation, turn angrily away.

His walk this time was longer than before, and his cogitations more earnest; for he did not heed any of Susy's artfully artless devices to allure his notice. At last he stopped abruptly before her, and said,

"Susy, for three long years I have been your suitor, without either confession of love, or promise of marriage on your part. Often as I have demanded to know your sentiments toward me, you have always coquettishly refused me an answer. This state of things must cease. I love you, as you know, better than my life; but I will no longer be your plaything. To-morrow you are going away to a distance, to be absent for months; and if you cannot, this very day, throw aside your coquetry, and give me an honest 'yes,' for my answer, I shall consider that I have received a 'no,' and act accordingly."

"And how would that be? What would you do?" asked Miss Susy, curiously.

"Begin by tearing your false and worthless image from my heart," cried Charles, furiously.

"It would be a bloody business, Charley; and you would not succeed either."

"I should, and would succeed, as you shall see, if you wish, cruel, heartless girl."

"But I don't wish, Charley, dear—I love dearly to have you love me."

"Why, then," cried the foolish youth, quite won over again, "why, then, dearest Susy, will you not consent?"

"Remember, I said I liked to be loved—I did not say anything about loving. But, pray, how long did you say you had been courting me, in that pretty little speech of yours?"

"Three long years."

"Neatly and accurately quoted, Charley. But you know Rachel, in the Bible, was only won after seven years' courtship. You don't suppose I am going to rate myself any cheaper than she did, do you? Suppose we drop this tiresome subject for four years; perhaps, by that time, I may be able to work myself up to the falling-in-love point—there is no knowing what wonders time may effect."

"If you are not in love now, you never will be," returned Charles, sturdily, "and I will have my answer now, or never."

"Never! then," laughed Susy. But she had gone a step too far. Her often severely tried lover was now too much in earnest to bear her trifling longer.

"Never, be it then," he cried, and seizing his hat, he strode angrily from the room.

Susy listened to his receding footsteps with dismay. Had she, indeed, by her incorrigible love of coquetry, alienated that noble, manly heart? It smote her to the soul to think so. As she heard him open the front door, impelled by a feeling of despair, she raised the window-sash, and leaning forward, whispered,

"Charley, Charley! you will be at the boat to-morrow to bid me good-bye, won't you? Surely we are still friends?"

As she spoke, she tore a rose from her bosom, and threw it to him. It lodged on his arm, but he brushed it away, as though it had been poison, and passed on without looking up.

Susy spent the rest of that day in tears.

The next morning, early, began the bustle of departure. Susy was going to accompany her widowed and invalid mother on a trip to Havana, for her health.

As they reached the wharf, and descended from the carriage, Susy's eyes made themselves busy searching for one wished-for face, but it was nowhere to be seen.

The steamboat lay panting and puffing, impatient to be let loose. Susy's mother, aided by the servant-man who accompanied them, had already crossed the plank which lay between the wharf and the boat, and Susy was reluctantly following, when the sound of a voice behind her—the very voice she was longing to hear—startled her. She turned to look around, and missing her footing, fell into the water.

Another instant, and Charles had thrown off his coat, and calling out loudly,

"Tell the captain not to allow the wheel to stir, and to lower me a rope!" he sprang into the river.

But of her whom he was risking his life to save, he was able to perceive no trace.

Judging that the current of the river might have carried her a little forward, he swam around the wheel, but still he saw her not, and despair seized his heart as he conjectured that she might be under the boat. He strained his eyes to see through the water, and at length discerned, far below the surface, what seemed the end of a floating garment lodged between the wheel and the rounded bottom of the boat.

If this were indeed the unfortunate girl, the least movement of the wheel must inevitably crush her, and Charles, in his terror, fancied it was already beginning to turn. He dived, and clutched at the garment, but missed it. He rose panting, and almost exhausted; but scarcely waiting to get a breath, again he plunged below. This time his efforts were rewarded with success, at least so far that he was able to bring Susy's form to the surface of the water; but she seemed totally lifeless.

Charles was now so nearly spent, that he had only sufficient presence of mind left to clasp Susy convulsively to him, while he kept himself afloat by holding on to the wheel.

But this, his last hope of support, seemed also to fail him soon, as he perceived that it was now really beginning to turn slowly round. By a desperate effort, he struck his foot against one of the paddles, so as to push himself as far from the danger as possible. As he did so, something touched his head, and his hand grasped a rope. New life seemed now infused into him. He gathered all his energies, and fastened the rope around Susy's waist—consciousness then entirely forsook him.

In the meantime the witnesses of the scene, after giving Charles' instructions to the captain, had watched his struggles and exertions with breathless interest. The friendly rope had been flung to him again and again, but in the excitement of his feelings, and his semi-insensibility, he had been incapable of availing himself of the offered aid.

At last perceiving that he was quite exhausted, and must inevitably soon let go his hold on the wheel, and then probably sink to rise no more, the captain judged it best to run the risk of moving off, so that a small boat could be sent to the rescue.

The result of this hazardous experiment was successful. Susy was raised by means of the rope; and a boat reached Charles in time to save him also.

Both sufferers were taken on board the steamboat, which now rapidly moved off to make up for lost time.

And thus, when our hero regained his consciousness, he found himself on the Mississippi river, many miles from home, bound for New Orleans. Of course his first anxious inquiry was for Susy, and when informed that she was rapidly recovering, his happiness seemed complete. He showed his contentment by turning over, and falling into a deep, quiet sleep.

About sundown, a message came to him, that Miss B—— desired to see him.

He found her lying on a sofa in the captain's state-room, which had been given up to her. Her mother was sitting beside her.

She looked very pale, and somewhat suffering, but she held out her hand to him very gratefully, while the tears stood in her eyes.

"Charles," she said, without offering a word of thanks, "I want to see a clergyman. Is there one on board?"

"I will go and see," said Charles, moving to the door, but a dreadful thought striking him, he turned, exclaiming,

"Good God, Susy, you do not think——"

"That I am going to die? No, Charles, but I want to see a clergyman."

Charles went, and soon returned, accompanied by a minister of the gospel.

"I thank you, sir, for coming to me," said Susy, to the latter, as he entered. "I have a strange request to make to you. Would you object, sir, in the presence, and with the consent of my mother, to unite me to that gentleman?"

If the minister was astonished at this request, Charles was infinitely more so.

"What did you say, Susy? Did I hear aright?"

"I believe so," said Susy, smiling at his eager amazement. "Does the scheme meet your approval?"

"It was heaven-inspired!" cried the poor fellow, crazed by his joy—but a shade coming over his radiant face, he added gravely,

"But, Susy, have you considered? Remember, I want your love, not your gratitude—will be satisfied with nothing less."

"Do not be concerned about that, dear Charles," replied Susy, gazing at him very tenderly through her tears. "Be assured you have them both, and had the first, long, long before you had the last."

"But, Susy, you said only yesterday——"

"Never mind what I said yesterday," interrupted Susy, with some of her old spirit breaking out. "Just mind what I say to-day. If I was a fool once, is that any reason I must be one always? But, indeed, Charles," she added, more softly, "I have always meant to be your wife—the only scruple I have, is, that I am not half, nor quarter, good enough for you."

It is needless to say how this discussion ended. The reader has already divined that Charles continued his journey to Havana. And thus, in the course of one eventful day, he risked a life, and saved a life, made an impromptu marriage, and set out on a most unexpected wedding trip.

JUDGE NOT.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

Oh! judge not thou, from what thou seest,
Nor deem the heart is wholly wrong,
Because some vile and poisonous weed
Doth bloom its odorous flowers among.

And watch not, with such careful eye,
That thou may'st see thy brother slip,
Nor yet reprove, from what thou hear'st,
With ready censure on thy lip.

For what to thee seems darkest deed,
Lo, Heaven may his memorial be:

A radiant jewel in that crown,
Prepared from all eternity.

Alas! how shall we dare to blame,
With open lip, or secret heart,
Since while upon this earth we stay
We only see and know in part.

Then judge not thou, from what thou seest,
For human judgment oft must err,
And him we deem sin's devotee,
May be Heaven's earnest worshipper.

LES CHATEAUX EN ESPAGNE.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

'Tis but a moment we can give
To Fancy's ever changing dream,
A moment brief to joy and love,
Then floating down life's rapid stream
We vainly hope, though passing years
Have shown Hope's aspirations vain—
Our castles fall—through blinding tears
We turn—and build them up again.

'Tis well the heart can sometimes loose
Life's memories of want and care,
For all are dreamers, nor can choose,
But build their castles in the air.
Though bright the bubble be to-day,
And fair its glitt'ring sides appear,
To-morrow it will pass away
And brighter domes shall Fancy rear.

MY NOSE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

FAR away down in the days of early childhood I remember being gazed upon in a curious manner, and hearing the remark in a suppressed tone, "Poor child! she has a nose!" Whether it was expected of me to have been born without this appendage I couldn't exactly understand; especially as, in looking around upon the circle of my friends and acquaintances, I saw that they were all well provided in this respect.

Vague hints, and mysterious remarks upon this unfortunate feature threw a sort of shade over my early years; and the first mortification that I ever experienced arose from the same cause.

I was then at the sensitive age of eleven years; and at a child's party, a little boy, whom I had distinguished by calling him up to extricate me from "the well," imprinted a kiss upon one end of my nose amid the tittering of his companions. A quick, angry flush shot through me; and from that time forth the unpleasant consciousness that I had indeed "a nose" never left me.

Why a machine for the compression of extensive noses should not be put into practical operation I was at a loss to conceive; and that it should, one of these days, be attempted, I was fully determined. When, therefore, I read Miss Bremer's "Home," it was the disappointing overthrow of a long-cherished plan. I perused the history of Petrea Frank, read the failure of her admirably arranged plan for reducing the size of her nose, and went off and cried myself to sleep in a paroxysm of despair.

My nose was a never-ending source of amusement to a family of cousins who gave me no peace of my life. There were five of them; all girls, all handsome, and full of life and spirits. I was very fond of them, and I believe they were of me; but they never would restrain their jokes at my expense. Poor things! they were motherless, and if they sometimes lacked the refinement and sensitiveness of those more favored, I was not disposed to be unforgiving.

Uncle Althorpe was a distinguished lawyer, and his pretty daughters, when they arrived at young ladyhood, were in a fair way of being spoiled with adulation. They were beautiful, those girls: Celestine, the eldest, was a perfect type of Southern beauty. Slender, symmetrical,

with glorious dark eyes, and a moonlight face—a picture to be studied. Then came Anna, who always played "Rowena" in all the tableaux; a tall, graceful blonde, with an air and manner so distinguished that on entering a room, at any assembly, there was always a murmur of, "Who is she?" Emma was a piquant little thing, with the look of a ripe peach; her cheeks were so downy, with the rich color glowing through the olive tint.

Matilda was my especial favorite; and I, who have always been an ardent admirer of beauty, would gaze upon her in a sort of a wistful rapture. Bright, laughing and lovely, she was seldom ever still for two consecutive moments. I have watched her dip her head in a basin of water, and the rich, dark hair, with a tinge of auburn, would emerge one dripping mass of curls, which she tossed about with the quiet contempt of conscious beauty. Those large, laughing brown eyes were always sparkling with merriment, her mouth was the nearest approach to a ripe cherry that I have ever yet seen, and her nose was just sufficiently *retrousee* to give an expression of archness to the face. Add to this the exquisitely fair complexion that accompanies auburn hair—pale, except when emotion called the color to her face, or a kiss pressed on her cheek gave it the appearance of a fresh rose-leaf—and you have a lengthy, but truthful description of my cousin Matilda. I never saw any one half so beautiful.

Last of all, there was Hilly; who, having been handed over to an ancient aunt of her father's for a name, was christened by that lady "Hildegard." Hilly was the baby, a perfect imp of mischief, but with such a way of throwing herself on one's protection that she always came off as the injured party. Very deep violet eyes, with the reddest of red lips, and the brightest of complexions, and very brown hair, had my little cousin Hildegard.

Any one of those girls had sufficient attractions for half-a-dozen ordinary belles; and what was poor I, with my unfortunate nose, to do among five of them? Precisely what I did: feel like the beast to which they all played the part of beauty, and wonder what was ever to be done with my nose.

Uncle Althorpe lived at some distance from us; and one day, after I had left school, and considered myself a young lady, I received the following characteristic letter from Matilda:

"For goodness' sake, Becky, (I had the name of Rebecca added to my nose) do come right out here! I suppose you haven't the least idea where we have gone for the summer? but you can't think how delightful and romantic it is! I should scarcely be more surprised if Noah's Ark had been discovered and fitted up for us; but that wouldn't be half so charming as to be in a house where Washington has slept. Think of it, Becky! and cannon-balls in the roof! It is said to be haunted, too—aren't we in luck? A queer old woman, Miss Eleanor Pyott, who had outlived all her family, owned this place, and died lately. A nephew used to live with her, and people supposed that the place would be his; but they couldn't find any will, and all the connections went to law about it. Of course, none of them could live in it until it was settled to whom it belonged, so papa has taken it for the summer, and here we all are. It's the queerest place you ever saw, do come at once. There is a portrait of Miss Eleanor here, and it looks just like you—she has the funniest nose."

This is but an extract from my pretty cousin's rather incoherent letter, and by the time I had finished the epistle, I was pretty well mystified. But uncle Althorpe soon made his appearance on purpose, he said, to escort me to Pinehurst; and Hilly sent me a saucy message to "pack up my nose without delay."

I was not long in making preparations; and with much curiosity to behold the old Revolutionary mansion, I set forth with uncle Althorpe.

"I suppose," said my uncle, when we were comfortably settled in the cars, "that the girls have been frightening you with all sorts of stories about the place?"

"No, sir," I replied, "I am not easily frightened."

"No?" said my uncle, looking at me with additional respect, "I have always heard that a long nose indicated a clear head."

My poor nose again! Why couldn't he let it alone?

"The girls are half beside themselves with fear," he continued, "there is a story that the house is haunted—walled up room—British officer, during the Revolution, shut up his daughter there for loving an American officer—walks about at night and all that. Have I frightened you?"

"Not in the least, sir; I don't believe in ghosts."

"That's a sensible girl!" emphatically; and my uncle seemed to be considering this, for he said very little more during the journey.

I kept an eager look-out for a glimpse of the house; but it was nearly night when we arrived at the station, and then my uncle's carriage conveyed us to Pinehurst, a distance of two or three miles.

The carriage stopped at an ancient gateway; and the first sight of the place filled me with ecstasy. The house was entirely out of sight, hidden by the trees; and as we approached it, through a noble avenue of elms, I gloried in the dense retirement around us. Once in the avenue, we seemed shut in from the world; and the broad walks, the sloping lawn, and the aristocratic silence were all exactly to my taste. I had a passion for mystery, and my uncle's summer residence was exceedingly mysterious.

There was the house; and on the broad steps stood the five Graces waiting to receive us. Oh, that grand old hall! It did my heart good to see it. Everything was lofty and spacious; and as the old-fashioned furniture had been left undisturbed, the room presented a perfect picture of a century ago; and claw feet, lions' heads, and all sorts of queer designs stared upon me from all directions.

But my five cousins would not allow me much time for a quiet survey.

"Why, Becky!" exclaimed Matilda, after regarding me in considerable astonishment, "you've really grown pretty!"

"So you have!" chimed in Hilly, "I declare, your nose hardly shows at all!"

This was not meant to imply that the organ in question was too small to be seen, but only that the monstrosity of it was not quite so prominent as it had hitherto been.

"I love to look at your mouth, Becky," said Celestine, graciously.

I had rather a decent mouth.

"What have you been doing to make your eyes so bright?" asked Anna, by way of adding her contribution.

"Well," exclaimed Emma, "you've left me nothing to say, but I prophesy that Becky will cut us all out yet."

I was beginning to feel extremely foolish, when uncle Althorpe turned me gravely around, and surveying me from head to foot, remarked,

"Stature, average height; figure, good, neither fat nor lean; hair, very passable; eyes, fine, a straightforward, honest look in them; nose, but that is a prohibited subject; mouth, just what a mouth should be; chin, very pretty, I love to see a pretty chin; complexion, delicate, yet

healthy; expression, modest but sensible. You'll do."

"Do what?" I inquired.

"That remains to be seen," and uncle Althorpe vanished to his paper, and was heard no more that evening.

We girls sat and talked until twelve; and by that time I had become pretty well posted up in the history of Pinehurst.

It had belonged to the Pyott family from time immemorial, and a proud and aristocratic family they were. Staunch old federalists, they had enjoyed the friendship of Washington, and had always been considered the very cream of republican society. But the family had all died out, with the exception of an elderly maiden lady, who lived there alone in her grandeur until she adopted a nephew, the only child of a sister who had made what the world calls a *mesalliance*.

This Miss Eleanor Pyott was the talk of all the country around; and every one had something to say about her stately bearing, which people, who had never been out of republican America, pronounced exactly that of an old dowager duchess. Every fibre of her heart seemed twined about the old place; and she refused to have the slightest alteration or improvement made in it. The Pyotts, for generations had dined in that dining-room—slept in those chambers—and held courtly receptions in those drawing-rooms; and as one generation of Pyotts went out, and another generation came in, they followed tenaciously in all the ways of their ancestors.

I was speedily shown the portrait of Miss Eleanor; a very grand old lady indeed, with a long, sharp nose, delicate complexion, and hair done up in old-fashioned puffs. I was rather struck, myself, with the likeness which I bore to the portrait; but I would not acknowledge this to my cousins.

Miss Pyott never walked when seen beyond the precincts of her ancestral mansion; she rolled aristocratically along in an old-fashioned carriage, driven by an ancient coachman, who considered a quick pace decidedly plebeian. The old lady always looked like a portrait of one of her ancestors descended from its frame; rich, coffee-colored lace ornamented the heavy brocades in which she attired herself, and she sported a muff that would have extinguished any ordinary woman.

But the story of Pyott Denmore, her nephew, interested me most. From early childhood he had played in those broad avenues, roamed through the wooded paths, and made those

empty chambers resound with gleeful notes; he had listened with deferential attention to Miss Eleanor's long stories of this and that ancestor, and faithfully promised her to keep up the old mansion in its original style when she should be gathered to her fathers; and now in his matured manhood, when he could fully appreciate the value of the bequest, he was turned away as one who had no right there, merely because she, whose heart was set upon installing him as master of the old house had neglected to commit her wishes to writing. It was very hard, I thought; and in spite of uncle Althorpe's learned arguments, I persisted in denouncing the injustice of law.

Fortunately, however, for her nephew, Miss Eleanor had the good sense to give him an education calculated to make him depend upon his own resources; and when that was completed she sent him to England, to introduce himself to some wonderful relatives, who were graciously pleased with the young American representative of their ancient name.

"You can't think what a charming person he is," said Anna, confidentially. "We have never seen him, but he has lovely dark eyes, and such a sweet smile—just the style I like; and if he succeeds in getting his property, we are all going to set our caps for him."

So, that if he regained the old house, he would also come into possession of a lovely wife; for that any one of my beautiful cousins should not succeed in winning any man upon earth never entered my head. My unfortunate nose looked larger than ever as I gazed upon my reflection while undressing for the night.

Matilda and I occupied the same room; and she amused herself with relating to me all the various alarms they had experienced, with the benevolent intention of frightening me. But I remained perfectly unconcerned; while my cousin involuntarily trembled, and behaved like the veritable little coward she was.

Several times during the night was I compelled to rise from the couch and explore the apartment, in order to allay her tremors. Now, it was the huge fire-place, in which something was certainly moving—then the moon sent an unearthly light into the room—and next a mysterious tapping on the window-pane had to be explained. This somewhat puzzled me at first; but I soon discovered that the branches of the trees, which were very near the window, were continually driven by the wind against the glass, and produced the perplexing noise.

Again and again, as I laughed at poor Matilda, was I thankful for not being a coward; and in

the midst of these alarms, I could have explored the whole house, alone, with perfect serenity.

I enjoyed life at Pinehurst, although the girls pronounced it dull; and so enraptured was I with the place, that in consequence of this, and my resemblance to the portrait, it became quite a standing joke with my cousins to call me Miss Eleanor Pyott. Now, this was not agreeable; I was very sensitive respecting my nose, and Miss Eleanor's certainly was a little larger than mine. When, therefore, they urged me to don some old bonnet that had been discovered at the top of the house, and arrange my hair in puffs, I declined affording them this gratification, for which they teased me daily.

The walled-up chamber, that was regarded with a mixture of horror and curiosity, was soon pointed out to me. It was in a sort of wing that joined on at the extreme end of the mansion, and looked out upon the densest part of the grounds. Being in the second story, a narrow flight of steps led up from the outside to a low door that opened directly into the room. This was never unfastened, and the one window was tightly boarded up. I regarded this spot with longing eyes, and often proposed an exploration of the haunted apartment; but this uncle Althorpe decidedly opposed, alleging that as he was only a temporary tenant, he had no right to penetrate into these carefully-guarded recesses.

One day, my cousins had been more than usually aggravating upon the subject of my resemblance to Miss Eleanor Pyott, and I retired to rest, at night, in no very pleasant frame of mind. Matilda was soon asleep; but I lay awake thinking of the former occupants of the mansion, and wondering if Pyott Denmore would ever be restored to what I considered his rightful position.

I was restless; and finally, I rose from the bed, and lighting a candle, proceeded to view Miss Eleanor's portrait. The more I looked the more I became convinced that I did look like it; and the desire came over me to attire myself in that ancient dress, and then compare notes. Hilly had caught a glimpse of some old-fashioned things in the back part of a deep closet, and thither I accordingly repaired. A faded dress of stiff brocade, that had evidently seen long service, soon replaced my white wrapper; and having rolled my hair into puffs à la Miss Eleanor, I donned a green caleche, and almost trembled at my reflection in the glass.

I looked at the portrait again, to be sure that it was really I, and not the old lady stepped from her frame; and then unhesitatingly directing

my steps toward the walled-up room, I determined to see if it were possible to effect an entrance there.

It was a ridiculous expedition; but I walked gravely on through the silent passage, until I came to a little entry that opened into a closet. Carefully guarding my candle, I peered around in search of some outlet, for I knew that this closet was at the end of the house near the mysterious chamber.

The narrowness of my quarters caused a rattling in the capacious pocket of my dress; and drawing forth a roll of paper, I grasped it tightly for future investigation. My candle was not brilliant enough, or I should before have discovered a sort of board window at the end of the closet. This was secured by hooks that were noiselessly unfastened; and then I found myself in a small room, from the further end of which seemed to proceed a light.

I was staggered, and my first impulse was to turn back; but resolving to inquire into the cause of this strange phenomenon, I proceeded tremblingly forward. I could not have told what I expected to see, but I certainly was not prepared for the sight that met my eyes.

The room into which I entered led to a larger one; and in this, seated by a table, was a gentleman, completely absorbed in the perusal of some old yellow letters. His face wore an expression of sadness, as he sat there; but I could see that he was very distinguished-looking, and quite young.

The situation in which I found myself was extremely embarrassing, alone there, at midnight; but instead of retracing my steps, I stood spell-bound, staring at the occupant of the mysterious room.

Presently, he turned and saw me. His face grew white, as he exclaimed in a husky voice,

"Am I dreaming? Merciful heaven! That nose!"

This unprovoked attack upon my much injured feature quite exasperated me; and without stopping to consider what I did, I threw the paper in my hand at the speaker, and glided back to my closet. I thought that I heard a heavy fall; but now thoroughly alarmed at my own imprudence, I hastened, breathless and panting to my room.

My cousin still slept; and divesting myself of my masquerading attire, I sat down and pondered over my singular adventure. As I had told my uncle, I did not believe in ghosts, and the gentleman whom I encountered had given full evidence of being a living man. I fully believed it to be Pyott Denmore; though how he

came there, and for what reason, I could not tell. I had evidently impressed him with the conviction that he had been visited by his aunt Eleanor; and with a sort of mischievous glee, and a little inward trembling, I retired to bed wondering what would come of it.

I half feared to go to the breakfast-table; but nothing was said of the performance of the night before; uncle Althorpe looked perfectly unconscious of the scene that had been enacted, and I began to breathe freely.

My cousins teased me, during the day, for being so unusually silent; but my thoughts were wandering off to the melancholy-looking gentleman, and I wondered what had become of him. It would not do to trust the girls with my secret; for they would laugh at me, and declare that I had been dreaming, and that I was, after all, as great a coward as themselves.

I stole off to the thicket that was immediately under the boarded window; but all looked dark and deserted as before, and I almost asked myself if I had not imagined the whole affair.

Uncle Althorpe went to the city every morning, and returned at night; and always, on his appearance, he was besieged with a host of questions respecting the case of Pyott Denmore. The usual reply was that it was standing still, as everything in law always is; but on the evening succeeding my promenade, he made his appearance with a countenance that was a perfect series of exclamation points.

"What is it, papa?" was demanded, in five different keys; but an unaccountable trembling seized me and I remained silent.

"The strangest story I ever listened to!" said my uncle, at length, in a solemn manner, "I cannot possibly account for it."

"Why?" exclaimed the volatile Emma, "has old Miss Pyott appeared to her nephew, and told him, in a sepulchral voice, where to find her will?"

"Something very like it," was the reply, in a tone that drew five eager faces closely around him.

"Denmore's story," continued my uncle, "began with an apology. It seems that the walled up room is not walled up at all, but only boarded, and to one acquainted with the locality, it is very easy to effect an entrance, unperceived, from the outside. Knowing, he says, that it would not interfere with the arrangements of the family, he has been accustomed to spend hours in what is called the haunted room; and there he loved to sit, thinking of the past, and devising means to prove his lawful claim to the beloved house.

"Last night, he discovered, in an ancient secretary, some old letters written by his mother to his aunt before he was born; and losing all thoughts of the present, he had been reading them for at least an hour, when suddenly a rustling sound attracted his attention, and the figure of his aunt Eleanor stood in the doorway. She seemed to gaze upon him inquiringly, and her hand grasped a roll of paper. But at the sound of the exclamation which he could not suppress, she immediately started, and throwing the paper toward him, vanished from his sight.

"He lost his consciousness for a time; and when he recovered, he found himself lying on the floor where he must have fallen. Although a man of great strength of mind, it is impossible to persuade him that he did not really see his aunt Eleanor; and the strangest part of it is, that, when he came to himself, the roll of paper was there before him, and what do you think it proved to be?"

"The will!" whispered several awe-stricken voices.

"Actually the will! Which says beyond all doubt, 'I give and bequeath to my nephew, Pyott Denmore, the old family mansion with all its belongings;' and after a few legacies to servants and dependants, the whole of her property, personal and real estate, goes to the said Pyott. So, you may prepare to change your quarters as soon as possible."

The girls looked anything but unwilling, and a sort of subdued horror pervaded the party.

"Now don't be such fools," said uncle Althorpe, "as to suppose that Miss Eleanor really appeared, in *propria persona*, to her dreaming nephew; if he believes it, that is no reason why I should; and it is my opinion that some old family servant has managed to discover the will, and invest it with this little air of mystery. I shall make diligent inquiries in the village, and I have no doubt that it will turn out just so—don't you agree with me, Becky?"

"No, sir!" I replied, abruptly, without a moment's reflection.

"What!" exclaimed my uncle, "have the girls then infected you with their ridiculous fears? Where is all your boasted courage?"

I pretended to be absorbed in a book; but I could see that my clear-headed uncle was observing me closely through his spectacles.

"Well, papa," said my cousin Celestine, "are we not obtain a sight of this hero and ghost-seer before we vacate his establishment?"

"If nothing happens to prevent," replied my uncle, "we shall be favored with his company to-morrow evening."

"To-morrow evening!" Such a state of excitement! All the next day my five cousins were discussing the respective merits of various hued dresses; and one might have supposed, from their conversation, that, instead of spoiled beauties, they were unattractive girls who had never had a beau in their lives.

Hilly, who was but sixteen, was gravely advised by her elder sisters to be sweet simplicity in white muslin and a sash tied behind; to which that damsel retorted by declaring that I ought to present myself before Mr. Denmore dressed as Miss Eleanor Pyott.

This took place at the breakfast-table.

"Why?" asked my uncle, sharply, "does Becky bear so close a resemblance to Miss Eleanor when dressed in her clothes?"

"So they choose to imagine," was my reply.

"Then they have had no means of proving their supposition?"

"Not the slightest," said I, as unconcernedly as possible.

Uncle Althorpe gave me another penetrating look, and then departed for the day.

In the evening came Mr. Denmore, and one glance satisfied me. I had seen that face before.

My beautiful cousins were presented to him in succession, and I brought up the rear. I saw his look of admiration, as his eyes turned from one lovely face to another; but when they fell upon me, he started visibly, and I trembled so that I could scarcely stand.

Uncle Althorpe was watching us; and as he said, "My niece, Miss Entwick," Mr. Denmore bowed low, and his voice had a faltering tone of tenderness that I knew was called forth by thoughts of the departed. It was decidedly uncomfortable, this looking so much like somebody else; and as soon as I could politely do so, I left Mr. Denmore's neighborhood, and watched him from a distance.

He was a fine-looking man; not handsome enough to be distinguished for his beauty, as far as mere features were concerned, but he had a good look, and his face wore an expression of mingled resolution and sweetness, which I had always admired and seldom seen. He interested me; and at the end of the evening, I was fully convinced that he deserved the term "gentleman" in its widest sense. A thoroughly polished gentleman, unobtrusive, yet attentive, one who had acquired an entire forgetfulness of self, was a character I had very rarely met with; I had rather a contempt for men in general, and I studied Mr. Denmore as a pleasant discovery.

When he left us, his eyes again rested on me with that tender, yet melancholy expression; and

rather piqued that I was made a sort of escape-valve for thoughts that were busy with another, I hastened up stairs.

My little cousin Hilly was laughingly boasting of Mr. Denmore's attentions.

"Talk of words indeed!" exclaimed Emma, as I entered, "words are nothing—I believe in looks, and here comes the magnet for Mr. Denmore's eyes. I'll tell you what it is, Becky," she continued, "I don't like it at all—for when he bade me good night, he looked at you, and when he bade you good night, he looked at you. It is not fair."

"What a pity it is," I said, rather bitterly, "that you don't all look like Miss Eleanor Pyott!"

At this outbreak, Hilly tenderly embraced me, and they all declared their unbounded affection; but I felt provoked with the world in general, and went moodily to bed.

Mr. Denmore kindly insisted that my uncle should occupy the mansion during the full time for which he had engaged it; and we were, therefore, just as comfortable as before, with the addition of a very agreeable visitor.

He had a habit of staring at me that was by no means pleasant, but as his conversation was most frequently addressed to my little cousin Hilly, I could not construe this into anything flattering. He often asked questions, too, that struck me afterward as being very peculiar. One night, after gazing at me for a time, he inquired if I ever walked in my sleep; and on my replying with an astonished negative, he looked disappointed. I began to think Mr. Denmore a little out of his mind, and avoided him as much as possible.

But one evening, just at sunset, as I stood beneath the boarded window, whither I had a habit of straying of late, Mr. Denmore suddenly appeared beside me.

"Have you ever visited the haunted room?" he asked, abruptly, fixing upon me what I imagined to be a most penetrating gaze.

"No," I replied, without thinking, "that is—yes," I stammered, "let me go, Mr. Denmore!" for he stood directly in my path.

"Where did you find the will?" he continued, without heeding my request.

"In the pocket," I replied, mechanically. I felt that I was behaving like a fool, and I made a strange effort to recover my dignity; but it failed, and I burst into tears.

Mr. Denmore took my hand with respectful tenderness, and led me to a rustic seat that stood near.

"I owe you more, Miss Entwick," said he,

"than I can ever repay. I only desire to have this mystery explained. How could you contrive to make yourself so exact a personation of my aunt, all save the wrinkles? You did not mean to be cruel in thus exciting me?"

"Why, how could I know you were there?" I replied, with some spirit, for I was quite provoked at this absurdity.

"True," he replied, with a smile at his own unreasonableness, "but I am most anxious to hear the story."

I told him the whole foolish affair, from beginning to end; but interrupting me, as I dwelt upon my own folly, he declared that he fully believed me to have been heaven sent; and that but for "my folly," as I was pleased to call it, the will would, most probably, never have been discovered.

There was an embarrassing pause; and I rose to go to the house, but Mr. Denmore detained me.

"You have already done me an inestimable favor," he began, "but I have still another to ask."

I called myself conceited, and tried to remember my nose; but I could not help imagining what he meant from his manner.

"Rebecca!" he whispered, "will you promise to brighten, with your presence, the old mansion you have been the means of restoring?"

"I thought," I replied, in confusion, "that Hilly——"

"Miss Hildegard is a very pretty child," said he, "and I have had most delightful conversations with her, of which you were the subject."

"I!" I exclaimed, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes, you," he replied, pressing the hand of which he had somehow contrived to possess himself, "I loved you," he continued, "the first time I saw you, for your resemblance to one who has been to me more than a mother; and I have become better acquainted with you than you imagine through your little cousin. All that she told me confirmed my first impression; and the discovery of your 'masquerading folly,' to use your own words, has filled me with the deepest gratitude. But you have not answered my question?"

What followed is of no consequence to any one but myself; suffice it to say that, in proper time, my uncle and cousins were duly informed; but they perversely refused to be astonished. They all declared that they had had a presentiment of this from the beginning; and uncle Althorpe mischievously asked if he had not prophesied that I would "do?"

When Mr. Denmore followed me home to be inspected by those more near and dear to me, he passed the ordeal with credit; and no very long time elapsed ere I was installed mistress of the old mansion.

Strange to relate, none of my five beautiful cousins have ever married; while I have gained a prize which I believe any one of them would willingly have appropriated. I do not regret my masquerade; and I have become reconciled to my nose, for I believe that, had it been at all different, I should never have found my husband.

THE RULING OF THE HOURS.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

THE hours are bid to speed,
And swiftly, surely lead
Adown a troubled stream.

Some rosy in their glow,
Some gliding fast, some slow,
An ever changing dream.

Joy-laden many are,
When suffering is far;
These are the rosy hours.

But some with evil fraught,
Speed on unwish'd, unsought,
And fall in bitter showers.

These breathe of Eden land,
A bright and peaceful band,
What transport do they bring?

Anon in sorrow drest,
The demon-cloud, unrest,
Will on the spirits cling.

And day succeeds the night,
As darkness flees the light,
So speed Time's changing hours.

Some golden in their hue,
The dim veil shining through,
Like gems or blushing flowers.

Our Father's word they heed,
And joy or sorrow speed,
As His love deemeth best.

The brightest we would choose,
And many a lesson loe,
Which to us might be blest.

May they obey His will,
Imparting good or ill,
As He alone may tell.

Which in His discipline
We need to purge of sin,
"Who doeth all things well."

IMPERISHABLE BEAUTY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

It was a very plain face. My eye rested upon it, for a moment or two, and then wandered away to the countenance of another maiden, whose beauty ravished the eyes of every beholder; and as I gazed, with a feeling of delight, upon its transcending loveliness, an impulse of thankfulness stirred in my heart—thankfulness to the Creator of beauty. The first maiden sat alone; around the other stood a group of admirers. So marked a contrast between the two, as well in features, as in the impression made thereby, excited, first, something like pity for her whom nature had endowed so poorly; and I turned to look at her again with a kinder feeling in my heart.

There she sat, all alone. Yes, her face was very, very plain; but it did not strike me as repulsive. The mouth, which had nothing of the ripe fulness that gave such an enamoring grace to the other maiden, was placid; and though not encircled by a perpetual wreath of smiles, calmly enthroned the gentle spirit of content. Her eyes were small, the lashes thin, and the arch above them faintly visible. Arch? I can scarcely give it that graceful designation. I had not yet seen the expression of those eyes. As I looked toward her, with that strange consciousness of observation which all have remarked, but which few can explain, she turned her eyes from another part of the room and looked at me. They did not flash brilliantly, nor strike me, at the first glance, as having in them anything peculiar. They were the common eye we meet at every turn—no soul in them. I give my first impression. My second was different. I had turned my eyes away; but something I had seen, caused them almost involuntarily to wander back to the maiden's face. A friend whom I highly regarded—a young man of more than common worth—had crossed the room, and was standing before her. She had lifted her eyes to his face, and there was new light in them—not a dazzling, but a soft, winning light, that purity and love made almost beautiful.

They were conversing, and I watched, for some time, the play of that unattractive countenance, unattractive no longer.

"Ah!" said I, "there is a beautiful soul within that casket."

And as I spoke, thus, in the silence of my own thoughts, I looked toward the other maiden, who was still surrounded by a crowd of admirers.

"Her beauty is wonderful!" I could not help the utterance of this tribute to her charms. Yet scarcely had I spoken the words, when she turned to one of the group which had gathered about her, a slight curl of unlovely scorn upon her lips, and threw at him an arrowy word that wounded as it struck. She saw that it hurt, and a gleam of pleasure went forth from her brilliant eyes.

A filmy veil came between my eyes and that countenance, which, a little while before, had shone upon me with a loveliness that was absolutely enchanting. I turned again to the other maiden. My friend still stood before her, and her eyes were lifted to his face. She was uttering some sentiments—what, I did not hear—but they must have been good and beautiful in conception, to have filled every lineament with such a winning grace.

"Ah!" said I, the real truth dawning upon my mind, "here is the inner, imperishable beauty. The beauty, which, instead of losing its spring-time freshness, forever advances toward eternal youth."

A few weeks later, and my friend communicated to me the intelligence, that his heart had been won by the charms of this unattractive maiden. Once he had been a worshipper at the other shrine—the shrine of beauty; and I knew that, only a few months before, hand and heart were ready to be offered. Accepted they would have been, for he had personal beauty, attractive manners, wealth, and above all, a manly, honorable spirit.

For all I had seen, I was scarcely prepared for this. The maiden might be good—I did not question that—but she was so homely; and this homeliness would be only the more apparent in contrast with his elegant exterior. It was almost on my lip to remonstrate—to suggest this thought to his mind. But I prudently forebore.

"You know her well, I hope." I could not help the utterance of this caution.

"She is not thought to be beautiful," he replied, seeming to perceive my thoughts, "indeed,

as to features, she is plain; yet, in person, she is tall, graceful, dignified, and with a carriage that a queen might envy."

This was true to the letter. I had not thought of it before. Nature had given at least this compensation.

"But the higher beauty," he added, "is of the soul. All else is soon diminished. Scarcely has the blushing girl stepped forward through the opening door of womanhood, ere we see the lustre of her blossoming cheek beginning to tarnish in the social atmosphere, or to pale from hideous disease. But the soul's beauty dims not, wanes not, dies not. It is as imperishable as the soul itself. Our bodies die, but the soul is immortal."

"If she possesses this beauty?"

"I know that she possesses it," he answered, warmly. "I have seen it looking forth from her eyes, wreathing about her lips, and giving to every lineament a heavenly charm. It is musical in every tone of her voice."

"Goodness alone is beautiful," I said.

"And she is good," he replied. "I never met one who so rarely spoke of herself, or who seemed to take so loving an interest in humanity."

"That is God-like."

"Is not God the very source of all beauty? To be God-like, then, is to be beautiful. Ah!" he added, "I have found, indeed, a treasure! Morning and evening I thank the good Giver, that he opened my eyes to see deeper than the unalluring surface. I was dazzled once, by a glittering exterior; but have a clear vision now."

"Win her and wear her, then," I replied, "and may she be to you all your fancy pictures."

"She is won," he answered, "and I shall wear her proudly in the eyes of all men."

There was a world of surprise when it became known that my handsome friend was about leading his chosen bride to the marriage altar.

"How could he throw himself away upon such an ugly creature?" said one, coarsely.

"He might have taken his choice from the loveliest," remarked another.

"He will tire of that face in a month. All the gold of Ophir would not bribe me to sit opposite to it for a year."

And so the changes rung.

But my friend knew what he was doing. I was present at the wedding.

"If she were not so homely," I heard a lady remark, as she stood beside her handsome young husband. "What can he see in her to love?"

I turned and looked at the speaker. Nature had been kind in giving her an attractive face; but the slight curl of contempt that was on her

lip marred everything. I glanced back to the young bride's countenance; her pure soul was shining through it, like light through a veil. To me, she seemed at that moment more beautiful than the other; and far more worthy to be loved.

The brilliantly beautiful maiden of whom I have spoken, gave her hand in marriage about the same time. Her husband was a young man of good character, kind feelings, and with sufficient income to enable them to live in a style of imposing elegance. A series of gay parties was the social welcome given to the lovely bride. But such honor did not attend the nuptials of her plainer sister.

A few years later, and the moral qualities of each were more apparent in their faces. I remember meeting both, in company, ten years after their marriage. I was standing at one end of the room, when an over-dressed woman, with a showy face, came in, accompanied by a gentleman whom I knew, not as an acquaintance, but as a man of business and the husband of the beauty. I should scarcely have recognized the latter, but for him. What a change was there! At a distance, the face struck you as still beautiful, but on a closer view, the illusion vanished. The mouth had grown sensual, peevish, and ill-natured; the eyes were bright, but the brightness repelled rather than attracted. After awhile, wondering at the change, I drew near and entered into conversation with her. The music of her voice I remembered. There was no music in it now; at least none for my ears. A certain abruptness in her manners, born of pride, or superciliousness, was to me particularly offensive. I tried her on various subjects, in order to bring out some better aspects of her character. The Swedish Nightingale had just been here, and had sung to my heart as no living man or woman had ever sung—I spoke of her. "Too artificial," was the reply, with an air of critical vanity, that gave to my feelings a ripple of indignation. I referred to a new poem, remarkable for its purity of style; she coldly remarked with depreciation on some of its special beauties, merely repeating, as I knew, a certain captious reviewer. I was in doubt whether she had read even a page of the book. Then I spoke of a lady present. She tossed her head, and arched her lip, saying, "She's too fond of gentlemen's attentions."

I varied still, my efforts, but to no good purpose. The more I conversed with her, the less beautiful became her face, for the unloveliness of her true character was perpetually gleaming through and spoiling the already sadly

marred features. I left her side, on the first good opportunity, glad to get away. Ten years ago, in all companies, she was the cynosure of every eye. The praise of her beauty was on every lip. But so changed was she now, that none bent to do her reverence. I noticed her sitting alone, with a discontented look, long after I had left my place by her side. Her husband, for all the attentions he paid her during the evening, might have been unconscious of her presence.

But there was another lady in the room, who was, all the while, the centre of an admiring circle. None, perhaps, considered her face beautiful; yet to every one who looked upon it, came a perception of beauty that associated itself with her individuality. In repose, her features were plain, yet not repulsive in the slightest particular. But, when thought and feeling flowed into them, every eye was charmed. There was a nameless grace in her manner that gave additional power to the attractions of her countenance.

I was half in doubt, at first, of her identity, as I gazed upon her from a distant part of the room; she looked, in my eyes, so really beautiful. But the presence of my old friend in the group, my old friend who had been wise enough to prefer beauty of soul to beauty of face, removed all questions, and passing over, I added another to the circle, which had gathered around her.

There was nothing obtrusive in her conversation; nothing of conscious pride; but a calm, and, at times, earnest utterance of true senti-

ments. Not once during the evening did I hear a word from her lips that jarred the better feelings.

"The good are beautiful!" Many times did this sentiment find spontaneous utterance in my thoughts as I looked upon her; and then turned my eyes to the discontented face of another, who a few years before carried off, in every company, the palm of loveliness.

Yes, here was the imperishable beauty! Maiden! would you find this beauty? No matter if your features were not cast in classic mould, this higher, truer beauty may be yours if you will seek for it in the denial of selfishness, and the repression of discontent. "The good are beautiful." Lay that up in your thoughts. Treasure it as the most sublime wisdom.

Gather into the store-house of your minds sentiments of regard for others; and let your hands engage in gentle charities. To do good and to communicate forget not. If tempted to murmur, think of your many blessings; if to repine, of the thousands who are sick and in suffering. Be humble, gentle, forgiving, and above all—useful. These are the graces that shine through the outer coverings of the soul, and reveal themselves in light and loveliness to all eyes.

The good never grow homely as they grow old. The outer eye may become dim, and the cheek lose its freshness, but in the place of earthly charms will come a spiritual beauty, unfading as eternity.

COME HOME.

BY ADA M. KENNICOTT.

Come home, and I will rouse the fire-light, burning
So dim and cold upon the hearth-stone now;
Would I might see thee once again returning,
With the old light upon thy glorious brow!

There are green graves down in the mossy meadows,
And grass-grown hillocks 'neath the marble cold,
Where still hearts sleep within the Summer shadows,
And the white shroud which Winter doth unfold.

Come home! I wake in the still night to listen
For thy firm foot-step, and glad, welcome voice;
I watch for thee, while the dew-drops that glisten,
Pearls fallen from angel-lips—bid earth rejoice.

Thou wilt not come, for pleasant spells enthrall thee;
Thou art too weak from thy new joys to roam.
Oh! are there no regrets that would recall thee
Unto the living and the dead? Come home!

Thou'rt with the gay, each noble impulse spurning,
Quenching old memories in Love's Lethean foam;
While my lone heart, with wild and bitter yearning,
Sighs with the night-wind and the stars—come home.

Farewell! for even now blest voices calling,
Float with clear cadence thro' the ether dome;
And music sweet, in silvery showers falling,
Speaks to my spirit sad—come home—come home!

And I will gather up my soul's few treasures,
Pure are they for grief's baptismal tears,
That I may join the angel-chaunted measures,
Which float unceasing down the vale of years.

Yet when for thee, life's glad, exultant sun-light,
Is slowly fading in deep gathering gloom;
And thou dost come in the fast-falling twilight,
Sad and repentant to each shadowed tomb;

Then, though I dwell within the portals golden,
Yet will I call thee o'er the sapphire sea;
And thou shalt know whose voice, like echoes olden,
Comes with the night-wind and the stars—to thee.

Unto these mansions, amid bliss supernal,
Where rest the weary, never more to roam,
There will I call thee, o'er the hills eternal,
And thou, beloved, wilt come home—come home!



THE END OF THE WORLD

Printed and Published by J. B. Nichols

THE OUTCAST.

A ROMANCE OF THE BLUE RIDGE.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "INDIA," "VIVIA,"
"THE DESERTED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," ETC.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by T. B. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER FIRST.

THE MYSTERY.

Is this the hall? The nettle bulleth bowers,
Where loathsome toad and beetle black are seen!
Are these the chambers? Fed by darkest showers,
The shiny worm hath o'er them crawling been!
Is this the home? The owl's dreary cry,
Unto that asking makes a dread reply!

NICOLL.

EARLY in the autumn of 18—, we were journeying leisurely through the majestic and beautiful mountain and valley scenery in the interior of Virginia.

It was near the close of a golden October day that we reached the picturesque little village of Hillsborough, situated upon a very high point of land, and in the midst of abrupt, rocky, tree-capped peaks, with green dents of very fertile soil between. It was a town of rocks—founded upon rocks—hemmed in by rocks—the dwelling-houses, out-houses, fences, pig-pens, chicken-coops, all built of rocks of every conceivable variegated hue. It was, indeed, a beautiful and brilliant piece of mosaic work, up and down a ground of shaded green. It was as radiant and many colored as the forest in autumn, and flashed and sparkled in the golden sun like an open casket of jewels.

We reached the quaint old inn in time for a late dinner. There we expected to meet the carriage of a friend who resided at a farm about five miles distant across the mountain, and at whose house we were going to spend a few weeks. We found our friend, Mrs. Fairfield, waiting for us, and as soon as dinner was over we set out for Cedar Cliffs. Our road lay west through a savagely beautiful country, breaking itself up toward a lofty range of blue mountains encircling the western horizon, and behind which glowed and burned the crimson sunset sky.

We approached the celebrated pass of the Bear's Walk, from the highest point of which an extensive view of the valley was afforded. As we began to ascend the mountain, I fell into one of those indolent, pleasant, but rather selfish reveries, which the gathering shadows of twilight, the darkening scene, and the heavy, sleepy mo-

tion of the carriage, seemed to invite. From this reverie I was at length aroused by my indulgent companion, who, laying her hand upon my arm, and pointing across me through the window on the right, said,

"I wish you to observe that house."

We had just slowly reached the summit of the mountain, and the carriage had stopped to breathe the horses. I looked out at the window on the right. It was yet early enough in the evening, and there was light enough left to see, pitching precipitately down below us, a flight of cliffs, the bases of which were lost in abysses of twilight gloom and foliage, and the circular range of which swept round in a ring, shutting in a small, but deep and cup-shaped, valley. Down in the depths of this darkening vale loomed luridly a large old farm-house of red sandstone. The prevalent tone of the picture was gloom. Down into a reverie about the deep, dark vale, and darker house, swooped my fancy again. The carriage was in slow motion. I drew in my head.

"Did you notice the house?"

"Yes; and through that deep sea of dark and floating shadows, itself the densest shadow, it looms like some dark phantom, some ghost of a dead home——"

"Say a murdered home."

"I wish you wouldn't break a well-rounded sentence with any sort of improvement—ghost of a dead home about to melt away again in the surrounding gloom."

"Well said—better even than you think. Yet that old, half ruined farm-house is the centre of one of the largest, most beautiful, fertile, highly-cultivated, and productive estates in all Virginia. If you saw it under the noonday summer sun, you would see a variegated ground-view of vast fields of wheat and rye, yellow and ripening for the harvest; corn, green, waving in the sun; red-blossomed clover, pastures of blue grass rolling down the sides of the hills behind us, and stretching out on all sides of the old house, and disappearing under the bow of the circular-

bounding of mountains. You hear now the mellowed tinkle of a waterfall, which, springing from the cliffs we have just left, flows down the side of the rocks, and reaching the bottom of the cup-like vale, spreads itself into many little, clear rills well watering its fertile fields, red pasturage, and heavy woods. This estate, with its fine water, its wealth of iron ore and coal in the encircling mountains, its abundance of game in the forest and fish in the river, and its immense water-power, is one of the most valuable in the Southern states. Yet in the midst of that wealthy and highly-cultivated plantation stands the homestead itself a desolation!"

"Then the shadowy view of it is after all the best. Now that you have directed attention to this dark phantom of a home looming luridly from the deep shadows, I warrant that we shall hear you say that this uncouth jumble of rough hewn red sandstone and miscellaneous rubbish is no less a place than *Lingston Lawn, Pomfret Park*, or some other style of sonorous sound."

"No—it is only *Hickory Hall*."

"Oh, yes! one of the oldest mansion-houses in the states—the residence, since 1610, of the oldest branch of the *Lingstons*, the *Doverfields*, or some other great family, with nothing left but their great name and great need."

"On the contrary, *Hickory Hall* is only the home of the *Wallravens*, and has been so for only a hundred years."

"Exactly—precisely—I said that. *Hickory Hall*, for upward a hundred years, the seat of the *Wallravens*, an old family, with nothing left but their old name. And now I understand why the homestead is in ruins, while the farm is in the very highest state of cultivation!"

"Why, I pray you?"

"I will undertake to say that all these well-cultivated fields, rolling in richness from hence to the horizon, belong to an 'industrious, intelligent, and enterprising' Yankee purchaser and settler, who came here some five or six years ago peddling mouse-traps, and has now become possessed of all this land, and whose substantial, square-built, red brick house stares one out of countenance somewhere over yonder by the side of the main road leading to market."

"Wrong again. *Hugh Wallraven* is one of the wealthiest, if not the very wealthiest man in Virginia. His fortune is estimated, with what truth I know not, at one million."

"Possible! I did not think there was such a private fortune in the country."

"It is said to be true, however."

"One million! why in the world, then, does he not put up a decent house? A decent house!

Good! why does he not erect upon this favored spot a palace of white marble, with terraces, conservatories, pleasure gardens, fountains, groves? Fill his palace with the most beautiful and perfect works of mechanism, in the way of furniture, to be procured in Europe and Asia—with the rarest works of art of ancient or modern times—his conservatories with the richest exotics of all climes—his gardens with the finest vegetables—his orchards with the utmost perfection of fruit? If I were he, with one million of dollars, I would introduce every new improvement in farming, grazing, stock breeding—I would import the best specimens of cattle, horses, poultry. I would have Welsh ponies, Scotch draft horses, English hunters, and Arabian coursers. Oh! I would make myself and so many other people so happy! One million! Oh! stop—don't speak to me yet—just let me revel in the idea of one million to lavish on this magnificent spot."

"Why you unsophisticated little blockhead!"

"But why then does not this *Mr. Wallraven*—or rather, *Judge Wallraven*, or *Gen. Wallraven*—for I never heard of a planter, of any importance, reaching a certain period of life, without some title of distinction—why does not *Gov. Wallraven* do something with one million?"

"He has done something—his farm is the best cultivated in the state."

"Yes! but it should be the best stocked—the best in every particular—the model farm."

"*Mr. Wallraven* is a very aged man."

"Ah! he is *Mr.*, then."

"Of course. People do not confer honors of any sort upon men like him!"

"Men like him! He is a bad man, then? perhaps a criminal, whose immense wealth and powerful family connections have enabled him to cheat the State prison of its due!"

"*Mr. Wallraven* has never been charged with, or even suspected of, a crime——"

"In his own proper person. 'The sins of the father shall be visited upon the children.' His father, perhaps——"

"Possessed a name that was a synonyme for high honor and sterling integrity—his son, with his name, has inherited his reputation and character of strict truth and honesty."

"Ah! that is it, then! He does not cheat at cards, and therefore he has not won any of the prizes in the game of life. But to return to my first question. Why does not this *Mr. Wallraven*, of the sterling integrity, and the pounds sterling, do something?"

"He is the best agriculturist in the state—it is his ruling passion—his occupation."

"And he lives in a wretched, old, ruinous house? Why doesn't he improve his place?"

"Pertinacious! He is an aged man of sixty years."

"Yes! I see! And he has no children—that circumstance paralyzes his energies even more than old age!"

"How you jump to conclusions! He has a son and daughter!"

"Hum—hum—ah! well, but, sixty years old! His son and daughter must themselves be married, and settled off, and have children—and so, at last, he is a solitary old man, with no motive for improving and embellishing his homestead—the old house, if it will keep out the rain, is quite good enough, he thinks, for the short life of the solitary old grandfather."

"Utterly wrong! His children, though past their early youth, are both still single."

I paused for a moment, and then a luminous idea lighted up the whole subject, and I exclaimed, triumphantly,

"Now I have it! Now I certainly have it! He is one of those unnatural monsters, a miser! Of course! why, surely! Why did I not see it at once? How it explains everything that was difficult to understand now! How clear that answer to the enigma makes all obscurity! How consistent all seeming contradictions! Certainly! He is a miser! That does not prevent him being a man of strict honesty, sterling integrity—yet, most certainly, he is a miser; and 'people do not confer titles of distinction upon men like him!' Yes, he is a miser! That is the manner in which he has amassed his immense property! That is also the reason why his house is suffered to fall to ruins while his farm is well cultivated—the farm will make returns, but the house will not. He has also half starved, half clothed, and half educated his children. They have grown up coarse, uncouth, ignorant, unfit for good society. They are consequently not well received, and even if they were disposed to marry, he would not portion his daughter, or establish his son in business. That is the answer to the whole enigma! Now say that I have no quickness of apprehension!"

"Wonderful!"

"Ah! I have my inspirations sometimes!"

"Stupendous!"

"You are making fun of me!"

"Hem! listen. His son, Constant Wallraven, graduated at a Northern University, and made the grand tour of the Eastern continent, accompanied by a clergyman salaried to attend him. You never saw a handsomer or more magnificent-looking man, or one of more perfect dress

and *ad-dress*—'the courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword.' His daughter, Constantia Wallraven, is one of the most beautiful and elegant of women, with one of the best cultivated minds I ever met."

"You surprise and perplex me more and more—handsome, accomplished, wealthy, in the prime of life, and have never been married! but perhaps it is they who are cold?"

"Not so. They have ardent temperaments and warm affections."

"Then they are, take them all in all, not easily matched, and, of course, they are fastidious!"

"I think not; I am sure not! for, listen again, some years ago Constant fell in love with the beautiful daughter of a poor day laborer—a poor, miserable fellow who hired in harvest, or in very busy times, to work in the field with the negroes."

"Ah! now it comes!"

"Constant wished to marry her."

"Well?"

"He offered himself to the girl."

"Well?"

"And the poor, abjectly poor, father threatened to shoot the son of the millionaire if he caught him near his hut again."

"The poor father could not believe in his daughter's good fortune. He suspected the young man of evil designs?"

"Possibly. If he did him that wrong, he was quickly undeceived—for the very next day Hugh Wallraven, the father, called at the hut of the poor day laborer, and asked the hand of his daughter, Ellen Dale, for his son and heir; and the poor man, with a blush of indignation, *refused* it!"

"You astonish me!"

"Hugh Wallraven then offered to settle fifty thousand dollars on the maiden, if her father would permit the match; and the pauper father refused!"

"You astound me! You positively do! What could have been the poor man's motive—enmity?"

"No! the poor creature wept bitterly while refusing his daughter to the son of his best friend and patron—and such was Hugh Wallraven to Thomas Dale."

"Perhaps this Constant Wallraven was a love-child, and the poor but honest and sternly correct father of a family upon that account despised and rejected the alliance?"

"Did I not say that Hugh Wallraven had never been charged or even suspected of crime or vice? No! Constant was the son of his marriage; and here it is well to inform you that the

father for his whole life, and the children from an early age, have been members in good standing—for persons in their condition—of the Protestant Episcopal church. If ever a family lived up to a Christian standard, it is the Wallravens."

"And yet, notwithstanding their wealth, intelligence and piety, the poorest day laborer, who is bound to them besides by a debt of gratitude and love, will not ally with one of his family!"

"Even so."

"What can be the reason of this proscription? some horrible hereditary affliction. Yes! that must be it—insanity perhaps!"

"Worse far than that!"

"Blindness!"

"Infinitely worse than that!"

"Some loathsome disease such as we read of in the East—leprosy!"

"Worse even than that, or any disease, or any sin, is this one incurable, fatal family calamity!"

"Come, there is a story connected with this doomed family—this dark phantom of a dead home—"

"Of a *murdered* home, as I said before. Yes, there is a dark, dreadful story—a domestic tragedy!"

"Will you tell it to me?"

"Yes—or rather you shall know it! It is inevitable that you should hear it—perhaps an unjust version of it, and as one very, very near and dear to me is intimately connected with the whole affair, in justice to him you shall have the truth. We are near Cedar Cliffs now. In a few minutes we shall reach the house."

It was dusk.

There is something mysteriously pleasing to me in approaching in the dusk of the evening a strange country house, in which I expect to stay awhile.

As the carriage stopped before the house about to become our temporary home, we looked out with vague interest and curiosity into the blackness of the night; but we could discover nothing but indistinct and shadowy shapes, suggestive of a massive dwelling-house, with out-buildings, and trees, and hills, and a back-ground of lofty mountains, looming dark, darker, and darkest, into the murky sky. There was such an absorbing obscurity swallowing up everything. There was such a shadowy interest—such a stimulus to curiosity—such a field for imagination in all so vague and undefined. It is the charm of the unknown—the glamour of the *terra incognita*, that attracts us.

It seems like dream-land—like childhood come back. And then there is the cheerful anticipation of exploring the new scenes, by daylight,

to-morrow, after breakfast, of which we think now, and of which we shall dream to-night. We are just agreeably chilly, hungry, and tired enough to anticipate thorough enjoyment from the glowing fire, the hot supper, and the soft bed that shortly awaits us; and curious enough to wonder in detail what each will be like.

At the end of a long journey, commend me to an arrival at a country house at dark, where every sort of comfort will be enhanced by the most affectionate welcome. Gently pleasing fancies and feelings, like these, half forgotten childish emotions of wonder and curiosity about small things, possessed my mind, chasing from it completely all dark and weird imaginings awakened by the Phantom House in the Vale of Solitude.

Almost immediately after the carriage stopped, we saw a light glancing behind the closed Venetian blinds of the house, and immediately the front door opened, and a lantern emerged and came to meet us, followed by a long, dark shadow that flitted, fantastically, hither and thither, behind it. It was Gulliver, the old gardener, who opened the gate and assisted us to alight. Mary (Mrs. Fairfield) gave us in charge of a colored chamber-maid, who conducted us to a pleasant bed-room, fragrant with the smell of dried herbs, and agreeably warmed by a bright and cheerful fire.

Soon as we had bathed and changed our clothes, Mary came and conducted us down to supper in one of those comfortable and agreeable rooms that young and tasteful housekeepers are so fond of perfecting. A coal fire glowed redly through the polished steel bars of a large grate, the bright light of a solar lamp, standing upon the tea-table, flashed down upon an elegant tea-service of chased silver and white china arrayed upon a snowy damask cloth. It was an enviable room indeed.

By the side of the fire, in a spring-bottomed arm-chair, sat a gentleman whose appearance instantly interested me. He was of medium height, of slight, but elegant figure, and his fair, wan complexion, spiritual countenance, and golden locks,

"Did a ghastly contrast bear"

to the black hue of his mourning dress. This gentleman arose with a languid grace, and came to receive us; and when Mary named me to "Mr. Fairfield," her husband, he welcomed me with easy kindness.

We then took our places at the table. It was impossible, however, not to observe the expression of profound, incurable sorrow upon the countenance of this young man. It was impossible not to wonder how Mary herself could

preserve any remnant of cheerfulness by the side of this heart-crushing despair. It seemed too deep, too great to leave him a thought of struggling against it, or concealing it. Yet, habitual politeness, feelings of hospitality, or benevolence, made him very kindly attentive to me; and I never saw anything so sad, so moving to tears, as his smile. Indeed, I was already beginning to be painfully, strongly, interested in this young gentleman—more strongly than I like to be in man, woman, or child, over whose destiny I can exert no control for their happiness. And when I turned from his wan, spiritual countenance, to that of Mary, at the head of the table, I thought that her happy, youthful face, so full of health, intelligence, and cheerful *bonhomie*, must exercise a wholesome, if an unseen, influence upon her suffering companion.

An incident that occurred that evening, further excited my wonder and interest. We had left the supper table, which was cleared away, and gathered around the fire, which had been replenished, and glowed brightly, when a knock at the front-door was heard, and soon after the parlor-door was opened, and an old man stood within it.

He was very tall, very broad-shouldered; but stooping, either with sorrow or infirmity. He was clothed in deep mourning—his left hand leaned heavily on a stout, gold-headed cane, while with his right hand he tremblingly lifted from his venerable head his hat, which he held in his hand, revealing by the action a brow, ploughed deep by sorrow or remorse, and hair white as the driven snow. There was an air of deep humiliation, of piteous deprecation, in his whole manner and appearance, most painful to witness in one so aged, and, in every other respect, so venerable. Neither Mary nor Mr. Fairfield arose to receive this visitor—nor, by look or gesture showed any sort of respect for him—only Mary looked sadly down at her hands, and Mr. Fairfield said, kindly, but gravely,

“How do you do, Mr. Wallraven?”

“Mr. Wallraven!” thought I, giving a covert, but piercing glance, at the aged and stooping figure standing, hat in hand, so deprecatingly at the door.

“Ferdinand, she is dying at last—come to her, she is dying!” he said.

“Dying!” echoed Mary.

“Thank God!” fervently exclaimed Mr. Fairfield, with the first look of hope I had yet seen on his wan face.

“Yes, dying. Will you come?” repeated the old man, as he trembled over his staff. “Will you come?”

“Assuredly. Mary, love, order the carriage. Dying at last. Thank God!”

Mary had hastily left the room, and soon returned with his cloak and hat.

Fairfield quickly donned them, and, accompanied by the old man, left the house.

After they had gone, Mary Fairfield walked about in a state of half-suppressed excitement such as I had never seen her betray. She seemed to have forgotten me altogether, for which I could not blame her. Presently, suddenly stopping, she asked, “Dear, are you tired?”

Feeling myself really fatigued and somewhat *de trop*, I answered, “Yes.”

“I will attend you to your room,” she said, and, taking up a candle that she herself had left burning on the side-table, when she came in with Mr. Fairfield’s cloak, she preceded me up stairs, and into my room, where we found the fire still burning, and a negro girl waiting.

“You may go, Blanch,” said Mrs. Fairfield to the woman, who immediately left the room; and then, “I can unhook your dress, dear,” she kindly said to me.

I wished to try her, to see whether she was really concerned at a circumstance, for which she had just thanked God so fervently. I turned suddenly, and squeezing her hand heartily, said,

“Mary, I have fallen half in love with your husband—do you care?”

“Oh! darling, don’t jest. He is ill—his constitution has received a severe shock—he is heart-broken.”

And now I saw by her countenance that a great deal of her cheerfulness and *bonhomie* in his presence was nothing more than self-control.

A violent knocking at the front-door summoned her in haste from the room. It was about fifteen minutes before she returned. She was bonneted and cloaked for a journey, and she held in her hand a large old letter.

“They have sent the carriage back for me, dear,” she said. “I shall probably be absent all night, but you are at home you know. Blanch will attend to all your orders—and, dear, here is a letter. It is one that Ferdinand wrote to me on the eve of our engagement—he called it his confessions. It is only his explanation of certain dreadful circumstances that troubled me before our marriage, and that trouble you now. I have Ferdinand’s consent to leave it with you. Read it. It will tell you all you wish to know. It will engage you during my absence, and, when I return, you will know—the end!”

She kissed me and was gone.

I had been very tired and sleepy; but there was no sleep for me then until I had read the manuscript. I trimmed my fire—drew a candle-stand to my side—and, with my feet upon the fender, opened the manuscript that was to let me into the secret of the "Phantom House."

CHAPTER SECOND.

WOLFGANG WALLRAVEN.

His face is dark, but very quiet;
It seems like looking down the dusky mouth
Of a great cannon. JOHN STERLING.

Heed him not, though he seem
Dark and still and cold as clay,
He is shadowed by his dream,
But 'twill pass away. BARRY CORNWALL.

I do not know what was the power that attracted me so strongly, so inevitably, so fatally, to Wolfgang Wallraven: whether it was magnetism, sorcery, or destiny—or whether it were the gloom and mystery of his manner and appearance. Certain it is that there was a glamour in his dark and locked-up countenance and in the smouldering fierceness of his hollow eyes that irresistibly drew me on to my fate. He did not seek my acquaintance—he sought the society of no one. On the contrary, he withdrew himself into solitude—into surliness. This was unusual in a schoolboy, and it made him very unpopular. To me, however, his sullen reserve and surly manner had more interest, more fascination, than the openest and blandest demonstrations of social affection from any of the other boys could have. There was evidently something behind and under it. He was not all outside. Perhaps he piqued my curiosity, or interested some feeling more profound than mere curiosity. I inquired about him.

"Who is he? Where did he come from?"

"Oh! he is a haughty fellow. The eldest son and heir of an immensely wealthy Virginian. You can't make anything of him; let him alone."

I turned my eyes on him. He was sitting at his distant desk—a single, solitary desk in the farthest corner of the school-room. His elbow leaned upon his desk—his brow supported upon his left palm—his eyes bent upon the book lying open before him—his dark, rich locks hanging over his fingers.

"Why does the professor give him that distant, single desk, apart from all the other boys? Seems to me that would make him unsocial."

"Why? It is his choice. The young prince is an aristocrat, and does not choose to sit upon a form and mix with other boys. I say you had better let him alone. You can do nothing with him."

I looked at him again and more attentively. There was more suffering than scorn revealed in the charming curves of his mouth—a mouth that would have been perfectly beautiful, had not the lips been too closely compressed and the corners too sadly declined. I gazed at him under the influence of a sort of fascination. Yes, there was more sorrow than hauteur darkly written upon that young regal brow. My heart warmed, glowed toward him with a mysterious and irresistible sympathy that compelled me to saunter toward him. (This was in the recess between the morning and afternoon sessions, a period which—with the exception of a few minutes at the dinner table—he always spent at his solitary studying desk.) I sauntered toward him slowly—for I felt in some degree like an intruder—engaged in opposite and contradictory thoughts and feelings. My intellect was seeking to explain the mystery of his solitude and reserve, and to excuse my own intrusion, by this reasoning,

"He is the eldest son and heir of an immensely wealthy Virginia planter. He is of an old, haughty family, and has been accustomed to 'sovereign sway and masterdom' all his life. He is now, however, in a genuine republican school—thank heaven all our schools, academies, and colleges, are republican—and he finds himself in a mixed company of sons whose fathers peddled needles and thread about the town, and whose mothers sold apples under the trees, and made fortunes at it; and, with his senseless and anti-republican, Virginian hauteur, he thinks himself above these, and withdraws himself from them. Ah! I know these proud, aristocratic Virginians well. My haughty uncle was a Virginian, and emigrated to Louisiana. Upon the part of his school-mates, some are proud as himself, and will not make unwelcome advances; while some are only vain and conceited, ashamed of the newness of their wealth, sore upon that point, secretly honoring old respectability, and fearful of being suspected of courting it, will not seek the acquaintance of this young aristocrat, lest they be so misunderstood. With me, however, it is different. Myself descended from Lord B——, Governor of Colonial Virginia—the possessor of a handsome patrimonial estate in Alabama, when I shall come of age—and the heir apparent of an immense sugar plantation and several hundred resident negroes—I need not fear to approach this young gentleman upon at least an equal footing."

So I reasoned, as I said, to account for his reserve, and to excuse my own intrusion. But

my feelings utterly revolted against my thoughts. My head might think what it pleased, but my heart felt certain that pride of place had nothing to do with the surliness of the strange, lonely boy. As I drew near him I felt a rising embarrassment—a difficulty in addressing him to whom I had never yet spoken one word. Suddenly a bright idea was inspired. I had by chance my “Thucydides” in my hand. I approached his lonely desk, opened my book, and said,

“Mr. Wallraven, I have a favor to ask of you. I am in a difficulty about a Greek particle. If you assist me I shall feel under a very great obligation.”

Never shall I forget the effect of his picturesque attitude and expression of countenance as I stood by him. His form was turned from me, and toward the corner window against which his desk sat. He was leaning, as I said before, with his elbow on the desk—his head on his hand, the fingers of which were lost amid dark, glossy locks, which drooped over his temples and side-face, concealing his face at first from me; but, as I spoke, he quickly, as a startled raven, turned his head, and gave me a quick, piercing glance from his light-grey, intensely bright eyes—a glance dilating as it gazed, until it blazed like broad sheet lightning upon me. I had always thought his eyes dark till now. His skin was so sallow—his hair, his eyebrows, his swooping eyelashes, such a jetty resplendent black—that dark eyes were taken for granted. When now, however, he raised the deep veils of those long, black, sweeping lashes, light-grey Saxon eyes, of that insufferable white fire, that vivid lightning, at once so fierce and so intense that none but Saxon eyes possess, flashed broadly forth upon me. He did not reply to me at first. I repeated my request. He silently took the book, examined the indicated passage, presently solved the difficulty, and returned the volume to my hand. As I received it and thanked him, I said,

“Mr. Wallraven, we stand in the same class every day. I trust that we shall become better acquainted.”

He looked at me inquiringly.

“You know my name. I am the son of the late Gov. Fairfield, of Alabama, formerly of Fairfax county, Virginia. You, being of that state, probably know something of that family, or of the B—s, who are connections.”

“Yes, I have heard of the Fairfields of Fairfax, and I know the B—s by reputation.”

“Very well! Now you know who I am, I shall be glad to cultivate your acquaintance, hoping that we may be friends,” said I, thinking

surely that I had made a favorable impression upon the queer, difficult boy.

I was undeceived, however, when, with a dry “Thank you,” he dropped the light of his beaming eyes again upon his book. I almost fancied I saw two bright spots on the page, like reflections cast from a sun-glass. There was nothing farther for me to do than turn and leave him. The school-bell also summoned us at that moment to our afternoon studies.

My attraction to, my affection for that strange boy was rising almost to the height of a passion. Never did a lover desire the affections of his sweetheart more than I did the friendship and confidence of my queer outlandish classmate. Never did a lover scheme interviews with his mistress more adroitly than I planned opportunities of conversing with Wolfgang, without seeming to obtrude myself upon him.

I felt as if, notwithstanding his extreme youth, his rank, and his pride, he was by some circumstance an object of compassion—but respectful compassion—as if, notwithstanding his handsome person and fine intellect, he was in reality suffering in heart and brain; and I felt as if, notwithstanding his proud reserve with me, I was his necessary medicine. I felt upon the whole not disappointed with his reception of me. At least the ice of non-intercourse was broken, and I might at any time go to him with a Greek Exercise and ask his assistance, which was certain to be lent, and at each interview some little progress was sure to be made. It was true that I really never did need his assistance—my classic attainments being good as his own—as he might have known, had he taken the trouble to think about me at all; but that appeal to his benevolence was the only manner in which it was possible successfully to approach a haughty, reserved, but noble and generous nature, such as I felt his to be—one, too, so determinedly bent upon solitude. What slow progress I made, good heavens! At the end of six months our acquaintance had scarcely progressed beyond occasional conversations, commencing with a Greek root. This was, however, much more ground than any other boy held in his good graces.

At the end of the winter session, a very handsome travelling-carriage, with the Wallraven arms painted on its panels, drawn by a pair of splendid black horses, a well-dressed colored coachman, and a smart out-rider, arrived to convey Wolfgang Wallraven away. I thought—nay, I am sure that he betrayed some emotion at parting with me. He went, and I also made hasty preparations to return by stage and steam-boat to my distant home in Alabama, where I

longed to meet again my lovely and beloved young sister, Regina.

The end of the Easter holidays brought me back to school. There, shortly after my arrival, came Wolfgang Wallraven. He was more gloomy, surly, and solitary, than ever, to all the other boys; of me, however, he was more tolerant. Indeed, in the course of a month or so, our acquaintance began to take the form of intimacy; and, as his character began to develop itself to my view, never, I think, did I meet, in life or in books, so strange a being. If I had before been inclined to favor the philosophy of the dual mind, I should then have been in danger of being a convert to that theory. Two natures met, but did not mix or blend in him—two natures as opposite and antagonistical as was his fierce light-grey Saxon eyes and the sweeping jet-black lashes, brows and hair. If any one trait of character stood distinctly out, one day, it was certain that its very opposite, in all its strength, and even excess of strength, would reveal itself the next.

As his heart gradually, very gradually, unfolded itself to me—or rather to my sympathy, he would occasion me a succession of surprises, and even shocks—pleasing, painful, ecstatic, agonizing, according to the nature and power of new, opposite, and unexpected traits.

He possessed the highest order of talent, but exhibited a very erratic application. If, for one week, he applied himself concentratively to his studies, the next week he would be sure to throw aside his books, and pass into the most *distrait*, *ennuyé*, and despairing mood conceivable, from which no remonstrance, no reproof, of the master professor would arouse him.

As time went on, I still made slow, but certain, progress in his affections; little and very precarious ground I held in his confidence; though still, in his manner to me, as in everything else, he was inconsistent, contradictory, incomprehensible, and often astounding. If, upon one occasion, he would treat me with unusual warmth of kindness, upon the next he would be sure to freeze up in the most frigid reserve.

He was, indeed, a combination of the most discordant elements. As I became intimate with him, I witnessed the most stupendous metamorphoses of character. A sovereign, overmastering haughtiness would alternate with a slavish, almost spaniel-like humility; a fierce and wolfish moroseness of temper give place to an almost womanish tenderness. I confidently, logically expected the time when this frozen ice of his reserve would thaw, and drown me with his confidence; on one particular occasion I felt sure it was coming.

I went to his room after school, by appointment. I saw the boy who distributed, or rather carried around the letters through the house, coming down the stairs as I was going up, and, pausing only long enough to take a letter for myself from him, I hurried on, intending then to excuse myself to Wolfgang, and retire to my room to read my letter, which I saw was from my sister. But as I approached his room, the sound of suffocating sobs reached me, and, throwing open the door, I went in and found Wolfgang sitting at his writing-table, his arms extended upon it, his head down upon them, abandoned to the utmost agony of sorrow.

I never shed a tear in my life. I saw my beloved mother, my adored father, die, and I suffered the extremity of bereavement and grief, but never wept, or felt disposed to weep; therefore it was dreadful to me to see a tear in a boy's eye, and here was Wolfgang lost, convulsed with anguish; and sobs and sighs, such sobs and sighs as rive the heart in their passage, bursting from his bosom; and copious tears, such tears as scald like molten lead, wherever they drop, falling from his burning eyes. I saw, yet scarcely saw, an open letter on the floor. My heart sank within me, to see him so violently shaken with agony. I went to him, scarcely knowing whether, in his uncertain mood, he would throw himself into my arms, or knock me down. I went to him, and stooping and speaking low, said,

"Wolfgang, my dearest Wolfgang, what is this? Can I in any way comfort or assist you?"

I confess that I was surprised when he turned and fell weeping upon my bosom, in the very collapse of mortal weakness, murmuring,

"Yes—yes—comfort me, if you can. I am weak—weak as a child—weak as an infant. Oh! hold me—comfort me—love me! Love me, if you can."

I set myself to soothe him. I spent some time seeking to console and sustain him, merely by reiterated assurances of sympathy and constant, unfailing friendship. At last, I asked,

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, nothing! nothing! Only give me your sympathy, or I die! I die! without that support!"

"You have my sympathy, dearest Wolfgang, my adopted brother; but will you not relieve your bosom of its burden of grief—will you not lay it on my breast, that I may help you to bear it?"

"Not now! Not now! I cannot."

I could only try to strengthen and soothe him by assurances of affection and esteem, until again observing the letter, I said,

"I see you have a letter, Wolfgang. Is it from home? Are your family all well?"

His eyes flew wildly around, and fell upon the letter. He sprang from me, stung to sudden strength, and, seizing it, tore it into atoms, and flung it from the window, exclaiming, furiously, while his grey eyes blazed with intolerable light,

"By heaven! if it were me! if it were me! that which I deserved and had a right to, I would seize and make my own though Satan himself with all his legions stood between!"

"Is this, then, a matter of property, Wolfgang?"

"Property! Property!" he echoed, with bitterest scorn. "Do you suppose that all the money, all the 'property' in the world is worth one such tear of blood as the millions my heart has dropped to-night? No," he added, with contemptuous coolness, "it is not 'property.'"

"Wolfgang," I said, softly, "I have been unjust to fancy for an instant that such a cause could produce such a terrible effect; but what is it, then, my brother?"

"Ah! a matter of heart and soul, of life and immortality, of heaven and hell—leave me! I am distracted, delirious—leave me! You see that I am mad!"

"Can I not serve you in any manner, Wolfgang?"

"No! in no way, but in leaving me alone. Some day, perhaps, I will tell you something—not now."

I reluctantly left the room, my thoughts still continuing absorbed in Wolfgang and dwelling upon his woe.

To have seen him the next morning, no one could believe it possible that he would ever, under any circumstances, have yielded to such a tempest of grief, or abandoned himself to such a more than womanish weakness. Dark, erect, haughty, reserved, he seemed, even to me, quite inaccessible. My affection for him was so great, my wish to do him good so importunate, that, in a few days, I re-essayed to do so.

We had been sauntering through the lawn together. We sat down on a bench under the shade of an oak tree. He fell into silence—into gloom. I thought that now was a favorable opportunity. His hands were folded and his eyes bent in abstraction upon a ring, which he then evidently saw not, on his little finger.

"Of what are you thinking, Wolfgang?" I asked. He started, turned, flashed on me a broad blaze of sheet lightning from his grey eyes, and replied with a sneer,

"I was thinking whether the coral, or the turquois, made the prettiest seal ring!"

Repelled by his freezing reserve, and almost insulting scorn, I arose in anger and left him. That night, as I was in my room alone, he suddenly entered, and throwing his arms around me, strained me to his bosom, almost distractedly, saying,

"Bear with me, Fairfield! I could not sleep with an estrangement between us. Bear with me. I am not always the same. I am an embodied war! I am not always myself!"

The tender, the childish weakness certainly possessed him now. I thought—I wished I knew which was his proper self, and which was the other one—whether the haughty, regnant scornful spirit, or whether the tender, loving, almost infantile nature, was his own peculiar self. I did not like to be hugged by a boy, either. I never did. There is a physical repulsion about the thing; and I felt the antipathy then, even when the affections of my soul moved so strongly toward him. I returned his embrace in a hurried manner, and then released him, loving him a hundred times more comfortably, after he had withdrawn his arms from around my waist, than I did while they encircled me; but then I possessed a cold, he an ardent temperament. He left me seemingly the happier for our reconciliation. I certainly was. For the next week or so, the prince was in the ascendant, and it was perilous to any one's self-esteem to approach his highness. One day, however, when he seemed unusually gloomy, I took his hand and said,

"Wolfgang, it is useless to try to disguise the fact, or conceal it from one who loves you as well as I do—there is a secret sorrow preying on your breast, eating your heart out—an arrow cankering in your festering bosom—let the hand of friendship, of brotherly love, draw it out and dress the wound."

I had better left him alone. He turned on me a look of haughty indignation, and said, in a tone of withering scorn,

"'A secret sorrow—a festering wound;' what verbal prettiness! And then the idea—are you, perchance, a reader of romances, sir?"

I was nettled, more especially as I had only my own officious impertinence to blame for the affront; but people will take vengeance on any one before their own dear selves—so I answered him angrily,

"Yes! I am an occasional reader of romances, and they teach me, at least, one lesson of discretion, to wit: that 'where there is much mystery there is more guilt.'"

Again the broad sheet lightning of his grey eyes blazed forth consumingly upon my face, and he turned white—white as the ashes of an

intensely burning coal. I never saw such a diabolical countenance, in all my life before, nor have I since. He started from me, and for days I saw nothing of him; he was ill, or sullen, in his own room. Thus ended my last attempt to win his confidence, but not our friendship, which such typhoons of passion seemed to shake only to strengthen.

The summer session was soon over, and we were going home, not again to return to school, but to enter college. When we were about to take leave of each other, Wolfgang gave way to his impulsive and passionate nature, and embraced me cordially again and again, saying, in excuse for his emotion,

"We part, Fairfield! We shall never meet again, probably, in this world. I am not going to return here. I am going to college."

I was very much affected at his manner. I was surprised, also, at his announcement.

"Going to college? What college are you going to?"

"To Harvard University," he said, embracing me again.

"To Harvard? I was to have entered the University of Virginia; but, Wolfgang, why need we part, since we are Damon and Pythias—come you also to the University of Virginia."

A thunder cloud darkened his brow, and once more the vivid lightning flashed from his eyes.

"No! Impossible! I cannot go there!"

"Cannot?"

"Cannot—you understand!"

"Your father is obstinate in his own choice of a University, irrespective of your taste and wishes?"

"My father is the soul of kindness and moderation! But, as you say, he prefers that I should enter Harvard."

"Well! my guardian will acquiesce in my wishes in that respect, and as you cannot accompany me to Charlottesville, I will meet you at Harvard. *Au revoir.*"

We took a brotherly leave of each other, and separated to meet, at the opening of the winter term, at the University.

When I reached home, my guardian was alarmed at what he called my consumptive looks, attributed it to too much confinement and too severe study, and insisted upon my remaining at home, visiting my Louisiana relations, or travelling a year before going to the University. My strength, in fact, for the last six months, had suffered some decline, but it had been so gradual that I had scarcely observed it. The change was apparent to those who had seen me in full health a half year previous.

Every one likes upon occasion to find themselves an object of interest, especially every one who like me had sadly missed parental affection and solicitude. I had no objection to be petted, coddled and indulged. I was easily persuaded to give up the contemplated seclusion and monotony of the University for twelve months of pleasing travel-variety.

I pass over the incidents of my year of travel, as they have little to do with the subject of my story, with one exception, to wit: I found, on visiting the plantation of my old bachelor uncle in East Feliciana, that he had just taken unto himself a wife—a circumstance that might seriously affect my future in one very important respect, reduce my prospects from those of a millionaire to that of a man of very modest competence, such as my moderate patrimony would afford. However, the discovery of the fact had no effect upon my mind beyond exciting my mirthfulness at the amazing secretiveness of the old gentleman about his marriage, for which I could see no rational cause. Why should he not make himself happy at fifty-five? It was late in the day to be sure, and seemed a great deal queerer in an old bachelor who had lived half a century in single blessedness than it would have looked in a widower even older. The probable loss of the heirship of his wealth gave me no sort of uneasiness. The mercenary capacities of a youth of eighteen are not usually expanded enough to take the extent, strong enough to weigh the specific gravity, or shrewd enough to estimate the value of millions. All they want at present is plenty of pocket money for passing fancies and follies.

My twelve months of freedom expired, and, with invigorated health and renewed ardor for study, I prepared to enter Harvard University.

It was at the opening of the winter term that I reached that place, and there I met again Wolfgang Wallraven, so changed as to be—no, not as to be unrecognizable, for his dark and wild individuality would have revealed itself through all atmospheres.

But could this tall, dignified, self-possessed, and graceful young gentleman be indeed the development of that fierce, morose boy, with his sudden gushes of tenderness, his collapses of utter weakness, and his prostrations of despair? And could this be the work of only a year?

I inquired how long he had been at the University.

He replied, twelve months; adding that he had remained there during the intermission between the two terms.

"That is it," thought I. "There is something

in that home of his that warps, degrades, and stunts him. Ever after going home, he has returned more acrid, morose, fierce, and dangerous, than before. That home! What an interest it has for me! With what a glamor it attracts me! I wish he would invite me to it!"

As time passed, I discovered that the character of Wallraven had undergone a change, or perhaps only an apparent change, scarcely less surprising than that of his person and manners; the wild and wayward temper, the fierce outbreaks of passion, the morose surliness was gone or governed; the fitful, loving, tender, child-like nature had disappeared, or was suppressed; the almost servile humility with which, without giving me his confidence, he would cast himself upon my sympathy for support—fits of feebleness, or idiocy, that almost fatally bewrayed his nobler nature, were utterly sunk, and the haughty, the regnant spirit had risen upon it. There was an air of regal beauty, of commanding grace, in his person and manner, such as I have never since seen in but one other man. The prince had certainly gained the permanent ascendancy, and now governed the whole inner kingdom, once so discordant, conflicting, and rebellious.

And yet—yet—there were times when certain gleams from his eyes seemed to warn me that all that was worst and most dangerous in his character was not dead, but sleeping, and gathering gigantic strength in repose—that some day,

and under some circumstance, the fiend within him might break out with terrible and destroying fury.

Our mutual esteem and affection constantly increased. He was my confidant at least, and if I were not his, my more matured reason convinced me that it was because the secrets of his bosom, whatever they were, could not be imparted, but he compensated me by the most devoted affection.

At the end of the term, I invited—besought—him to accompany me home; but he declined the visit. I thought that he might possibly return the courtesy by a similar invitation to me, which *en passant* I should certainly have accepted; but he did not. To be brief, we spent a year and a half together at college before either of us knew anything personally of the family of the other. At the end of every term, I renewed my invitation, which he always declined. At the close of our third term, as a matter now of habit more than of expectation, I invited him to go home with me, and, to my surprise and delight, he accepted my invitation, and prepared to accompany me.

It was while we were on our journey that I told him my sister, Regina, would be home for the holidays, and that, above all things, I was desirous of presenting him to her, my "Queen of beauty," my "fair one with golden locks."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DEAD WIFE.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

PALE are the lips mine own have pressed,
And cold is the snowy brow,
Though in white bridal robes lies dressed
My fair one sleeping now,
And strange my voice cannot awake
Her own, nor softest slumbers break.
Her hand lies cold within mine own,
No love-light in her eyes
Shine brightly, and no gentle tone
Doth answer back my sighs,
And art thou dead, mine own loved one,
And I on earth left sad and lone?
Ah yes, by eyes that look not now
Up fondly in mine own,
By dampness on the clay cold brow,
I know that thou art gone,
And never more thy lips will move,
To tell how fondly I am loved.
But dust upon thine eyes will fall,
And sods lie on thy breast,
And round thy bed the bird will call,

Its loved mate to its rest,
Yet I shall hear thy voice no more,
Nor see the smile thy features wore.
Spring time will call the roses back,
And Summer gild the stream,
With music on its flowery track,
And brightness on its green,
Nor Spring time sun, nor Summer rain,
Can bid thy roses bloom again.
Yet shall I not, when night winds blow,
And stars are in the sky,
And silence sleeps on all below,
Hear thy soft spirit's sigh,
And feel thy presence ever near,
To check the sadly blinding tear?
I still will keep my spirit free,
From every sin and stain,
That I in Heaven may meet with thee,
In gladness once again,
And I will deem each low wind's lyre,
The voice to raise my spirit higher.

THE PRINCESS AND THE ELF-KING.

A TEUTONIC LEGEND.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

PART FIRST.

THE Elf-King sat in his golden halls. Quoth he, "I am lonely here. I would I could find a fair and gentle bride to bear me company."

His favorite page, a merry and cunning elf, overheard the muttered speech of his master. He drew near, and kneeling, said, "I have seen a fair and gentle maiden, oh! my king, who would be a fitting mate for thee."

The Elf-King fixed his bright eyes on the page. "Who is the maiden? When and where didst thou see her?" he said.

"She is the daughter of Prince Alberic," replied the elfin page. "I meet her in the forest, where she gathers wild flowers, and on the brown hills, where she goes forth to hunt the dappled roe. Her princely birth and glorious beauty make her a fitting bride, even for the Elf-King. Her tresses are of silky gold, her eyes blue as the sky-tinted sapphire; her lips are living rubies, and her voice is soft and sweet as the flow of the summer brooklet. She hath a kind heart and a keen wit; her songs would charm the dullest ear, her smile would warm the coldest bosom, and her presence would make thy lonely palace into a joyful home."

The Elf-King cast his eyes downward, and pondered on the words of the page.

PART SECOND.

FAIR Emma sat on her palfrey, but ere she rode away, she turned to listen to the parting words of her ancient nurse, Gunhilda, who stood beside her, looking pale and sad.

"Sweet princess, if thou wilt join the chase to-day, beware of the Elf-in Hill. Do not stop to rest under the Blasted Oak—and oh! be sure not to cross the Fairy Brook."

"Have no fears for me, my darling nurse," said the princess, smiling kindly—and bending from her saddle, she pressed her rosy lips to the uplifted brow of the old woman. "Have no fears for me. Sir Rupert rides beside me, and I am safe from peril or alarm, from mortal man or elfin sprite, with him for a guardian."

The color deepened on Sir Rupert's cheek,

and his heart beat joyfully; but Gunhilda sighed and shook her head.

With careless laugh and gleeful word, the merry hunt rode away, and the old nurse was left standing alone before the castle gate. She looked after the retreating band, and sighed again.

"Young heads and young hearts," muttered she, "why does wisdom never come to woman until it is too late to profit by it? I fear me much some evil will befall my darling. My dreams last night were of ill portent. I would she had remained at home to-day! When danger is abroad, a noble maiden's safest place is in her father's hall. But he is a brave and loyal knight who rides beside her. Ere evil hap betide the princess, Sir Rupert will be slain."

And slowly and sorrowfully, Gunhilda re-entered the castle.

PART THIRD.

"A STAG of ten" had breathed his last. The forest shadows were falling eastward. But for many a mile the gallant stag had raced over holt and hill, and in the ardor of the chase, no one noted the way he took. He died beneath the Blasted Oak, beside the Fairy Brook.

Fair Emma, rejecting the knife which the chief huntsman, kneeling, offered to her hand—sat still upon her panting steed; and while the huntsman flung to the eager hounds their bleeding quarry, she looked carelessly around. Upon the farther bank of the rivulet, she espied some object that glittered in the sun. What could it be? The little brook was scarcely three paces in width—three stepping-stones lay in the clear waters. Forgetful of Gunhilda's caution, the princess sprang to the ground, and bounded lightly across the stream. A golden carcanet studded with jewels, lay before her—she stooped to seize the sparkling prize—the earth opened at her feet—two gigantic arms extended themselves from the chasm, and clasped her slender waist. She swooned with terror—and downward to the Golden Halls sank the lady and the Elf-King.

PART FOURTH.

WILD and wonderful was the scene that met the opening eyes of the lovely captive.

She lay on a golden couch—golden was the lofty roof above her, golden the polished walls, golden the massive portals, and golden the gleaming floor. From golden vases arose the fragrant smoke of precious gums, and refreshing to the dazzled sight was the repose afforded by that misty veil. For from the glittering walls, hung pictures wrought by elfin skill of many-tinted gems; and suspended from the centre of the vaulted ceiling swung a glorious Carbuncle, shedding around, forever and forever, the radiance of a summer noon; and polished gold and rainbow gem, burned and sparkled in the magic light.

The Elf-King noted the astonished gaze of the princess, as her eyes wandered from splendor to splendor. "All these shall be thine, fairest," he said, "if thou wilt be my bride."

"Thy treasures tempt not me," replied the princess. "I better love my father's hall, with its dim old tapestry, and its floors of stone strewn with rushes, or sprigs of the mountain fir."

The Elf-King respectfully took the lady's hand in his. "Come see my garden," said he—and as he spoke, the portal turned on its golden hinges, making soft music as it moved.

The garden lay in a valley, encircled by hills whose tops seemed to support the clouds. And if the hall had been a wonderful sight, truly the garden was more wonderful still. The tree-trunks were shaped of silver and gold, the leaves were of emeralds. Cherries were carved from the red garnet, citrons from the yellow topaz, plums were formed of amethyst and chrysoprase, and like drops of frozen wine, hung clusters of grapes, whose tints displayed the changeful sheen of the opal. Over a sparry grotto climbed trumpet-flowers of scarlet coral, and near them, forget-me-nots of the azure turquoise. The snowberry-balls were pearls; the roses, rubies; for every flower that blooms on earth, a jewel sparkled in the magic garden; and high in the midst of these floral mockeries, (as different from real flowers as grandeur is from peace) a fountain of quick-silver threw its bright rain into the air.

"All these shall be thine," quoth the Elf-King, "if thou wilt content thyself to tarry here."

"I covet them not," replied the princess, "and I could not content myself to tarry here. I tremble amid these unnatural splendors, the work of elvish skill. I better love the breath of the breezy hills, and the beauty of the forest flowers."

"And I will be thine," said the Elf-King, throwing himself at her feet. "I will make thee queen of my broad domains, mistress of all my treasures, my elves shall be thy subjects, and toil for thy delight."

"I will not tarry," said the princess, "and I never will wed with thee. I seek not to share thy elfin throne, nor desire to govern thy elfin subjects. I had rather dwell on the dark mountain where Rupert's castle stands."

The Elf-King was enraged. "Methinks," said he, sneeringly, "that maiden's pride must soar upon humble wing, who would stoop to wed a mortal knight, when wooed to be the Elf-King's bride."

Red flushed the cheek, bright flashed the eye of the insulted maiden; and even the Elf-King quailed before her glance of indignant scorn.

"That mortal knight was nobly born and gently bred," said she. "He would not stoop to a deed of treachery, nor clasp an unwilling hand." She drew down her veil to hide her tears, and then she wept without restraint.

PART FIFTH.

DAYS came and went. Full heavily a captive's time goes by. Dim grew fair Emma's dark-blue eyes, and pale her blooming cheeks. And every day the Elf-King more dearly prized the noble maiden. By deep respect and courteous speech he sought to win her trust; he strove to please with fair and costly gifts, to woo her love by showing how much he loved her; and sought to fulfil her every wish, save one—for liberty. But still to all his flattering words, the princess made but one reply,

"I pine to see again the flowers of my native forests, and to breathe again the upper air."

"Thy wishes are my bosom's law, sweet princess," one day replied the Elf-King, placing at her feet a golden basket filled with dewy, odorous, living flowers. "Lo! here are flowers like those that grow in the garden of thy home. In yonder field I sowed the seeds; I watched the growth of the plants, I screened them from heat, I fenced them from cold, and now the fragrant blossoms have unfolded, an offering meet for thee, the fairest flower of all. And weep no more for loneliness; receive this wand of ivory—touch thy flowers with it, and whatever shape thou callest shall stand before thee."

"Oh, happy words!—a thought of hope flashed quickly across her mind, and she smiled graciously on the enamored Elf-King. It was the first smile she had ever vouchsafed him.

"Thy flowers are marvelously fair," she said—

"and well their bright array, if transformed into shapes of knights and ladies, might grace a royal bridal. Thinkest thou not so?"

The Elf-King assented joyfully.

"Go," said the princess, giving him another bewildering smile—"go, count how many flowers there be left in thy garden. But look thou bring the number truly, or seek no grace from me."

Quick went the hope-deluded lover to do the lady's bidding. Left alone, she grasped the wand, she touched a flower—a blackbird sprang from the opening petals, and fluttered round her.

"Hasten, dear bird! fly to Sir Rupert. Tell him that Emma is faithful; bid him come without delay to the Blasted Oak beside the Fairy Brook. But warn him not to cross the stream."

Up rose the bird—fair Emma's eyes pursued his airy journey. Alas! a hawk was hovering in the air, and swooped upon the luckless messenger.

Again she grasped the ivory wand—again she tried the spell—and lo! from the cup of the flower crept forth a buzzing bee.

"Haste, pretty bee! fly to Sir Rupert—tell him Emma loves only him. Bid him seek the Blasted Oak beside the Fairy Brook, but warn him not to cross the stream."

Off flew the bee. "One effort more to regain my freedom!" She touched another flower—"Be thou a steed, with saddle, girth, stirrup and rein!"

Well wrought the charm! Instantly the pawing hoofs rang on the golden floor. Fair Emma seized the bridle, and led the steed through the open portal. With keen and careful eye she scanned the stony track which wound up the steep hill-side. Far above her, darkly outlined against the clear blue sky, rose the peak of the Elfin Hill.

"Oh! serve me now, thou gallant steed. Serve

me but for a single hour. Let us but cross the Fairy Brook—beyond its waves the Elf-King hath no power."

She leapt lightly into the saddle, but that leap shook loose the braid that bound her long, fair tresses. Escaping the tie, the golden locks fell floatingly around her.

"Oh! serve me now, thou gallant steed. Bear me swiftly! swiftly! to the summit of the Elfin Hill."

Spurned by the courser's hoofs, the pebbles start and ring. Not more swiftly springs the arrow from the bow, or the meteor from the sky. Onward! onward! Half the steep ascent is safely won—fair Emma glances back—oh! sight of fear—the Elf-King is hurrying on their track.

Fair Emma had that morning been working at her embroidery, for she knew that occupation is the best balm for sorrow. In her silken girdle she had placed her scissors. No spur had she, but remembering the scissors, she drew them from her girdle, and struck the urging points deep into the heaving flank of her courser.

Now, onward! onward! lady bright! Shake free the bridle rein! Onward! onward! noble steed. Strain thy Elfin mettle to the utmost. See! see! She nears the peak—she nears the Blasted Oak—she tops the Elfin Hill—she sees Sir Rupert's waving plume, she hears his bugle-blast—now! noble steed—one gallant leap will cross the Fairy Brook!

Too late! too late! With a desperate bound the Elf-King reaches her side, and fiercely grasps one of her floating ringlets, to drag her from her saddle. Oh! woman's wit, be prompt at need! Save, save her matchless beauties!

Lo! Her scissors divide the silken tress—her courser leaps the Brook—she is safe in Sir Rupert's arms!

And thus she escaped the ELF-KING.

THE LOVER'S CALL.

BY MARY W. JANVEIN.

COME to me, love! Come to me!

In the dead of the night I call—

When barques are about on slumber's sea,
And the Dream-Angel guideth them all.

But never a dream have I,
And the Angel pitieth me

Where I sit by the shore with my lonely cry,
"Come to me, love! Come to me!"

Smile on me, love! Smile on me!

You are crushing my heart with your scorn;

Bright eyes for others smile tenderly—

I pine for a glance so warm.

Afar in the midnight skies

How cold are the stars I see!

Oh! freeze me not with your colder eyes!
Smile on me, love! Smile on me!

Stay by me, love! Stay by me!

Go from me never again!

Your white hand holdeth my destiny
To shape unto pleasure or pain.

Your love is a guiding star,

And the world is a moonless sea—

Lest I go adrift where the breakers are,
Stay by me, love! Stay by me!

THE RAINY NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

BY A. L. OTIS.

NEW YEAR'S morning!—and raining, raining, pouring down, dashing against the windows, and forbidding, by even a minute's cessation, the hope that it would be over in time for the great business of the day, paying or receiving calls!

"Well!" sighed little Annie Leslie, "I never expected this!"

"Never expected rain! Foolish chit!" her cousin Elizabeth made laughing reply.

"I mean, that we should have such a summer rain on New Year's day. I was prepared for a little disappointment, snow for instance, for then they could have come in sleighs—or clouds and ice, gentlemen don't mind them. But a pouring rain! And such gusts of wind! Oh, very few will brave such weather, I'm afraid."

"Very well—if they don't, I'm content."

"I dare say you are. You have grown out of such fun," said the spoiled child, whom her older cousin loved as a younger sister.

"And why, pray, are not you content? If but few brave the weather, we shall know that those few are very devoted indeed. A pleasant day would not have revealed this, and our friends will be nicely sifted for us. We gain in quality what we lose in quantity. I promise to think well of any one who may come"

"Whom do you think we may expect, Elizabeth?" asked Annie, a little anxiously.

"Well, I should not wonder at all if this day brought—let me see—Mr. Norris."

"Oh, but Lizzie, he is old as the hills, and bald!"

"And are old, bald men to hide themselves on New Year's day, and abjure all friendly relations? Foolish chit again! For my part, no matter who comes, dear, old, bald Mr. Norris will have the warmest welcome from me! It is the bringing of such friends, at least once a year to shake hands with you, that hallows the day and sanctifies the custom."

"Oh, Lizzie, some one may come whom you will be gladder to see than even 'dear, old, bald Mr. Norris,' for I forgot to tell you that four days ago, while you were at aunt Smith's nursing the children with the whooping-cough, an old friend of yours called. I did not see him, and he left his name."

"Who was it?"

"Oh, you are excited now, Miss Lizzie! It was a friend you once sent away for a foolishly romantic reason. Everybody says he was a true, faithful lover, and you refused him only because he was too—rich! I know you couldn't have cared for him, or you wouldn't have done it, proud as you are! You would have taken riches and all, rather than lose him. Dear cousin, since I am likely to have no fun of my own to-day, do tell me about that old love affair."

"Old love affair!" Elizabeth blushed all over her handsome face and smiled.

"What! Not got over it yet? Oh, you're funning!"

"No, Annie, I'm not funning. I suppose you think it quite unlikely that an old lady of thirty-three can have the folly to actually love a lover! But I'll tell you, dear; I don't believe a little chit of sixteen, such as you, can begin to imagine the strength of affection my old heart can throb with. Wait until yours has been warm with kindness for any one for thirteen years, and you will see how the feeling can grow!"

"But why did you refuse him, dear Lizzie?"

"Mr. Linsley was very wealthy, and his family very proud. I was teaching school. I was pale and haggard, I had not even good looks for them to be proud of in a sister-in-law. He loved me, I knew well, but his friends hated me bitterly. So I would not lead him into a war with all of those nearest to him, mother, sisters, and grand old father. I said farewell to him—but, Annie, something has always told me that fate would not separate us forever."

"Well, but what happened after you dismissed him?"

"They all went to Europe, and took a villa in Italy. Very often—about every year indeed—a rumor of his engagement to some lady or other, Italian, English, German, American, French, reached me, but not one of them ever gave me five minutes' pain. I have felt strangely confident of him. His family is now broken up, they are nearly all gone, father, mother, and the two proudest sisters. Only his pet, little Amy, remains, and she would consent to anything he wished. He arrived in this country last week." Elizabeth fell into a reverie.

Shrewd intelligence, and girlish enjoyment of

romance, put Annie's face into a pucker of dimples. She could not keep silent very long.

"Oh, Lizzie, I know what's coming! I see the end of it!" she whispered.

"No, darling, I don't think you do. He is now poor, and I, by that unexpected legacy, wealthy. I was too proud once—perhaps he will be so now. Besides, thirteen years is a long time to pass over any one's head. I may look old and ugly to him."

"Pshaw, Lizzie! I have heard you called the most splendid woman in New York. You needn't pretend you don't know you are a beauty."

"I don't pretend not to know that the superficially observing world of fashion may say so. But I was slight, and girlish, and intellectual-looking then. Now I am tall, and full, and by no means pale. Who knows whether he may like the change?"

"But, Lizzie, he is thirteen years older too, and may be grey, or bald perhaps. Maybe you won't like him."

"Nonsense, child!"

"But would you like him if he were a perfect fright?"

"He never, never, never can look frightful to me."

"Well, you never can look ugly or frightful to anybody. So make yourself easy. You are splendidly handsome, healthy, rich, fashionable—and if he is not pleased, he must be difficult."

"All those things are against me, Annie. If I were poor, and pale, his generous heart would cherish me, but I am entirely too well off for my own good. There—our first visitors are ringing."

Even such a deluge as fell that day, did not prevent the arrival of many callers upon the fashionable heiress and her pretty cousin.

Annie, surrounded by young gentlemen, chatted busily. Elizabeth entertained old Mr. Norris, and when he took leave, she sat for some minutes alone. The door opened, and a tall, pale, sickly gentleman entered, who advanced to the lady of the house, Elizabeth, and greeted her as a stranger, though he gazed eagerly and keenly into her face to find in her his own Lizzie. He did not at first recognize her in that stately, glowing woman.

She too looked at him eagerly and keenly, with paling cheek and filling eyes. She was grieved to the heart at the change she saw. He was a feeble invalid, whom she had last beheld in the full vigor of health—an old man grey and wrinkled instead of the Apollo-like youth she remembered.

By degrees they came to be sure of each other, though nothing but "the compliments of the

season" could pass between them there, surrounded as they were by young eyes, and they parted after ten minutes' common-places.

Not to disappoint Annie, her cousin continued all day receiving visitors and answering nonsense with forced composure; but her weary heart could not hush itself to sleep that night.

The invalid who paid that New Year's visit also watched. He walked the floor for hours, chased by furies, pride, tormenting love, doubt and dread.

"Beautiful, wealthy, proud—what have I to do with her?" he thought. "Dear Lizzie, God bless you! but I must never see you again—never! Poor, old, sick, miserable wreck that I am, I have no right to expect you to look upon me with any feeling but dislike—or pity. Sooner than ask you to share my wretched lot, I would die like an outcast dog! Oh, Lizzie, those old, long-gone days! are they as dear to you as to me? They say woman's love is more faithful than man's. But my apparition to-day must have frightened away all memory of the past. I could wish to have found you as miserable as I am. Then I should have gone to you. But as you are—you are not for me! By the dread I felt of seeing her old and ugly, I realize what I am to her now."

A few days after New Year's, Elizabeth, pale and agitated, sought her young cousin, and found her alone in her room.

"Annie," she said, "poor Mr. Linsley lies at the point of death, with not one friend near him! Oh, what shall I do? If he had said one word on New Year's day, or looked one look, to tell that he remembered old times, I should go to him and bring him back to life. I know I could, by the strong will I have to do it. But I dare not, for he met me as a stranger, and left me as a stranger, with the 'compliments of the season.' I cannot thrust myself upon his unwilling heart, even to do him a service. Yet I cannot let him die uncared for. Children's instincts are true. Now, what shall I do, Annie?"

"No one to nurse him?"

"None but hired nurses."

"Has he a good one of those?"

"Oh, Annie, what can any of them do for him compared to what I could? If he would only like to have me, or even passively let me."

"Send our own old nurse."

"She is so feeble."

"She can see that he is not neglected, and she is good and tender. Then, Lizzie, you must wait."

Elizabeth paused for a time in thought. Then she said, "Thank you, dear love. It is good advice."

She attended to sending the nurse and waited—not long. She was summoned to his bedside. The physician had told him he was dying, and in view of death, worldly advantages seemed as naught to him.

When Elizabeth knelt beside him, he found out, as if in blessing, the fulness of his love. He told her that his heart had been singly faithful to her, and that until now, he had never relinquished his long-deferred hopes.

"And," said Elizabeth, as if with inspired, joyful prophecy, "you shall live to realize every one of them! I declare it. I am sure of it. You shall learn how I love you. Every day shall teach it to you, every hour give you fresh proof. Oh, Charles, happiness overwhelms me! Die!" she said, with intense and triumphant scorn, "that you shall not. Death is torpor, and in us both at this moment life's fire burns quick. You know you are not dying, but glowing into youth again! I see it thrilling all through you, as it is thrilling all through me. Take my hand. Sit up. Oh, throw your arms about me, Charles. Kiss me."

"I believe you. Death is banished. Thank God."

There was a long embrace, and many minutes of silence.

"Charles," she resumed, after a time, "I must

nurse you back to health, and the world will let me do so in peace, only as——"

"My wife—my own God-given wife!"

It seemed a miracle to the man of medicine, the materialist, who was trying to cure the soul's fever with blood-letting and morphine! But he so far forgave his patient for proving him no prophet, that he went himself for the man of sacred calling and sent for Annie.

His patient was married that very hour. Standing by the sick man's bed, her hand clasped in his, Elizabeth assumed her wifely cares with holy joy.

Annie, standing listening, wondered that so deep and full a tone of devotion, could be inspired by such a worn, and almost ghastly wretch as Mr. Linsley was! Yet her own woman's soul gave her a hint that it was his spirit, not its carnal covering which her cousin loved, and she thought of those lines of Mrs. Browning's:

"The heart doth recognize thee
Alone, alone! The heart doth find thee sweet,
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete,
Though seeing now those changes that disguise thee."

Annie found that that deep and tender love did not decrease when all suffering was over, and Mr. Linsley's health was perfectly restored. Elizabeth was fortunately blest with a noble husband. How wretched, had he been unworthy of her faithful heart!

THE FATES.

BY PHILA EARLE.

SISTERS of Destiny, stately and stern,
Shades on your dark brows lie, as o'er an urn
Falls the deep shadow of grave-guarding yew,
Quiv'ring and sad as the tremulous dew;
Spirit-hands fold back your gloom-shaded hair,
Ne'er give you smile or heed to yearning prayer,
Forth from your dark eyes look sorrow and gloom,
As all unalterably earth's ones ye doom;
Solemnly drawing life's mystical thread
Till it is severed and finished 's the web.

Three weird sisters, Fates who decree,
Wild desolation, oh, weave not for me,
Fold not all darkly your ebon-hued wings
Bitterly over my heart's breaking strings.
Weave not darkened hopes, heart-pangs and strife,
Anguish and sorrow in my web of life;
Gather your colors from bright golden strands,
Weave light and sunshine with your cold hands,
Sever not early life's many-hued thread,
Ere from life's music one sweet tone has fled.
Stern, dark-browed sisters, whose robes my brow sweep,
Over my faint heart a shade of awe creep:

Clip not my spirit's wings, unfolded wide,
Which are unbroken, unwearied, untried;
Sever not gravely life's sweet silken thread,
Till age has scattered snow-flakes o'er my head;
Changeless, resistless your solemn decrees
As the heaviest waves of fathomless seas,
Then, unsmiling sisters, do not decree
Sorrow, and grieving, and wailing for me.

Some one has said, that Mercy's fair hand
Vells from our sight the far future land,
Folds from our vision its sorrows away,
Holds up the joy-gleams of bright yesterday,
Gathers her white robes around the dark Fates,
And smilingly points to the pearly gates,
Where the glory-beams of Heaven gleam through,
Tinging with gold the cerulean blue,
Till I seem to feel the Fates are of earth,
Only can suffering there have birth;
Then I heed not what is their sad decree,
If the gates of Heaven uncloze for me.

HELEN HAMILTON'S ROMANCE.

A STORY TOLD IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

EDITED BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, AUTHOR OF "THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER," ETC., ETC.

LETTER THE FIRST.

HILLSIDE, June 17th, 1857.

It is a rainy, summer day, good cousin Jane, and that is why I find time to commence my promised series of letters to you. I have been here three weeks already, and have scarcely put pen to paper, save to announce my safe arrival to father and mother, but to-day I have drawn the cosiest of easy chairs to the pleasantest of windows, and, with my port-folio on my knee, I feel just in the mood for writing you. A curious fancy strikes me—a fancy to make you, who have not seen me during the five years since your marriage, a pen-picture of myself. For once some power shall give me the wondrous gift,

"To see ourselves as others see us,"

and I will make use of this mental illumination for your benefit. Eight years ago, when I was seventeen, you and I graduated at Madame De Arblay's together. You know what I was then, young, hopeful, enthusiastic, and—you see I am going to be honest—beautiful. What an enchanted life seemed opening before me—a path wherein should be perpetually springing up roses of love and hope, whose buds I was to gather for my bosom, whose fragrance was to surround me eternally. You know, too, what I was, three years after, when you were married to Charley Fosdick and I stood your bridesmaid.

Your know that at twenty I had changed a little from what I was at seventeen. Only a little, it is true. My beauty was fresh and riant as ever—still I wore the roses of love and hope in my bosom, but I had found out there were, now and then, thorns among them. The world did not look quite so much like Eden, and I had learnt one lesson, I do think it is the most sorrowful one a young heart can learn, the fashionable measure of social importance—reckoning a man's worth by his dollars and cents.

Since then you have not seen me. We have only corresponded at rare intervals, but I know your old love for me is warm in your heart, and I know you were thoroughly in earnest when you begged me to sit down in this quiet country place and give you an account of myself. I will

be faithful, cousin Jane, no matter how often my cheek may crimson with shame at the unveiling of my heart.

The five years since you went off with Charley Fosdick—by the way you say you've never regretted it, though he is only a country doctor in that out of the way town—those five years have all been passed by me in one desperate struggle to get married, suitably married; married to please papa and mamma, who have lived, for my sake, beyond their means, and are so ambitious to see me what they call well-established.

I said the years have all been passed thus, and yet not quite all. I stopped once by the way-side, in my long climbing up this weary mountain of social position, to dream a dream. I believe I was almost in love. In society I met one who was in the world, yet not of it. How shall I describe Philip Wyndham to you? You know whom I mean, for I remember your writing me when his first book came out that you had read it, and how charmed you were with its grace, its simple pathos; how thrilled by the utterances of a deep, strong heart, making itself heard now and then amid the flowers and the sunshine. You cannot think how strange it was to see him in the gay circles of our set, with his bright earnest eyes, his wondrously sweet smile, and his forehead calm as the thoughts of an angel. Withal he wore such shocking clothes, a threadbare black suit, always the same. It was at Mrs. Emerson's I met him first; you know what a woman she is to surround herself with lions, and then, for a while, every one took him up and he was quite the fashion, only mammas took especial care that their daughters should have no opportunity to fall in love with him. They need not have done this, for Mr. Wyndham would have been harder to win than any lady of them all.

I think he accepted the patronizing invitations extended to him, at first, solely for the sake of studying human life in a new phase. He was miles above their patronage, and he would have been as little cast down by their ceasing to invite him altogether, as he was elevated by their extending to him their condescending courtesy

in the first place. He was a noble man, cousin Jane.

I was twenty-three that winter. My nature had become pretty well encrusted with worldliness. I was tired, though, of the dull routine in which I moved. My naturally restless spirit longed for change and excitement. For a time, in his acquaintance, it found both. I don't know how I managed to attract him to my side. That I did so attract him is the proudest thought in all this review of my past life—that I had power to charm that lofty heart, that keen intellect, that sensitive, æsthetic nature. I think he understood all my capabilities. He saw what I might have been, brought up in another sphere, where wealth and style were less omnipotent. And I, oh, cousin Jane, an angel's wing seemed to brush the dust from my heart and make it fit for the pure anthems of heaven to echo through it.

For a time I forgot "the world, the flesh, and the devil." I gave up my shopping expeditions; I ceased to frequent Broadway; I went to half a dozen successive parties without a new dress; I returned to my old passion for poetry and music; I went backward over "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." In short, I was well-nigh in love. But what was I, that Philip Wyndham should gild me with the refined alchemy of his fancy—should pour out, at my feet, the sweet incense of his praise? Those were enchanted months in which I met him so frequently. A new glory lay on land and sea, the skies were bluer and the stars brighter. I never thought, however, of marriage. The idea that he would seek me as his wife never entered my head. Candidly, I should have thought myself as unworthy of the honor as I was unfit to be a poor man's wife.

It was a strange place to listen to the secret of a poet's love, but oh, never did sweeter words flood a woman's heart with joy, than his soul uttered to mine one destiny-marked night; in an alcove of a fashionable parlor, with the music of Strauss' aerial waltzes flooding the air, and the silken billows rolling past us in the dance, like a glittering sea of bright and mazy hues, whereon diamonds flashed and flowers were flung, with lavish hands, to die, breathing out their fragrance. With this mirth and song and dance about us, our souls talked to each other, our two souls, in all that crowd, utterly alone. I say our souls, for the words we said were no lip utterance merely, our hearts forced the naked truth to our lips.

I shall not tell you with what phrases he told me that he loved me. That must be my own

cherished and eternal secret. Their music has sounded in my ears ever since, clear and sweet, above the din of life—it will be louder in my dying day, than the harps of the angels. I answered him frankly. I was impelled to speak all the truth. I told him what a strange, new joy I had found in his presence. I told him if he had found me when I was less worldly, I might have loved him; but now, style and wealth and fashion and luxury had grown a necessity to me, and I could not give them up. I should marry, sometime, a man who would give me all these, and I should try to forget all that I had ever felt for him. What do you think he answered me?

"I pity you, Helen Hamilton; oh, how I pity you, Helen Hamilton; far more than I do myself. I have loved you indeed, or rather I have loved the true, high-souled, unworldly woman, which I thought you were, with all the strength, all the homage, all the passion of my heart, but for me, time and nature will bring solace; but you, you who are smothering all your holiest hopes, all your best instincts, under the silken panoply of fashion, there will come, when it is too late, an awakening, I know you better than you know yourself. I know how your heart will cry out, one day, in its passions, its despair, for a love cast away and trodden under foot: for you do love me, Helen. I know how you will recoil in very bitterness from the rich and fashionable husband you will choose, and in that hour may God shield you from sorrow and from sin."

I have never looked on his face since that night, cousin Jane. For months after that I was very sick, scarcely able to leave my bed, and when I recovered he had left New York and gone, I do not know where, for another lion had taken his place at Mrs. Emerson's reunions, and he was nearly forgotten.

Two summers and two winters have passed since then, and I am not married yet. I can see mamma is beginning to be alarmed lest I never shall be. Last winter, however, came an admirer after her own heart—Lionel Fitz-Herbert. He had just returned from abroad. He is a son of one of the richest families on Fifth Avenue and quite the fashion. He certainly paid me a great deal of attention, but he did not propose, nor though, I confess to you cousin Jane. I used all my arts, could I by any means succeed in bringing him to the point. I can draw his portrait for you with ease. It will not be a Rembrandt. There are no strong lights and shadows in his character. This is he—Mrs. Charley Fosdick, Mr. Lionel Fitz-Herbert.

A small, smooth head, with well-brushed brown

hair; small, though very regular features; clear red and white complexion; small hands and feet; short, slight figure, dressed in the height of fashion, and an echo-like manner and conversation, formed, you may be sure, in the best society. He has no particular vices; no particular principles; no particular ideas. Add to this a fortune almost unlimited, and the finest turn-out in New York, and you have a very good idea of the young gentleman for whose admiration a score of pretty women—your cousin Helen Hamilton among the rest—have angled desperately all winter.

This spring I became out of patience with it all. I did not want to go to Saratoga, I hate it, the hot, dusty place, and I persuaded mamma—I assure you it was a work of difficulty—to let me come here and stay with Caddie. You never saw my cousin Caddie. She was a splendid girl, educated in Boston, refined, gifted, handsome. We thought, at the time, she threw herself away when she married William Ripley, young, poor, and a farmer, but since I have been here I have changed my mind. Will is handsome, gentlemanly, intelligent—one of nature's noblemen in short; just the one to round her life into fullness and harmony. I do not think I ever saw so happy a couple. Despite her many cares, and her two children, Caddie is as young and gay as at sixteen.

Perhaps you don't know that this village, where their pretty place, Hillside, is located, was my mother's birth-place. Grandfather Weaver's old home, Oakland, they called it, is about half a mile from here. The house is tenantless now, but in excellent repair, and the old oak trees around it are worthy of an English park. I pass a great many hours under the shade of those trees, or sitting in the wide verandah which surrounds the old house, dreaming strange dreams about my mother's youth; about my own life; the destiny which seems so long in coming to me; which I sometimes have a curious presentiment that I shall meet here.

I had no idea that I should like a country life so well. This is my first experience of it, for Saratoga and Newport and Long Branch are not country. I am beginning to think that country people are better than the denizens of the town. They have more time to think. Life seems here a more solemn, a more earnest thing. Wealth and show, satins and diamonds, carriages, and point lace seem so worthless when one walks under the oaks and larches, and looks up through their boughs to the everlasting sky, or hears the clear bird songs pulsing downward. Will and Caddie seem to me—though their help is not

numerous, and they have to spend not a few hours of every day at work with their own hands—to live far more intellectual lives than most of our fashionable idlers on Fifth Avenue. There is scarcely a good book, the utterance of a strong, true soul, that does not find its way to Hillside. There are some of these whose acquaintance I have made here for the first time, for which I feel that I shall be better all my life.

"Helen—Nellie—Nell," that is Caddie's voice calling me. I guess it is mail time, and I must run down stairs and see what has come for me. Then I'll come up again and finish my letter for you.

Oh, cousin Jane, what shall I do? I am in sore perplexity. There was no letter for me, but Will had received two, and there are to be two visitors at Hillside. Who do you think? The first is he whom I have not seen for more than two years—Philip Wyndham. It seems he has always been a friend of Will's, and he is coming here, he writes, for a little peace and rest, a little of the comforts of true friendship, and to finish off a book which he had promised to give the publishers in September. He does not know that I am here, and as he is coming to-morrow there is no time to tell him. Indeed, if there were ever so much time, why should he be told? It is not probable that he would avoid me. I am nothing to him now. Is it his fault if the sound of his voice should rouse from its long trance a silent sleeper in my heart; to mock me with words against which I may not close my ears; to look at me with eyes before which my soul will quiver with agony? But he will never know it. He will never know that this strange ghost of the past is not dead utterly; that it folds its shroud about it sometimes, and rises up in the midnight with its still, accusing eyes. After all, it shall not rise. I will, I must control myself. Philip Wyndham can be nothing to me. I can be nothing to him. I will teach my heart not to quicken its pulses at the sound of his name. Perhaps our second visitor will help me.

Who do you think he is, cousin Jane? No other than my admirer of this winter, Mr. Lionel Fitz-Herbert. It seems he too knows Will. Where in the world did our Hillside farmer pick up such an acquaintance? He has ascertained my whereabouts from my mother, and written to ask Will and Caddie for permission to come down here and make a visit. They are too hospitable to refuse. But he will not arrive till next week. In the meantime I shall have been, seven days, under the same roof with Philip Wyndham. But

why do I speculate on that—my life-path leads elsewhere.

It seems then that Mr. Fitz-Herbert was more impressed with my attractions than I feared. He is evidently coming here solely on my account. The probable result will be an engagement. This will completely satisfy papa and mamma in all their ambitious views for me; and it will ensure me, for life, the possession of all the luxuries that have become so necessary to me. Well—I say well, and it shall be well. I will not let my foolish fancies make it all. I must close, to send you this letter by the evening mail, but I will write again soon, and keep you advised of the progress of this drama, whose result will determine the hereafter of your cousin,

HELEN HAMILTON.

LETTER THE SECOND.

HILLSIDE, June 19th.

OH, what a morning it is, cousin Jane! Your heart drinks in the incense of many such, I doubt not, but to me, who have lived in the city all my life, each jubilant sun-rising comes like a new revelation of power and beauty. I wish mamma could lift her eyes and look out of my window. The landscape she would see would delight the heart of a painter. Hills and dells and woodland, and, in the distance, the bright river winding along like a thread of silver light. Blessed be God for summer. I do not think I have so rejoiced in the dewy freshness of any morning since I have been here. And yet I am not very happy. I rose early this morning to tell you this. I have much to say to you, but though I have sat here half an hour, my pen has only travelled over these few lines.

Philip Wyndham came yesterday morning, in the ten o'clock train. I was busy all the first part of the morning, helping Caddie; that is, I put little, beautifying touches here and there, which she had not time to give. I filled every vase with the sweet June roses, and the other early flowers which thrive so well in Caddie's garden. The parlor looked charmingly when I had thus adorned it with blossoms. I opened all the windows, and fastened sprays of roses in with the ribbons which looped back the snowy muslin curtains.

Then I went to Philip Wyndham's room. I knew he would never know it, and so I indulged myself in making it beautiful for him. I filled it with such flowers as I remembered to have heard him say he loved; bright, sweet-scented ones, roses and heliotropes and geraniums, I scattered, over the dressing-bureau, little, tasteful

articles of *virtu* from my own room, and on the table I put a handsome port-folio full of all varieties of stationery.

At length, when I could find nothing more to do, I went to my own room. There I took counsel with myself. I called my heart to account for its foolish flutterings. I bade my fingers cease their nervous trembling. I chided my voice into calmer, less faltering tones. You know I told you that I never loved Philip Wyndham; that is, not well enough to give up wealth and luxury for his sake. I reminded myself of this fact, and then I remembered my other lover. I reflected that a few months would probably see me Mrs. Lionel Fitz-Herbert, and there was no reason I should suffer my fancies to run riot about another. To be sure, I never could, by any possibility, wax romantic about Mr. Fitz-Herbert, but it was pleasant to contemplate the future he could give me—so luxurious, so free from care—to imagine myself presiding in my stately mansion, or driving down town with my liveried servants and my faultless equipage.

"Ah, Helen Hamilton," I said, to myself, "you are a girl of sense. Poetry and romance are delightful condiments at the banquet of life, but very unsubstantial as a *piece de resistance*." I resolved to meet Mr. Wyndham with calm indifference. I would not even bestow a single extra adornment upon my toilet. I put on a fresh, simple white muslin, with a blue ribbon about my waist. Then I twined a few red roses in my hair. As I did so, the face reflected in the mirror arrested my gaze. It was beautiful as ever; perhaps a careless observer would have said it was as youthful, but I could see it had grown old and worldly. There was a proud curl to the lip; a haughty, half-sarcastic gleam to the eye which I did not like to see. They had come there since Philip Wyndham saw me last. The spirit had not grown meeker in the past two years, more chastened, more womanly. It had grown proud, defiant, self-loving. Well, I could not help it. He would read the change, perhaps he would despise it, but why should the future Mrs. Lionel Fitz-Herbert care for Philip Wyndham's scorn?

Just then I heard a step coming up the graveled walk that thrilled me through and through with the old memories which rose, ghost-like, at its echoes. I sprang to the window and looked out. He was coming with Will up from the gate. I hushed my heart into silence. I went down stairs and stood in the parlor as they came up the steps. Caddie met them at the door. I heard her joyful welcome, and then they came in. I thought—perhaps I was mistaken, cousin June,

but I thought—Philip Wyndham grew a shade paler as he saw me. But his voice did not falter. He came to me and extended his hand.

"This is indeed a surprise, Miss Hamilton."

I was quite as cool and self-possessed as he. Caddie knows nothing of my acquaintance with him. I only told her we had met several times in New York, and I know, shrewd observer as she is, she saw no clue by which to guess our past.

Now, cousin Jane, that man is nothing to me. When I might have been his wife, I refused him without a moment's hesitation. And yet, he has made me more than half miserable with his indifference, already. He does not avoid me, at all. He talks with me, when it comes in his way, as easily and as agreeably as with Will or Caddie, but he hardly seems to know whether I am in the room or out of it. It must be my vanity that is wounded. We women do not like to find our captives quite so free and heart whole. However indifferent we may feel to the victim, we do not like to find the chains we forged all broken.

There, he is going down stairs now. I am going down too. Why not? Though he is nothing to me, there is no reason I should not hear him declare what this beautiful morning has said to his soul. I know what a look of inspiration will beam from his earnest face. I must hear what he will say. But, look you, he shall not know this. I will say some provoking ridiculous thing; something that shall make him feel that what he does and says is nothing to me, even as what I do and say is nothing to him.

I shall not send you this letter yet. I will leave it open till Mr. Fitz-Herbert comes. You shall see how I will welcome him.

June 26th.

Well, cousin Jane, Lionel Fitz-Herbert came yesterday, by the same train that brought Philip Wyndham a week before. You shall hear all about it. In the first place you will want to know how I got along with Mr. Wyndham, seven mortal days. Well, I had very little to do with him. The forenoons he has spent in his room, writing diligently, as I suppose, on that book which will find its way to your table next autumn. Afternoons, he has been for the most part with Will. They have taken, together, long drives, and been off on fishing excursions from which Caddie and I were excluded. But I have seen enough of him to give me more than one heart-thrill, yet I am unhappy at his indifference no longer. I chose my own path and I must walk in it. It is strange, though, what an influence

this man has over me. If I were with him always, I couldn't help being good. His earnestness is infectious. He makes one see life as he sees it. In his presence it seems such a solemn, earnest thing. Wealth and station look like mere tinsel. They are shorn of charms, and nothing on earth seems worth staining our souls with its dust. One cares only to live the life heaven appoints—to live it simply, earnestly, honestly, until this life on earth shall lose itself and be absorbed in the fullness of the life of Heaven.

You have felt something of this influence in his books; you would feel it still more if you could see him. I do not think I would have him stoop from his lofty height to a poor butterfly of fashion such as I. It would be like the kingly eagle mating with the peacock. I know myself. I could not always live on the enchanted mountains. I should come down into the valleys sometimes, and then I should want the luxuries that he could not give me. You see I must marry Lionel Fitz-Herbert. And this brings me back to his coming.

"I suppose you'll beautify Mr. Fitz-Herbert's room for him?" said Caddie, standing by my side after breakfast. I blushed, for Philip Wyndham had heard her question and was looking at me keenly.

"Not I, indeed. I'm not sure that the gentleman cares for flowers and, any way, I have all I can do to beautify myself."

I came up stairs and I did make an elaborate toilet. I did all that art could do to enhance my beauty, and I was well satisfied with the result. When the visitor came I met him at the door. I received him with much *empressment*.

I could see that he was highly elated. When we walked into the parlor together, Philip Wyndham looked at us both with one of his quick, analytic glances. Then an expression passed over his face which made me angry. It seemed to me it was pity. I remembered the tones in which he said to me, long ago.

"I pity you, Helen Hamilton."

Well, I think I made Mr. Fitz-Herbert's day a pleasant one. I certainly devoted myself to him with most flattering assiduity. I can see him now from the window. He is walking to and fro in the garden, now and then dashing the dew-drops from a shrub in his path, with a dainty cane about the size of my little finger. His complexion looks bright; I guess he rested well. His hair is smooth as the hat he has just lifted to bow to Caddie, who spoke to him from the door. N. B. When I am his wife I will tumble his hair up. It would kill me to sit

opposite to it, day after day, so uniformly smooth.

Oh, I forgot to tell you that Mr. Wyndham dresses better than he used. Will says his books bring him in five or six hundred dollars a year, now. To be sure, this would hardly find me in silk dresses, but with it he manages to clothe his outer man with a good degree of taste, to say nothing of keeping himself in bread and butter.

But I must go down. My carpet knight has paused, in his walk, to cast a languishing glance up to my window. I shall send this letter off to-day, and, when there's anything new, I'll write to you again. My heart loves, and sends you its blessing with as warm a tenderness as when, on your bridal morning, you kissed, through your tears, your cousin,

HELEN HAMILTON.

LETTER THE THIRD.

HILLSIDE, July 26th.

Who would have thought a whole month would pass before I wrote you again, you fond, true-hearted cousin Jane! And now I have so much to tell, but I must tell it briefly, for I have another letter to write to-day.

Will and Caddie and I are all alone again. Our two guests are gone. Mr. Wyndham went first. It is a week since he left. We went on, during his stay, much as before. I bestowed my chief attention on Mr. Fitz-Herbert, and yet I listened to every word that Wyndham said. Oh, his is such a noble soul. I am as proud that he loved me once, as if an angel had stooped from the fair heights of the eternal mountains to woo me with his song. Jane, when I saw Lionel Fitz-Herbert in the city, I did not know him. I was dazzled by the sheen of his gold and his name; I did not look into his heart. Give me the country for knowing a man as he is. Under the solemn sky; under the century-old trees; with the free winds fanning the dust from your path, there is little chance for artificial refinements and conventional disguises. Only the true and the real can lift up its face to those solemn heavens.

Well, I saw Fitz-Herbert as he was; nay, perhaps, he seemed to me even feebler and tamer than he is, when Philip Wyndham walked beside him with his tall stature; his lofty port; his clear, far-seeing eyes; above all, his high, far-seeing soul. But, despite this, I persevered in my resolve to be the rich man's wife. "I never would, I never could, marry a poor man," I said to Caddie, when she asked me what I meant to do.

Well, one week ago, Philip Wyndham left. He

held my hand in his, for a full moment, when he bade me good-bye. We chanced to be all alone. He looked earnestly into my eyes, and then he said,

"Miss Hamilton, if I could, I would say God bless you in the path you have chosen, but I cannot. You will have to account to Him for every crushed down impulse for good, every stifled aspiration. I suppose we shall never meet again, but I know you will forgive my sincerity when you remember how truly I was your friend."

Oh, Jane, don't despise me, but it seemed to me, in that moment, as if I would have given every hour of my splendid future, with its station and wealth and luxury, just to have been folded to his heart; just to have heard him say, "Helen, I trust you." But he went away, and resolutely I banished this wild longing. I would marry Lionel Fitz-Herbert. This would make my parents happy. It would relieve all papa's embarrassments. In short, it was the only rational course for me to pursue. That afternoon I went to ride with him. I had never been more lively.

It was three days before he proposed to me. The decisive moment came at evening. We had been over to Oakland, and were pacing to and fro under the lofty oaks. I do not know exactly what he said. I was sensible he was asking me to marry him. I had, in my mind, a prettily framed acceptance. Listen to what I said. It was not me, surely; was it my guardian angel speaking through my lips?

"Mr. Fitz-Herbert, until this very moment I have meant to marry you, but I know now that I cannot. Do not be angry with me. Do not think that I have done you wrong. Oh, I should do you ten thousand times greater wrong were I to perjure myself at the altar—to give you my hand when my heart can never, never love you. If you had asked me when we were both in town, when the gas-light glowed above us and diamonds sparkled and repartees flashed by us, I should have been your wife; but here, under this everlasting sky, I must tell you all the truth—I love another."

I stopped. The influence within, which forced me to speak, was gone. I looked at my auditor. Oh, Jane, I could not have thought those smooth, small features could have worn such an expression of impotent rage, or vindictive hate, as crossed them there, in the moonlight. May I never see its like again. It passed away as suddenly as it came and then, in utter silence, he offered me his arm and we walked back to Hillside. The next morning he left.

Oh, Jane, Jane, what shall I say to you? How shall I make you feel the wild, glad sense of freedom that has been with me ever since? Thank God, thank God, that I was not suffered to stain my soul with a lie. The scales have fallen from my eyes. All the wealth, all the splendor in the world could not now buy my life; my heart; my free, independent self. Out here where the sun shines, the winds blow, the birds sing, and the dew drops sparkle brighter than any diamonds. I am glad, I am glad.

And yet, Jane, there is an under-current of sadness. Low down in the deep heart of this mighty anthem of joy which all nature seems chorusing together, I can hear the half-smothered echo of a wail, and my heart joins in it. Not, oh, not, for the vanished dream of pomp and pride and splendor; not for the stately house with its velvet canopies, its gilded cornices, its gold and silver. Once in life, Jane, I had, laid at my feet, a pearl of great price. I did not stoop to pick it up, and now it can never, never sparkle on my bosom. I may go sorrowing and mourning all the days of my life, but I cannot light again the ashes of a dead hope. Jane, I know now that I love Philip Wyndham; that I have loved him long, with a love that is stronger than life or death. But I will not waste my future in weak repining, I will trust in God, and be thankful that I am not all unworthy of a love that once was mine—thankful that I am still free to cherish one blessed memory, and perhaps when the shrouding mists of time shall roll away and disclose the distant hills of heaven, standing together on those glory-crowned hill tops, Philip Wyndham may know my best self for what it is.

I said I had another letter to write. It is to papa and mamma. I am going to treat them to come down here next week. I must have them share the glories of this unrivalled summer. They love me too well to refuse. After they have been here, you shall hear again from your cousin

HELEN.

LETTER THE FOURTH.

OAKLAND, August 26th.

You will be surprised at the date of this letter, cousin Jane, and yet not more so than I am. All this past delicious month seems like a dream. I am not awake enough yet to explain it, so I will give you the outlines and you must fill up the picture with fancy touches.

Papa and mamma came. Tears were in their eyes when they kissed me. I think there was a strange sweetness to them both in coming back, after nearly thirty years, to the dear haunts of their days of love and romance and wooing.

Never have I seen them so happy, so free from care. Their souls asserted themselves here. They grew tenderer to each other, to me, to every earthly thing. They opened their hearts to the blessed influences of sunrise and moon-rise; bird-songs and dew-falls. I waited until there had been time for the free country wind to sweep from their memory all the dust and care of the soiling town. Then I told them of Mr. Fitz-Herbert's proposal and my answer. Mamma was the first to speak.

"You are a good girl, Helen. God forbid that we should wish you to give your hand without your heart—we, who know what love is." She looked with filling eyes upon papa.

Then, Jane, I pressed my advantage. I besought them to give up forever, their city life, its toils; its cares; its living for the world; its worriment about ways and means; to come here, where they would have enough to live in comfort, where mother's vacant, girlhood home waited for them. They listened with more readiness than I had feared. You behold the result in the dating of this epistle. Papa is growing young again in his freedom from care and trouble, and dear mother tells me, with tears in her eyes, that this is the best life she has ever known. As for me, I can hardly realize my own happiness. I must lay down my pen now, and go out among those magnificent oaks, in whose tops the golden arrows of sunset are quivering, until I feel through all my heart, the exultant consciousness that this dear home is my very own.

Oh what shall I say to you now, out of my full heart, dear cousin Jane? It is almost midnight, and yet I must conclude this letter before I sleep. To think that since I laid down my pen, four hours ago, my destiny has come to me. I was pacing along under the trees, my eyes cast down, when suddenly I felt rather than saw, that I was no longer alone. I lifted my eyes and there, right in my path, stood Philip Wyndham.

"What! Are you visiting now at Hillside?" I asked, very abruptly, saying the first thing that came into my head, in my confusion.

"No, not exactly, that is I shall stay there, but I came on purpose to see you, Helen."

And then, walking by my side under the oaks, he said once more words which you may not hear; which are only his and mine in all the world. Once more my pearl of great price lay gleaming at my feet, and this time I raised it up and placed it in my bosom. It seems that Caddie, that keen eyed Caddie, did suspect our secret after all, and so she gave him a hint of my rejection of Mr. Fitz-Herbert, and that I had

persuaded papa, and mamma to come to Oakland to live, and then he came up to see me. I know the look with which Caddie will say to me to-morrow,

"I thought you never would marry a poor man, Helen."

And I shall answer,

"I am not going to. I shall marry the richest man I ever knew; rich in faith, hope, genius, and oh, a millionaire in love."

Oh, Jane, God was merciful. He did not require me to wait till the beyond for the fruition of my hopes. Even here has He crowned me with the largess of his blessing. Philip is mine and I am his. I ask no more of life, only I pray God to keep my heart meek and pure, a fit temple for the love He has sent to dwell in it.

Before the October moon has waned, you and Charley will come to my simple bridal. I shall wear no costly robes, no glittering ornaments, but truth and love will make me fair to the dear eyes whose light outshines, for me, all the diamonds in all the world. I shall be crowned by woman's holiest crown. Oh, Jane, I am happy. There is no under-current of wailing now, in the great, glad chorus of nature—no sheeted ghost in the still chamber of my heart. I am blessed beyond all I could ask or hope. Has not this been the golden summer of my life? And now, at the close of this last chapter of my maidenhood's romance, I must write the name which will soon be mine no longer—

HELEN HAMILTON.

"CARRIE."

BY CLARA MORETON.

A *sweet* Madonna face, with lashes drooping
From the level lidded eyes, velling their
Glory, as the morning's mist reluctant
Intercepts the sun's warm rays. Fair round cheeks,
A forehead pure, whereon the bended hair
Doth cling carelessly—ripe, ruddy lips
And moulded chin to suit their sweet expression:
This is the face I meet with close caress—
I, who was ever chary of my kisses.
A form like Hebe's—(lovely rounded arms,
Warm, clinging hands, and bosom swelling with
The life beneath) I hold unto my heart
Where love's quick tide doth constant flow—the love
Which kindlyeth holy thoughts and noble aims,
And makes us strong to walk the world, despite
The erewhile faithlessness we've found therein.
I have had many friends whom I have learned

To love, but none for whom my love sprung up
"Full statured in an hour." When she is near,
A great content doth wrap my very soul:
My thoughts resolve themselves to prayers; and all
The troubled mem'ries of my heart grow still
And calm, and beat no more against the shoals
And rocks of life. * * * * *
* * * * * Oh, friend! my own dear friend!
These Summer days are drawing to a close—
But while I live, their mem'ry shall not die.
The holy influence of these peaceful hours, shall
Linger with me when the days have flown;
And whensoever in bending knee, I have
Thee in my thoughts, I'll pray that Autumn's frosts
And Winter's winds may spare the flower of our
Love, to yield us both immortal fruitage.

OLD LETTERS.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

Quits simple things within themselves,
Yet each a priceless gem;
What wonder that I bring them out
And read them now and then?

Not merely for the words they speak,
Nor yet the graceful style;
In part for these—but more because
Sweet mem'ries come the while.

How tremulous the lines appear!
And here a blot or two!
But eyes were never made to see
When scalding tears come through.

A tear! a volume in a drop!
Soon shap'd and sooner shed;
Ah! hers were for the living wept,
Let mine be for the dead!

She died! and so must I sometime;
And sometime it may please
A friend to weep o'er lines of mine,
As I have over these!

Thrice has the paup'w flush'd since then,
And thrice has bloom'd the pea,
And yet it seems, I scarce know why,
Like many years to me!

CONFORMITY.

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

THERE WAS a great fair in Faneuil Hall. Instead of the patriotic or political schemes which this old Cradle of Liberty had rocked in times by gone, it was rocking now a scheme of charity; instead of the hush of deliberation or thunders of appeal, it was filled to-day with the sound of restless foot-steps, the chaffer of amateur sellers and careless buyers, the laughter of unskilled money-changers. The spot in which stern old patriots had solemnly wrought out their country's welfare, was filled with tables full of stationery, toys, and baby-gear; and behind these, the grandchildren of the patriots stood, the aristocracy of aristocratic Boston, and made bargains, of which a Jew and the son of a Jew might well be proud. All were animated. The hauteur, consciousness, discontent, of which strangers looking at our Boston belles complain, were altogether gone; the coldest smiled, and the most cheerless forgot east winds and their German lessons, for awhile.

"What do they care," mused Henry Soule, "for genuine charity? How many of all these women would trust their delicate selves to watch a night in some Ann street cellar; or stain their fingers with washing the tea-cups for some sick old house-keeper at home? But I must throw away a little money—ah! there is a new face and a pretty one, it does not stare at me like the rest with their pick-pocket eyes, so I will patronize her, and her alone."

The young man kept his word; and though he went home doubtful as ever concerning the utility of fairs, he dreamed between his doubts, of the new face, of the new friend, as he hoped, the one so fresh, so true and sensible as to form an exception which proved his rule. All the others were heartless and designing. Mellicent Hake was only their amiable and most innocent dupe.

"Oh, Lizzie—girls—all of you! I have been introduced to such a glorious man! He took a fancy to me, evidently, made all his purchases at my table, to-morrow he will call. Isn't it almost past belief?" exclaimed Mellicent, as she bounded into the dim and scantily furnished parlor of her home. The fancy then was mutual.

Any girl might be excused for a little enthusiasm, upon the prospect of acquaintance with

Harry Soule; he was a general favorite, and unlike many who boast this distinction, was worthy to be popular. Men sought his society because he was witty, frank and generous; women, because of his good sense and good heart, or his grace and courtesy and captivating face.

"How quiet the city seems!" our hero said, some days after this. "Now, in summer, all the people follow each other out of town—like a flock of sheep over a wall—I saw even Mellicent Hake in the Nahant coach yesterday; and Susan Loring with her. I wonder if they have formed an intimacy, one all sunshine, and the other snow. I cannot admire Miss Loring—that sort of glacier beauty I love where it belongs, at the top of Mont Blanc—not nearer."

"Going to Nahant, Hal? All our set there. The ladies are pining for you, I'll swear; do come, and break the ice of so much fine society."

This plea from a passing acquaintance was apropos to Harry's thoughts; but he demurred; he had planned an excursion to some coal mines in Pennsylvania.

"A journey South in August, when you might rest at cool Nahant! Burrowing into a coal mine, when you could stay above ground, and be petted by all the beauties of the land!"

But deep down in his heart was another expostulating voice. "Has not the South seemed warmer, the coal mine darker, since you met Mellicent Hake the other day? And will you be influenced by any special fancy for a woman?"

"I will not be obstinate, nor will I fear the power of any girl's fascination," said Harry, at length, and he took boat that evening for Nahant.

"Humbug!" Soule had muttered at the fair, and gone straightway to empty his purse for one of the pretty humbuds. "Humbug!" he muttered now on the Nahant piazza, as he watched and bowed courteously to his acquaintances; and yet he had given up a long cherished scheme for the sake of a few days in their midst. Perhaps some mystical attraction made him beckon one of these acquaintances to his side; in the same mood they certainly were.

"Ah, Harry! Glad to see you, old fellow! Capital place this to kill time; and you must have time enough to kill."

"Perhaps; but what's going on? Who is here?"

"To answer the last question first, the usual number of galvanized fashion plates; feeble mammas, gouty pas, and interesting daughters; all be-laced, be-frilled, be-jewelled according to the mode. Why they ever brought their finery—selves included—to these grand old rocks, they can tell better than I!"

"For contrast it may be—well, and what's going on?"

"The grass is growing, fish are swimming, the great old heart of the ocean is beating against the rocks, and the sun has just left looking on gorgeous tropical foliage and peaceful savages, and turned his gaze upon these bare stones, upon these queer, fine crowds of men and women."

"Marvellous facts, if we did but realize them, yet I want more trivial ones now; what is the order of the day?"

"Dressing, bathing, groaning over bills, manoeuvring, rivalry, and so on—little quiet enjoyment. Some of the people tried to divert themselves by a fair, but it didn't prove sufficiently diverting, and fell through."

"Luckily; fairs are a bore; but apropos, are the Hakes here this summer?"

"There is a Miss Hake—Mellicent—the Lorings brought here, with the charitable hope, I suppose, that she would fish up a husband in these deep seas."

"She has refused you, or you wouldn't speak so bitterly."

"When I propose to a daughter of Langdon Hake, you shall be informed! No, the girl is well enough; she is only aping her betters."

"Are not the Hakes good people? They visit the Lorings, live in Langdon Square."

"They are creeping up—or down. Hake was an honest fish-dealer once, and his wife a rosy little seamstress; now, Hake is a dishonest merchant, who lives by failing annually or biennially; and the wife is a pale, fretted, ambitious drudge."

"Poor Mellicent!"

"Weak Mellicent! I should say. Why doesn't she take a school, or buy a sewing-machine, or in some way earn back what her father's creditors have wasted upon her education?"

"You are harsh; few girls have character enough to strike out such a course. To confess the truth, I admire this Mellicent."

"You'd be a capital catch for her; but beware, Hal! there's something about the girl's face that I detest. It looks as if she'd be capable on all occasions of—conformity."

"What a crime!"

"Common, I own, like the sunrise, and so overlooked; but very detestable."

"Hush, she is coming!"

Oh, reader, in this jarring world be pitiful, be pitiful! There are veils within veils concealing every home and every heart; we cannot tell what root of good it was that bore this blighted flower, which we stigmatize as evil. What do we know of the hidden temptations, the hidden sighs, the crushed aspirations, the baffled endeavors that belong to every lot? We trust ourselves, pity ourselves, are merciful to ourselves; let us be merciful to others!

Mellicent Hake was not a wicked, nor yet naturally a designing person. She was capable of the sad sin conformity—alas! but this very failing sprung from an amiable temper and a weary lot. The youngest of three daughters in a poor, vain family; while educated to believe that luxury, display, and self-gratification were the truest ends of life, Mellicent had been forced from childhood to content herself with the last choice, the pitiful remainder of whatever was afforded in her poverty-stricken home. Antiquated finery, torn school-books, the turkey's legs at table, the cricket at church, the most desolate chamber at home; all naturally and mayhap justly, fell to her portion.

And Harry Soule came of his own accord to smile upon her, and with that smile to promise a better home, affection, comfort, luxury, and somewhat besides to give those who had given her but little. Was it very wicked to be glad; and to resolve that she would help the kind fate, and not hinder her?

"So here we are in the piazza, and now I hope you are satisfied, Mellie," said Susan Loring. "Yet you do not look very radiant; have we come too late?"

"Don't quiz me, dear; I'm afraid, you are so sarcastic. I can't help not being proud and wise and self-sustained like you—with all the blood of all the Lorings in your veins."

"Poor little Mell! how much you think of station! it only concerns us what kind of blood is in the soul, the spirit; no matter about the veins."

Mellicent answered with a sigh. She had never speculated concerning true nobility; and she was disappointed now, at finding the thronged piazza empty, because—he had gone.

"She is a pattern for all of us," pursued Susan, after a pause.

"Miss Langdon, who bowed to you just now? She is extremely lady-like."

"Miss Langdon is a little nobody, a cotton-

wool doll. I was thinking of quite another person. You know Mary, the girl who dresses my hair?" replied Susan.

"Certainly, I have employed her ever since we came. But of late she wearies me with some foolish project."

"A noble project, when we think of her position and her means; she is another Florence Nightingale."

"Ah, I see, she has been boring you about her hospital, her fair, and all that. It will never succeed; she is nothing but an Irish girl. The gentlemen will not patronize it."

"If they deserved the name, they would assist in any such charity, were it Hindoo or Russian."

Soule and his friend, sitting behind the closed blinds, heard all this. They could not escape without being seen by the ladies; besides—Soule had not finished his cigar. He tried to doze and grow oblivious; but those low voices seemed supernaturally clear, and he did not lose a tone.

"Oh, Susie, I would not vex myself with the old fair: the weather is so warm now; and those vulgar Smiths are interested in it too."

"So are hundreds of vulgar people—lower than the Smiths—vulgar and sinful, and almost hopeless; let us help them, if it lies in our power."

"If you mean poor emigrants, I have not much sympathy for them. It is bad enough that they overrun our country with their poverty and vice. They would starve and die at home—let them starve and die here. Where is the use in building hospitals as an attraction to future emigrants?"

Mellicent's heart was not hard, she had wept genuine tears over her kitten; she would have shared her last loaf with a present sufferer, were he native or foreign; but for sufferers in the abstract, it had never occurred to her to realize and wish to alleviate their trial; and besides, she had somehow fancied that Harry Soule disliked foreigners.

"Do you hear that?" asked Soule's friend.

"Miss Loring speaks like a true-hearted woman," said Soule, evasively.

"And the other?"

"Poor human nature! But this project shall succeed, I am already interested in the moving spirit: that girl Mary is worth a whole hotel full of 'cotton-wool dolls' like—no matter whom."

"'Poor human nature!' Yesterday you adored—no matter whom; and would hardly have quoted words of Susan Loring. However, let me tell you, Harry, that Miss Mellicent is like all the children of this generation, wise: there is a strong party against the hospital scheme; philanthropists who won't be led by a hair-dresser; aristocrats who won't be assisted by 'vulgar Smiths,' and still others—what shall I call them?—who shrink from the very word foreigner, Irish, and so on, and so on."

"Harry Soule and Susan Loring against all the self-seeking philanthropists, snobbish aristocrats, Pharisees, and old croakers in Christendom!"

"Good!" said a clear voice, that startled the talkers, and thrilled to the very heart of Harry Soule.

"Miss Loring! I beg your pardon! I did not dream—"

She interrupted him. They discussed the fair. It came off under their auspices; succeeded past their expectations. They became friends, warm friends: and before so very long that clear voice spoke again some thrilling words, first "Yes," one day; and afterward "Amen," when the marriage-service was concluded, which united her then and forever to Harry Soule.

And Mellicent Hake went home to her old and weary lot of the desolate room, the scanty dress, the poor, pinched meals. Harder to bear now, for the great hope extinguished so utterly; harder to bear because she could not discern that it was a difference in the "blood of their souls," no outward accident, which had estranged from her once and forever, the heart of her some time admirer.

SONNET.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

How shall I sing of thee in fitting strains,
Oh! sunny-haired and laughter-loving child
Of wit, and poesy, and frolic wild,
As ever dancing nymph on Dorian plains?
Awhile thy brow with pensive thought is mild,
And of a meek Madonna then I dream,
In minster smiling 'mid old saintly men—

But sudden, changing as a sunlit stream,
And lo! a Rosalind in wild Ardenne.
Such various natures are to thee assigned,
In heart impulsive, resolute in mind.
Collected, firm, for love or counsel given,
The bliss of one, or friend of all thy kind—
Oh! art thou most of earth, or most of Heaven?

HARD TIMES.

BY FANNY SMITH.

"MORE extravagance, more extravagance, Julia! No wonder the men are all complaining of hard times, when their wives and sisters squander so much on such things as this," and as Charles Garwood spoke, he took up a bonnet and turned it contemptuously around.

The bright, happy face of Mrs. Newland clouded, as she answered impatiently,

"For mercy's sake, Charley, do you, at least, drop that everlasting theme of woman's extravagance. I'm sick of it. It's in the columns of all the newspapers, and in the mouths of all the men. One would think to hear your sex talk, that ours was the cause of all these hard times."

"And rightly enough, too," was the brother's answer.

"Prove it!" was the dogged reply of Mrs. Newland, without looking up from her work.

Charley Garwood liked theorizing. What did he, with his ten thousand a year, know practically of "hard times?" But everybody said that the women were too extravagant, and as he saw the richly dressed ladies of his acquaintance, he believed it; so in order to support his convictions that they were the cause of the financial difficulties, he argued that if Mrs. A—— could afford to dress so expensively, Mrs. B—— could not, but as Mrs. B—— was in Mrs. A——'s set, she attempted, on her ten thousand a year, to dress as well as her friends on their twenty thousand a year. And in order for his wife to keep up appearances, poor Mr. B—— was obliged to toil all day, live more extravagantly than his means warranted, and at last to fail, owing a million or so.

Charles Garwood was entirely satisfied with this mode of reasoning.

"Come, Charley, prove it," said Mrs. Newland again.

"Here is the proof," was the reply, as the brother pointed to the new bonnet, which had just come from the milliner's.

"So, if Richard had failed, it would have been because I paid twenty dollars for a bonnet, would it?"

"Pshaw! Julia. You know that isn't what I mean. But the extravagance of the women in the aggregate is enormous. I wish I could

recollect how many millions of money had been sent out of the country during the past year to pay for the laces, and silks, and shawls, and even gloves! It's frightful. No wonder the country is poor, with such a drain on it."

"And I wish some getter up of statistics, some sapient newspaper editor, would be frank enough, Charley, to state fairly how many millions of money had been sent out of the country during the past year to pay for the brandies, and champagnes, and cigars, and broadcloths, and even gloves," said Julia, as she glanced at the well gloved hand of her brother. "It is enormous! No wonder the country is poor, with such a drain on it."

Charley laughed, but replied,

"Why, Julia, the whole suit I have on did not cost me one hundred dollars; and to my certain knowledge your dress cost fifty, before scissors were in it, for I was with you when you bought it. And how much for making and trimming, sis?"

"Twenty-five," was the answer.

"How much for your set of laces?"

"Seventy-five."

"There, I told you so!" was Mr. Garwood's triumphant reply. "One hundred and fifty dollars for only one dress and set of laces. Why, you have half a dozen dresses, and two or three sets of laces, just as extravagant. Then there's your bonnets, and new black velvet mantle that came home the other day, that must have cost a hundred more. And as to the various India shawls and scarfs you have, I suppose they are worth about three thousand dollars."

"Not quite two, Charley. But Richard's income is twenty thousand at least, and as I keep an account of all my expenses, I know that I have never spent over eleven hundred a year on my dresses, and usually not that much, except last winter when I bought my India long shawl."

"Well, you can afford it, perhaps," said the brother, half convinced, "but a great many ladies who imitate you, cannot."

"You can afford to pay fifteen hundred for a pair of horses, Charley, and keep them at an expense of a thousand a year more; (for your groom's wages, &c., cost you that much) but poor Bob Conover, who is only a clerk in a

store, and who imitates you, cannot afford it. And you can properly spend three hundred a year on your yacht, but young Turner, who is one of your members, and who is a poor lawyer, cannot. And, Charley, another word with you. You, as a single man, can, perhaps, afford to belong to the club, but no married man can. He runs the risk of becoming that anti-domestic thing, a club-man, and leaving his wife to the attention of any scoundrel, who may pretend to love her more than he appears to do."

Charles Garwood discovered that his arguments were not on the right foundation, so he changed his tactics.

"You cannot accuse that poor wretch of a Howell, who has just failed for three millions, of driving fast horses, or of any other personal extravagance. But his wife, Julia, went dashing about in her carriage, with her footman and her coachman, wore India shawls like a Begum, and Russia sables like a Czarina. I have no doubt but that she spent five thousand a year at least on her dress and personal appointments."

"Poor thing!" sighed Julia, "it was all she had to occupy her mind. When Mr. Howell was doing only a moderate business, I used to see them at lectures and concerts, and she looked so happy; but when he got engrossed in trade, he was always too tired to go out with her of an evening, and she loved him too much to go without him; and at last he could not find time to get home to dinner, and as she had no children, and no pleasurable innocent excitement for her busy mind, she found at last all her pleasure and excitement in dress. I don't believe that she will regret her diamonds and shawls and furs, if it only gives her back her husband. It wasn't her extravagance, Charley, that broke Mr. Howell; but his insane *ambition* to be the merchant prince of P—. Had he been satisfied with doing a smaller and less reckless business, she might still have dashed about, as you call it."

Charley was unwilling to yield even yet.

"Well, you will admit, Julia, what a fearfully extravagant family Edson has."

"Yes, but Edson is a gambler at heart. He may not play cards, but to save himself and family from ruin, he cannot give up the excitement of the stock market. Their expenses have been nothing to compare with their income. I tell you again, Charley, that it is a man's ambition to be at the head of merchants, speculators, or whatever his business may be, that has led to all this ruin, and not the extravagance of the women."

"Julia, you argue like a woman, all on one

side. Our social life is all wrong. Such extravagance in furniture and dress, must be kept up by corresponding extravagance in household appointments, and all this makes the poor wretch at the head of the family work like a galley slave."

"I admit, Charley, that our social life is all wrong. For if men would only care less to be considered 'the best paper in the street,' encourage innocent amusements more, and cultivate social life rationally, the women would care less to dash at large parties."

Charles Garwood's face brightened, with what he thought an unanswerable argument. He could defeat his sister on her own grounds.

"What do you say to that affair of Dr. Leonard's? I hear that he owes grocers, tailors, milliners, and dress-makers. You cannot surely complain of the want of social culture, and social recreations there. Why their receptions are the talk of all the most agreeable people in the city. His wife and daughters surely do not spend money on dress, because they need excitement; and yet, with his income of eight thousand a year from his professorship, he is always in debt."

"Ambition again, Charley, to be at the head of his profession. He has a weakness to be a fashionable physician, and to be a fashionable physician, he must be talked about, and to be talked about, his re-unions must be the most *recherche* things of the kind. When Dr. Leonard first came to the city, I was introduced to Dora, and soon became her most intimate friend—"

"I never liked that Dora Leonard," broke in Charley.

"More pity for you, then, for there are few girls equal to her, brother mine. Well, I know that both Mrs. Leonard and her daughters were frightened at their expenses. They had never been accustomed to such things. But the doctor had to give his physicians' parties as the other professors did, and he always would out-do the rest in the splendor of his table. There was not a delicacy to be found that he would not have at any price. Then, when their monthly receptions were proposed, and Dora asked me if coffee and sandwiches and a few other trifles would not be sufficient, the doctor stormed about his position, and what was expected of him, and so on, till the girls gave in. It was only the last time that I was there, that Dora turned up her nose as she passed the dining-room, and said that she believed that people thought they opened a restaurant once a month. Dora's fault indeed!" and Mrs. Newland's face flushed as she thought of her friend.

"I hear that Mrs. Leonard has had some property left her, and that they are going back to B——, and the doctor is going to throw up his professorship, as he says he cannot live here on eight thousand a year."

"It's the first sensible thing he's done since he came here," answered Julia, with some asperity. "He will never retrench while he stays in P——. He is an epicure, besides, and will allow no short comings in the kitchen or table. His brandy is three dollars a bottle, and his 'green sealed' Moët twenty dollars a dozen. He pays his cook two dollars and a half a week, and if she is like other cooks she wastes as much as her wages amount to. Dora has had no new bonnet this fall, but I see plump turkeys, and crisp white celery, and crimson cranberries, going in every day, to say nothing of the game, which he buys for his *petites soupers*."

Just then the door opened, and Dora Leonard walked in. Mr. Garwood scanned her neat, but inexpensive, dress, critically. When he returned from Europe, a few months before, he had heard of the Leonards, who had come to the city during his absence. Dora was spoken of as a witty, brilliant, independent girl, and he immediately made a mental memorandum of "fast," with regard to her. He heard the doctor's financial difficulties discussed, their brilliant receptions spoken of; and man like, blamed the females of the family for a love of show, and a desire to shine in society. He was unwilling to acknowledge even to himself the interest with which he took an inventory of her dress. He had to acknowledge that she wore neither diamonds, India shawls, nor ermine, yet still somehow in her plain silk and mantle she had an elegant, stylish look. And if that was a last year's bonnet, it was wonderfully becoming.

"Oh, Julia," she said, as soon as the greetings were over, "do you know that we are going back to B——? I'm so glad, except that I don't like to leave you, *cara mia*. I came to tell you all about it." But as she spoke, the face that had been so bright but a moment before, seemed to assume an expression of care and sadness, that had now become habitual to her.

Charley Garwood knew that politeness dictated that he should leave his sister alone with her friend; but he obstinately kept his seat, much to Julia's annoyance. He thought it possible that he might be mistaken in this one case with regard to the hard times, and was determined that if it proved so, that—well, he had hardly decided, what—as yet.

Miss Leonard's manner was polite enough, but so indifferent as to pique the gentleman, who was accustomed to have more regard paid to himself, or to his ten thousand a year. Still he sat listening to the conversation between his sister and Dora, and had to acknowledge that, at the end of an hour, he had not heard "that sweet bonnet," nor "that magnificent silk," nor "those beautiful laces" once spoken of.

"What a racy conversationalist she is!" thought Mr. Garwood, as he bowed a farewell at Dr. Leonard's steps, after having waited upon Dora home.

That was three months ago, just at the time of the terrible financial crash, which scattered so many fortunes. But the other day, Charley sprang up his sister's staircase, two steps at a time; and before he reached the top, he called out,

"It's done, Julia, it's done. I'm a promised Benedict."

"You, Charley!" exclaimed Mrs. Newland, trying to look as if she had not suspected the state of affairs for some time.

"Oh! yes, all a case of compassion, sis; I saw that Dora was dying for me, you know."

"If you weren't so near a relative of mine, I should call you a puppy, Charley. But how could you muster up courage to marry one of our extravagant sex, and from your own version of the affair some months ago, one of the most extravagant of it?"

"A truce to your sarcasms, if you please, little lady. But if it hadn't been for our conversation on that day, I should never have become so well acquainted with Dora. Her father's troubles have shown what a noble woman she is; and for my part, as she has promised to be my wife, I shall forever bless the HARD TIMES."

INSERTIONS.



THE EBONY WORK-BOX.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER I.

FOR aught we know, there may be seen at the opening of our story "a lone traveller on horse-back wending his way along some solitary lane," but we do not happen to see him—we only see two laughing girls, far from solitary, sitting in the back parlor of their father's cottage, in the suburbs of the great city of P—. It was evening, and they were plying their needles with a haste evidently prompted by a stronger incentive than mere industry, while their tongues kept pace with their nimble fingers.

The sisters, Helen and Emily, were respectively twenty and eighteen years old, handsome and vivacious, with hearts overflowing with youthful spirits, and heads full of romance. They had been invited to the wedding of one of their intimate associates, and, of course, had each a new dress to manufacture for the occasion. Oh, matrimony! the blisses and miseries that follow in thy train have been sung and bewept ever since the world began; and yet no tuneful nor tearful genius has ever bethought him to celebrate one of thy chiefest praises—thy wonderful influence on the bonnet and silk trade.

"I suppose Mary feels bad because she was not invited," said Emily; "but then she could not expect it, and besides she has nothing fit to wear, and father had to submit to an unusual amount of teasing before he would consent to get these new dresses for us, you know."

"No," replied Helen, "she could not expect it. She has not been into company at all, and it would be a pretty beginning to make her 'come out' in so elegant a party as she would find at Laura's wedding. How she would look, Em, standing in the middle of the room, in her striped fustian and brogans, with her finger in her mouth!"

A hearty laugh from both girls followed this fancy picture, when the door that led to the kitchen, which had been ajar, was gently closed by an unseen hand, indicating to the heartless girls that their ungenerous words had been overheard by the subject of their merriment.

Mary, a very beautiful and sensible girl of seventeen years, was their cousin. Her father, a brother of Mr. Burt, had died in poverty while she was an infant, and her worthy mother, after

twelve years of widowhood and hard labor, had followed him; leaving Mary, hopeless and heart-broken, to add another name to the long catalogue of orphans. On the death of her mother, her uncle had taken her into his family, partly from the necessity of the case, and partly from the sympathy he felt for the desolate condition of his little niece. Though he knew that some sacrifice must follow the addition of another dependent for food and raiment, yet self-respect and natural affection forbade the rejection of her claims. But his wife, unfortunately, almost destitute of both these virtues, saw no duty in the matter, and met the innocent girl on the threshold with an air of jealousy and pride. The uncle would have welcomed and cared for her as his own child, but it was soon evident that the aunt had marked out for her the lowly walk of a servant.

Mr. Burt was a broken down merchant, once successful and tolerably rich, but without the requisite skill to regain his former elevation against the bristling obstacles which always oppose a business man when he suddenly finds himself at the bottom of the ladder. He now occupied a subordinate position in the large establishment of Bennet & Co., and discharged its duties with commendable faithfulness and resignation, and would have made himself and family happy, had his wife been a sensible woman. But she still retained all the haughty pride which had been cultivated in more sumptuous days—a pride whose appetite became the more keen and sensitive, the more its natural aliment diminished.

Mary had been cradled in poverty, and its yoke, though always irksome, was the more easily borne. Had she been told that she was to enter her uncle's family as a servant, no higher hopes would have been indulged; but knowing his wish to regard her as one of his own daughters, her disappointment at being installed the menial of the house, with "a great gulf fixed" between her and those she wanted to love, almost broke her little heart. Her uncle was kind enough to her when he had time to notice her, but her aunt ruled, and was always present.

The daughters very naturally imbibed their

mother's spirit, and copied her example; and thus Mary had spent five years in the service of three mistresses. She could well bear the labor, but what heart is effectually fortified against the power of contempt? There is more hope in combating an army than in struggling against neglect; for in the former case one may cut his way through, but in the latter there is nothing to cut. So our little heroine grew up under influences more negative than positive, all the tendencies of which were to wither, rather than foster and develop an amiable and virtuous character. And though her tears were most familiar companions, they came and went like April showers; the beautiful sunshine of an innocent heart would break out between; and then there were always dark clouds enough around her to afford a perfect background for the rainbow of hope.

On the evening alluded to, when her cousins were preparing for the coming wedding, Mary was at work in the kitchen, washing dishes, the clatter of which, the young ladies supposed, would drown their conversation. They were, therefore, a little mortified at her very delicate, yet pungent rebuke, in closing the door; for they well knew, that despite her disadvantages, she was in every respect their equal; and in intellectual endowments they had often acknowledged to each other her superiority. Her inferiority consisted wholly in her artificial position. This they felt in their hearts, and as they grew older were sometimes ashamed of it; but generally checked their compunctions with the exclamation, "I can't help it"—that forged pass-word with which so many manage to get by a challenging conscience.

The girls were some time silent, busy with their own reflections, and chagrined, as they had often been before, at the quiet manner with which their ill treatment had been received. Had Mary retorted with a bitter word, or even shut the door with a little violence, just to show that she was angry, they could have thrown themselves on their dignity and felt justified in indulging a little resentment. But no, that gentle movement jarred their consciences more sensibly than a slammed door, and they well knew by their former experience of good received for evil, how to interpret the present movement.

Oh, how hot are coals of fire when heaped upon the head!

CHAPTER II.

THAT very evening, while engaged in her kitchen duties, Mary had been reflecting on her unhappy position; and when she heard the

remark about the fustian and brogans, with the laugh that followed, those reflections were pointed with an exquisite pain, and two or three great rain-drops fell into the plate before her.

"If they could only look into my heart," she murmured to herself, "they would find no desire there to share the expected enjoyment that is now occupying their thoughts. If they and aunt would only love me, my fustian would be a royal robe, and my brogans golden slippers. But," added she, "mother always said that nobody was truly happy till they learned how to forgive;" and with a humming song, and a gleam of returning cheerfulness, she plied her task anew. How elastic is the human heart! What a strong swimmer is hope!

Let us look into the other room again.

The sisters had regained their cheerfulness, and were rapidly discussing all the momentous matters pertaining to the empire of fashion, and criticising the taste of their various acquaintances.

"What horrid sleeves Julia Rogers has to her new dress!" said Helen.

"Not half so horrid as the gaudy trimmings on Martha Pike's bonnet," replied Emily.

And so forth. Our lady readers can fill up the dialogue to their liking—we have no relish for it.

While they were thus engaged, Mrs. Burt entered the room with an expression of displeasure on her face. She passed through and delivered some sharp orders to Mary, and returning seated herself by her daughters. Mary's song had ceased.

"Helen, what does William Blake want of Mary?"

"I don't know, mother; has he been here?"

"Yes, and this is the third time, too. I told him each time that she was not in; and to-night he seemed uneasy at my answer, and left the door without saying a word."

The girls looked at each other with surprise and curiosity. Young Blake was a clerk in the house of Bennet & Co., an intelligent, enterprising and promising young man, whom both Helen and Emily, with a score of other cap-setters, had singled out as the object of particular conquest. The question, therefore, what he wanted of Mary, electrified their nerves, and set in march a whole regiment of surmises.

"I was the more surprised at his silence to-night," continued the mother, "because I asked him why he wished to see her, and he gave me a glance which said, 'It is none of your business,' and then turned off without answering me."

The mother perceived by the silence and flushed faces of her daughters that she had effected her object, and with an air of satisfaction, left them to nurse the bitter seed of jealousy which she had dropped in their hearts.

From those hearts, thenceforth, all semblance of love for Mary was banished.

After a long silence, Helen exclaimed, with petulant energy,

"I know William Blake mistook the name!"

"What name did he mean?" said Emily, with a slight start. This was a delicate question, and remained unanswered.

Emily, though the younger, was the greater philosopher, and from the beginning had divined the true state of the case. She had already begun to cultivate a feeling of resignation to the disappointment of her half-formed hopes, and was not unwilling to tantalize Helen a little, seeing she took it so much to heart. Had she mingled a little generosity with her resignation, and sympathised with her poor cousin in her supposed good fortune, it would have been nobler and saved her some remorse in after years.

"Helen," said she, in a solemn tone, without raising her eyes, "William is in love with Mary. I know it."

"How do you know?" replied Helen, dropping her work.

"I have known it for a long time."

"What! and not tell me!"

"Oh, I thought it might pain you."

"Pain me!" said Helen, with an angry blush, "why should I care if he does love her?"

"Because you love him," said Emily, coolly.

"Helen was too full of vexation to reply, and giving her sister a very emphatic look, she threw down her work, took a light and went to her room.

Mary, meanwhile, unconscious of the important part her name had borne in the evening's discourse, had finished her daily task, and seated herself, with weary limb and heavy heart, in the chair just vacated at Emily's side.

Yearning for social sympathy, she was about to attempt a cheerful conversation, when she was abruptly and cruelly cut short by her cousin, who exclaimed with a haughty peevishness,

"It's bed time, and I've talked enough!"

Mary rose from her chair, imprinted a silent kiss on Emily's brow, and without receiving any returning token of affection, sought her couch and fell asleep amid prayers and tears. Prayers and tears! must they always flow together?

Emily soon followed with an unhappy heart, full of conflicting and tremulous passions. That coal of fire was still burning on her brow!

CHAPTER III.

THE sun rose the next morning—a habit it has—the busy hum of active life had already commenced in the streets, but the first token of animation in the Burt family was the sprightly step of Mary at her morning task of preparing breakfast. Her face wore a cheerful look, and her heart seemed unladen of every oppressive thought. Had an angel appeared to her by night and bade her be of good cheer? Nothing but the angel of sleep. Yet, unconscious girl, the day that has now dawned upon thee is destined to be the most momentous of thy life.

Her cousins appeared in due time for breakfast, and in their anticipations of the wedding which was to take place that evening, seemed to have forgotten the unpleasant conversation of the previous night.

The day passed in hurried preparation for the important event—as important in the eyes of the invited circle as if it was the first of the kind that ever happened. Reader, did you ever witness a real hawk and chicken tragedy? When the winged pirate of the forest darts into a brood of downy chickens and clutches his dainty prey, he causes no greater fluttering than is always seen in a flock of skittish girls, when one of their number is seized and borne away to some strange nest.

Mary, true to her noble nature, forgot her slight, and did all she could to aid her cousins and enhance their pleasure; contented to draw her own happiness from the happiness of those around her.

Dinner hour came and passed, and the girls, after a hundred twistings and turnings before the glass, to be sure that every ribbon was smooth, and every silken fold right, made an early start for the scene of attraction. Mary watched their graceful movements out of sight; and though a smile of borrowed joy was still on her face, she was startled by the falling of a tear upon her hand as it lay upon the window-sill—startled, as we sometimes are at a drop of rain, and look all around the sunny sky and wonder whence it came.

Mrs. Burt had already gone to visit a friend, where her husband was to meet her at tea and spend the evening, and so Mary, with the exception of two little boys, at play in the yard, was left alone to enjoy, to her, the real luxury of solitude. Her heart was like a desolate field, all uncultivated, yet showing here and there great clusters of native flowers surpassing in beauty, richness and fragrance all that the hand of art could ever boast. She little knew how soon another was to enter, to claim and cultivate.

True to female instinct, as soon as she was left alone, she proceeded to "dress up" in her best attire. It was a brief task. Her pretty calico black apron and plain linen collar were soon adjusted. They were all the wardrobe she had outside the kitchen, and had served her on extra occasions like this for more than a year. Fashions had changed two or three times; but like the birds and the flowers, beauty and simplicity, left to themselves, are never tired of each other's company. Mary had just finished her toilet in the kitchen, where her seven-by-nine looking-glass was large enough to reflect all her pride, and had hardly seated herself in the parlor with a book, when she was startled by a knocking at the door. She opened it and confronted William Blake; whom, though she had often seen, she had never spoken to in her life.

He bowed, and said, "Good evening," and waited to be invited in; while she waited to hear his errand. At length she said, with embarrassment,

"The family are all gone out."

"I know it," replied William, "and that is why I am here! Can't you say, come in?" he added, with a smile.

Mary repeated the words mechanically after him, half ashamed of her awkwardness, and half amazed at a novel emotion which at that moment flashed through her heart; for love needs no bugle to announce his approach. William followed her in, and took the chair offered him by a trembling hand. He was a noble-hearted, ingenuous young man, and had long indulged an affection for Mary, which the cool treatment he had received from the aunt, and his suspicion of its cause, had not tended to abate. "Love hath a thousand eyes," and he had discovered the present opportunity of finding Mary alone, and determined to improve it.

We shall not go through with the description of a love-making scene; it ought never to be soiled with printer's ink; and, besides, everybody understands the process already, either by experience or hearsay. Suffice it to say, after a few minutes of ordinary conversation, William, who had filched an hour from his business, had no time to make "regular approaches," as the military men say, but came with the intention of storming the citadel at once. After a little pause, therefore, in the conversation, he turned his handsome eyes full on his timid hostess, and said,

"Mary, I came to tell you that I love you," and without waiting for any reply, and to save her embarrassment, he went on to narrate the history of his affection—where he first saw her

—how he had found out her name—how he had tried to resist his feelings, and couldn't—how he had endeavored to get introduced to her—and much to her surprise, how he had learned all about her unhappy and neglected condition in her uncle's family.

Mary's pretty face, as in nature bound, was covered with trickling tears, not of affection, or mere sentiment, but prompted by an indefinable mixture of emotions, the most prominent of which was a tremulous joy that she feared was too excessive. What wonder? Her ears had never listened to such professions before, and her heart, which was made up of yearning amabilities, had never known what it was to be so loved away from her mother's bosom, and it bounded at once with a violence of attachment toward her confessed lover; and like a brave-hearted, honest girl, she told him so, without any periphrastic figures of speech. The contract completed, it was ratified, and "sealed" in the approved way; and William took his departure with no unelastic step, though he dragged a "lengthening chain behind."

Mary retired to her little kitchen, the scene of many toils and tears, and seated herself there that the contrast of her present joy might be the sweeter. Wherever she looked a rainbow was before her! She peeped into her looking-glass to see if she could divine the reason for William's love—and was startled at her own beauty; her happy emotions had so illuminated every feature. Did she feel a flash of triumphant pride that she was preferred before her cousins? Naughty girl! but Mary was not perfect.

CHAPTER IV.

As the shades of night approached, Mary bolted the outer doors, re-assumed her kitchen garb, and having put the tired boys to bed, her dancing heart was forcing a song from her lips, when she was again startled into sudden silence by a loud rapping at the front door. Could it be William? Her song ceased, but her heart was dancing still. She took a candle, and timidly opened the door, when a gust of wind blew out the light and left her in darkness and fear.

"Does Mr. James Burt live here?" said a deep-toned but not unpleasant voice.

"Yes, sir—be so good as to wait till I light the candle."

On her return the man was standing inside the door, but did not wait for her to speak.

"Is Mr. Burt at home?"

"No, sir," said Mary, with a trembling voice.

"Any of the family?"

Mary hesitated, for she did not dare to inform him that she was alone. The man interpreted her fears, and said, with a pleasant smile,

"I see you are alone, my girl, but don't be afraid; my name is Benjamin Burt—I am a brother of Mr. James Burt, and have come to see him."

The rough, open-hearted frankness of his manner, and more especially a strong resemblance to her uncle, which Mary discovered whenever she dared to look him in the face, convinced her that he was not imposing on her. Besides, she knew that she had an "uncle Ben" somewhere in the world, though she had never seen him. So she invited him in.

He was the oldest of the three brothers, as well as the most enterprising; and had in early life yielded to a passion for the sea, upon which he spent about twenty years, in almost every capacity, from the cabin boy of a fishing smack to the captain of a Canton packet-ship.

He was a true man of the world—a keen observer, abundantly intelligent, and an honest, outspoken talker, full of jovial generosity. Nearly twenty years had passed since he last visited his native city, and he was now just arrived from South America, where he had been a long time engaged in commerce. As old age approached, he pined for his native land and the friends of his youth; and had just completed arrangements for the transfer of his handsome fortune to the city of his birth. The object of his present visit was the permanent investment of his property in stocks and real estate. He was without family, having never been married. Such is the abridged biography of "uncle Ben." Mary and her cousins had often heard wonderful stories of his adventures, and their lively imaginations had thrown a lively romance around his name and history. It was not strange, then, that Mary's curiosity was excited to the highest pitch at his unexpected introduction, so that she forgot for a time the extraordinary event of the afternoon.

Having warmed his hands over the fire for some time in thoughtful silence, he at length inquired,

"Where is brother Jim, to-night?"

"He is spending the evening at Col. Grant's in C—— street."

"Jim used to live in C—— street himself, in a fine house; what is he living in this box for? Hasn't broke down, has he?"

"He—he has been unfortunate," said Mary, with hesitation.

A long pause followed, which was broken by Mary.

"Will you lay off your cloak, Uncle?"

"Uncle!" said he, with a start of surprise, and then eyeing her from head to foot, added,

"Are you a daughter of brother James?"

"No, sir; but I am a daughter of your other brother, Joseph, and my name is Mary."

The sober, business aspect of uncle Ben's face changed in a moment into a smile of surprise and affection, as he exclaimed,

"Is this little Moll?" and jumping from his chair he planted a kiss on her glowing cheek, that echoed through the room like a percussion-cap.

"There!" said he, "the last time I was in P——, just as I was leaving the city, you was in your mother's arms. I discharged at you just such a broadside as that, and then had to sould under bare poles before a thundering squall!"

Though Mary felt the tears starting to her eyes at this allusion to her mother, yet she could not help laughing heartily at her uncle's broad humor.

"But how happens it that you are fitted out in such coarse rigging?" said he, again eyeing her from top to toe. "I thought, at first, you was the servant girl, and tried to act with becoming dignity," he added, with a laugh.

Mary knew not what to answer, and, therefore, wisely said nothing; while uncle Ben, with a quick perception of her embarrassment, relieved her by starting a hundred other ingenious questions concerning the family history, by means of which he gained, without Mary's suspecting it, a pretty accurate knowledge of the whole state of affairs. The unaffected kindness, not to say tenderness, which marked every look and tone of the rough old sailor, indicated that Mary had found in him a warm-hearted and invaluable friend.

CHAPTER V.

THE evening passed rapidly away in a conversation, the most delightful to Mary—excepting, of course, that other interview, still woven in her memory, and destined always to be woven, should she live a thousand years.

Just as the clock was striking eleven, footsteps were heard at the door, and Mr. Burt and his wife made their appearance. They were not a little surprised to find a stranger quietly enjoying Mary's hospitality; but before either had time to speak, uncle Ben jumped up, and thrusting out his hand, hallooed almost as loud as if he was hailing a ship,

"How are you, Jim?"

His brother, though not recognizing his countenance, could not mistake the voice, and seized

the proffered hand with a truly fraternal grip. The meeting of the brothers was one of heartfelt happiness—a happiness almost worth a twenty years' separation. Has the ocean spray not yet evaporated from uncle Ben's cheek? or was it something else that was glistening there?"

Mrs. Burt seemed equally happy with her husband, and gave "the captain" a boisterous welcome. But, alas, for the motives of human friendship! How few of them spring right out of the heart! Had a sea-horse just arrived, loaded with bags of gold, she would have given him as cordial a welcome, and for the same reason. She knew that the captain was rich, and her selfishness had always begun to slime over her prey with deception, preparatory to swallowing it.

In the midst of her smiles and loquacious compliments, she caught an opportunity of casting an intrusive frown at Mary, which shot through her heart like a bullet, and sent her straight to the kitchen.

Uncle Ben accidentally observed the whole movement; and if a noble purpose at that moment took possession of his soul, it was not altogether in gratitude for Mrs. Burt's extraordinary efforts to please him.

A little book has sometimes more pages than a great book.

Just at this moment the daughters were heard bidding their attendants good night at the door; and their arrival turned aside the heavy billow of sadness, which threatened to break over the captain's spirits. He was delighted to meet and caress his blooming nieces; and they, already wrought up to the highest pitch of animation, would willingly have staid up all night to hear him talk. But the morning watches had already commenced, and it was time for all to retire. The girls, with a cheerful "good night, uncle," took their departure.

Why did uncle Ben look so sharp at their elegant silk dresses? Did he never hear one rustle before?

Turning to Mrs. Burt, he said carelessly, "Mary did not go to the wedding?"

"No, captain; she was a little unwell to-day, and preferred to stay at home;" and then added, with a smile,

"She is a little singular in her tastes, and is so fond of domestic life, that I really believe she prefers the kitchen to any other place; and so we let her have her own way."

"A sensible girl!" replied the captain; "I noticed she had a very domestic look."

The captain knew how to wield a two-edged cutlass—he was once boarded by pirates, off

Trinidad, and was still alive! But the lady's self-complacency was proof against the double thrust. Yet the captain's hearty eulogy of Mary did inflict a wound on the ambitious woman, and complaining of headache, she went to bed.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning all were up betimes, except uncle Ben; who, yielding to the effects of much previous fatigue and wakefulness, thought he would enjoy the rare indulgence of a morning nap. His sleep must have been very deep, for he snored prodigiously, producing a sonorous echo in every corner of the little house, much to the wonder and merriment of the smaller fry who had not yet seen him, and who would venture near his door to listen and then scamper away as if frightened by some wild beast.

"I wonder what a big nose uncle Ben has got!" said little Ned, casting a wondering glance at a huge pair of strange boots in the corner.

"I guess it is more bigger than this," replied Tommy, who was trying to untie a hard knot in his shoe, which he held up as the measure of his opinion in the case. And so they went on, their eyes and imaginations dilating alike, till the stove-pipe became too small to serve for a comparison with the mysterious nose; when looking over their shoulders, they saw uncle Ben himself, who had overheard their conversation, creeping toward them, slippers in hand, as if to grab them. They took to their heels, this time, in no mock alarm.

"Ship, ahoy!" cried uncle Ben, "I ought to have run up a friendly flag, for the little junks have outsailed me, and are already hull down!"

Mrs. Burt was both early and busy in the kitchen this morning. Perhaps so unusual a thing arose from her solicitude to provide an especially good breakfast for her guest, and perhaps not. At any rate she did nothing but oversee; and her oversight brought more annoyance than aid.

As soon as the meal was over, uncle Ben proposed to return to his hotel, where his business in the city would make it more convenient for him to stay. But he promised compliance with the reiterated request to come as often as he could. Noticing that Mary was not present in the group that was bidding him good morning at the door, he said to the girls,

"Dress up in your best, and to-morrow afternoon I will come with a carriage and take you and your cousin Mary to ride. Good morning."

The mother and daughters exchanged looks of alarm. They had not so much objections to

Mary's joining them in their drive, but it was too cold for calico, and how would fustian and brogans look in such a nice carriage as uncle Ben would be sure to bring? But the pinch must be got round in some way—a plausible explanation must be fabricated for uncle Ben; and worst come to worst, she might pass to the public eye as a servant. The latter idea was rather pleasing than otherwise. Nothing was said to Mary till noon the next day, with the full expectation that she would decline the invitation. But to their surprise she expressed herself delighted with the anticipated pleasure, and running away, soon appeared in her perennial calico.

"Mary, go and take that dress right off," said Mrs. Burt.

"Why, aunt, it is the best I have got."

"No matter, the weather is too cold for that; and if that is your best, then I suppose there is an end to your jaunt."

Mary crept in her "domestic" garb again, and went quietly to work.

Soon came the fine carriage, and horses, and driver, and out jumped uncle Ben in high spirits.

"Come, my chicks," said he, "all ready?"

"All but Mary," said Mrs. Burt; "she is not inclined to go out to-day. What a beautiful carriage you have brought, captain!"

"Yes, fine craft," replied he, "but I must have my full cargo."

So pushing his way through the rooms to the kitchen, he found Mary busy at her work.

"Aha!" said he, "not so easy dodging an old skipper!" and spying a rusty bonnet on a nail, he clapped it on her head, seized her arm, and trotted her out to the carriage and tossed her in.

Mary, though half provoked at his rough oddity, could not help laughing all the time, while her aunt and cousins did not know whether to be most amused or astonished.

That ride was one to be remembered. Instead of driving into the country, as they expected, uncle Ben pushed for the most fashionable streets, and spent the afternoon in visiting the various places of genteel resort—the museums, picture-galleries, and millinery stores—making Mary, all the while, his principal care, and addressing his remarks chiefly to her, whenever others were present. He bought them many little gifts, and at last took it into his head that he must have all their likenesses in daguerreotype, with their bonnets on, before they went home. There was no resisting him, he was so kind and amusing. The pictures were excellent; and Mary's was so ludicrous that all three of the girls were convulsed with laughter over it, in which uncle Ben

heartily joined. Thrusting them into his pocket, he drove home.

Mary now began to suspect that there was something deeper in her uncle's thoughts than mere love of amusement, and determined hereafter to comply with whatever whims he might indulge. Helen and Emily were better pleased with their ride, than they were with their uncle's taste.

CHAPTER VII.

UNCLE Ben became absorbed in his own cares, and the winter was fast wearing away. He must return to South America early in the spring, to look after some personal matters which he left unsettled, and his visits to the cottage were consequently rare.

Young Blake had once more called to see Mary, but was flatly refused admittance by Mrs. Burt, who upbraided him with coming where he was not wanted, and forbade him ever to approach her house again; declaring that Mary was aware of his attempted visits, and had conceived a perfect hatred for him. He soon contrived, however, to gain an interview; and a pledge of constancy passed between them to be kept inviolate wherever their lots might be cast, and whatever might betide them. Their meetings were few and stolen, and as the course of their love ran very rough, it gave the best evidence of being true.

Mary was more and more neglected by her cousins, while the treatment of her aunt ripened into actual persecution, not of a violent and flagrant kind, but inflicted by crosses and taunts, more exquisitely painful to her sensitive heart than all the thumb-screws and scourges in the world. In addition to her ordinary sorrows, she had begun to fear that uncle Ben had lost his regard for her, as he had called once or twice and gone away without seeing her. Thus she struggled on for many weary weeks, alternately hoping and despairing, and wondering why all the world should unite to oppress her, while she could love everybody in it.

Keep up good courage, Mary; the world is made up of sorrows, and yours have hardly begun!

It was soon rumored in the family that uncle Ben was about to set out on his journey beyond the equator.

"I will see him before he goes," thought Mary, "and tell him all my troubles. I know such a good heart as his will pity me."

That very afternoon uncle Ben came bustling into the cottage and surprised them all by announcing that the ship, on which he had engaged

passage, would sail that night, and he had come to bid them good-bye. The near prospect of a good snuff at the salt water had put him in the best of spirits, and he was lavish of his good nature and drollery.

"What have you got here, uncle?" said Helen, looking suspectingly at a large bundle that he had laid on the table, and about to put her hand upon it.

"Take care!" shouted he, "it may go off!" and the frightened girl bounded to the other side of the room, amid roars of laughter.

Taking it into his own hands, the captain sat down and began to unroll it, with a group of interested spectators around him, among whom was Mary, who had been attracted from the kitchen by the uproar.

"It is only some farewell duds for the children," said he, and he began to distribute various toys to Ned and Tommy. And here was a beautiful dress-pattern for Helen, and another for Emily, and then a gold thimble for mother, and a box of gloves for all three.

"Is there nothing for me, then?" thought Mary.

What right have you to expect anything, little outcast?

As the last of the stuff was removed it revealed something to Emily's sharp eyes, who snatched up a beautiful ebony work-box, richly ornamented with silver, and went dancing around the room, exclaiming,

"This is for me! this is for me! isn't it uncle?"

"Hush! you rude girl!" said her mother, "what could you do with a work-box, when I am the seamstress of the family?" This she said with a smile, directed to uncle Ben, which she intended for a hint as to the proper appropriation of the beautiful gift.

Uncle Ben, who had been heartily laughing all the while to witness the tumult he had occasioned, spake as soon as he could be heard, and said with decided emphasis,

"That box is designed for Mary, as an encouragement to her domestic tastes and industrious habits;" and taking it gently out of Mrs. Burt's hands, he presented it to her. Mary's eyes filled with tears as she took it, and thanked him with a choking voice. The mother and daughters bit their lips in vexation and silence for a moment, but the former at length inquired,

"Where did you get that elegant thing, captain?"

"It was given to me by a Spanish lady in Valparaiso," he said. "The lady was always reprimanding me for my obstinacy, as she called it, in persisting to lead a single life; and one

day, after railing at me a great deal about it, she declared that though I didn't deserve it at all, she would do what she could to supply the defect; and so she tripped into another room and brought out this box, which she had purchased and freighted expressly for the occasion. So I have always called it my wife—but have been a most cruel husband, for I have kept it 'locked up' all the time! But," added he, taking a little silver key from his vest pocket, "you have seen nothing but the upper deck yet; take a peep into the cabin and see how near it comes to the thing." Taking it from Mary's hands, he opened it, displaying the interior, ingeniously filled with the utmost variety of materials, and little conveniences for sewing.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER everything had been duly examined and admired, uncle Ben tapped Mary pleasantly under the chin, saying,

"Come, Moll, let me show you how to use it;" and leading the way into another room, he shut the door after them, plainly indicating that he wanted nobody to follow.

"Now," thought Mary, "is my only time!" and throwing herself upon her uncle's neck before he was hardly seated, she exclaimed; "Dear uncle—I am so unhappy!" and burst into tears.

"Hush! hush! said uncle Ben, "no noise—no time for tears!"—brushing them rapidly from his own cheeks—"I know all about it. I have watched too many nights at mast-head, and strained my eyes through too much fog not to see all your troubles, and a way, too, to steer out of them. There is a light ahead! I shall be back in September, and then we will see," said he, smiling, as he wiped the tears from her beautiful face with his great, strong hand, and kissed her.

That assurance and that kiss kindled such a glow of joy in her breast that her tears were all dried up in a moment, and she returned the good man's caress with a heartiness that paid him a hundred fold for his kindness.

"But we must hurry," said he; "hand me the box." He turned it over and pointed to a double row of silver nails that thickly studded the lower edges.

"This box," said he, "is itself of little value; but be careful of the contents. I don't mean the thread and needles and that truck." So saying, he directed her attention to two nails in opposite corners, a little smaller than the rest, and pressing hardly upon both at the same moment, a

false bottom started up with a spring, which he immediately closed, saying,

"Keep that sacred—don't open it yourself till I am gone, and promise me that nobody else shall know this secret, and that you will never let the box go out of your possession."

Mary eagerly gave the promise, and uncle Ben, opening the cover of the box, took something from his pocket, tucked it in among the sewing utensils, and handed box and key to Mary.

They returned together to the little parlor, and, after chatting a few minutes with the rest of the family, the captain took his leave, with the cheerful remark,

"Look out for me in September."

All three of the girls followed him to the gate for a last good-bye, where they remained some time, watching his progress down the street, and dreading to lose sight of one whose presence always brought with it an indescribable charm.

What a pity everybody is not like uncle Ben—never so happy as when imparting happiness to others! But "a good deed in a naughty world" would not seem half so good but for the naughtiness. Mary and her cousins were leaning over the gate in silent reflection, when she suddenly bethought herself of her precious box, which she had laid on the parlor table. She ran back to take care of it, but it was gone! She looked around in amazement at first, but immediately quieted herself with the thought that it had, perhaps, been removed to some other room, or, at worst, been hid from her for a moment, just to tantalize her.

"Aunt, do you know where my box is?" said she, as that lady came in from her own private room.

"I know where my box is," replied she, with a dignified air. "You would never know how to use it if you had it, and it would be a pity for such a useful thing to be kept as a mere toy. There," added she, dropping a half eagle into Mary's lap, "that will be better for you than a cart load of boxes."

This generous price was offered, partly because she hoped it would reconcile Mary to the loss of her gift, and partly because it was only one of twenty just such pieces which she had found in a beautiful purse in one corner of the box. Mary's anger was inflamed, and her first impulse was to hurl the coin across the room; but that golden precept of her mother rushed into her memory, "Never truly happy till you learn how to forgive," and she quietly dropped the money and a tear on the table, and retired to the kitchen. She was fully determined, however, on seizing her property at the very first opportunity, and delivering it immediately to the care and keeping of her dear William, as the surest way of fulfilling her promise to her uncle.

Poor Mary! will her troubles never end? Oh, that uncle Ben could only step in to help her recover her treasure! She had food enough now for reflection; and her curiosity concerning the box was intense. What could there be in that secret apartment so precious that her uncle should be so earnest to have kept secret? What could it be?

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

WE ARE DREAMING.

BY C. L. THOMPSON.

• The world with its musical swing,
Through the realms of infinite space,
Through the regions of star-studded space,
Seems rocking us on its broad wing
To sleep—while thus whistling through space.

And the stars—far up in the sky—
Are whispering dreams to our souls,
Are singing sweet songs to our souls,
And they charm us, as if, rustling by,
An angel had breathed on our souls.

And a beautiful cradle is ours,
This world, with its rivers and trees,
With its flowers, and rivers, and trees;
Here to dream away cares and the hours
To the music of birds and of breeze.

Our souls are all young in this world,
Wrapt up in the garments of Time,
In the gay, swaddling garments of Time,

And while thus through the Heavens we're hurried,
Our hearts beat the grand march of Time.

But soon our dreams will be o'er,
Our souls will grow weary of earth,
Grow sick of this gay, giddy earth,
The wave of our life on the shore
Shall dash—and thus wing us from earth.

Oh! yes—in this wide world of flowers,
With the music of Heaven's own stars,
Of Heaven's bright, beautiful stars,
Reposing our souls in these bowers,
We might dream as we gaze on the stars.

But up—brother, work—be no dreamer!
The world calls for action, not dreams,
For brave hearts and action—not dreams.
Go—work for thy risen Redeemer,
There's more pleasure in action than dreams.

THE VISION OF PROPHECY.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

AN elderly man and a fair-haired child stood within a picture gallery in France. Soul-thrilling was the beauty around. The essence of the creative genius of the past seemed to float around upon the viewless air.

The arched ceiling, beautifully carved and gilded; the pink marble entablature; the massive columns which here and there broke the monotony of the long extent; the light falling, now subdued from the high, narrow windows upon a white ghost-like statue—anon, flashing almost with effrontery upon some dark lined picture of the olden time; the solemn, death-like stillness that prevailed—were all calculated to work strangely upon an impassioned soul.

The little girl, who held the hand of the old man, was herself a study. Never had prettier eyes drank in inspiration from the mighty works of art. They were hazel eyes—calm, holy—and yet flashing at times with unwonted brilliancy. Her hair fell in luxuriant masses around her fair neck and shoulders, and the irregularity in her features was amply atoned for in the clearness and freshness of her complexion, and the classic mouth that bespoke a time when she should emerge from the timid, blushing maiden, to a brilliant, resolute, self-possessed woman—strong and beautiful in the integrity of her soul.

The little girl stopped and gazed for a long while upon an historical painting. Her eyes became riveted to the canvas, and her hand for the first time let go of that of her father. It was the anointing of Charles VII., of France, at St. Benny. The dark, massive walls resting upon their clustered columns; the curious and elaborate carvings everywhere visible; the vast interior crowded with ferocious soldiers, bearing their battle-axes and cross-bows; knights with plumed helmets and gold-embroidered surcoats; the glittering mail of the men-at-arms; the ladies of Rheims in their lofty head-dresses; the nobles in rich coronation robes grouped about their monarch, who stood prominent in the stately array of royalty; the pompous arch-bishop—and the renowned Joan of Arc, with helmed head, and the sacred banner, the *fleur-de-lis*, dropping in graceful folds upon her white armor; the superstitious throng hushed with

feelings of awe and wonder—formed an admirable painting, and the artist had done it justice.

The father, noticing how absorbed his child was, approached the picture—when he was startled by hearing a deep, sepulchral voice behind him exclaim,

“Gratien—Gratien Philippon!”

Turning round, Gratien beheld an old man arrayed in a dark cloak—with grey hair, wan features, and black, piercing eyes—eyes burning in their intensity, contrasting strangely with the haggard face.

“Hist! the spirits of the dead are around us; you can hear their breathings on the viewless air. The spirits of the dead in oil and marble, and the spirits who embalmed the others in the fire of their genius! See your child! She moves not; she hears not; she is lost in contemplation of the record of a glorious past. Gratien, dost thou know me?”

“I know thee not,” returned the father, abashed before those burning eyes.

“Listen then,” and a halo seemed to spread over the strange visitor’s features—“I am the Spirit of Prophecy! Nay, startle not; I have aught to tell thee of thy child.”

“My child?”

“Aye—disturb me not. From the groves of wine and olive, where the balloon-shaped hills of the Vosges stretch to the confines of the shore away, and where the purple vineyards smile upon the slopes of Burgundy—came yon heroine of a by-gone age, Jeanne of Arc. The sweet-toned bells of the chapel of the Lady of Bellemont lulled her infant slumbers, and her soul drank in richness from the scenery, wild and boundless in its range as her own imagination. She came forth when superstition taught that there was a deity to smile on every folly, to encourage every passion, to strengthen every aspiration. She came forth to save France as by a miracle——”

“And then?”

“She died upon the scaffold—the dark and flaming tribute of her gratitude. Your Jeanne shall too come up, like unto her, and meet a like untimely fate.”

Gratien startled; his cheeks grew pallid, and he demanded huskily,

“What meanest thou?”

“As I have said; am I not the Spirit of Prophecy? That child, ere many years, shall be worshipped. The bitterness against pampered nobility and arrogant superiority, which you are instilling into her heart, shall rise up against you. She is destined to sway the deliberations of statesmen—to tread in consciousness of pride the regal halls. Great men will receive her counsels, and seek no appeal from the decisions which may fall in words of burning eloquence from her lips. Look yonder!” and the stranger pointed solemnly down the vista of white statuary.

“Tell me—what seest thou?”

The old man looked, and almost became transfixed with horror; the cold sweat stood in drops upon his forehead. He thought he beheld a long line of carts issuing from the yard of the Conciergerie—victims for the guillotine! In the last was the “white-robed heroine of the dungeon”—beautiful still—the cool air adding freshness to

her transparent cheeks. In the weak, trembling old man—the old man with whitened locks—he recognized himself!

He clasped his hands wildly together, and uttering a low cry, leaned against a pillow for support.

The fair-haired child knelt at his feet, and murmured wonderingly, as she looked up into his face,

“What ails thee, my father?”

“Jeanne, my child—didst see no one?”

“No one, my father.”

“And hear no voices?”

“None, my father; we are alone.”

“Look down yon aisle—what seest thou?”

“Naught—save the statues with their ghost-like vestments. But how pale you are yourself!—pale as those very images!”

“It is nothing, Jeanne; I feel better now. Let us go, Jeanne, child.”

That little girl became—**MADAME ROLAND!**

ALLEN CLYDE.

BY S. W. HAZELTINE, M. D.

I BECAME thy bride,
Allen Clyde;
Voices sweet were singing,
For old Time was bringing
In the young and blushing year that day!
Since then often have I sigh'd,
Or in wretchedness have cried;
Did you come and kiss my tears away,
Allen Clyde?
I became your bride,
Allen Clyde;
Flakes of snow were sifting—
Heavily were drifting
White clouds to the shore of blue away!

Whether weal or wo betide,
Did you swear to love your bride?
Better ask your heart some weary day,
Allen Clyde!
I became your bride,
Allen Clyde;
Didst love me as thou shouldst?
As gentler lover would?
Tell me! It is just a year to-day!
Oh! I wish that I had died
On the day I stood a bride!
For I tread a dark and weary way,
Allen Clyde!

“I WOULD NOT CALL THEE MINE.”

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

FAREWELL! thy hand—I would not take,
Unless the gift contained thy heart;
Far better, for each other's sake,
To wear life's galling chain apart!
I love thee, worship thee! but still,
If deep within that heart of thine,
My passion wakes no answering thrill,
I would not wish to call thee mine!
Without thee, life will be a waste,
My heart of every pleasure void,
For bliss though offered to the taste,
Without thee, could not be enjoyed.

But since my love avaleth not,
Doth in thy soul no echo make,
I would not have thee share my lot,
Oh, better that my heart should break!
Farewell! though it is death to part;
Farewell! 'tis more than death to me;
I cannot teach my self-willed heart
To beat for any one but thee!
And yet, though doomed to love thee still,
Since deep within that heart of thine,
My passion wakes no answering thrill,
I would not wish to call thee mine!

BURNOUS OF BEARSKIN CLOTH.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



IN this department, which we call "How To MAKE ONE'S OWN DRESSES," we give, every month, a pattern for a cloak, dress, child's costume, or some other garment, accompanied by a diagram by which the article may be cut out, by any housewife, without the aid of a mantua-maker. The diagrams are, of course, in miniature; but the true size, for a person of ordinary height, is always marked on the different parts, so that it can easily be enlarged, as we have often explained before.

For this month we give a winter cloak for a lady, in a style very fashionable, at present, in

Paris. It is a Burnous of bearskin cloth, bordered with a silk binding turned over the edge; this garment is closed in front by six buttons.

The sleeve begins on the shoulder, and is afterward entirely detached from the Burnous.

Pointed collar, opening two inches in front at the neck and forming a hood behind, from the shoulder.

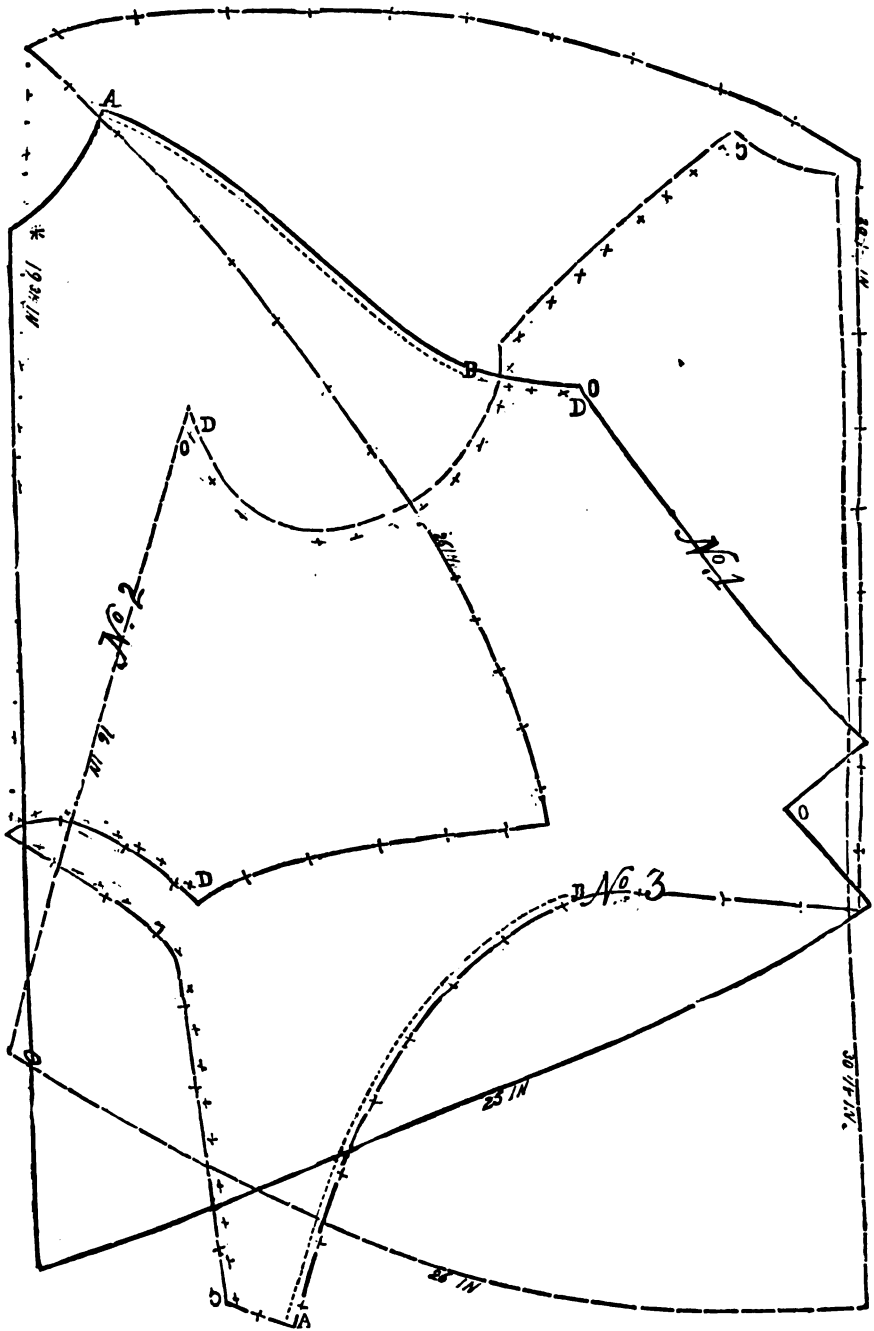
FIRST DIAGRAM.

No. 1. Front.

No. 2. Back, to join front from D to D.

No. 3. Sleeve.

The part of the sleeve marked by points from

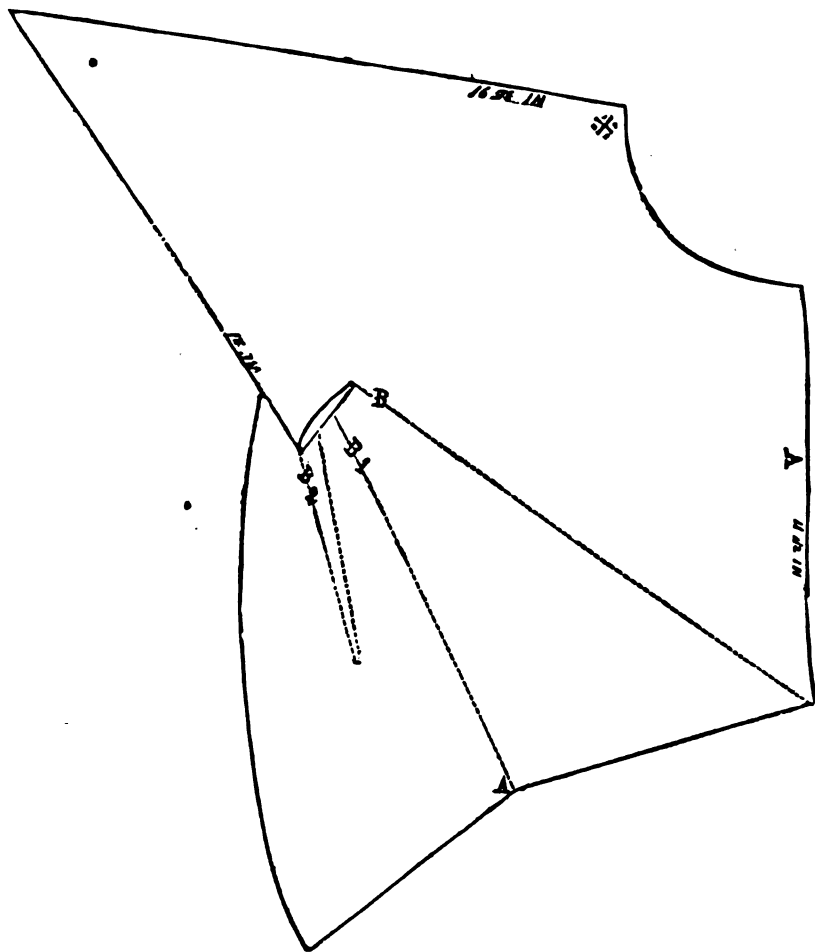


A to B, must be joined to the front from A to B. Then the part from C to D, accompanied by rings, must be sewed to the back from C to D; and again to the front from B to D. (For the hood, see side No. 2, on the next page.)

SECOND DIAGRAM.

No. 1. Hood.

The cross on the pattern marks the front of the hood. The facings form two hollow plaits behind, indicated by Nos. 1 and 2.



HOW TO MAKE A PAPER WILD FLOWER.*

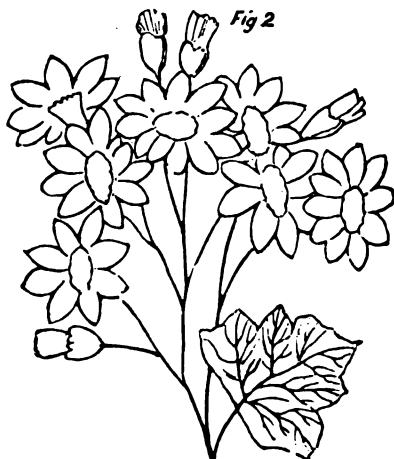
BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.

MATERIALS.—Lilac, pink and white tissue paper, yellow button heart same as for the Queen Margaret.

Cut as many as desired like Fig. 1, or they can be obtained already stamped; touch the stamen with gum and string on one set of petals; finish with a small green calyx, the same shape as the flower, cut a little smaller. For the buds, turn down the end of a piece of green wire, put a small piece of wax on the wire to form a bulb, slip on a set of petals, press them closely around the wax that it may not be seen, then slip on the small green calyx,

pressing it down closely to the petals. Branch like the model.

* **MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for Pinks, Dahlias, and red Roses, variegated for Japonicas, Pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 32 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.



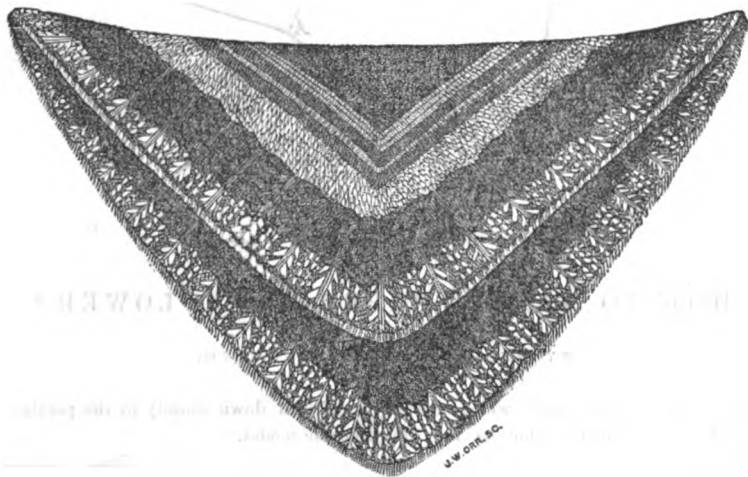
SHETLAND WOOL SHAWL.

BY MISS LAMBERT.

FOR THE CENTRE.—Cast on 200 stitches on needles No. 7.

First Row.—Knit two; knit two together; thread forward; knit one; thread forward; knit two together; knit one; thread forward; knit one.

Second Row.—Plain knitting.



Third Row.—Knit two together; knit one; thread forward; knit three; thread forward; knit three together; thread forward; knit three; thread forward; knit three together. At the end of this row, plain knit the two last stitches.

Fourth Row.—Plain knitting.

Fifth Row.—Knit two; thread forward; knit two together; knit one; knit two together; thread forward; knit one; thread forward; knit two together; knit one; knit two together; thread forward; knit one.

Sixth Row.—Plain knitting.

Seventh Row.—Knit three; thread forward; knit three together; thread forward; knit three; thread forward; knit three together; thread forward; at the end of this row bring the thread forward; knit two.

Eighth Row.—Plain knitting.

These eight rows must be repeated till a square is knitted.

BORDER FOR THE SHAWL—THIS IS FOR ONE HALF.—Cast on 600 stitches on needles No. 3.

First Row.—Knit two together four times; thread forward; knit one eight times; knit two together four times; purl one; knit two together four times; thread forward; knit one eight times; knit two together four times; purl one.

Second Row.—Purl knitting.

Third Row.—Plain knitting.

Fourth Row.—Purl; commence again as at first row. After having knitted a piece half a yard in depth, knit six rows plain and purled alternately; then six rows of holes worked thus, one row plain, second row thread forward; knit two in one, and so on, third plain; then six rows of plain and purled. To form the corner two and three stitches must be knitted together in the centre and at the ends, commencing from the plain rows.

WARDIAN FERN-CASES.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

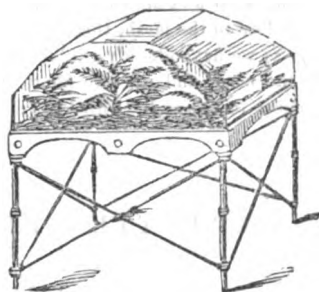
THESE beautiful ornaments for the parlor are becoming so popular, that we give, in this number, engravings of two less costly than the one given in last year's volume, and of which it was complained, that it exceeded the means of many persons. The first is a large soup plate, with an ordinary bell glass over it.



In this simple arrangement, is comprised all that is necessary for a fern-case: a compost of sandy, fibrous peat and turfy loam being, of course, placed in the bottom of the plate, for the ferns to grow in. By frequently admitting air, giving the plants water whenever they may seem to require it, and submitting them to the sun, when it is not too powerful, the hardier kinds of ferns may be cultivated, in this simple case, without any difficulty. Some of the tropical ferns, however, require more care.

If a larger case is desired, a very pretty, yet economical one, may be made, of pattern No. 2. Any cabinet-maker can construct the stand, which may be of cherry, walnut, mahogany, or rose-wood, to suit the taste. A glazier will pre-

pare the glass-case. The effect of such an ornament will depend very much on the contrasts in



the style of foliage. Light feathery ferns, opposed to more solid ones, make the best appearance. The protection, afforded by the case, is sufficient for nearly all the green-house kinds. It may not be generally known to those living east of the Alleghanies and south of Connecticut, that in the low, sandy alluvials of Long Island, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, &c., ferns may be found, growing wild, of a comparatively tropical cast.

NETTED WINDOW CURTAIN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Nos. 8 and 4 of six cord crochet cotton. For pattern see front of the number.

Three meshes are required for this work: the smallest, which we shall call number one, a third of an inch wide; number two, half an inch; number three, three-quarters of an inch.

Cast on a sufficient number of loops for the

length of the curtain desired, which must vary according to the height of the apartment. Three hundred and fifty loops will make an average sized curtain.

These curtains are netted in stripes, which give variety and improve the effect.

The first stripe is in Honey-comb netting, for

which see "Dictionary of Needlework, No. I.," in this number. The intermediate pattern in thick No. 4 cotton is done as follows:—First row: With mesh number three, net a plain row. Second row: Net three loops in one to thread third row. Net three loops on one.

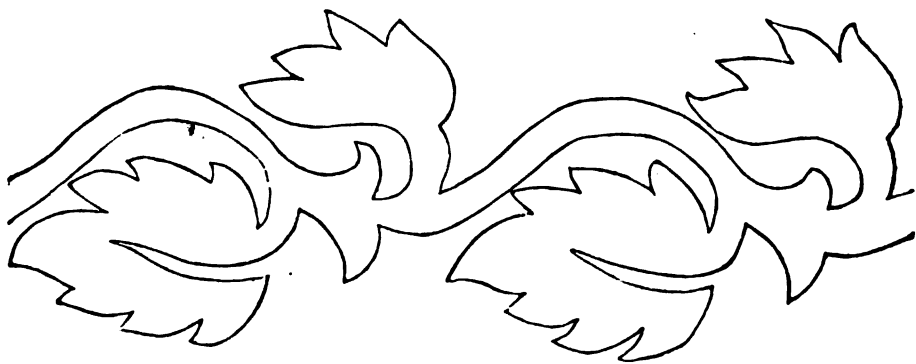
The next stripe is in a stitch not given in our "Dictionary," because it is one rarely used. Take mesh number one and cotton No. 8, and net one plain row. First row: Net three loops. Net one, passing the cotton twice round the mesh. Repeat to the end. Second row: Net one loop with the cotton twice round the mesh. Net two plain. Slip these three loops off the mesh, and take the first one on again at full length. Net the long stitch made last row. Net the next, keeping the mesh firm and even, by which means you tie this knot rather high up from the mesh. Draw out your mesh, and net two short stitches. Put the mesh in again to the last long loop and net two, the knot of the first being close to the mesh, that of the second higher up, as we have already explained. Then take out the mesh and net two short stitches, and so repeat to the end. Third row: Put the

cotton twice round the mesh and net one. Net one plain. Slip out the mesh, and put it in again to the first loop at full length. Net the two next. Net one with the cotton twice round the mesh. One plain. Slip the mesh out and net two. Continue to repeat to the end of the row. Fourth row: Net one. Net two loops, which will be found rather long. These two form the point of the diamond. Net two, which are short loops. Again net the two long loops. These two and two loops are to be continued to the end.

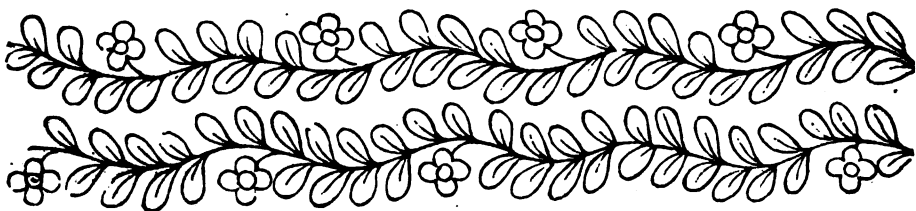
These four rows forming the pattern are now to be re-commenced.

We would recommend that a small piece of these three stripes should be tried, before the whole curtain is commenced, and we would also advise that the cotton for the different rows should be measured, so that the knots where it is joined may fall at the ends. It is also desirable to use a long netting-needle, as these hold a much larger quantity of cotton than a short one. They are now made with this view, having a considerable length without being more clumsy in their shape.

VARIETIES FOR THE WORK-TABLE.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



INSERTION.

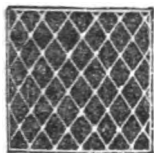
OUR DICTIONARY OF NEEDLEWORK.

NO. I.—NETTING.

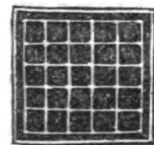
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IMPLEMENTS FOR NETTING.—These are netting-needles of ivory, wood, or steel, with a round or flat mesh: the former are measured in a gauge, the latter by the width.

PREPARATION FOR NETTING.—Take a piece of fine string or cotton, and knot it to make a stirrup, to go over one foot, and come up to a convenient distance from the eyes. Or a shorter one may be pinned to the knee, or to a lead cushion. Having filled the needle, fasten the end of the thread in a slip-knot on the stirrup, and you are ready to begin.



PLAIN NETTING.—Pass the thread thus joined to the stirrup over the fore, second, and third fingers of the left hand, the forefinger being close to the knot, and the mesh held under the thread, and straight along the finger. Pass the thread under these fingers, and catch it up with the thumb. Leave it to hang over the hand in a loop, pass the needle up through the loop over the fingers, under the mesh, and under the foundation thread or the stitch to be worked. Draw the needle through; in doing which you form a loop, which catch over the fourth finger of the left hand. Gradually let the thread off the three fingers, and tighten it into a knot, to form itself close to the mesh. Then gradually tighten the loop still over the fourth finger, taking care not to let it go until it is nearly drawn tight. This is the elementary stitch in netting—the only one—from which every pattern is compounded. If well done, the stitch will just be tight enough to allow the mesh to slip from it, and the knot will be quite close to the mesh. It forms a diamond.



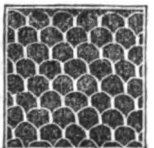
SQUARE NETTING.—To produce a piece of netting, which shall be square, and in which the holes shall be of the same shape, begin on one stitch; in this net two. Turn, and do one stitch in the first, and two in the last. Turn again, and work a stitch on every stitch but the last; in this do two. Continue until you have, along one side, as many holes but one as you

require. For instance—if in your pattern you have thirty-six, you want thirty-five only. Now do a row, stitch for stitch, without any increase. This makes the corner square. After this, net the last two stitches of every row together, until you have but one.



OBLONG NETTING.—This term is applied, not to the stitch, but to the shape of the work when done, the stitches being square, as in the last. Proceed as for square netting, until you come to the plain row; after this, decrease at the end of every second row, but in the alternate ones increase, by doing two in one, until, up the straight long side, you have as many squares as your design requires, less one. Do another plain row; and then decrease at the termination of every row, until you net the two last stitches together. To prevent the possibility of mistaking one side for the other, when alternately increasing and decreasing, put a bit of colored silk on one side to mark it.

TO MAKE A PIECE OF NETTING OF SIX, EIGHT, OR TEN SIDES, WORKING FROM THE CENTRE.—Begin with half the number of stitches that you mean to have sides—three for a hexagon, four for an octagon, and so on. Close into a round, and do two stitches in each stitch. You have now as many stitches as sides. Do two again in each one: you will thus have, alternately, a large and a small loop. Work round and round, with one stitch in every long loop, and two in every small loop, until you have the required size.



FANCY STITCHES—ROUND NETTING.—This stitch is particularly strong, therefore especially suitable for purses, mittens, &c. From the mode of working it contracts considerably, and will require at least a fifth more stitches than plain netting with the same mesh, to make any given length. Begin as for plain netting, but draw the needle completely out from under the mesh, without inserting it in the stitch; then pass it through the loop on which you are to work, turning the

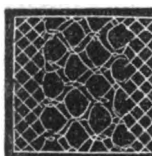
needle upward and toward you. Tighten the stitch, as in common netting.



HONEYCOMB NETTING.—This requires four rows for a perfect pattern, and must have an even number of stitches. 1st row—miss the first stitch, and net, instead of it, the second; then the first: now net the fourth, and afterward the third. Repeat to the end of the row. 2nd row—plain netting. 3rd row—net the first stitch plain, then miss one; net the next; net the missed stitch: repeat, until you come to the last stitch, which net plain. (This row, it will be observed, is exactly like the first, but with a plain stitch at the beginning and ending of the row, to throw the holes into the proper places.) 4th row—plain netting. Repeat these four rows alternately.



LONG TWISTED STITCH.—Do a row of round netting with a fine mesh, a plain row with a mesh double the size, and then another row like the first. (Very useful for purses.)

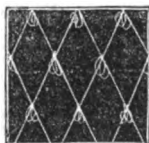


GRECIAN NETTING.—For this two meshes, one seven sizes larger than the other, are required. Thus—6 and 13; 10 and 17; and so on. Do one plain row first with the large mesh. Second row—small mesh. Draw the needle quite from under the mesh, without inserting it in the loop; then put the needle in the first loop, in the usual direction, and slip it on to the second, which draw through the first. Bend the point of your needle down, to take up the first loop again which runs across it; and which you will take up by pointing your needle downward and then toward you. Finish the stitch. There is a small loop then found at the side, which you net plainly. The alternate repetition of these two stitches forms the rows. The third row is in plain netting, with the large mesh. The fourth is the same as the second; but, as in the honeycomb stitch, one plain stitch must be worked at the beginning and end of the row.

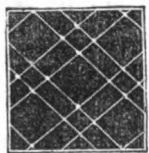


GROUND NET.—This requires an even number of stitches. 1st row—one stitch, plain netting, one with the thread twice round the mesh alternately to the end. 2nd—a long stitch, (that is, where the thread has been put twice round the needles,) a plain stitch, alternately. 3rd row—

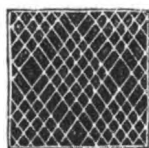
make a double stitch, and draw the needle entirely from under the mesh; insert it in the right-hand hole of the last row but one, (that is, in the line of holes immediately under that last made.) Catch up the first loop of the last row, and draw it through that of the previous row, and net it: this will cause the second loop of the last row to be also partly drawn through. Net this—which is a very small stitch, in the ordinary way. Repeat these two stitches throughout. The next row is like the second; the fifth like the third, except that a plain stitch is done at the beginning and end of the row.



SPOTTED NETTING.—Do a stitch on your foundation with the thread twice round the mesh; then two stitches with it only once round the mesh. Repeat these three stitches in working backward and forward. After the foundation row, all three stitches must be worked on one loop.



DIAMOND NETTING.—1st row—one plain stitch, one double one, (with the thread twice round the mesh) alternately. 2nd row—in the preceding row, the stitches are alternately short and long; this row is in plain netting, but every alternate loop is worked not close to the mesh, but so as to make the ends even. 3rd row—one double stitch, one plain stitch, alternately. 4th row—one long stitch, one plain one, alternately.



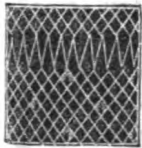
LARGE DIAMOND NETTING.—The number of stitches required for this pattern is six, and one over. 1st row—1 double, 5 plain, repeat to the end, which is a double stitch. 2nd row—1 plain netting, 1 long, draw out the mesh; four more plain netting, draw out the mesh. 3rd row—1 plain, 1 long stitch double, 8 plain double, 1 plain. 4th row—2 plain, 1 long double, 2 plain double, 1 plain. 5th row—2 plain, 1 long double, 1 plain double, 2 plain. Sixth row—8 plain, 1 long, 2 plain. 7th row—3 plain, 1 double, 2 plain. Eighth row—3 plain double, 1 plain, 1 long double, 1 plain. 9th row—2 plain double, 2 plain, 1 long double, 1 plain. 10th row—2 plain double, 8 plain, 1 long double. 11th row—1 plain double, 4 plain, 1 long double. 12th row—1 long, 5 plain.

SPOTTED DIAMOND NETTING.—This is worked with two meshes, one being half the size of the other. The spot is made by working a plain



stitch in the same loop as the last, with the small mesh. Four stitches are required for each pattern, and an extra one in the entire length. 1st row—1 double, 2 plain with spot, 1 plain. 2nd row—1 plain, 1

long double, 1 plain with spot, 1 plain double. 3rd row—1 plain, 1 long double, 1 plain double, 1 plain. 4th row—1 plain, 1 plain with spot, 1 plain, 1 long. 5th row—1 plain with spot, 1 plain, 1 double, 1 plain with spot. 6th row—1 plain with spot, 1 plain double, 1 plain, 1 long double. 7th row—2 plain, 1 long, 1 plain double. Eighth row—1 plain, 1 plain with spot, 1 plain, 1 long.



LEAF NETTING.—Each pattern requires five stitches, and four extra in the length—two at each edge. 1st row—3 plain, 5 plain all in one loop, 5 plain in next. 2nd row—

take on your needle, at once, the 9 extra loops made, and work them as one; 4 plain. 3rd row—plain. 4th row—2 plain, increase 4 in each of the next two loops, 1 plain. 5th row—1 plain, 9 together as one, 3 plain. 6th row—plain. This description does not include the extra stitches at the ends, which are always in plain netting.

DOUBLE STITCH.—Pass the thread twice round the mesh instead of once, thus making a long stitch.

LONG STITCH.—Used when some of the stitches in the preceding row have been double stitches. To work so that the loops of this row shall be even, the knot must not be drawn close to the mesh, in working on the single stitches of the previous row. These stitches are termed long stitches.

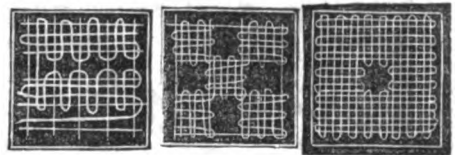
TO WORK WITH BEADS.—A long darning-needle must be used, instead of the ordinary netting-needle, and the beads threaded on for every separate stitch.

MESH.—This term is applied equally to the instrument on which the loop is formed, and to the loop or hole so formed.

EMBROIDERY ON NETTING.—This is done either in simple darning, which only permits such geometrical patterns as can be worked by counting threads; or by real embroidering of flowers, leaves, and other designs, in chain stitch. To do this, have the pattern drawn on light-colored crape, which tack over the surface of the netting, and put the latter into a small hand-frame. The instrument used for the work is a tambour-needle; and it is to be done in the ordinary tambour-stitch. Very generally, in this sort of work, the flowers, leaves, stems—in short, every part of the design—are edged with a line of chain stitch in the finest gold thread.

When all the embroidery is done, draw out the thread of crape, as you would those of canvas, in working on canvas and cloth.

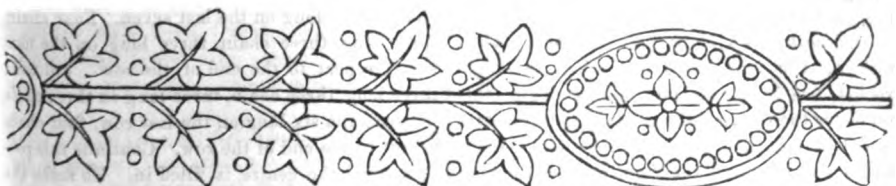
FLANDERS LACE.—This consists of various fancy stitches, done on a ground of netting. The diagrams show the manner in which they are worked, the only difficult one being cloth-darning.



This is used much in ancient church-lace. It is worked so that every square has two four-threads crossing it in each direction. To do this, begin at the left-hand corner; and, in either direction, take as long a line as possible. Never cross over two threads, even in turning a corner; and join on always with a weaver's knot, so that no appearance of a join exists at all.

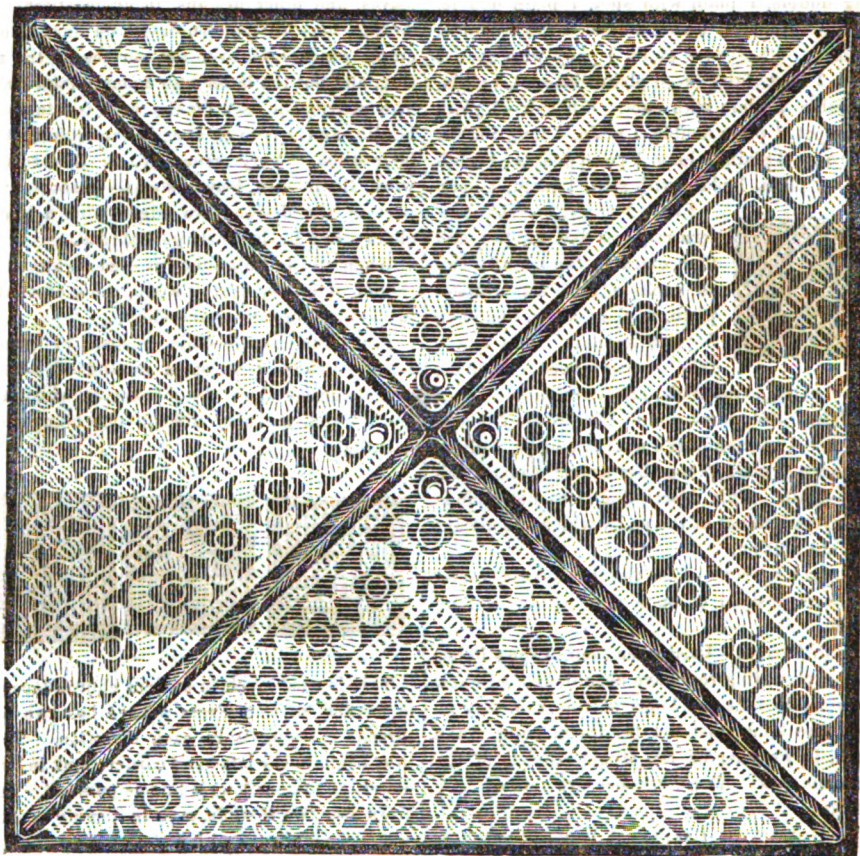
A glance at these engravings will show the way in which the various designs are done.

INSERTION.



HANDKERCHIEF CASE IN COLORED SILK CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

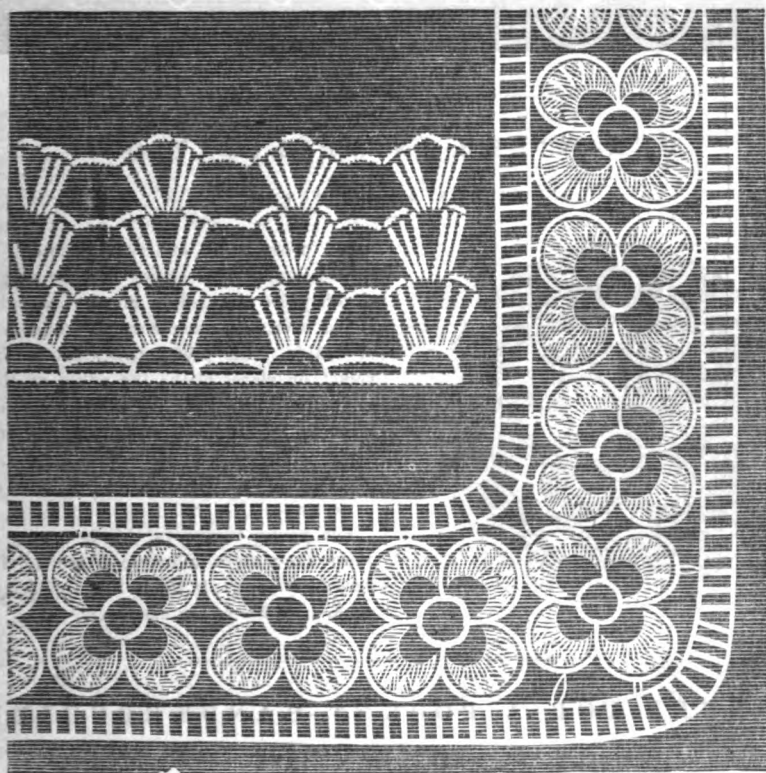


THIS consists of a square, folded over at the four corners, to meet in the centre, as seen in the above illustration, and is worked in crochet, with colored netting silk. An open pattern is required, in order that the lining of silk may show through.

We give, at the end of this article, a centre with a border round, which is worked in the following manner:—Make a chain of eight into a ring, on which work seven chain, looped in four times, leaving two loops between each. Then work on the four loops one stitch in single crochet, five in double, and one in single: this completes the star. Make as many of these stars as will be sufficient to form the border. About twelve will be found the right number for each

side of the square. Sew these stars together at the centre of two of the leaves, and work a row of crochet in a chain, taking up the centre stitch of the outside leaves. On this chain work a row of double crochet on every alternate loop. This must be done on each side of the stars to form the border. For the centre work seven chain loops in leaving five between, five chain loop in seven chain, repeat 2nd row, three long, three chain, three long on the last seven. Four chain, three long, three chain, three long on the next seven, repeat to the end of the row. 3rd row: three long, three chain, three long on three chain between the six long on the last row, four chain repeat to the end of the row. Continue this pattern until the centre is filled in. To make the

inner part of the case, cut a square of silk a little larger than the square of crochet, tack it on to a piece of wadding, and quilt it neatly in small diamonds; cut another square of silk, lay it on the quilted square, and run three of the sides together; turn it, and scent the wadding with any pleasant perfume. Slip-stitch the two edges together. This completes the lining. Lay the square of crochet on the side which is not quilted, and finish it all round with a pretty silk cord sewn round the four sides. Place four ornamental gilt buttons on the four points, that is, one on each point, and two loops of cord to fasten it with, and this very pretty little article is completed. The centre worked in rich violet silk, and the border in gold-color, looks extremely well; but the colors may be selected according to the taste of the worker.



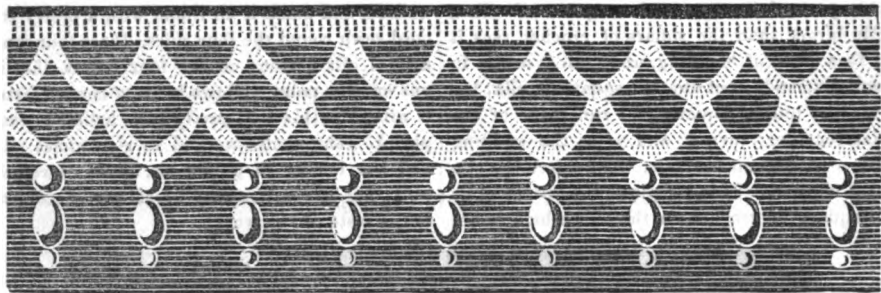
BEAD AND CROCHET EDGING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THESE little border edgings are now much in request for trimming dresses, mantles, bonnets, &c., &c.

This edging is made of black silk and black beads of three sizes. To commence, crochet a chain of the length required, and on it work a row of single crochet. On this work a succession of loops, having a chain of thirteen in each loop, and leaving six between each loop on this foundation.

Before commencing the last row, the beads which form the pendant part must be threaded upon the silk in the following way. Take up the middle-sized beads, then the large bead, then the small bead, and, having done this, return the needle through the first two, which leaves the three secure upon the silk. Do this as many times as you have loops in number on your crochet work. Then commence a new row of loops, leaving, in the centre of each one of these, sets of hanging beads, and thus continuing to the end completes the work.



PEN-WIPER IN APPLICATION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

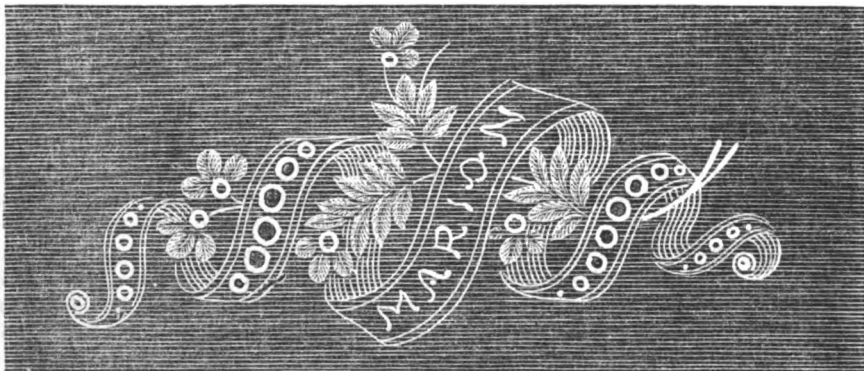


We presume all our readers know, that, in application, one substance or color is gummed, or otherwise fastened, on another, and the edges sewed over with some sort of ornamental work or braid. This pretty pen-wiper is in green velvet, on claret cloth; the edges of the velvet are covered with gold braid, and a line of black beads laid along the centre of the velvet, is also edged on each side with gold thread. Black glass beads are dotted here and there over the patterns.

For young beginners, this is a very suitable affair, the pattern and style of work being comparatively easy. It would make a pretty gift to papa, from his young daughter.

CORNER FOR A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

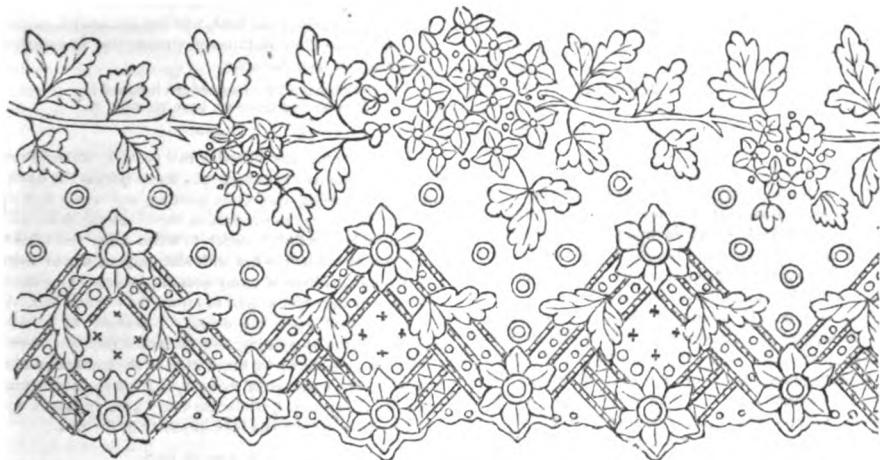


MATERIALS.—No. 30 embroidery cotton. The outline of the scroll must be run very neatly with the cotton, then sewed over thickly. The lined marks must be runned and sewed over

in the same way: the eyelet-holes worked very finely and thickly. The flowers and leaves are in satin stitch, veining the leaves by working half the leaf first. The name, or any other, may be written in marking ink, or may be finely stitched. The flowers may be omitted, if considered too much work.

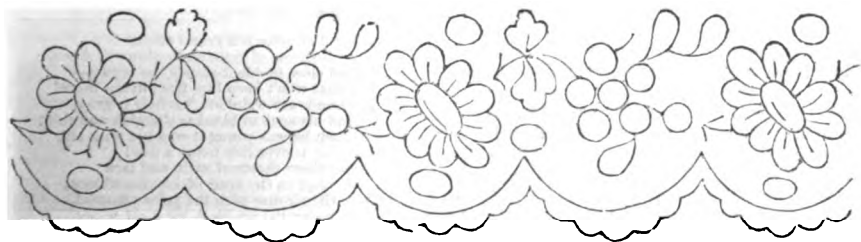
COLLAR, SLEEVES, &C., IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give the collar and insertion, in the front { sleeve. They make, together, a very beautiful part of the number. This pattern is for the { and fashionable set.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



YOKE AND SLEEVES OF CHEMISE.



FLANNEL EDGING.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

EXTRAVAGANCE—A WORD IN DEFENCE OF WOMAN.—The newspapers are in ecstasies because the Westminster Review, or rather some crusty old bachelor writing in that quarterly, has accused the ladies of spending too much money in silks and satins; and some of these journals have even gone so far as to trace the late "hard times" to the extravagance of female dress. If banks suspended; if exchanges ruled high; if mills stopped; if merchants failed to meet their engagements, it was all, they sapiently said, because every woman was a Flora McFlimsey and had "Nothing to Wear." One of our contributors, in a racy little story in this number, has taken up the cause of her sex, and answered those captious assailants so well, that it would be needless for us to carry out our original intention of offering ourselves as a champion for the ladies. For, in truth, as we have often said before, we do not think woman has had justice, in this respect, from man. As our fair contributor says, the extravagance of our sex, though it takes a different phase from that of woman, is carried even further. We do not, indeed, spend as much on diamonds, India shawls and other feminine luxuries; but we squander on fast horses, yachts, cigars, wines, &c. sums which would appal even a Flora McFlimsey herself.

There is a deal of nonsense spoken, written and printed on this subject of extravagance. For what is extravagant in the person who has a narrow income is not extravagant in a millionaire. Many of these tirades against extravagance, also, have their origin in envy—such alas! is poor human nature—and often those who talk most loudly against the extravagance of others, are really, their means being considered, more extravagant than those whom they condemn. Nothing, indeed, ought to excuse waste. Nothing should justify exceeding one's income. It is vulgar, and snobbish, in fact, to affect a wealth which we have not; to spend more than we can afford; to run into debt for the gratification of personal vanity. But women commit this sin less frequently than our sex. Men, if spendthrifts, err with their eyes open: while women rarely know a father's, or husband's pecuniary difficulties till too late. Nor is this all. It is quite as often the vanity of the husband, as that of herself, which squanders money on a wife's dress. To see Mrs. Dazzle outshine her neighbors pleases Mr. Dazzle more frequently than is supposed.

If woman was really the most to blame in this matter, she would not lay aside her fine dresses so cheerfully, when misfortune came. But it is woman, not man, who, in seasons of distress, exhibits the greatest self-denial. Over the pride of mercantile position, over the luxuries of the table lost forever, over a score of things which insolvency compels a man to sacrifice, there is, deep down in his heart, nay! often on his lips, never-ending regret. But rare, indeed, is it that woman laments her fine house, her showy equipage, her Paris bonnets, her Brussels laces. The smile is always on her face, the words of hope on her tongue, when her husband comes home, wearied, at night; and this, though a day of unaccustomed labor has made her even more jaded than himself. In the heroism of silent, uncomplaining endurance, woman far excels man; and it is ungenerous in our sex not to admit this more freely. The Flora McFlimseys of American life are not only confined to our great cities, but to an insignificant number even there. Where there is one such selfish, flippant, soulless coquette, there are a thousand true and noble women.

It is folly, too, to denounce, without discrimination, the desire to be elegantly dressed. That desire, when properly

controlled, is not censurable, but laudatory. It springs from that innate love of the beautiful, which is one of the most precious heritages of the sex, and which not only makes woman neater than man, but refines and even spiritualizes her. In communities where the female neglects dress, man degenerates into a brute. Most virtues may be turned into vices, by being practised to excess; and a love of dress is no exception to the rule. We are not the apologists of the score or two of Flora McFlimseys, who disgrace Philadelphia, Boston and New York, but of the hundreds of thousands of true women, all over the land, who are denounced, unjustly, as if they were Flora McFlimseys themselves. To paraphrase Hudibras, we men, too often,

"Compound for sins we are inclined to,
By blaming those we have no mind to."

A FINE POEM.—The following new poem, by Robert Browning, is eminently characteristic. Its subject is the death of a King of France, who, while hunting, was seized with sickness. He is borne to the palace, where the physician orders a fire to be kindled in order to warm him; and takes the occasion to kindle the fire with state papers, whose destruction saves the lives of many persons, by destroying the evidence that they had sought to injure the son and heir. The second stanza gives the doctor's reflections as he stands looking at the dying king, now insensible from the effects of poison administered by the doctor at the instigation of the prince. The entrance of the heir, in the last stanza, is most artistically managed, while the line "with just such a son to murder you," reveals his complicity in the plot.

THE KING IS COLD.

Rake the embers, blow the coals,
Kindle at once a roaring fire;
Here's some paper—'tis nothing, sir—
Light it, (they've saved a thousand souls!)
Run for fagots you scurvy knaves.
There are plenty out in the public square—
You know they fry the heretics there,
(But God remembers their nameless graves!)
Fly, fly, or the king may die!
Ugh! his royal feet are like snow,
And the cold is mounting up to his heart,
(But that was frozen long ago!)
Rascals, varlets, do as you are told—
The king is cold.

His bed of state is a grand affair,
With sheets of satin and pillows of down,
And close beside it stands the crown—
But that won't keep him from dying there!
His hands are wrinkled, his hair is grey,
And his ancient blood is sluggish and thin;
When he was young it was hot with sin,
But that is over this many a day!
Under these sheets of satin and lace
He slept in the arms of his concubines;
Now they rouse with the prince instead,
Drinking the maddest, merriest wines.
It's pleasant to hear such catches trotted,
Now the king is cold!

What shall I do with his majesty now?
For thanks to my potion, the man is dead;
Suppose I bolster him up in bed
And fix the crown again on his brow?
That would be merry! but then the prince
Would tumble it down, I know, in a trice;
'Twould puzzle the devil to name a vice,
That would make his excellent highness wince!
Hark! he's coming; I know his step,
He's stealing to see if his wishes are true:
Sire, may your father's end be yours!
(With just such a son to murder you!)
Peace to the dead! Let the bells be tolled!
The king is cold!

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.—A correspondent in "The Valley Farmer" has some excellent remarks on economy in the family. She contends that it should be studied, practically, by every housekeeper. "Butter, lard, meat, coffee, tea, sugar, spices, &c.," she says, "may be saved one-half in many families, and the cooking be better. The wastes in households are chiefly little wastes. A little of this, a little of that and a little of the other, at every meal; a bit of bread, a crumb of cake, a few potatoes, a half picked bone, a scrap of meat, a little meal, a sprinkling of flour, a lump of sugar, a trifle of butter, a piece of pickle, a half an apple, and so on to the end of the chapter; a little from every dish and condiment and kind of food, at every meal, repeated three times a day, amounts to a great deal in a year. In some families all these little bits, in others they are all saved. Then some ways of cooking food are much more economical than others. The same thoughts apply also to dress, the use of tools, dishes, utensils, furniture. There is a way to waste and a way to preserve." We may add, that economy ought to be considered a virtue, and not regarded, as it too often is, as meanness.

A HEROINE.—During the hurricane, in which the Central America foundered, the steamer Southerner was in a very critical condition. At this crisis, when death stared everybody in the face, a young lady was seen among the crew, serving them with refreshments and inspiring them with hope. We learn, from the Union (N. Y.) News, that the name of this heroine is HARRIET A. MERSEREAU, and that she resides at Union. That journal says:—"When almost every person on board but herself was sick or so frightened that they could do nothing, Miss Merseureau was seen, perfectly calm and composed, passing around among the crew, administering to their wants, and by her coolness and bravery, cheering them with kind words. Cases are rare, in a scene like this, where a woman has the coolness and presence of mind that Miss M. had on the above occasion. But this is a characteristic of her. Truly, she is a noble woman." A sentiment we echo, as will tens of thousands, who read this.

RIBBON CUFF.—A very pretty cuff is now worn, composed of ribbon, beads, and narrow black edging, and which is an ornamental finish to the top of a glove, or a tasteful cuff for a full sleeve. It may be made in any color, either to match or contrast with the dress, and is formed of sarcenet ribbon very slightly fulled into an elastic size of the wrist. The top is divided into about five equal lengths, and cut straight down in the five places; each side is then turned down to form a vandyke. A pretty little running pattern in black seed beads is then worked all round the edge of these vandykes, and a narrow lace edging is also run round, which completes the top. These cuffs are very pretty made in white ribbon and white blonde edging, with seed pearl beads, to wear with white kid gloves, for evening dress; and they are also very tasteful for mourning, to wear with a full trape sleeve.

KEEPING PROMISES.—Says the Rhinebeck (N. Y.) Gazette, in noticing our December number:—"The circulation for the year 1858 should be more than doubled if rightly appreciated by our lady readers. The editor, C. J. Peterson, has amply fulfilled his contract in supplying a first rate cheap Magazine during the year 1857."

"THE MOST READABLE."—The Jefferson (Ohio) Democrat says:—"Peterson's is the most readable Magazine we receive." We try to make it so, and are glad to find we succeed.

BETTER AND BETTER.—The Union (N. Y.) News says of this Magazine:—"It is better and better every year and every number in the year."

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.—We are often asked which is the best weekly newspaper published in Philadelphia. We answer, once for all, the Dollar Newspaper. Its news department cannot be surpassed; its agricultural information is always of the latest; and its original tales, poetry, &c., are from the best writers. In our opinion, no journal, published anywhere, is so valuable in a family. Like this Magazine, also, it is managed on the cash principle, and is, therefore, the cheapest of its kind, being only \$1.00 a year, or twenty-seven copies for \$20.00. We will send a copy of the "Dollar Newspaper" and one of "Peterson," for 1858, for two dollars and a half. In this way, you can get a good paper and a good Magazine for half a dollar less than is asked for Magazines conducted on the old credit system.

THE CHEAPEST OF ALL.—It is no idle boast, when we claim that "Peterson's Magazine," as the press generally declares, is the *cheapest of all*. We give, for example, as many steel engravings as the three dollar Magazines; as many colored fashion-plates; as many patterns; and more good stories. In one thing only do they excel us, and that is in the number of their pages. But, in proportion to the price, we surpass them even in this; for while they give twelve hundred for three dollars, we give nine hundred for two: that is, three-quarters as much for only two-thirds as much money. The superiority of our literary contents is universally conceded. As to other two dollar Magazines, they do not even pretend to rival "Peterson." There is no Lady's Magazine in the world as cheap as this.

"HAME, HAME, HAME."—Four times, every year, as former subscribers are aware, we give one of the old Scottish ballads, which, to our taste, if sung with expression, are worth a thousand Italian songs, such as are so fashionable. This month we give Allan Cunningham's "Hame, Hame, Hame," which Sir Walter Scott could never hear without tears. The words are founded on those of an older song, which exists only in fragments. In Hogg's Jacobite Relics are given verses nearly similar to those of Cunningham, but wedded to a somewhat different air. The song is supposed to come from the lips of an exiled adherent of the Stuarts.

AN ANCIENT COUNTERPANE.—At a fair, lately held at Fredericksburg, Va., an embroidered, cotton counterpane was exhibited, the material of which was grown on the farm of Col. William Alexander, of Effingham, Prince William county, Va., in the year 1785. It was spun, woven and embroidered by one of his daughters in 1786, and after being in general use for over seventy years, was exhibited by the daughter of the lady who manufactured it, for comparison and competition with similar productions of the present age.

OUR WORK-TABLE.—This will be greatly improved for 1858. We have employed Mrs. Jane Weaver, one of our oldest contributors, who wrote for us fifteen years ago, to take it under her exclusive control. As she is a proficient in such matters, and will devote herself to it entirely, look out for a brilliant succession of novelties. In addition to her own patterns, and to numerous other ones never published, she will have the command of all that appear abroad.

COPYING OUR ORIGINAL STORIES.—The newspapers copy ten stories published in "Peterson," where they copy one published in any other Magazine. This is a compliment, and we are proud of it. But they forget, too often, to give us the credit. Is this fair? However, if you see a first-rate story, in a newspaper, remember that the chances are ten to one it originated in "Peterson."

REMEMBER THE POOR.—He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." Don't forget that, this wintry weather.

"OVER THE WAY."—No living poet writes so many practical, common-sense poems, as Charles Mackay. If ever a writer sought to do good, he does. Here, for example, is a capital poem, which we clip from an English newspaper. Who, reading it, can remain discontented?

OVER THE WAY.

When cold-hearted Poverty knocks at my door,
And robs me of blessings I gathered before,
Takes a glass from my table, a coal from my fire,
And robs my dear Nolly in meaner attire,
I envy sometimes in the heat of the day
My very good friend who lives over the way.

But when I sit down at my pleasant fireside,
And count o'er the joys I was never denied—
My sweet little wife, and the babes at her knee,
My health and my conscience unsullied and free—
No longer I suffer my wishes to stray,
Or envy my friend who lives over the way.

He's wealthy, but feeble; he's titled, but old;
His son is a spendthrift, his wife is a scold;
Suspicious of others, ill pleased with himself,
His only delight is to reckon his pelf.
Were he ten times as rich, I'd refuse, night or day,
To change with my friend who lives over the way.

Though Poverty, frowning, peeps in at my door,
I'll neither be beaten nor vainly deplore;
I'll scare him away by hard work if I can,
And look in his face with the heart of a man;
And, hiving at home all the joys that I may,
Forget my poor friend who lives over the way.

THE LATE PROFESSOR HARDY.—We cannot forget, this opening New Year, those of our friends and contributors, who, within the last twelvemonth, have passed away for ever. Among those we shall long remember D. Hardy, Jr. He was born in Westminster, Vt., in 1829. Last February, while he was absent at his post, in Kentucky, Miss Delila A. Bowen, to whom he was to have been married in the summer, died; and the news of her death, blighting his hopes of happiness in life, prostrated him at the time, and hastened his own end. It was not long before he followed her. He was principal of the Preparatory department of Bethel College, at the time he died, and had been a frequent contributor, not only to this Magazine, but to the Louisville Journal. His last words were a message to his mother: "Tell her all is well." He was a member of the Presbyterian church; of a noble and generous nature; skilful and able in his profession; and universally esteemed.

ENDURE WHAT IS INEVITABLE.—Don't fret and worry over what can't be helped. It only makes you more unhappy. Remember that if it rains to-day, it is all the more likely to be clear to-morrow. Being down-hearted will not mend matters. It is the sign of a weak character to give way to useless complaints. A lady, a client of the celebrated Aaron Burr, once said to him, when threatened with the loss of her estate, "Oh! I can never bear it: to be reduced to poverty will kill me." "No it won't," replied Burr, "people don't die so easy." "Yes, but it will," she replied, wringing her hands, "I shall die, I know I shall." "Well then, madam, at least *die game*," he answered. Burr had seen trouble enough, too, to know what he was talking about.

OUR SLIPPER PATTERN.—Nothing more beautiful than our slipper pattern was ever seen in a Magazine. It may be worked, if preferred, in green and purple, instead of in brown and gold. Look out for one of these, or some other colored embellishment, in every number for 1858.

PORTRAIT OF HENRY CLAY.—The colored portrait of Henry Clay, published by J. H. Byram, and referred to, more at large, under the head of "Art Recreations," is really a very superior affair, and astonishingly cheap. It would make a good picture for framing.

PLASTER CASTS OF LEAVES AND FLOWERS.—The leaf, as early as convenient after being gathered, is to be laid on fine-grained moist sand, in a perfectly natural position, with that surface uppermost which is to form the cast, and being banked up by sand, in order that it may be perfectly supported. It is then, by means of a broad camel-hair brush, to be covered over with a thin coating of wax and Burgundy pitch, rendered fluid by heat. The leaf is now to be removed from the sand, and dipped in cold water; the wax becomes hard, and likewise sufficiently tough to allow the leaf to be ripped off, without altering its form. This being done, the wax mould is placed in moist sand, and banked up as the leaf itself was previously. It is then covered with plaster of Paris, made thin, due care being taken that the plaster be nicely pressed into all the interstices of the mould, by means of a camel-hair brush. As soon as the plaster has set, the warmth thus produced softens the wax, which, in consequence of the moisture of the plaster, is prevented from adhering to it, and with a little dexterity it may be rolled up, parting completely from the cast, without injuring it in the least. Casts obtained in this manner are very perfect, possessing a high relief, and form excellent models, either for the draughtsman, or for the moulder of architectural ornaments.

A WORD TO HUSBANDS.—Do you ever come home peevish and cross? Yes! you acknowledge it. But you excuse yourself for being rude to your wife, and unjust to your children, on the plea that you have been annoyed, all day, with business matters that went wrong. Don't you suppose, however, that things may go wrong, at home, sometimes also; that servants may be negligent, children disobedient, your wife's temper in every way be tried? Do you ever excuse her peevishness on this account? Be just. What is a good argument in the one case is a good one in the other. You expect her always to be cheerful: try to look cheerful yourself.

A DICTIONARY OF NEEDLEWORK.—We are so frequently applied to, by correspondents, for explanations of stitches, the meaning of abbreviations, and other elementary principles in needlework, that we have concluded to devote a page or two, each month, during the coming year, to these subjects. In former volumes, we have gone over the entire ground; but new subscribers have not the old numbers to refer to. By the close of the year, we shall have published, in this way, a complete Dictionary of Needlework. We begin with Netting, and shall follow it up with Crochet, Point-Lace Knitting, Embroidery, Berlin Work, &c. &c.

"THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNION."—This is what the Somerset (Ky.) American calls "Peterson." It says:—"Without intending to depreciate any of the Magazines, we say that this is the *Magazine of the Union*. Mr. Peterson has promised to excel them all, and judging the future from the past, we are inclined to believe that he will do it. It comes to us always in advance of any other."

THOUSANDS LIKE HER.—A gentleman, remitting to us his wife's subscription for 1858, says:—"Your book has the next place in her heart after me and the baby." That's a woman worth having. To the honor of the sex, however, there are thousands like her.

GOOD BREEDING is a guard upon the tongue: the misfortune is, that we put it on and off with our fine clothes and visiting faces, and do not wear it where it is most wanted—at home! Remember this.

ALWAYS EXCELLING.—The Greenville (Pa.) Times said, when noticing our December number, "the publisher seems determined to make each volume surpass any preceding one."

GRAND PAPA'S CARRIAGE.—This beautiful embellishment will have no equal, we venture to predict, in any of the January Magazines. It tells its own story, too, of a happy household and a loved and venerated old age.

THE EMONY WORK-BOX.—We need not call attention to this very excellent story, by a new contributor, who will, we hope, often, hereafter, delight our readers.

GIFT ENTERPRISES, &c.—"Peterson's Magazine" has no connection, direct or indirect, with any gift enterprise. To lotteries, under every disguise, we are conscientiously opposed.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Complete Works of Charles Dickens. 25 vols., 12 mo. *Calf Antique.* *Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—In this splendid edition of the works of the most popular novelist of the day, we have the consummation of one of the most praiseworthy enterprises ever undertaken by an American publisher. No complete edition of Dickens' works, equal in beauty, has yet appeared, even in England. No edition of any novelist, superior in either type or paper, has been printed in America. The twenty-five volumes before us are bound in calf antique, in a style that could not be surpassed in London itself. The publisher, however, has the work in various bindings, to suit the taste and pockets of purchasers, the paper and illustrations always remaining the same. Thus, the twenty-five volumes may be had, in cloth, for twenty dollars; in half calf gilt, for sixty dollars; in half calf antique, for the same price; and in either full calf gilt, or full calf antique, for seventy-five dollars. There are hundreds of persons, in the United States, if not thousands, who can afford even the latter; and we know no way, indeed, in which seventy-five dollars can be laid out in a luxury, to such advantage as in paying for this exquisite calf binding. To spend money in elegant books rather than in costly upholstery is a proof of culture. As a people, we Americans err in squandering too much on gaudy furniture, and stinting ourselves in our intellectual food. The parlors of families, in but moderate circumstances, are often as showy as those of an English earl; but, on the other hand, there is a lamentable deficiency of periodicals and new books on the centre-table, and a total absence of richly bound volumes in the library, even if there is a library at all. This needs reforming. Nor can the reform be better begun, than for those who have the means, to buy a sett of Dickens, in half calf, or full calf, as the nucleus of an elegant household library, to be accumulated year by year. A Christmas, or Birth-day gift, of these splendid volumes, from a husband to his wife, would be creditable to both giver and receiver.

Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa. Being a Journal of an Expedition under the auspices of H. B. M.'s Government, in the years 1849-1855. By Henry Barth. Vol. II. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The second volume of this valuable work excels even the first in interest and value. It brings the narrative down to Mr. Barth's home journey to Kukawa, and to the beginning of his expedition towards the Niger. So much authentic information respecting the tribes of Central Africa, it was never before the good fortune of any traveller to afford. The occasional hair-breadth escapes of Mr. Barth give a personal interest to the story, which adds greatly to the fascination of the book. The volume is full of spirited wood-engravings, from drawings taken on the spot, illustrating scenery, manners and customs, &c., &c. We await, with no little anxiety, the conclusion of the work. The American publishers deserve great credit for the very handsome manner in which they have printed the book; for to issue two such volumes, each containing seven hundred pages, involves no small outlay of capital.

Ivanhoe. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols., 12 mo. *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—These two beautifully printed volumes, form the seventeenth and eighteenth of what the publishers call the "Household Edition" of Sir Walter Scott's novels. A household edition, too, it is, in every respect. The type is elegant; the paper choice; the illustrations spirited; the binding neat; and the size of the book the most convenient for reading; in fact, it would have been impossible to have got up a superior edition for the family. The Waverley novels have been frequently re-published in the United States; but never before in so desirable a manner, never before so completely adapted for households of culture. More than one third of the series has now appeared, yet there is no falling off from the specimen volumes; and we know Ticknor & Fields well enough to feel confident that there will be none. We have seen all the best editions of these novels, both here and abroad, and can assure our readers that this has no superior, even in England. The price, considering the merits of the edition, is very low; only seventy-five cents a volume.

Living and Loving. By Virginia F. Townsend. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: J. W. Bradley.*—This is a collection of poems and prose from the pen of one of our most esteemed contributors. The best of the sketches, indeed, originally appeared in our pages, as "The Rain in the Afternoon," and "Muriel," to the latter of which the fair authoress has assigned precedence in the volume, a proof that she herself considers it her happiest effort. All the articles, however, are good. We recommend the volume as a fitting Christmas, New Year, or Birth-day present to a lady; for not only is the matter of the book appropriate, but the mechanical execution is admirable. Type, paper and binding are all in excellent taste. A portrait of Miss Townsend, mezzotinted by Sartain, adorns the volume. The only fault we have to find with the book is in connection with this picture. To our eye, the likeness gives the idea of an older, and (shall we say?) less lovely countenance than that of the original. With this cautionary warning we recommend the work to our fair readers, particularly to those who are the especial admirers of Miss Townsend's genius.

Miss Lambert's Complete Guide to Needle-work and Embroidery. Containing clear and practical instructions, whereby any one can easily learn how to do all kinds of plain and fancy needle-work, &c., &c. With one hundred and thirteen illustrations and diagrams. By Miss Lambert. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—The title of this work sufficiently explains its purpose. We can testify, from a careful examination, that the treatise is the best yet published in the United States; and will continue so, we have no doubt, until the "Dictionary of Needle-work" which is begun in this number by Mrs. Weaver, shall be completed. Miss Lambert's patterns have one great merit: they are, generally, easily worked. By permission of the publisher, we copy, in our work-table, an engraving of a Shetland shawl, with directions for making it; and this may be taken as a fair sample of the book.

Mrs. Hale's New Cook Book. By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—This is intended to be a practical cook book, as distinguished from the theoretical ones, with which booksellers' stores are filled, and which contain only fancy receipts, too costly for any household but that of an English duke. Families in town or country will find this new book just what they want. It contains, in addition to hundreds of receipts, directions for carving, arranging the table, &c., &c.; also preparations of food for invalids and children; and is illustrated with numerous engravings. The type is neat, the paper good, and the binding substantial.

The Two Apprentices. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 8 vo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—A cheap, quarter of a dollar novel, capitably written, copied from late numbers of Dickens' "Household Words." Everybody ought to buy it.

Mrs. Hale's Receipts for the Million. Or four thousand five hundred and forty-five receipts, facts, directions, &c., in the useful, ornamental and domestic arts, and in the conduct of life. By Miss Sarah Josepha Hale. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This neatly printed volume, containing over seven hundred and twenty pages, is emphatically the cheapest book of its kind yet published, or ever likely to be. It actually contains, by count, four thousand five hundred and forty-five distinct receipts, directions, facts, &c., relative to accomplishments, amusements, dress, economy, etiquette, health, housekeeping, gardening, needle-work, nursing, riding, domestic surgery, manners, marriage, ladies' fancy work, and everything else which interests the sex, or is useful to woman. No household ought to be without it. It is supplementary, so to speak, to the author's popular "Cook Book." The price, bound in cloth, is only a dollar and a quarter.

The Lost Daughter, and other Stories of the Heart. By Caroline Lee Hentz. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—These are capital stories. Indeed, no writer, in all the bright galaxy of female genius, excelled Mrs. Hentz in tales of the heart. Her death was a loss to American literature, which has not yet been supplied. We cordially commend this volume.

FIRESIDE AMUSEMENTS.

THE GRACEFUL LADY.—Having procured a number of small twists of paper, or lamp-lighters, one of the players commences the game by reciting a certain formula, which is to be repeated with an additional remark by each of the players in their respective turns.

If an omission or mistake is made, the one who makes it will have to receive a twist of paper in the hair, and drop the title of graceful lady, or gentleman, and called the one-horned lady or gentleman; or if they have more than one horn, they must be called according to the number. The one who begins the game will politely bow to her neighbor, and say, "Good morning, graceful lady, ever graceful, I, a graceful lady, ever graceful, come from that graceful lady, ever graceful, to tell you that she has a little bird with golden feathers."

The next one then takes up the play, addressing her nearest companion, "Good morning, graceful lady, ever graceful, I, a graceful lady, ever graceful, come from that graceful lady, ever graceful, to tell you that she has a little bird with golden feathers and a long red beak."

The next one says in turn, "Good evening graceful lady, ever graceful, I, a graceful lady, ever graceful, come from that graceful lady, ever graceful, to tell you that she has a gold bird with little feathers and a long red beak tipped with green."

You'll see there are two mistakes here, so the player must have a couple of horns in her hair, and the next one proceeds with, "Good morning graceful lady, ever graceful, I, a graceful lady ever graceful, come from that two-horned lady, ever two-horned, to tell you that she has a little bird with golden feathers, a long red beak tipped with green, and brilliant diamond eyes."

And so the game proceeds, producing more horns as it becomes more complicated. Nothing can be too ridiculous for the graceful lady to possess, as it adds to the enjoyment of the game.

PARLOR MAGIC.

THE RING AND THE HANDKERCHIEF.—This may be justly considered one of the most surprising deceptions; and yet it is so easy of performance, that any one may accomplish it after a few minutes' practice.

You previously provide yourself with a piece of brass wire, pointed at both ends, and bent round so as to form a ring,

about the size of a wedding-ring. This you conceal in your hand. You then commence your performance by borrowing a silk pocket-handkerchief from a gentleman, and a wedding-ring from a lady; and you request one person to hold two of the corners of the handkerchief, and another to hold the other two, and to keep them at full stretch. You next exhibit the wedding-ring to the company, and announce that you will make it pass through the handkerchief. You then place your hand under the handkerchief, and substituting the false ring, which you had previously concealed, press it against the centre of the handkerchief, and desire a third person to take hold of the ring through the handkerchief, and to close his finger and thumb through the hollow of the ring. The handkerchief is held in this manner for the purpose of showing that the ring has not been placed within a fold. You now desire the persons holding the corners of the handkerchief to let them drop; the person holding the ring (through the handkerchief as already described) still retaining his hold.

Let another person now grasp the handkerchief as tight as he pleases, three or four inches below the ring, and tell the person holding the ring to let it go, when it will be quite evident to the company that the ring is secure within the centre of the handkerchief. You then tell the person who grasps the handkerchief to hold a hat over it, and passing your hand underneath, you open the false ring, by bending one of its points a little aside, and bringing one point gently through the handkerchief, you easily draw out the remainder: being careful to rub the hole you have made in the handkerchief with your finger and thumb, to conceal the fracture.

You then put the wedding-ring you borrowed over the outside of the middle of the handkerchief, and desiring the person who holds the hat to take it away, you exhibit the ring (placed as described) to the company: taking an opportunity, while their attention is engaged, to conceal or get rid of the brass ring.

DECORATIONS OF HOUSES.

PAPER HANGINGS.—In consequence of an apartment never being too light—for we can always diminish superfluous light—paper hangings should be of a light color, that they may reflect, not absorb, light.

We proscribe all dark hangings, whatever be their color, because they absorb too much light; we proscribe also red and violet hangings, because they are exceedingly unfavorable to the color of the skin. For this latter reason we reject the light tones of the red and violet scales. Orange is a color that can never be much employed, because it fatigues the eye too much by its great intensity.

1. Among the simple colors, there are scarcely any which are advantageous, except yellow and the light tones of green and of blue. Yellow is lively; it combines well with mahogany furniture, but not generally with gilding.

2. Light-green is favorable to pale complexions as well as to rosy ones; to mahogany furniture, and to gilding.

3. Light-blue is less favorable than green to rosy complexions, especially in daylight; it is particularly favorable to gilding, and it does not injure mahogany, and associates better than green with yellow or orange woods.

4. White or whitish hangings of a light grey (either normal green, blue or yellow) uniform or with velvet patterns of the color of the ground, are also very useful.

5. When we would choose hangings upon which to place a picture, their color must be uniform, and make the greatest contrast possible with that which predominates in the picture, if the hangings are not of a normal grey. I shall return to this assortment.

Hangings in the best taste are those,

1. Which present designs of a light tone, either normal or

of a colored grey, upon a white ground, or the reverse, and in which the pattern is at least equal in extent of surface to the ground; for a small pattern has a very poor effect, at least in a large room.

2. Patterns of two or more tones of the same or very near scales assorted conformably to the law of contrast.

Hangings of brilliant and varied colors representing real objects, forming patterns more or less complex, do not admit of pictures; and as such hangings should exhibit themselves distinctly, they must not be concealed by the furniture in any of their parts.

When we have to adapt a border to a single colored hanging, or to one presenting a dominant color, we must first determine whether we can have recourse to a harmony of analogy or to a harmony of contrast; in all cases the border ought to detach itself more or less from the hangings, which it is intended to surround and separate from contiguous objects.

Harmony of contrast is the most suitable to papers of a uniform pure color, such as yellows, greens, and blues; consequently we recommend for the dominant color of the border, the complementary of that of the hanging, whether this border represents ornaments, arabesques, flowers, or imitations of fringes or tissues. But, as a contrast of color ought not generally to offer a contrast of tone, then the general tone of the border must only surpass that of the hangings so far as to avoid a deadening effect. If a double border be required, the exterior border must be of a much deeper tone than the other and always narrower.

Among the colors suitable for borders we recommend the following as harmonious of contrast,

1. For yellow hangings, violet and blue mixed with white; if a fringe, of flowers garnished with their leaves, or ornaments.

2. For green hangings, red in all its hues; the painted gilt-yellows upon a dark-red ground; the border of gilt.

3. For white hangings, orange and yellow; the border of gilt moulding: these are much better on blue than on green.

Among the harmonies of analogy, I recommend the following:

For yellow hangings, a border of gilt moulding.

White or whitish hangings of normal grey, pearl grey, or very pale colored grey, of a uniform color, or with a velvet pattern of the color of the ground.

Although papers of this kind admit of borders of all colors, yet we must avoid too great a contrast of tone in a border containing pure colors; for the intense tones of blue, violet, red, green, are too crude to combine with these light grounds.

Gilt borders accord well with these grounds, especially with the pure or grey whites. If a grey present a tint of green, of blue, or of yellow, we must use borders of the complementary of these tints, taking many tones above, or of a grey, deeply tinged with this complementary.—*Chevreul on Colors.*

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OIL COLOR PORTRAIT OF CLAY.—This portrait, noticed in our last number, has met, according to our anticipations, with general favor from the press and the public. Wherever it has been seen, its faithful resemblance to the distinguished original has been acknowledged, a merit which will of course secure it extensive patronage. That so fine a picture, equal as it is in finish to London color prints which have been sold here for five and six dollars, could be produced for the trifling sum of twenty-five cents, is certainly an astonishing evidence of American progress in art-color printing, and must, we think, require an immense sale to be at all remunerative.

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SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, &c.

A CURE FOR BURNS.—Of all applications for a burn, we believe that there are none equal to a simple covering of common wheat flour. This is always at hand; and while it requires no skill in using, it produces most astonishing effects. The moisture produced upon the surface of a slight or deep burn is at once absorbed by the flour, and forms a paste which shuts out the air. As long as the fluid matters continue flowing they are absorbed and prevented from producing irritation, as they would if kept from passing off by oily or resinous applications; while the greater the amount of those absorbed by the flour, the thicker the protective

covering. Another advantage of the flour covering is, that next to the surface it is kept moist and flexible. It can also be readily washed off without further irritation in removing. It may occasionally be washed off carefully, when it has become matted and dry, and a new covering be sprinkled on.

PREVENTION OF PITTING IN SMALL POX.—Mr. Startin, the senior surgeon to the Gurney Hospital for diseases of the skin, has communicated to the *Medical Times* a very important plan, which he has adopted during the last fourteen years, for preventing pitting in small pox, and which, he states, has always proved successful. The plan consists in applying the acetum cantharides, or any vesicating fluid, by means of a camel-hair brush to the apex of each spot or pustule of the disease, on all the exposed surfaces of the body, until blistering is evident by the whiteness of the skin in the parts subjected to the application, when the fluid producing it is to be washed off with water or thin arrowroot. The pain attending the application of the vesicating fluid is very slight and transient.

COLD FEET.—Cold feet are the avenues to death of multitudes every year; it is a sign of imperfect circulation, of want of vigor of constitution. In the case of cold feet, the amount of blood wanting there collects at some other part of the body which happens to be the weakest. When the lungs are weakest, the extra blood gathers there in the shape of a common cold, or often spitting of blood. Clergymen, other public speakers, and singers, by improper exposure often render the throat the weakest part; to such cold feet give hoarseness, or a raw burning feeling most felt at the bottom of the neck.

REMEDY FOR BRONCHITIS.—Take honey in the comb, squeeze it out and dilute with a little water, and wet the lips and mouth occasionally with it. It has never been known to fail, in cases where children had throats so swollen as to be unable to swallow.

HOOPING COUGH.—Half scruple of cochineal, one scruple salt of tartar, and one gill of pure water. Mix them together and sweeten it with loaf sugar. A teaspoonful, a dose for a child, three times a day. This has been used in our family and found invaluable.

CURE FOR A FLEW.—Take a pint of common soft soap, and stir in it, air slacked lime till it is of the consistency of glazier's putty. Make a leather thimble, fill it with this composition and insert the finger therein, and change the composition once in twenty minutes, and a cure is certain.

A CURE FOR VERY HOT DRY FEET WITHOUT ANY MOISTURE.—To produce perspiration, mix together twelve drachms of antimonial wine and two drachms landanum; and of this take eighteen drops in water every five or six hours.

SKIDITS POWDER.—Half a drachm of tartaric acid, two scruples carbonate of soda, one drachm Rochelle salts, five grains of ginger powder.

FOR THE CROUP.—Saturated tartar of antimony two grains; calomel one grain. Mixed in a marble mortar with ten grains of fine sugar.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Captains Biscuits.—The necessary quantity of flour (which of course entirely depends upon the number of biscuits required) is to be mixed with water in such quantity, that the dough produced will be the stiffest and most solid that it will be possible to work. Indeed, so hard ought this dough to be, that it would not be practicable to knead it with the hands in the usual way. To obviate this difficulty, a long bar of wood, having a sharp edge, fastened at one end to a block, yet with sufficient liberty to move with a kind of chopping motion, should extend over the table on which lies the dough flattened out. This should be chopped in all directions, doubled up, flattened, and chopped again, until sufficiently kneaded, after which roll it into pieces of about an inch and a half in diameter, cut these into lengths the

same as their diameter, flatten and mould them with the hand, strike holes in them with a docker, sprinkle them slightly with flour, and lay them on tins, and put them in the oven to bake.

Apples, Golden Pippins, to Preserve.—Take the rind of an orange, and boil it very tender, then lay it in cold water for three days; take two dozen golden pippins, pare, core, and quarter them, boil them to a strong jelly, and run it through a jelly-bag till it is clear. Take the same quantity of pippins, pare and core them, and put three pounds of loaf sugar in a preserving-pan with a pint and a half of spring water, let it boil, skim it well, and put in your pippins with the orange rind cut into long, thin slices, then let them boil fast till the sugar becomes thick and will almost candy; then put in a pint and a half of pippin jelly, and boil fast till the jelly is clear, then squeeze in the juice of a fine lemon, give the whole another boil, and put the pippins in pots or glasses with the orange peel. Lemon peel may be used instead of orange, but then it must only be boiled, and not soaked.

Orange Peel, to Preserve.—Cut the orange in half, take out pulp, put the peel in strong salt and water to soak for three days; repeat this three times, then put them on a sieve to dry; take one pound of loaf sugar, add to it a quart of spring water, boil it, skim it until quite clear, let the peels simmer until they are quite transparent, and dry them before the fire. Take loaf sugar with just sufficient water to dissolve it, whilst the sugar is boiling put in the peels, stirring continually until all the sugar is candied round them, then put them to dry, either before the fire or in the oven, and when perfectly dried, put them by for use.

Orange Pudding.—Grate three stale sponge biscuits, and with them half the peel of a lemon, and all the juice. Mix them in cold milk until they are quite soft. Beat three eggs together and stir them by degrees into the biscuits. Mix with them a small teaspoonful of orange juice and a little sugar. Then a thick slice of butter well melted. Mix all the ingredients together and put them in a dish with paste round the edges, then bake it an hour in a slow oven.

A Useful Fact.—At this season of the year, when pickling onions is one of the housewife's employments, the following hint may be useful to those whose eyes are apt to become suffused with tears:—In peeling onions put a large needle in the mouth, half in and half out. The needle attracts the oily juice of the bulb, and any number may be peeled with impunity. To servants this information is invaluable.

Jumbles.—One and a quarter pound of flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of loaf sugar pounded, some grated lemon peel, the yolks of three eggs with one white, if not sufficiently moist add a little brandy. Mix these ingredients well together, drop on tin, or roll into any shape; two ozs. of sweet almonds beaten with them, or a few currants, are a great improvement.

Indian Trifle.—Boil a quart of new milk with a large stick of cinnamon; thicken it with rice flour, first moistened with cold milk, and sweeten to your taste. Pour it into a dish, and when cold cut it into the shape of a star, or any other shape you please, take out the spare rice and fill the space with custard. Ornament with slit almonds and spots of currant jelly.

Silly Lams.—Two pounds of flour, one pint of milk, four eggs, and two spoonfuls of yeast, make into a paste, and let it rise well; then knead into it half a pound of butter and a little salt, let it stand an hour, bake in a tin in a quick oven. To be buttered and eaten hot: a little sugar may be added.

Old Pudding.—Make a thick custard: line a mould with raisins, marmalade, and savory biscuits cut into shreds; pour the custard into the mould, let it boil an hour, and when cold, turn it out, and serve it up with wine sauce.

Gingerbread Nuts.—One pound of flour, rub into it $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. white powdered sugar, one oz. of grated ginger and the peel of a lemon. Bake in a slow oven.



LES MODES PARISIENNES

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Clean Oil Paintings.—Soluble varnishes, such as sugar, glue, honey, gum arabic, isinglass, white of egg, and dirt generally may be removed by employing hot water. To know when the painting is varnished or coated with such materials, moisten some part with water, which will become clammy to the touch. To clean the picture, lay it horizontally upon a table, or some convenient place, and go over the whole surface with a sponge dipped in boiling water, which should be used freely, until the coating begins to soften; then the heat must be lowered gradually as the varnish is removed. If, however, the coating is not easily removed, gentle friction with stale bread crumbs, a damp linen cloth, or the end of the fore-finger, will generally effect it, or assist in doing so. White of egg may be removed (if not coagulated by heat) by using an excess of albumen (white of egg and cold water); but, if coagulated, by employing a weak solution of a caustic alkali, or potash.

Cheap and Easy way of Framing Prints.—Obtain a piece of thin board or mill-board, the size of the print intended to be framed, or rather larger, upon which slightly adhere the print with gum; procure a piece of glass exactly the size of the board and bind over the edges all round strongly with coarse paper; a piece of ornamental paper is then to be pasted in front to imitate a frame. A slip of the old-fashioned paper bordering will be found to answer admirably. If intended to be suspended, rings are to be tacked at the back of the board. Should the paper that is chosen to go round the print be something of gold and white, it will scarcely be known from an enameled frame.

A Remedy for Hair Turning Prematurely Grey.—The only remedy is to dye, for which purpose the following is an invaluable preparation. Bruised nutgalls, half a pound; to be boiled in olive oil until they are soft. They are then to be dried on a stone, and reduced to an impalpable powder. This is to be rubbed up in a mortar with its own weight of powdered pine charcoal, and the same quantity of salt. The whole must now be boiled in three quarts of water until a greasy black sediment falls to the bottom. This is the dye. Anoint the hair with it very carefully, (for unless very great caution is used it will stain the skin also) after which put on an oleikin cap. When dry brush it out.

Ginger Wine.—To every gallon of water add three pounds of sugar and one pound of ginger, the paring of one lemon, half a pound of raisins, stoned; boil all half an hour, let it stand until it is lukewarm, then put it into the cask with the juice of a lemon; add one spoonful of yeast to every gallon, stir it every day for ten days, then add half a pint of brandy to every two gallons, half an ounce of isinglass to every six gallons; stop it close down, and in about eight weeks it will be fit to bottle.

To Strengthen and Improve the Voice.—Practice two or three times a day; but at first not longer than ten minutes at a time, and let one of these times be before breakfast. Exercise the extremity of the voice, but do not dwell upon those notes you touch with difficulty. Open the mouth at all times in the higher notes, especially; open it to the ears as if smiling. Take nothing to clear the voice but a glass of cold water, and always avoid pastry, rich cream, coffee, and cake, when you intend to sing.

To Restore Crapes.—When a drop of water falls on a black crape veil or collar it leaves a conspicuous white mark. To obliterate this, spread the crape on a table, (laying on it a large book or a paper weight to keep it steady) and place underneath the stain a piece of old black silk. With a large camel-hair brush dipped in common ink go over the stain; and then wipe off the ink with a bit of old soft silk. It will dry immediately and the white mark will be seen no more.

To Extract Grease Spots from Velvet.—You should first warm the spot before the fire, then hold it over the finger and carefully apply spirits of wine with a silk handkerchief.

Ginger Beer.—One and a-half ounces of well sliced ginger, 1 oz. of cream of tartar, 1 lemon sliced, 1 lb. of white sugar. Put the ingredients into an earthen vessel and pour on them one gallon of boiling water; when cold add a tablespoonful of yeast and let the whole stand until next morning; then skim and bottle it, and in three days it will be fit for use.

Dentifrice.—Charcoal and honey mixed into a paste, forms a very excellent preparation for cleaning the teeth with.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—BALL DRESS OF CANARY COLORED SILK.—Skirt covered with puffs of tulle of the same color, and trimmed with long garlands of purple flowers, the garlands increasing in width as they approach the bottom of the dress. Sleeves and body trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Head-dress of flowers, like those on the dress.

FIG. II.—AN OPERA DRESS OF PINK SILK, trimmed with pink and white fringe. Opera cloak of white cashmere trimmed with pink plush; the hood is of pink plush lined with white silk.

FIG. III.—SHAWL CLOAK OF GROS D'IRLANDE, cut to a point and terminated by a band of velvet as a border. The part of the velvet behind is fourteen inches deep, while at the bend of the arm it is only ten inches. The shawl is edged with a fringe of silk twist and chenille.

FIG. IV.—BLACK WALKING COAT OF CLOTH.—The sleeves and body are cut in one piece. The front fits tightly to the waist.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Fashion is now indulgent; it allows every lady to follow her own taste and caprices, provided there is nothing ungraceful. Ornaments for skirts will still be founcces and pyramids at the side. There will also be some dresses with double skirts, and others with the apron trimming in front. Braces remain in vogue; they set off the shape of the back by making it appear wider. Bodies will remain high for ordinary dress, and low for evening parties. Open sleeves too are retained, as they will always be more elegant than the others, being accompanied by handsome under-sleeves with puffs and lace. Close sleeves will be appropriated to half-dress and street dress. All common dresses are made with long jacket bodies. Round bodies, that is, without lappets or basques at the waist, almost exclusively belong to full dress. Satin seems to be regaining the favor which it once enjoyed, as several satin dresses have been made up this winter. It is considered more suitable for middle-aged and elderly ladies than young ladies. One of the most elegant of these new satin dresses is black, and is intended for dinner or evening costume. The skirt is trimmed with founcces of black lace, each surmounted with a quilling of cherry-color velvet. The corsage is low and pointed, and has a Fichu Antoinette edged with a ruche of cherry-color velvet.

EVENING DRESSES for quite young ladies are mostly made of taitan, tulle or crape, and have two or even three skirts. But little trimming is used. These are light, graceful, and youthful.

CLOAKS are made longer than they have been for a great many years. The shawl form and the *bourgeois* are both favorites. Some are made with broad sleeves and some without any sleeves at all. One cloak of black velvet is made in the shawl form, and is edged round with a broad band of velvet in a plaid pattern, beneath which descends a row of fringe. The cloak has a hood with revers formed of bands of plaid velvet.

BONNETS OF BLACK VELVET are very much in favor this winter. One of the handsomest is ornamented with stripes of amber-color satin, and has at the edge a row of black lace, which is turned back over the brim. On one side there is a small tuft of black feathers sprigged with amber-color stars. In the inside a yellow rose is placed on one side, and on the

other, a bow of black velvet. The strings are of black velvet edged with an amber stripe.

COLLARS, SLEEVES AND FICHUS of the newest styles are given among our fashions in the front of the present number. *Parisian* collars and those with bars crossing on the breast are in vogue. This *Parisian* collar is simply a little band, to which is sewed an insertion surmounted by a row of Valenciennes, and turning over like the under-sleeves of the same kind. Elegant under-sleeves are still made of tulle puffs and lace flounces decorated with loops and bows of ribbon.

HEAD-DRESSES appear in great variety. One of the prettiest is composed of a net formed of very narrow rows of cerulean blue velvet, having a stripe in gold passing through the centre of each row. In front, the edge of the net forms vandykes. On each side are loops of ribbon disposed in clusters, and intermingled with gold twist and enameled rings. The flowers for ball costume are superb. One of the most elegant wreaths for the hair is composed of two magnolias, one being placed on each side. One of these flowers is full blown, and the other scarcely opened. They are united by a band of foliage, which forms the wreath. Another wreath is composed of dahlias of various hues.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BABY'S CLOAK OF WHITE CASHMERE, trimmed with rich silk embroidery in vandykes. Bonnet of white cashmere.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL seven years of age. The frock is of blue silk, trimmed at the side with black velvet put on in diamond form. Coat of black velvet, finished with a ball trimming. Little black velvet bonnet and feathers.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL four years of age, of scarlet merino. The body is cut square on the shoulder, and has a full polka at the waist. It is profusely trimmed with black velvet ribbon and buttons. Cambric under-sleeves. The spencer is formed of cambric and insertions.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For small boys dresses of velvet are very much worn. They are longer than formerly. The ruffled pantalette comes below the dress, and a cloth gaiter keeps the limbs warm. Round capes are sometimes added for the street dress. The cape are usually of velvet with a tuft of cock's plumes. For larger boys, the cassimere pantaloon, with a closely-fitting jacket of the same material, are popular.

For little girls, we give one of the newest style of cloaks, in the front of the number.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

"PETERSON" FOR 1858.—We think we may claim that this is the handsomest number of a *Lady's Magazine* ever published. *All we ask is to have it compared with the January number of others.* Those, familiar with "Peterson," give it credit for superiority in the following points. 1st. None publish such powerfully written original stories. 2nd. Our colored fashion-plates are later, prettier and more reliable. 3rd. More embellishments and letter-press are given, during the year, in proportion to the price. 4th. Our patterns for Crochet, Netting, Embroidery, Knitting, Bead-Work, Hair-Work, Shell-Work, &c., and our New Receipts are more numerous. 5th. The Magazine is strictly moral, and is recommended, by Clergymen, on this account, as the best for the family. 6th. We always do more than we promise. *The public has found this out.* The indications are that we shall print more copies, in 1858, than we have ever done. It should not surprise us, indeed, to have over one hundred thousand subscribers, or even as many as all the other *Lady's Magazines* together. *This is emphatically the Magazine for the times.* GET UP YOUR CLUBS AT ONCE!

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of the letter, the name of the post-office, county and state. If gold is sent, fasten it to a bit of thin paste-board, of the size of the letter when folded; for otherwise it may slip out. Tell nobody your letter contains money. *Do not register it.* If you take these precautions, the remittances may be at our risk.

YOUR COUNTRY PAPER.—Always take your country newspaper and "Peterson," the first for the local news, the last for stories, fashions, receipts, patterns, &c. &c. Most country papers club with "Peterson," by which you can get both at a reduced rate.

COMING IN BY THOUSANDS.—Subscribers for 1858 are pouring in by thousands. Never before have we received so many up to the time we put our January number to press. For next year "Peterson" will "lead the field."

DIFFERENT POST-TOWNS FOR CLUBS.—Subscribers, in a club, can have the Magazine sent wherever they reside. If desired, it will be sent to as many different post-offices as there are members of the club.

CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY SPORT—Cinderella and the little Glass Slipper, with Magic Changes. Price 16 Cents.—Prettier than all the paper dolls. Changes, Cinderella, The Prince, The Fairy God-Mother, and different costumes to each, with the beautiful carriage she went to the ball in, beautifully colored, all for fifteen cents. Just published by J. E. Tilton, Salem, Mass. It will be sent, post-paid, by J. E. Tilton, on receipt of six three cent stamps, or will be found at the principal bookstores. Other dealers are trying to imitate this beautiful thing. Notice the publisher, J. E. Tilton, Salem, Mass.

WHAT TO REMIT.—Eastern funds preferred, such as notes of solvent banks in New York, New England, or Pennsylvania. If these cannot be had, send notes current in your neighborhood. By solvent banks we mean all banks, whether suspended or not, which have not really failed. Where the amount is large, buy a draft on New York, or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

THE CASH SYSTEM.—The *Dansville* (N. Y.) Herald asks:—"How can Peterson afford so splendid and attractive a Magazine for two dollars?" The secret is our rigid adherence to the cash system. We make no losses and buy at the lowest cash prices. Of course, Magazines which trust, and lose thousands annually, cannot compete with us.

MORE FOR THE MONEY.—The *True Jeffersonian*—never did it say a truer word—remarks, in noticing our December number:—"Peterson's Magazine contains more reading matter for less money than any other periodical which comes to this office."

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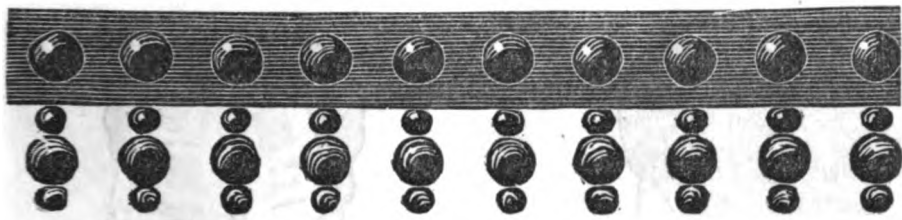
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PURSE IN CHROCHET.



BANDRAUX FOR THE HAIR.



THE COMPEIGNE.



HEAD-DRESSES.



THE ONTARIO.



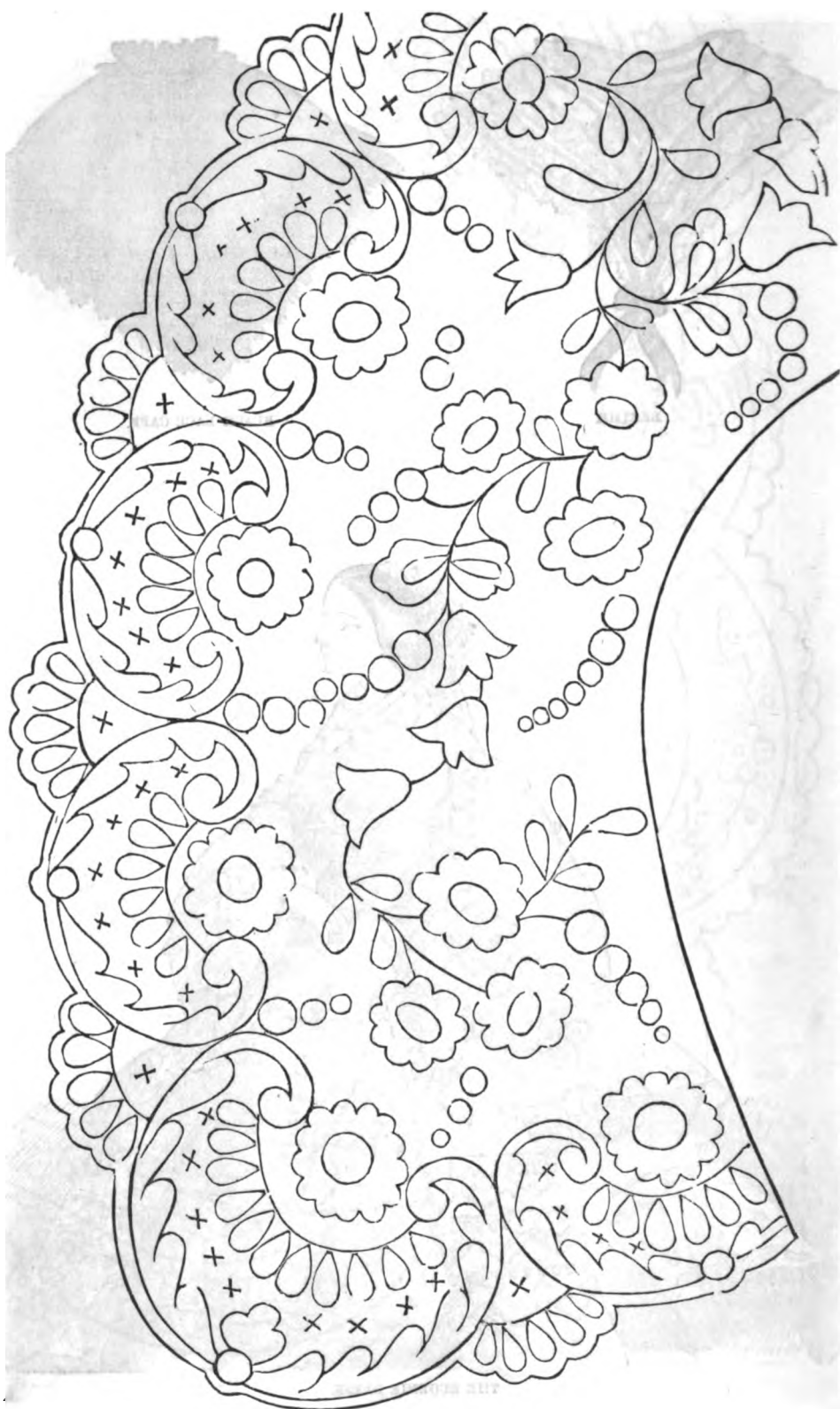
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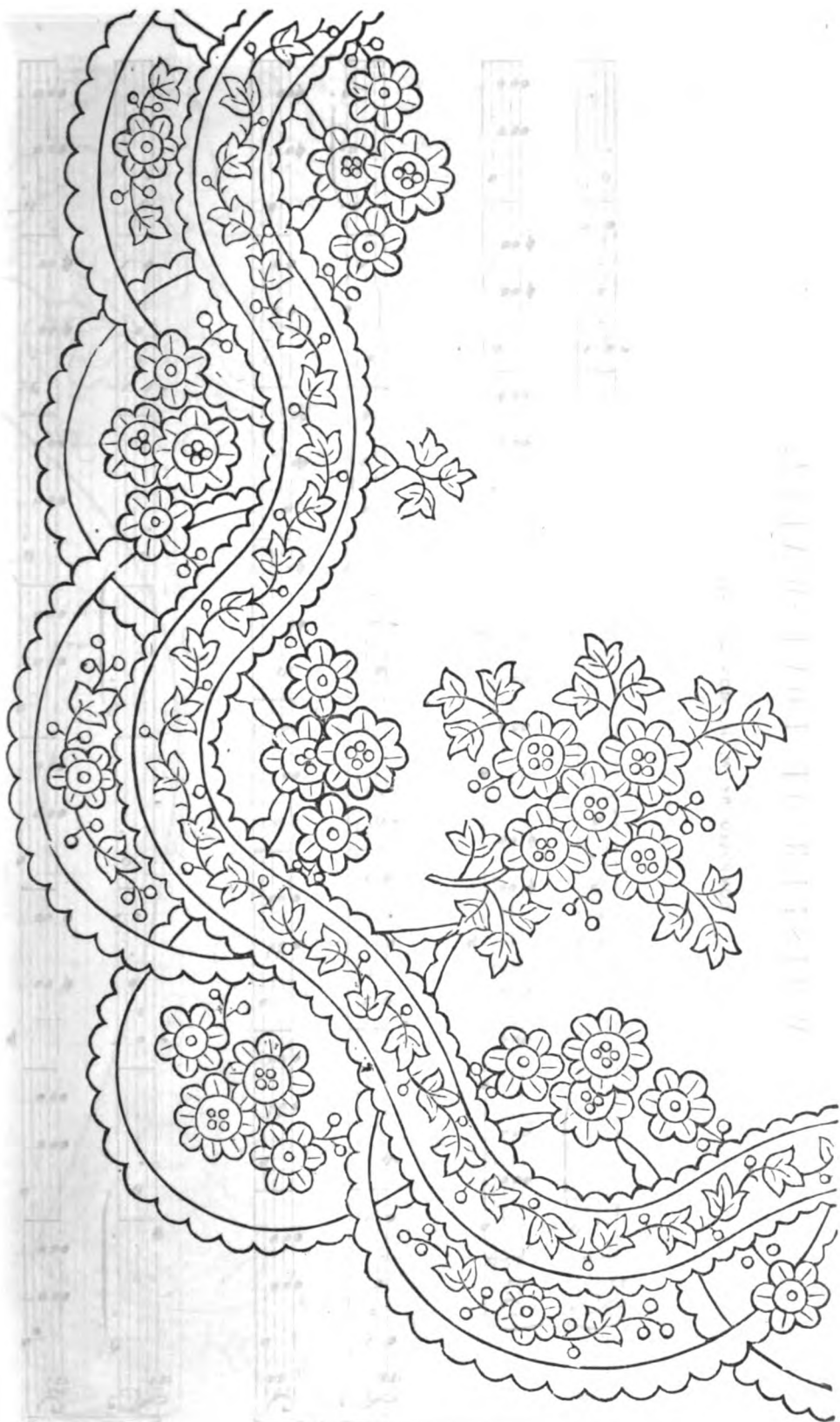


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THE EUGENIE DRESS.

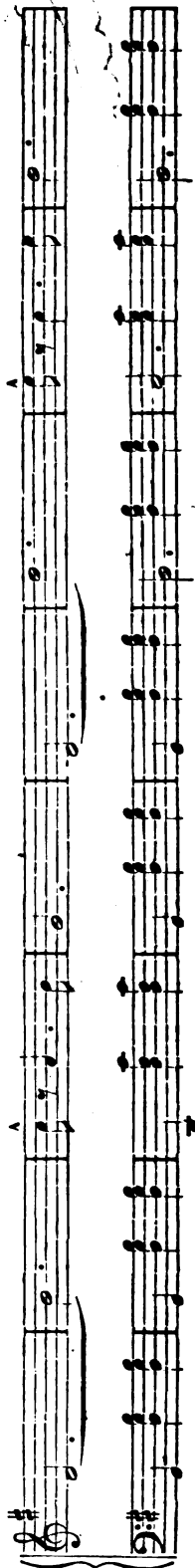
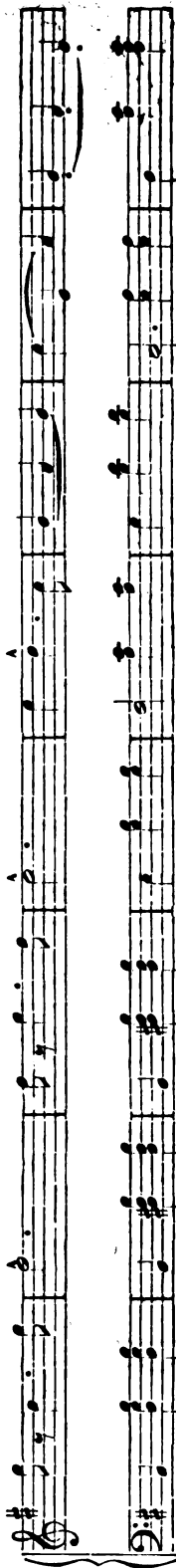
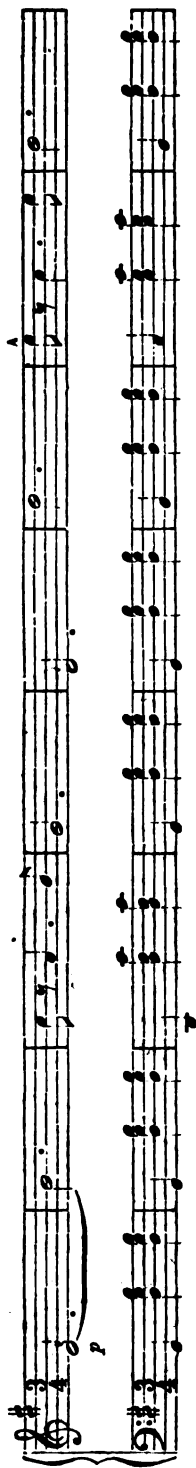




CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

WHISPER OF LOVE WALTZ.

COMPOSED BY W. H. MONTGOMERY.



1ma. 2da.

First system of a musical score. The right staff (treble clef) begins with a forte *f* dynamic. It contains a melodic line with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket labeled "1ma.". The left staff (bass clef) provides harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

f *p*

Second system of the musical score. The right staff features a melodic line with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket. Dynamics include a forte *f* marking at the start and a piano *p* marking later. The left staff continues the accompaniment.

1ma. 2da. Fine.

Third system of the musical score. The right staff includes a melodic line with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket labeled "1ma.". The system concludes with a "Fine." marking. The left staff provides the final accompaniment.



NAME FOR MARKING.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1858.

No. 2.

"AFTER A WHILE."

BY ANNA BLYTHEWOOD.

BLESSED little Jessie! she sleeps in the grave-yard on the hill beside her little brother, whose boyish sports were wont to awaken her merry shouts and gleeful laugh: she sleeps beside them, and their ransomed spirits wander together, led by the "Good Shepherd" through the flowery meads and beside the still, sunshiny waters of paradise.

She is safely housed from the storm and the tempest, and securely nestles in the Saviour's bosom.

But ah! how I miss her. I miss the soft caress of her dewy lips and the pure light of her sweet blue eyes, when morning calls me to the toil and care of another day. I miss her when in the mellow twilight, her little sister kneels beside me to lisp her evening prayer. I miss her when I gather buds and flowers in the cool, dewy morning. When I lie down at night, I miss the warm clasp of her dimpled hand and the fragrance of her soft breath. Dear Jessie! I miss thee everywhere.

When her brothers were covered up in the grave-yard—twin lilies nipped by the cold blast!—her infantile grief would not be soothed until I dried up my own rebellious tears, and stilled the bursting of my own heart, to tell her of the bright, bright land to which the "Good Shepherd" had borne our pet lambs. As I talked of its glories; its pure "river of water;" its wonderful trees, ever bearing, ever budding, ever blooming; of its fadeless flowers and balmy air: its cherub inhabitants and its angel music, her sobs ceased; and looking up into my face with a light in her eyes, which seemed like a sudden glance from the land of glory, she murmured, softly,

"Oh! ma, will we ever go there?"

"Yes, yes, my child," I replied, "God will come for us, after awhile."

"Then Jessie will not cry any more, ma," she said.

And so, with faith and love and hope in her little heart, the sweet child sunk to sleep. After that she wept no more.

The few brief weeks she remained with us, faith was really "the substance of things hoped for." She seemed to live in the sunlight of God's presence; to feel that heaven, the home of her brothers, "was all about her." Her perfect assurance was an hourly support, as well as an hourly reproof to my own timid, half-hearted, fearful faith.

It was Sabbath evening. Day was melting into twilight. Jessie and I sat on the low door-step, watching the stars, as one by one they silently lighted up their twinkling, blinking lamps in the deep azure. Her beautiful head rested on my bosom. She gazed upward, long and silently, as if reading, with her infant soul, the unrevealed mystery of heaven. A mist gathered slowly over her bright eyes; then hung, like dew-drops, on the long, silky lashes, and rolled over her plump, rosy cheek: a sigh, rather felt than heard, parted her lips: and when I bent over her, and said,

"What is the matter, Jessie?"

She suddenly threw her tiny arms around my neck, and sobbed out,

"Oh! ma, me think God is so long coming."

I whispered words of comfort and submission, and bade her be patient, and trusting, and good, and God would come "after awhile."

After awhile! Ah! little did I think how soon that "after awhile" would be. The soft morning air wafted the sweet breath of the honeysuckle, which she loved so well, to the couch of little Jessie for the last time. Death stole into our chamber whilst we slept, and had almost borne off our darling ere we awoke. Startled, trem-

oling, weeping, we knelt beside her crib, and as the gentle light of morning gleamed upon the casement, just as she was almost ready to begin the song of the ransomed in heaven, her spirit paused, and turning back to earth, she said in a clear, sweet voice,
 "Oh, ma! good ma! don't cry for little Jessie, God will come for you too, **ARTER AWHILE.**"

HEART SHADOWS.

BY MAGGIE STEWART.

I'm gazing down Life's pathway dim,
 A dreary path to me;
 My spirit hears no choral hymn,
 No sunny spot I see.
 My fancy spreads the future out—
 A weary, tangled maze;
 I read its mystic pages o'er,
 And read with eager gaze;
 A chequered path before me lies,
 Overcast by Borrow's gloom,
 Thick clouds obscure the sunny skies,
 Flowers fade amidst their bloom,
 "Hope's star" shines faintly through the clouds;
 Life seemeth darkest night:
 Will it be long ere morning dawn
 In gladness to my sight?
 I cannot crush these longings down,
 They burn with quenchless glow,
 My lone heart asketh with a moan,
 Will it be always so?

No friendly hand to guide and cheer,
 Sad—weary—all alone,
 No eye to bend on me a glance
 Responsive to my own;
 No "own heart's home" where holy love
 Will ever shelter me;
 And when I come with weary feet,
 No smile to welcome me,
 No voice to speak in cheering tone,
 No warm lips pressed to mine;
 No strong, true arm to lean upon,
 Or closely 'round me twine.
 Hush, throbbing heart, thy bitter wail;
 Cease thy vain, useless quest;
 Trust in the Love that will not fail
 To calm thy wild unrest;
 Hope whispers softly through the gloom,
 'Twill not be always night,
 A fairer, brighter day will dawn,
 Illumed by Heavenly light.

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

Descend, descend, thou star-crowned Night,
 Fall soft on sky and sea;
 And fold my love in slumbers light—
 Sweet dreams of home and me.
 Away, away, ye tempests dark!
 To Northern ices flee;
 And spare, oh! spare the gallant bark,
 That bears my love to me.
 Arise, arise, thou rosy Day!
 Shine clear on hill and sea

Illumo my sailor's ocean way,
 And guide him home to me.
 Blow fresh, blow fresh, ye Southern gales!
 Across the restless sea;
 And fill, oh! fill the fluttering sails,
 That speed my love to me.
 Point true, point true, thou polar steel!
 True as my fond heart be;
 Thy tremblings mock the fears I feel,
 Till he returns to me.

WHAT I SAID TO HIS IMAGE.

BY ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS.

Why, gallant Image, didst thou follow me
 Into this solemn sanctum of my mind?
 Why with thy luminous eyes hast struck me blind,
 So that no other object I can see?
 What dost thou want of me, or I of thee?
 I'm but a melancholy child of song,
 Lapping in numbers what I learn of Wrong,

Right, Joy, Hope, Beauty—saintly company;
 And though I've nerve and sinew, flesh and blood,
 Wherewith to link me to mortality,
 And love enough to fill Eternity,
 I fear thou'dst like not such ambrosial food,
 And wouldst but lift the latchet of my heart,
 Look in—and then upon thy way depart.

"CHECK-MATED."

BY GARRY STANLEY.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was such a party assembled in the wainscoted, low-ceiled library at the Woodlands, as can only be gathered in a hospitable mansion of old Virginia. It was October, but the evenings were cool among those breezy hills, and a huge hickory fire crackled and sparkled in the wide-mouthed chimney, throwing ruddy lights on the groups who sat near it, and strange, fantastic, dancing shadows on the more distant book-cases, and the be-ruffled or peruked portraits which hung here and there around the room. Over the bronzed clock on the mantle were suspended branching deer-horns, a fox's brush, a clumsy old "Queen Anne," and a rusty sword or two, each of which had a story of its own.

"Papa, mamma, here's Natalie," said Cora Taylor, as she entered the library, followed by a lady who was so tall that Cora's *petite* form seemed almost fairy-like beside her.

"How *did* Charley happen to miss you?" "How far did you have to travel alone?" "Weren't you horribly afraid?" were the questions asked on all sides, as soon as the greetings were over.

"Oh! no, I wasn't afraid. I got along very well, particularly last night," answered Natalie. "It was ten o'clock when we changed cars at A—, and when I entered the car there was not a vacant place. Somebody was curled up on every seat, that had not already two occupants. I acknowledge that I was worried and nervous from having missed Charley, and of course did not feel inclined to stand all night, so by the time I got to the furthest end of the car and found no vacancies, I was obliged to rouse a gentleman, and ask for a part of his seat. He gathered himself up without a word, but I suspect that his blessings did not shower upon me."

Natalie paused, but Cora said, "Well, go on, tell the rest."

"Certainly, Miss Page, no half confidences, if you please," said Mr. Taylor, laughing.

"Oh! I've not any confidences to give, except that I got sleepy at last, I suppose, and probably nodded. I have no doubt but that my performances in that way looked like a Chinese

Mandarin in Dresden porcelain. Then I awoke with—well, I'm ashamed to tell it, but it's absolutely true—I awoke with a—*a—more*, and found myself comfortably sleeping on the gentleman's shoulder."

"Happy gentleman!" interrupted Mr. Taylor.

"Was he handsome, Miss Page?" asked some of the ladies.

"I don't know, for the lights were all out, except one in the far end of the car, but I think he had dark eyes, that expressed a good deal of amusement, and a moustache, and that's always handsome, you know. But the provoking part of the business was that I went to sleep the second time, and when I awoke about daylight, I was on his shoulder again. Indeed I rather began to like it," said Natalie.

"Yes, and she vows that she's going to marry a man who can support her so comfortably," laughed Cora.

"Unfortunately for any designs of mine, he went on, and I stopped at P—, in the vain hope that Charley would turn up somewhere," Natalie replied.

"Why, Antony, you must have come on in the same train with Miss Page, then! What a pity you hadn't known each other," said Mr. Taylor, turning toward a gentleman who was sitting out of the group, away from the fire, and in the shadow.

"I should have been happy to have known Miss Page," was the reply, without looking up.

Natalie glanced quickly around. She had not noticed him before, but the speaker seemed determined that his face should not be seen, for he leaned over with his head down and his elbows on his knees, pulling the ears of a greyhound that was standing before him.

Till tea was announced, the dog seemed to engross the gentleman's attention. Then Cora said,

"Here, Antony, take care of Natalie. I put her under your especial charge till after the wedding." And she went off happy, leaning on Frank Lesley's arm. For Frank and herself had arranged, that his brother Antony and her friend Natalie Page should be thrown a great deal together as bridesmaid and groomsman; should love each other; should have a quarrel or so,

(Cora held that an engagement was not orthodox without a quarrel,) should make it up; (the making up was so pleasant;) and should finally marry, and live happily ever after, in the true romance fashion.

As Natalie walked down the passage, toward the tea-room, she was inwardly blaming herself for not noticing more particularly her companion's features the night before. This gentleman at her side bore a wonderful general likeness to him, she thought; he certainly had a moustache; and if she could only catch the expression of his eyes she would be satisfied.

The consciousness that she had so coolly expressed her determination to marry her travelling companion, and declared her position on his shoulder to be so comfortable, made the hot blood rise to Natalie's cheek and brow, when Mr. Lesley gave her one laughing glance as he took his seat by her at the table, that satisfied her of his identity. Her manner was unusually constrained during the rest of the evening.

Cora whispered to Frank as the party separated for the night, "It's too bad, I see plain enough that Natalie don't like Antony; all our fun will be spoiled now."

The face of the bride-elect, during the evening, looked as disconsolate as it was possible for such a naturally happy face to look. She sat silently watching her friend, as Natalie took out dress after dress from her trunk. At last she exclaimed,

"Natalie, what made you so stiff toward Antony? Don't be disagreeable now, will you?"

"Not any more than is natural to me," was the reply, with the saucy air of one who was conscious of never being considered disagreeable, except by discarded lovers.

"I thought, when you met, you must like each other; but it seems that you have taken just as strong an antipathy to him as he did to——" but Cora stopped.

Miss Page was still kneeling by her trunk, but her hand fell as she turned her flashing grey eyes quickly on her friend.

"Well, go on, Cora," she said, finding that Cora did not proceed. "As he did to me, I suppose you were going to say. Pray what reason had Mr. Antony Lesley to dislike me?"

"Well, I don't know that he disliked you exactly," exclaimed Cora, terribly perplexed, "but he used to hear me talk about you after your visit here a year or two ago; how you used to climb into the hay-mow, and drive about the country by yourself, and dress up like a ghost, and all those mad pranks of yours; and one day he said that he 'suspected that my friend Miss

Page was a romp.' But that wasn't saying he didn't like you, you know."

"Humph!" was the only reply that Natalie vouchsafed, as she closed the lock of her trunk with a snap.

CHAPTER II.

MR. TAYLOR determined that the last month of his daughter's stay at home should be as gay as his love, a crowded house, and a party of laughter-loving, turbulent spirits could make it.

Natalie was the leader in all the frolics, but she avoided Mr. Lesley as much as possible. There was always a flash of defiance in her eye, however, if he happened to be present when she had done anything particularly *outré*.

"Come, girls, let's have a ride," she said, one day, as they met the huge hay-wagon, in one of their walks. "The gentlemen have all gone over to Mr. Warren's, so we're safe. I'll be Jehu. Jump in," and in a few moments the reins were taken from Bill, and the bottom of the wagon filled with laughing girls, cuddled down on the loose boards.

"A very wild pair of horses, Bill! Do you think they will run away?" asked Natalie, gravely.

"Lor' no, Miss," answered Bill, as he stood showing a mouth full of white teeth, and thrusting both hands far down in his trousers pockets.

"All right, girls?" queried the driver. She gave the whip a crack; and off they started. Virginia roads are no where proverbial for having been benefited by Macadam, and those in the vicinity of Mr. Taylor's plantation did not belie the usual reputation. But Natalie drove up hill and down hill, over stones and through ruts, regardless of the laughing exclamations of her companions, who were jolted about on the loose boards that covered the bottom of the wagon.

"Keep quiet, it's good for digestion," said she, half turning her head, but giving the whip a crack at the same time. She was standing up with the reins in her hand; her long hair, which had partially escaped, flying about her face in every direction.

"Queen Boudices, in her chariot, by all that's good," she heard some one say.

She pulled the horses up with a jerk.

Had the ghost of Antony Lesley stood before her, instead of Antony Lesley himself, she could not have been more startled. But it was only for a moment, and then her audacity came to her rescue.

"Make the Roman captive, my women!" she said, in the same light tone in which she had been addressed. "We will take his death into

consideration," she added, as Mr. Lesley sprang into the wagon.

The ride back was not quite so gay. The charioteer seemed to think it necessary to pay strict attention to her horses, and she only occasionally glanced down a reply to the gentleman who sat on the bottom of the wagon at her feet, his arms clasped around his knees, as he looked up into her face with saucy eyes, and provokingly commented upon her driving.

"I wish that man was in Flanders," sighed Natalie, as she sat in her own room, on her return, the excitement all over; "he's my *bête noire*. He thought me a romp, did he? Well, I don't know that *his* opinion is of much consequence," and she rose to arrange her disheveled hair.

She was half way down the staircase, just before dinner, when she saw a couple of the servants waxing and polishing the black walnut floor of the hall. Natalie took a seat on the steps to watch them. This was Gabriel's pet pride. He puffed as he rubbed, telling Clary to "put a little more elbow-grease on dat part o' yourn. It looks jis like de hall to Massa Warren's. Mought's well be pine, for all de polish on it. Now whare I'se rubbin, you see's, as bright as a lookin-glass and as glip as ice."

Gabriel's words were too true. The hall door opened, and Antony Lesley was hurrying across it, when his foot slipped, and down he went on his back. The whites of Gabriel's eyes showed distinctly as he attempted to help Mr. Lesley up; and before the latter had recovered his footing, he was sure he heard the tinkle of a silvery laugh.

"Be careful to avoid slippery places in future, Mr. Lesley. But pride must have a fall, you know," said a mocking voice, as Natalie came bounding down the staircase.

But alas! she had just reached the bottom, when she also was the victim of Gabriel's excessive polishing. She had been so elated with Mr. Lesley's fall, that she forgot her own footsteps, and after a slide and an ineffectual effort at recovery, she too came down.

"I believe with Rochefoucauld, Miss Page, that we are always glad to see others brought down to our own level," said the gentleman, as he assisted her up.

Natalie bit her lips with vexation. "Oh! if I only could be revenged," she muttered, as she made her way to the library. "I wish he would fall in love with me. Wouldn't I refuse him?" and the very thought brought the light to her eyes.

A week of wet weather set in. There were no more rides, nor rambles, for the party at the

Woodlands. Grey mists over the hills; yellow leaves circling slowly down; sodden flowers nodding sullenly in the garden; the dreary, dreary rain; the mournful winds roaring about the old house; was it any wonder that those who had nothing else to occupy them should fall in love?

In truth, Antony Lesley had surrendered his heart unconditionally, the night when Natalie's nodding head had fallen on his shoulder. He had been very glad to have it remain there, excusing himself to himself by thinking how much more comfortable it was for her.

As for Natalie!—well, Natalie was playing a desperate game, determined to be revenged for his calling her a "romp," and to let him see that she really did not mean to marry the gentleman of whose shoulder she made a pillow in the cars.

CHAPTER III.

THREE hung in the hall, at Woodlands, a portrait of one of the Taylors of olden times, a stately lady, with pride on her regal brow, and pride in the curl of her red lips, but withal a dewy sadness in the yearning eyes. The hair was combed back carelessly from the full forehead, and hung in long, loose curls on the white neck. The stiff rose-colored brocade and delicate lace seemed a fit appendage to the wearer. This picture had haunted Natalie; and she often spoke of it.

"A game of chess to night, Miss Page?" asked Mr. Lesley, one evening.

Natalie assented, and they played for a long time in silence. He had just made a move, and she sat leaning her cheek on her hand, contemplating the board thoughtfully. He looked at her steadily. He was beginning to arrive at a true estimate of her character; he was beginning to think that her defiant manner was probably not so much against him after all. As he leaned across the small chess-table, his breath almost waded the loose curls which fell on her neck.

"Miss Page!"

Natalie looked up.

"Do you know the story of the lady whose picture you talk of so much?" he asked.

"She 'lived and loved and died,' the usual story, I suppose," was the indifferent answer.

"Yes, but she was beloved in return," said Mr. Lesley.

"Quite common!" was the only reply, with a nod.

"By a man who was willing to sacrifice all the prejudices of religion and rank for her sake," continued the gentleman.

"Quite uncommon!" was all the answer that

Natalie deigned, as she raised her hand as if to make a move.

"She was too proud to marry him, but it broke her heart," said Lesley.

"Very foolish of her," answered Natalie.

"You don't seem to fancy that story, Miss Page; I've another that I'll tell you."

For one moment Natalie looked in his face. A gleam of triumph was in her eyes, as they fell, but the rest of her countenance was stolid.

She raised her hand; for one moment her fingers rested above the piece; it was moved; and, with eyes that looked steadily at Antony Lesley, but with a low voice, she said, meaningly, as she rose from her seat,

"Check-mated!"

A cold bow was the only answer, as the gentleman wheeled away the table to let her pass.

Oh! wayward heart of Natalie Page. She surely should have been happy, for had not her pride triumphed, and her revenge been sweet and sure? But one might have thought that there was regret in her eyes, as she sat gazing, silently, in the fire, seeming to seek in the glowing coals for a prophecy of her future.

"He can't call me a coquette; I've never encouraged him," she thought, as her glance fell on Mr. Lesley, who was now seated at a table with a book in his hand, though not a leaf had been turned since he took it up.

"I know she understood me," he was saying to himself. "But what can she mean? If she had been a thorough coquette she would have let me declare myself outright. What have I done to pique her? I don't believe she dislikes me. Yes, it must be pique! Well, she's a woman, and when you have said that, you've said everything. But, I can't understand it."

CHAPTER IV.

PLEASANT weather came at last. An excursion up the mountain, which had been deferred from day to day, was now decided upon.

"But, how to get so large a party up? that is the question," said Frank Lesley, at the breakfast table.

"There are not horses enough for so many, it's true," answered Mr. Taylor, "so you must ride double, young folks. Some won't object, I'm sure."

"Why not go in carriages?" asked Natalie.

"That shows how very little you know about Virginia mountains," answered Antony Lesley. "Why, Miss Page, you might as well try to scale Parnassus in an ox-cart. I shall be very happy to carry you behind me!"

"Don't go with him, Natalie, you'll have to hold on to him like grim death, and that's what he wants," said Mr. Taylor, laughing.

"I do not intend to," was the reply. "Miss Bryant, if you go on Pluto, let me ride behind you, won't you?"

"Certainly, honey, we can go so, all comfortable."

"Better have taken my offer, Miss Page," whispered Antony Lesley, as they left the table. "You see, Miss Bryant is so big that she will want all of Pluto for herself; and, besides, you will have to be tied to her; your arms will never reach around her in the world."

"I'll risk it," answered Natalie.

"You'll repent," said the gentleman. "You're an Amazon in the saddle, but it is yet to be seen what you are behind it."

Such laughter and scrambling as there was in mounting, when the party assembled after an early dinner. Miss Bryant, a maiden sister of Mrs. Taylor's, was the perfect ideal of an Arab beauty, a load for a camel. And Pluto was a huge beast, with a mind of his own, who had already lived twenty years, and considered that his days for work were over, but that he would occasionally carry Miss Bryant as a favor.

One couple after another defiled off the lawn, and Natalie, who had hung back, hoping that Antony Lesley would ride away with a lady, was at last obliged to let him assist her to mount. Miss Bryant was already seated in the saddle, puffing with the effort it cost her to get there, and nearly monopolizing the horse. Natalie scrambled on. Pluto turned his head, phlegmatically, at this imposition, gave an equine grunt, and quietly shook her off.

With much laughter, and some doubts as to the result, Natalie again mounted. Pluto did not even deign to look around this time, but shook himself like a huge hippopotamus that has just come from the water; and she lighted on her feet a second time.

"Think better of it yet, won't you, Miss Page," said Antony Lesley, who had been an amused spectator of all this. But she shook her head in the negative, though she could almost have cried from vexation.

She was no sooner seated than Mr. Lesley took Pluto by the bridle and led him off, giving him no time for further resistance. He was a sensible horse, and walked with sleepy, half shut eyes, regardless of all Miss Bryant's efforts to quicken his pace.

Natalie was just beginning to feel tolerably comfortable, and as if, with great caution, she could keep her seat, when they came to a nar-

row, but rapid stream of water, rushing over a stony bed, which they were obliged to ford. It was very picturesque, glancing in the sunlight, hurrying around projecting stones, and babbling on under alders and gnarled old grape-vines that fringed the banks. Pluto seemed to think it pleasant too, for, after taking a few steps in the water, much to Natalie's horror he showed a decided inclination to stop.

"Oh! he'll shake me off again," said Natalie, clinging more tightly to Miss Bryant.

"No he won't; keep quiet. Get along, Pluto," was the answer. But Pluto only reached his head down to take a mouthful of cool water.

Miss Bryant jerked the reins, and applied the whip. Pluto took a step or two forward, as if quite satisfied to change his position to a deeper place, and resolutely dipped his neck for another drink.

"Miss Bryant, Miss Bryant, he'll have me in the water," exclaimed Natalie, again clinging to her companion, as if her last hope in life depended on her.

"Keep still, honey; I can manage him," was the calm reply of Miss Bryant, who sat in all the comfortable assurance of one who was conscious that an earthquake could scarcely dislodge her vast proportions.

With every effort that Pluto made to get his head down to the water, Natalie felt that she was slipping further off.

"Don't let him drink; shake him go on, Miss Bryant," she said.

Miss Bryant jerked and pulled with all her strength, but all Pluto did was to shake his huge body in disapprobation.

Natalie instinctively reached out one hand to cling to the twisted branches of a grape-vine, which formed a green canopy over the edge of the stream, when her companion gave Pluto a jerk and a cut that started him off, and slipping from under Natalie, who was totally unprepared for this proceeding, left her hanging at least four feet above the water.

The splash of a horse's hoofs behind her told her plainly that Antony Lesley had seen her.

"Undine, Undine! Then you are no myth," said a gay voice.

"If you are Sir Hildebrand, and a true knight, release me," was the reply, as Natalie was preparing to swing herself to a bed of stones which cropped out above the water.

"Water spirit that you are, you are in the power of a mortal. You will sprain your ankle if you attempt to jump on those rough stones. Let yourself down now on my horse," he said, as he came up to where she was hanging.

"No, take away your horse, I'll jump," was the curt reply.

"Jump away, then," Lesley answered, coolly. "You will hurt yourself, and I'll pick you up and take you back to the Woodlands."

Without a word, Natalie seated herself behind Antony on his horse, but taking care to be as ungracious as possible.

Miss Bryant was quietly watching the proceedings from the other side of the stream, and when she saw Miss Page under Lesley's protection, she jogged on, quivering like a bag of jelly with every step that Pluto took.

"Stop your horse, Mr. Lesley; I'm going to get off," said Natalie, when they were firmly landed on the opposite bank.

"What for?" he asked, as he quickened his horse's speed, by a motion of his heel.

"I am going to walk," was the reply of his companion, loosening her hold.

But the increased gait of the horse made her tighten her grasp involuntarily.

Every once and a while Natalie would loosen her hold, and just as often, by an imperceptible sign from his master, Comet would start off again at a quicker pace.

A satisfied smile was on Mr. Lesley's face, which he took good care to conceal, by never turning his head.

As for Natalie, in spite of her intense vexation, the whole thing was so ludicrous that she could not help laughing.

By this time they had overtaken the rest of the party, and the ascent up the side of old "Blair" had commenced.

If Natalie had but felt comfortable with regard to her return, she would have enjoyed the magnificent view which now presented itself. Distant mountains, grand and solemn in their purple shadows; others golden in autumn tints and the glorious sunset; and all around the rose-colored and violet shades of the coming twilight, creeping slowly up the sides of the nearer hills.

The scene had subdued Natalie. She suffered herself to be assisted on Comet's back without a word; and the ride home, in the hazy autumn twilight, was only broken by snatches of sad airs, hummed by her companion, or the subdued laughter of some of the party behind them.

CHAPTER V.

A WEEK had now elapsed since the day of the excursion to the mountain. Natalie's spirits had become strangely fluctuating, now gayer than ever, then again with an unusual disposition to reverie. There was a feverish longing, but

scarcely an expectation, of hearing the story which once before she had cut so short. Had Antony Lesley but been haughty, or even cool in his demeanor toward her, she would have taken "heart of grace;" but he treated her with the same careless politeness that he did Cora, or any of the lady visitors. He never avoided her; he never sought her company.

Natalie felt that she was playing the game badly. If she was thoughtful, she was afraid he would suspect the cause, and then she was recklessly gay; if she was gay, she felt that her laugh was empty, and she became silent again; and so she alternated.

She had but one hope, and that was in the wedding. She had often heard that there was a certain magnetism at such times, that made the propinquity of hearts exceedingly dangerous to bridesmaids and groomsmen.

But the bridal evening came, and Natalie Page was conscious of looking more beautiful than she had ever done before; yet as she sauntered about the crowded rooms, or walked in the cooler halls after a dance, with her hand on Antony Lesley's arm, it was not pressed closer to his side than the veriest stranger's would have been; he seemed to permit it to rest there, and that was all.

She talked about the picture in the hall, but instead of its leading the way, as it had done before, to a story she would not now refuse to hear, Mr. Lesley commenced a dissertation on painting. She spoke of the neighboring festivities which were to be extended to the bride and groom; and he replied, with indifference, that so much feasting was an annoyance rather than otherwise, and that as he was obliged to go North, he thought he should leave in two or three days, and be in Richmond by the time Cora and Frank arrived there and had taken possession of their new home.

There was a quiver around Natalie Page's mouth, at this announcement; but her voice was steady as she answered, after a moment's silence, that it was "certainly a pleasant time of the year to go North."

After this she danced every set, never seeming to tire, and laughed and talked most pertinaciously to her cavaliers.

"Do you really mean to go to-morrow, Antony?" asked Frank, a few evenings after the wedding.

"Yes, I shall leave by daylight, in time to catch the through train at G——," was the reply.

Frank voted his brother mean, Cora pouted, and the rest of the party loudly protested against the desertion.

All but Natalie. She sat by a table with her head averted, apparently busy arranging some white chrysanthemums and the crimson leaves of the gum tree, in a vase before her.

"Now, Antony," said Frank, "I know there's no necessity of your going. Stay now, to please Cora, won't you? That's a good fellow!"

His brother seemed to hesitate a moment. He glanced at Natalie, whose fingers were still busy, and her head still averted.

"Come now," continued Frank, "suppose we toss up whether you shall stay or go; heads I win, tails you lose," and he cast a laughing glance at Cora, as much as to say by that process he must stay, you know.

"You'd have all the advantage on your side, Frank; it won't do, but I tell you what I will do; Miss Page has not said one word to urge me to stay; she therefore is indifferent either way and will be fair; so if she will play a game of chess with me, that shall decide the matter. If I win, I am to go."

Natalie appeared to have difficulty in making a cluster of the chrysanthemums stand erect; for she still busied herself with them, though at Lesley's proposition she had suddenly turned her head toward him; but her eyes were now on the flowers, and the crimson of her cheek rivaled that of the leaves among which her fingers trembled.

"To be sure she will play the game. Won't you, Natalie?" asked Cora, and going up to where she sat, she whispered, "I know you don't care anything about his staying, but do it for my sake, won't you?"

"Oh! certainly, if you wish it so much, dear," answered Natalie, carelessly.

But she never looked toward her opponent, till just as she was seating herself at the chess-table. Here she gave him one quick, scrutinizing glance, and sat down.

The game went on for a long while in silence; Lesley gaining great advantages, she obviously playing very carelessly. Cora stood behind her, watching them, till at last she said,

"Oh, Natalie! you are not trying to win. You promised you would for my sake."

"So I did, Cora; well, I will try," and as she spoke, she glanced again at Lesley.

"I'm doing my best, Miss Page," he said. "Remember it is a serious thing for our friends if you lose," but his grave, somewhat anxious face, belied his light words.

Natalie took a long breath, settled herself in her chair, and seemed at last to give her whole attention to the game.

Each now played their best, but still there was an unusual hesitancy in her moves.

Lesley's fingers rested for a moment on his piece, as if he was not quite determined whether to take advantage of his position or not, then he moved, and looking at Natalie, he said,

"Check-mated, Miss Page! I go."

Cora was loud in her expressions of disappointment; but Natalie spoke no word, no regret. She went to a distant window and looked on the peaceful moonlight scene without.

Antony Lesley followed her after a few moments. He stood by her side some time, but she never turned her head. At last he whispered,

"Natalie, shall I stay?"

Natalie Page's besetting sin was pride. So she answered, though her voice was husky,

"You must use your own pleasure."

"It depends on you. I love you, Natalie. Must I go?"

We never heard Natalie Page's precise answer; but Antony Lesley made his appearance at the breakfast-table, the next morning: and during the day he told her confidentially that he expected to pay for the game he had played by being CHECK-MATED FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE.

A DREAM.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

Soft wrapt in rosy slumber
Neath the poppies, nodding low;
The tinkling rills on silver feet,
Among the golden fragments meet,
Resounding faint above, below;
A sweet, delicious number.

The asphodels in quiet bloom,
Dark cypress clasps the night,
A droning, dreary tone—
Of something all alone—
Bereft of mate and light,
Is floating through the gloom.

E'en as the touch of wings,
A wafting to and fro,
A hazy, misty, wavy dance,
A shade, a light, a sound, a glance,
Through veils and shadows go
Unlike substantial things.

A shrine of beauty, fair,
But ah! how soon 'tis gone!

A demon fierce and dark,
A spectre grim and stark,
A maid with tresses shorn,
A maid with flowing hair.

Swift floating down a stream;
A thrilling sense of power,
An undulating swell;
The tinkling of a bell.
The clock rings out the hour—
And wakes me from my dream.

The moon is shining clear,
The cricket chirps with glee.
The breeze on cooling wings
Among the oak leaves rings,
A pleasant song to me—
A pleasant sound to hear.

But I've been napping, lulled by silver streams;
What forms fantastic visit us in dreams?

TO CARRY STANLEY.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

SWEET Carry! will you pardon me
The wild, sweet thoughts I have of thee;
Presumption is no venal sin,
Yet may I hope thy grace to win;
Oh! were I gallant cavalier,
With joy for you I'd break a spear;
And oh! to shred with falchion light
From thy fair brow one ringlet bright;
Thy snowy hand in mine to take,
More blest for life my heart would make.
But ah! *ma chere*, I own, with shame,
To knighthood I can lay no claim.
No stalworth chieftain I, like those
Whom Scotia led 'gainst English foes;
On my helmed brow no glove of thine,
'Mid battle's stormy clouds may shine.
Yet, gentle Carry, scorn me not,
Tho' mine is but a humble lot;

Tho' I can but appreciate
What vainly I to imitate
Would strive, for thou on classic field
No feeble weapon deign'st to wield.
But, Carry, if I may not be
Thine own true knight, still unto me
'Tis granted sure, to wish all bliss
The heart can know in world like this.
What shall I wish thee, wealth and fame?
The last e'en now 'tis thine to claim.
Then ah! what boon most precious? oh!
My woman's heart full well doth know.
For what were life of love bereft?
A bush whereon no rose is left.
And so I wish thee knight as bold
As Marmion met on "moonlight wold,"
And kind and true as Milton sure,
No other should such prize secure.

THE HAUNTED HICKORY.

BY A. L. OTIS.

WELSH Mountain stretches its broad, straight slope along one side of a Pennsylvania valley, and high hills fence it in on the other side. Far in the west the ranges seem likely to join each other, but a sharp cleft lets the rays of the sinking sun strike a long, narrow line of light up the middle of the green pastures, almost like a moon-light-line on water.

Midway between the two ranges of mountains, rising out of the green plain, there is a sharp, ridgy hill, with a turnpike over it; and by the roadside, just on the highest point of land, in full view from all the valley farms, stands an old, blasted hickory tree.

At twilight, when the energetic whip-poor-wills, the sonorous frogs, and the clamorous katydids make the valley cheerful with sounds, the hill lies in silence, looking down upon the fields and woods below, where the farm-house lights twinkle like glow-worms in the purple shades.

At twilight the inhabitants of those houses are likely to be looking up at the hill, as it looks down upon them, for tradition says that wandering forms have often been seen under the hickory tree, and many a bold boy tremblingly longs to be favored with a sight of the mysterious beings who haunt it. The story is as follows.

When the country was first settled, and the turnpike was only a half-worn wagon road, a sturdy German farmer built himself a comfortable log-cabin at the foot of the hill, and established his family there. His flocks and herds increased, and his farm lands were well tilled. So he prospered until he was considered the wealthy man of the neighborhood.

He had one daughter, Lena, a merry, pretty girl of seventeen, the pride of all the country around. She was as famous for her high spirit as for her lovely face and graceful form. The rustic beaux thought all the better of her that no degree of cold could keep her from a sleighing, no fatigue embarrass her in a nutting, no fear enfeeble her on the wildest horse.

Also the fact that she had punished a certain presumptuous young fellow for snatching a kiss, by a hearty box on the ear; that she had silenced a joking old farmer with a jibe more pointed than his own, if not so free; and that she had

beguiled the very clergyman into laughing at one of her wild freaks, which he would have re-proved in any one else—made her popularity the sincerer. She was absolutely impartial herself, and favored no one more than another.

Her father's house being situated on the main road, and there being no tavern for a mile or two further on, it happened that travellers often asked and obtained a night's lodging there, to avoid crossing the hills at nightfall. Mr. Kesler received all such chance visitors as God-sends, and entertained them well, only asking in return all the news they could give him.

One night, in the beginning of winter, a traveller on a tired horse begged shelter, and promised handsome remuneration.

"Come, come in," said the old farmer, "you are welcome if you bring me any gossip. Here, Joe, take the horse. Come in and rest, Mr. Traveller, but I take no pay, or only in tongue-money."

He was a fine, handsome young man who was thus received, an Englishman, John Wilson by name, who had arrived at Philadelphia but a week before, and who was now on his way to look at some newly purchased land in the interior.

That night he was too tired to talk much, and the next day he was ill. For a month he could not be moved, and during that time his nurse, the pretty Lena, learned to love him, but not before he had manifested for her feelings far warmer than gratitude.

The old man, who took no fancy to his English guest, and had other plans for his daughter, was greatly incensed when he learned the state of affairs, and no sooner was Mr. Wilson well enough to go, than he received his dismissal, and was forbidden the house. The snow had by this time filled all the roads, and he was obliged to give up his intended journey and take lodgings at the tavern.

Lena's attachment was soon no secret, and in proportion to her former popularity, was the disappointment felt at her affections being engrossed by this fine stranger, who was consequently heartily hated in the neighborhood. One or two of the girl's lovers vowed vengeance on the interloper.

Among the most ardent of these was a handsome, fiery stripling, not yet twenty, the son of a powerful Indian chief. He had come on a trading expedition, but after meeting with Lena, had chosen to remain, sending his people back to his tribe without him. He took the name of Hugo Riffert, learned to speak German tolerably well, and was generally received as an equal in the German families, his father being too important a personage to make an enemy, backed, as the old chief was, by his powerful tribe.

Lena had always repulsed him with positive dislike, yet the youth nursed his passion. He now sought every opportunity to affront Mr. Wilson, and played upon him many malicious pranks. At last the Englishman gave him, in public, a sound drubbing.

Thus Riffert had a double motive for revenge, that passion dearest to an Indian, and he brooded over it with intense hate. He was no match for his enemy in strength, so he determined to depend upon stratagem for the gratification of his ire.

Wilson and Lena, forbidden to see each other, heeded not the prohibition, but contrived a plan of meeting. The hill, at the foot of which Mr. Kesler lived, had been cleared of nearly every tree, but was grown over with brushwood. Just upon the summit one large hickory tree was left standing, around which had sprung up many cedar bushes. These evergreens grew quite close, and were dense enough to hide any one behind them from the observation of persons passing along the road.

Here Lena often came to exchange a few words of comfort with her lover. She had appointed a meeting one evening after sun-down, when the large, full moon was rising, and stealing away from the house she sped breathlessly up the road, over the hard-crusts snow. When she entered the little natural bower of evergreens she was startled by seeing—not Mr. Wilson, but Hugo Riffert.

He stood looking at her with irresolution, for he really loved her to the point of standing in awe of her. Lena was about to retreat hastily, when, remembering the enmity between them, she feared foul play for Mr. Wilson, since his rival was there in his place. She could not go without questioning.

"Hugo," she said, gently, "did you come up the hill-road?"

"Yes."

"Past our house?"

"No, the other way."

"Did you see any one coming up also?"

The savage ire of the Indian began to conquer his timidity.

"No," he answered. "You mean the Englishman. I did not see him, but I am waiting for him."

Then Riffert advanced angrily to her.

"Lena," he said, fiercely, "how dare you come here to meet that fellow? You will not let me speak to you even at your father's, on Sunday nights. I will pay you for it! I've got you now!"

He was standing before her, with clenched teeth, pale cheek and burning eyes.

The girl was dreadfully frightened, but commanding her fear and pretending confidence, she said,

"Well, you would not harm me?"

"Look here," was his answer. He seized a stout sapling, bent it over, and held its head doubled down to its root with one hand. Then letting go it flew up with great force. "Now am I strong?" he asked. "You see that with one hand I could hold you more easily than the tree, and have the other free. And I have a knife in that one! But if you will do what I want you to I will not hurt you."

"What is it you want me to do? Come, tell me gently. Don't be so fierce. Don't you know I am always kindest when you are gentle?"

"I know you have never, never been kind to me, let me be humble or fierce. But this one thing you shall do for me, for I can make you!"

"What is it?" asked Lena again.

"Give me your hood and cloak, and get out of the way. Run home, I mean, as fast as you can. Then I will not even frighten you any more, and you will not see me again for a long time, for I am going to my tribe. Quick! give them to me."

Lena saw through his fiendish plot. She drew up in indignation, all fear for herself vanished.

"And what do you want them for, you assassin?" she cried, "to lie in wait for my lover with your knife and your bloody intentions? No, I will fight for them till I die before you shall have them. -So take care!"

That instant the wily Indian threw a noosed rope, which he had concealed in his belt, over her shoulders, and slipping it until it held her arms down, he drew it tight with a sudden jerk.

"Now," said he, "fight if you choose! I will tie you to that tree, and when your lover comes to meet you, you shall see me dart out and stab him to the heart before your very eyes."

Lena tried to scream, in hopes of assistance, but Riffert's hand was promptly on her mouth.

"Wait, I have a gag," he said. "I will only keep it in until that English dog is lying dead there, and then your pretty lips shall be free for kisses."

Lena struggled and found a chance to speak.

"Stop," she said, desperation lending her craft. "Listen one moment. I will give you the things—I had just as lief as not. Give me time—and, Hugo, you did not tell me whether you met my father on your way here?"

"You did not ask me that."

"Why, yes, I asked you if you saw any one coming."

"But you meant the Englishman, your lover."

Every time the Indian said the word lover, he sneered and spat upon the ground.

"It was only you said him. You are always thinking of that Englishman. But did you not see my father?"

"No."

"Well then, just step out to the road and look if he is not coming up the hill from the mill. He is to take me home on his horse. I can't get away! Just look out, that is a good fellow."

She hoped that if he would do so, Mr. Wilson might see him and avoid him. Riffert looked very uneasy for a moment, then he said,

"You lie. You know he is not coming. Come, will you give me the cloak, or shall I gag you and let you watch your lover die, while I take his kisses?"

He threw one arm around her, and when she felt the strength of it, though it was but playfully done, she said,

"Let me go, Hugo. Free my hands, and I will untie the strings. I will give them to you instantly."

"Be quick then. Be quick!"

He loosed the cord, she slipped her hands out, took off her hood and cloak, and ran toward home as if in desperate fright. But this was a mere ruse. She was determined to warn her lover before he reached the tree. So she plunged into the brushwood, and taking a circuit, hoped to meet Mr. Wilson before he approached the ambush. She struggled with desperate haste through the bushes, making as little noise as possible, and at length emerged about an eighth of a mile below the hickory. She looked anxiously down the road, but Mr. Wilson had passed while she was still in the underbrush, and was already at the trysting-place!

While Lena, with a beating heart, was still looking and listening, she heard, from the spot where she had left the Indian, the sound of a blow, a fall, and a low whoop of exultation. Then the savage bounded across the road, into the woods on the opposite side.

Lena ran with faltering feet to the tree. There lay her lover, fallen upon his face, the snow stained with his blood, and only fearful, strug-

gling gasps to show that he was not utterly dead.

The poor terror-stricken girl turned him over, and sought for the wounds. She found them easily; one, by the gushing fountain of blood, which she tried in vain to staunch; and the other by the knife still sticking in it. Three more spasmodic gasps at half minute intervals, and she held in those clinging arms only clay.

She sat still, tearless and motionless, looking upon the stiffening of those beloved features. It was bitter cold, and gradually the half-clad girl was stiffening herself in the freezing air, but she did not heed it.

Some fiendish whim induced the Indian to return to look again upon his victim, and while Lena was thus watching her dead, he parted the bushes at the feet of the murdered man. He stood there laughing!

"The Englishman came, Lena," he said, "and asked me for a kiss! I was sitting there, with the hood on, and the cloak hiding my long legs. He stooped down over me and said, 'My love, I am late, but I couldn't help it, kiss me!' 'Yes, I will,' I said, 'there's one—take it! Lena left it for you when she lent me her clothes, and there's another from me, with the knife for a present.' He took both in silence, Lena, except that his breast-bone cracked for an answer. Ha! ha! And now, Lena, you shall give me the kiss he asked for." He advanced a step.

"Stop," said she, with a cold, calm tone, and pointed to the bleeding bosom. "Dare to approach!"

Her tone, her pallor, her large, rigid blue eyes fixed upon him, the sharpness of outline which the moonlight lent her face, the white accusing finger, all startled his superstitious mind into a sudden belief that she was a spirit. With knees that knocked together, he stole from the spot, and was never seen again by white men.

Lena did not know why he so suddenly left, and through the torpidity of her stunned soul, the thought came that he would return to scalp the corpse. Therefore she would not go home, but stayed to watch it, regardless of the cold, and sickening at the sight of her own warm garments which lay near, just as the Indian had thrown them off. She went, however, and stood upon the road calling for help.

The villagers, looking up, could see on the hill against the winter's sky, a woman's form, with bare head and in-door clothing, moving to and fro, raising its arms in supplication and uttering sad cries; but it was so unlikely that any of their women should be so exposed at that hour, that they were convinced it was an apparition,

and dared not go to its aid. Every one stood gazing, open-mouthed, at the wonder, until all became silent, and the form was no longer to be seen.

Then they began to talk about it, and to run about from one house to another gathering opinions. And so the news reached Caspar Kosler, whose house was not in a position to see the hill-top. The old man, swearing at them for fools, set out with active step, and cheerful, bold heart, to take aid to the distressed person or persons. When he arrived at the hickory, no one was there, but by the trodden snow he tracked the footsteps into the bushes, and saw

a young girl's stiffened form, lying with the head pillowed upon a breast, which had dyed all the snow around with its life-tide.

Poor old man, to find it was his daughter!

There were others following him, and they carried the lovers home. It seemed, at first, that both were dead, but Lena recovered sufficiently to tell the particulars of the tale. She lived but a few hours.

When in these days the villagers look up to the hill, they say they sometimes see the creeping Indian and the imploring maiden. Yes, and the distracted old father tearing his beard and cursing himself for crossing his daughter's love.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

An hour from the gay world apart,
To linger with my thoughts of thee—
From the corroding cares of life,
Or gladness, joy, and revelry;
From beauty's smile or music's tone,
To linger with the dead alone.

The dead—and as thy fair young face,
Whose freshness, light, and living bloom,
Whispered of long bright Summer hours—
Veiled by the shadow of the tomb,
This portrait and thy hair's dark tress
All that remains of loveliness.

I see thee, as in days of yore,
Decked for some scene of festal mirth,
Floating amid the airy dance,
Scarce of this dull prosaic earth,
Or breathing thy pure soul in song,
Forth to a spell-bound list'ning throng.

Some passing word of little worth,
Proving the girlish kindness,
That to thy modest, shrinking heart

It cost an effort to express,
Rush back with tear-fringed memory,
Subduing manhood's pride in me.

The glances of thy full, dark eyes,
That gleamed with mirth or shone through tears,
Came to me in my waking dreams,
The golden light of boyhood's years;
If Heaven is bliss, thy smile will be
The first to bless and welcome me.

Farewell! The dream-world backward glides;
The real a cold, stern picture stands;
And I must brave life's struggling tide
A pilgrim in a stranger land,
As earnest in the race begun
As if life's goal might yet be won.

Tho' sunny, glad, unshrinking eyes
May brighten many a lovely face,
I only sigh and think of those
Where worldliness had left no trace;
But death's dark stream has swept away
The Eidolon of life's young day.

THE HEART'S NOVEMBER.

BY A. H. DERMET.

THE withered, scattered leaves lie low,
The sport of each wild wind that sighs,
While the lone trees, in voiceless woe,
Raise suppliant branches to the skies;
Within my heart bright hopes are dead,
The hopes of sunny hours long fled!

A misty, soft'ning veil of haze
Falls earthward—as from angel-hands,
Perchance to hide from man's sad gaze
The brown, drear waste of desert lands;
O'er my sear heart kind angels cast
A shadowy veil to dim the Past.

When anciently the Sibyl wrote
Responses vague on many a leaf,
Swift whirled upon the breeze aloft

They oft defied the seeker's grief:
From my sad heart Hope's mystic lore
Has fled—to glad it nevermore!

The Sibyl told of branch of gold
Concealed by leaves thick clustering round;
The favored one, with footsteps bold,
Led by white doves, the rare bough found;
Life's golden branch is hid from sight,
No pure birds guide me by their flight!

Earth soon will don her gleaming veil
Begg'd with ice and snow-wreathed spray;
Wild, herald winds sweep down the dale,
Betokening thus the Storm-king's sway;
With boding fears my heart is rife,
Dreary the storms that chill my life.

THE OUTCAST.

A ROMANCE OF THE BLUE RIDGE.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "INDIA," "VIVIA,"
"THE DESERTED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," ETC.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43.

CHAPTER THIRD.

REGINA FAIRFIELD.

Yet that fair lady's eye methinks hath less
Of deep and still and pensive tenderness
Than might besem thy sister's—on her brow
Something too much there sits of native scorn,
And her smile kindles with a conscious glow,
As from the thought of sovereign beauty born.

MRS. HEMANS.

"THE Fair One, with Golden Locks," was the title of a beautiful fairy tale of an enchanted princess, of which my sister Regina used to be very fond; and in gay reference to her penchant for this, and in compliment to her high style of blonde beauty, we gave her this *sobriquet*. We also called her "Queen Blanche," in flattery of her regal grace, and her exceeding—her wonderful fairness. She was, in fact, the very fairest living thing I ever saw. You have seen the wreck! amazing beautiful, even in ruins; but that thing bears no more resemblance to my resplendent Regina, than does the charred skeleton of the lightning blasted tree to the green and stately mountain pine—heaven receive her! To return.

I had not seen my sister Regina for two years; during which time she had been absent at a "Finishing School." I was therefore curious as anxious to meet her, now that she had returned home permanently. I wished to see what these two years, from sixteen to eighteen, spent at the finishing school, had done for her, who, bating pride, already embodied my idea of womanly perfection.

We reached our journey's end.

It was late in a lovely March day, that we arrived at Willow Hill. We had changed our travelling-dresses for drawing-room costume, at the little town of A—, two miles distant, while waiting for the carriage that was to meet us there.

Therefore, upon our arrival, we were ushered at once into my sister's presence, who was already expecting us. Much as I was prepared for improvement, I confess I was surprised, delighted, and somewhat abashed, at the sight of

the elegant and majestic-looking woman awaiting our approach.

She sat erect, but at ease, in a high-backed arm-chair, covered with purple velvet, whose dark, rich back-ground threw out her beautiful and graceful form in fine relief. She was arrayed in a rich white satin, whose glossy and ample folds, descending to her feet, merely permitted the tip of one tiny embroidered slipper to be visible. Her arms and neck, fairer than the satin itself, were bare, except for being delicately shaded by falls of the richest and finest lace, and encircled by pearl bracelets and neck-lace. Her hair, her "golden locks," were rolled off from her temples in rich and heavy folds, *à la Pompadour*, and bound back by oriental pearls, exposing a brow of frosty fairness and sovereign pride. There was a coldness in this statuesque dignity of my sister that prevented me from meeting her with any demonstration of fraternal love, or joy. I think I met her then, as I should have met any other "proud ladie" to whom I might have been introduced, and then I turned, and, presenting my college friend, named,

"Mr. Wallraven, of Virginia."

Regina slightly inclined her graceful head, in acknowledgment of Wallraven's profound and deferential bow, and raising her eyes with a quick, and quickly withdrawn glance, held out her hand to welcome him to Willow Hill, saying, graciously,

"I know the Wallravens, of Hickory Hall, by reputation——"

Here Wolfgang gave a violent start, reeled as under an unexpected and overwhelming blow, made a mighty effort and recovered his self-command, all in the passage of a few seconds—while I looked inquiringly at Regina, and she, with calm surprise, regarded him.

"Will you be seated, Mr. Wallraven, and you Ferdinand?" she said.

We sat down—and Regina, possibly to fill an awkward pause in the conversation, observed,

"Yes—I know the Wallravens, of Hickory Hall, by history and report. Wolfgang Wallraven, your American ancestor and namesake, sir, I have heard my father say, was a Lutheran refugee, who came to Virginia in the company of his intimate friend, our ancestor, Lord B——, and who, as long as his lordship remained governor of Virginia, retained a place in his council. I hope, sir, that we may become better known to each other."

On concluding these gracious words, my princess raised her eyes to those of Wallraven; but they swiftly fell again, while the faintest color dawned on her fair cheek. Wallraven had bowed, and bowed, at the close of every condescending sentence; but now, when common civility required him to say something, he was dumb. I came to his relief.

"Miss Fairfield," said I, "is quite *au fait* to the early history, antiquities, and traditions of the Old Dominion, for which she has a great veneration. She is rich in legendary lore, and, though born in Alabama, evidently considers Virginia her mother country, and infinitely prefers it to her native soil."

"For many excellent reasons, without a doubt," said Wallraven, with a bow toward my fair queen, who, with her snowy eyelids drooped till her long, golden lashes rested on her delicately roseate cheek, remained silent. Now I came to her succor.

"Regina likes the conservative pride of the Old Dominion—the prevalence of old English feeling—family pride, which mother England herself has outlived, but that still survives in her eldest daughter, Virginia, the child that most resembles her. It is a prejudice—an anti-republican thing, contrary to the spirit of the nineteenth century. You are lagging behind the age, Regina, but you will get over this."

A cold smile chilled the fair face of my sister, who deigned no other reply.

"This is not so, lady—my friend exaggerates—these are not your sentiments," said Wallraven, in his deep, rich tones, and with a manner in which was strangely blended deprecation and dignity.

She quietly raised those golden eyelashes, to drop them again instantly, as she replied,

"Yes! since I am constrained to confess it—and surely I may do so without offence in the presence of one of so old and pure a stock as the Wallravens, of Hickory Hall, whose family can be traced back to the time of the Saxon Heptarchy. Yes! I do think, that the much ridiculed family pride of Maryland and Virginia—ridiculed, however, only by vulgar wits among

the *nouveaux riches* of other states—is, at least, far more worthy of respect than the low pride of new wealth, or appearance of wealth, which is oftentimes no more than superficial finery. The ancient pride of the old families of Maryland and Virginia is assuredly well grounded. Many of them, the Wallravens among the rest," (inclining her head graciously to Wolfgang,) "are assuredly descended from the very flower of the old English aristocracy—many among them dating back to a period long anterior to the Norman Conquest, and numbering in their line some of the most illustrious among the warriors, statesmen, and churchmen of England—noble scions of noble houses, who, for their conservatism, and attachment to the *ancien regime*, were driven out by that fanatical spirit of radicalism which, even in the reign of James, began to manifest itself in Great Britain."

"It is true, lady, that the rich valleys and plains of Maryland and Virginia were settled by a very different set of men, actuated by a very opposite set of motives, to those that sent the hardy Puritans to the sterile shores of New England; and that may go far to account for different domestic and social manners, and a different state policy."

"I confess I prefer the ancestral pride of a Virginia planter to the purse pride of a Yankee pedler."

"Those are extreme cases, lady."

"Sir—have you no pride of ancestry? Is it not a matter of self-esteem to you, that your remote progenitor was a Saxon noble instead of being a Saxon serf?"

"No, lady, it is not a matter of pride to me," said Wolfgang, in a tone so mournful, that I looked anxiously upon him. "I own, I honor New England for the perfectly level platform on which all her sons stand with equal rights."

"Let us change the subject," said I.

"With pleasure," said Regina; and, turning to Wolfgang, she asked, "Do you like music, Mr. Wallraven? I have a very rich toned piano forte, in fine tune, just now."

Wolfgang instantly declared a passion for music, and, as Regina arose, he offered her his arm, to take her across the room; but she declined the civility with a stately inclination of the head, and, dropping her golden eyelashes, swept on alone in sovereign grace and beauty, and seated herself before the instrument. We followed her. Wolfgang took a station at the back of her chair, to turn the leaves of her music-book. She played and sung several pieces in a very masterly style; but they were all of one character—grand, martial, heroic. At the

end of the last piece, the folding doors were thrown open, and a servant appeared, and announced supper. Now rising, and again courteously declining the offered arm of Wallraven, and moving on alone in her regal pride and purity, she preceded us to the supper-room.

After supper we adjourned to the drawing-room, where we passed the evening in conversation, in music, in the examination of new books, prints, such articles of *vertu* as were scattered around, and in projecting plans for the next day's occupation and amusement—no very difficult thing for three young persons alone in a country house together—for our guardian was absent.

Soon after this, we separated for the night. I accompanied Wolfgang to his room.

"Well, Wallraven," said I, as soon as we were alone, "How do you like my sister? Is she 'all my fancy painted her,' or am I a blind enthusiast?"

"Brothers are, of all persons, the least apt to be," dryly replied Wolfgang, who seemed to be threatened with a return of his old boyish surliness.

"And brothers' friends are in no danger of becoming so," said I, good humoredly.

Without noticing my last remark, he said, in the slow, oracular tone of a judge balancing the weight of every word.

"Miss Fairfield is beautiful—she is BEAUTY; but, like the mountain snow, she is high, cold, pure, fair, frosty."

"Ah!" said I, "the least lovely of Regina's traits of character has revealed itself this evening. Lofty principles, high-toned sense of honor, perfect truthfulness, large benevolence, generosity, a rich and well-cultivated intellect—the treasures of the heart and mind—remain to be discovered!"

"Fairfield! don't fling your sister into my arms so determinately, lest I catch her!" replied Wallraven, with a sarcastic smile that raised my anger to such a pitch as very nearly to make me forget that he was my guest. I replied in a cold and haughty tone—

"Miss Fairfield is not a woman to be thrown or caught, or by any means to suggest such a thought."

"Of course not! It is you who suggest it! Pooh, Fairfield! 'an arrow from Cupid's bow'—to express the thing as you would express it—is lightly quivering in my flesh. I can easily pluck it out and cast it from me, if you will allow me to do so. Do not you drive it to my heart, impale me with it—for nothing would ensue but death! Miss Fairfield will probably bestow her

hand upon some 'magnificent son of Acbar' who will be quite worthy of her!"

"I should like to know what you mean by presuming to consider what I have said to you in the light you do. What right have you to do so?"

"Only the right of knowledge, a fatal gift of insight into the hearts of others, and a dangerous habit of reading aloud what I find written therein," he replied, with a mournful sarcasm.

I looked at him from head to foot. He was sitting in an easy chair, with his hands joined on his knees, his brigand-looking head bent forward, his piercing eyes fixed on the floor, and his veil of jet-black hair falling forward and shading his darkling countenance. There was so much bitter sorrow in his attitude, expression, and tone, that my displeasure fled.

"Wolfgang!" said I, "what is it that makes me love you so? You say the most exasperating things to me, and then disarm my wrath by a look, a tone?"

"What—is it, perhaps, that you feel I am your friend? Fairfield, my dear fellow, put me in no future plans of your own. The greatest injury I could do myself, the greatest benefit I could confer upon you, is to tell you this. Leave me. Good night!"

We met next morning early. Like most houses in this neighborhood, our house had long piazzas, up stairs and down, running around three sides of the house, with the front room windows all opening on hinges upon them. Therefore, as I opened my chamber door and stepped out upon the piazza, I saw that Wallraven had come out of his room and was promenading there. He turned, smiling, to meet me, took my arm, and said something complimentary of the "beautiful country," now in full spring bloom, though the month was March. After promenading there for some time, enjoying the pure morning air and the extensive prospect, we went below and entered the morning room. It was a long, handsomely-furnished apartment.

Regina was standing at the upper end of the room, attended by two maid-servants, to whom she was giving some direction, and who, as we entered, left her, and passed out by a side door.

Regina came to meet us. She wore a pure white morning dress of some very transparent light tissue, with the skirt made very full, whose gossamer folds floated gracefully with every movement of her queenly form. Her golden hair was rolled back from her snowy forehead, as on the evening before, only, instead of the jewelled bandeau, it was bound by a narrow white ribbon. She held in her hand a few white lilies, whose perfume filled the air. If I could find a word to

express the union of the loftiest *hauteur* with the clearest purity and the most aerial delicacy, I would use that word to describe Regina, as, wafting fragrance with every motion, she floated on to meet us.

"Do you like lilies, Mr. Wallraven? These are the first the gardener has sent me. They are very fine," she said, separating one from her bunch and offering it to Wolf gang.

"It is your favorite flower, Miss Fairfield."

"Why do you think so?"

"They resemble you—more! they express you!"

Regina dropped those white eye-lids again, and, moving on before us, said,

"Come, then, and I will show you how much I like lilies;" and, leaving the room, she floated on, followed by us, through the wide hall, and into an elegant little boudoir, whose glass doors opened upon a small but beautiful garden of white lilies, in the centre of which was a clear pond, its borders fringed with the white lilies, and its waters reflecting the graceful forms of two white swans that sailed upon its bosom.

"This is the way I like lilies."

"And all things that express elegance, purity, and pride," said Wolfgang, pointing to the swans.

Yes, the unity and harmony of purity, pride, and elegance, revealed itself in Regina's whole being—her form, features, and complexion—her tastes, habits, and occupations.

We spent the hour before breakfast in the boudoir.

Soon after breakfast another little incident occurred that exhibited my sister's worst trait in rather an unfavorable light. We had returned to the morning room to await the horses, which were ordered to be brought round at ten for us to take a ride over the plantation. We were passing the few moments in conversation, when we saw a handsome barouche drawn by a pair of splendid dappled greys approach, and stop before the house. In an instant I saw Regina's lip curl with that supercilious expression, all but too familiar in her countenance, and she said,

"It is the carriage of Mrs. and the Misses O'Blemmis. Ferdinand, do you remember them?"

"I do not, my dear."

"No, truly. Mr. Wallraven, five years ago a young Irishman by the name of O'Blemmis was engaged as tutor to the only son of the late Colonel Sumner, of Hyde Place. He was a puny boy, and died, but the Irishman, who did not drink, married the boy's sister, got the estate, and brought out his mother and half a dozen of his own sisters to help him enjoy it. You shall

presently see them all. And by the way, Mr. Wallraven, here is a thing I have seldom seen or heard observed of Irish character, and yet my own observation of this proves the truth of it to my own mind, viz.: whenever a young Irishman comes to America, and is temperate, he makes sooner or later, by perseverance or by *coup-de-main*, a fortune. Here they are."

And now the door was thrown open, and the servant announced, "Mrs. O'Blemmis, Miss O'Blemmis, Miss Bridget O'Blemmis;" and those ladies entered.

My sister received them with something more than *hauteur*, which they were certainly too acute to misunderstand, while they were too politic to resent. Wallraven and myself exerted our conversational powers as an atonement for Miss Fairfield's coldness.

I am not going to tire you with a report of the visit that tired me. I mentioned it merely to remark, that after this visit—throughout the ride, and indeed throughout the day—Wallraven's manners to Regina were marked by a freezing respect, somewhat similar to that she had shown the O'Blemmises, and that this slightly discomposed the air of elegant ease that ever distinguished Miss Fairfield.

On our return home that evening, Wallraven retired early to his chamber, which he likewise kept during the greater part of the next day, excusing himself upon the plea of having letters to write home. This gave me the first opportunity I had had since my return of being alone with my sister.

We talked of family matters first. She informed me that our uncle's young wife had a fine son, which fact, though it cut us off from an immense fortune, did not afflict us much. Our mercenary years had not come.

Then we talked of Wallraven. Regina acknowledged then, what I am sure she would not have confessed a month later, that she found Wallraven exceedingly interesting.

"Yes, Ferdinand, the most absorbing person that ever engaged my thoughts! What an air he has! too dark, far too dark and tragic for society; yet one sees that it has its cause in some sternest, hardest truth. His face is so full of expression, and so deep in interest. His countenance affects me with a creeping terror such as one feels in looking down at night into a profound abyss. And then his moods are so opposite and contradictory—at one time he has the majestic air of a monarch in the full sway of his power—at another, that of a slave. And in his most favorable mood he has that air of passive defiance, of proud humility, such as might

become a dethroned prince as he bows his royal neck, and lays his uncrowned head upon the block! And in every action there is such earnest, such profound truth!"

"He is a strange being—full of discord. Yes, his soul is the 'profound abyss' to which you have likened his expression of countenance, with the night of a deep sorrow darkening it forever!"

"This is really so?"

"Really and truly so; and has been so ever since first I knew him when he was a boy!"

"And the nature of his sorrow?"

"I do not know—cannot even conjecture. I have been his bosom friend for years, and he has never confided it to me. I have exhausted every honorable means of discovering it, and cannot find the slightest clue. Of one thing, however, I am positively certain, that guilt has nothing to do with his calamity. I feel that in a thousand instincts! And when I say that, I mean neither his guilt, the idea of which would be preposterous, nor that of his parents."

"I believe you! The name of the Wallravens has for centuries been the synonyme for an almost chivalric virtue—for an almost romantic standard of honor. Upon account of their absolute purity they have been twitted with 'knight-errantry.' This Wolfgang, how he occupies me! Oh! Ferdinand, after all, you have not been a friend, or you would have disburdened his heart of this secret before now!"

"That is all you know of the matter, my dear Regina! I have exposed myself to insult more than once in trying to serve him; but never since we met at Harvard."

Regina did not reply to this, but fell into deep thought, which lasted some moments—then, with a profound but involuntary sigh, she rose and left the room to dress for the evening.

Wallraven joined us in the drawing-room in the evening; and I, with a view of making the next day pass more gaily than this had done, proposed various projects of amusement. Among other plans, I suggested that we should ride to town the next morning, and spend the day, and go in the evening to the theatre, to see Booth play Othello. Regina at once and most decisively vetoed this proposition.

"It must necessarily be the most loathsome of all conceivable exhibitions!" she said, "and I wonder how its representation upon any stage should be tolerated for a single hour."

The plan was of course abandoned, and another substituted in its place. Soon after that we separated for the night.

One discovery in physics and metaphysics, I

had made in the course of this week, to wit—that love at first sight was a fact, and no poetic fiction. Regina, with all her cold *hauteur*, could not, to save her soul alive, raise her eyes to meet Wolfgang's; and Wallraven's deep bass tones trembled when he spoke to her. I was pleased. Regina's first passion was aristocracy, her second, Old Virginia. Here, then, was a young gentleman of a family that she herself had placed among the oldest and most aristocratic in the state, he himself the most distinguished-looking of his distinguished race, and his large patrimonial estate lying in the richest and most beautiful region of country, and in the midst of the most wealthy and aristocratic neighborhood in the Old Dominion—among those who had been the friends and relatives of her proud family for centuries past. Could I have chosen a destiny for my fair, proud sister, it would have been this. Could Regina have chosen a fate for herself, it would have been this. And Wallraven—to adore, or not to adore Regina, was now no matter of volition with him!

Let me hurry on.

We remained at Willow Hill six weeks. During this time I could not fail to observe the deep and ever deepening interest with which my friend and my sister regarded each other, nor the anxiety with which each constantly sought to conceal these sentiments from the other. Regina's manner was cold and haughty; Wallraven's distant and reserved. Yet Wallraven would grow pale as death, if her hand but chanced to touch him; and Regina would tremble if he suddenly came in her sight.

Every week Wallraven's gloom deepened, while Regina's delicate color faded.

I was provoked with both. Why should Regina act the empress and exaggerate the part so abominably; and why should Wallraven be so easily flouted off—so backward?—for that appeared to me then to be the position of affairs between them.

As the day of departure drew near, they treated each other with the most frigid coldness.

The last day of our stay at length arrived. We remained at home all day, preparing for our departure. We were to ride to A—, to meet the stage, as it passed at five o'clock the next morning. To effect this, we were to leave the house at four. We were to take leave of Regina over-night.

Regina, Wallraven, and myself passed the evening together in the drawing-room. Regina gave us music, but I saw that her touch was inaccurate, and that her voice trembled. It had been arranged that we should retire early, to be

in time for the stage, so, at ten o'clock, I gave the signal, and we arose.

I went to Regina, to bid her adieu. She was fearfully, ghastly white, and trembling so that she was compelled to grasp the chair for support. I took her hand; it was cold, and even heavy—pressed it to my lips, and turned away.

Wallraven approached her, to take his leave. He coldly received the hand she coldly extended to him. Both raised their eyes simultaneously—their gaze, full of anguish, full of mutual reproach, of mutual inquiry—met—and then—suddenly—in an instant—forgetful of time, place, and circumstance—forgetful of etiquette and propriety—utterly oblivious of my presence and observation—he madly, passionately, caught her, strained her to his bosom, pressing a kiss on her face, while she dropped her head upon his breast, and, bursting into tears, sobbed convulsively, hysterically.

He lifted and bore her to the sofa, laid her there, knelt by her side, squeezing her hands, stroking her brow and hair, murmuring words of passionate devotion and tenderness!

I was *de trop*—I felt it. I went out, but scarcely had I time to reach my own chamber, before I heard Wolfgang run up the stairs, and, bursting his door open, rush in, and clang it to behind him. I scarcely wondered at any eccentricity of Wallraven's! I set down this piece of conduct to the wildness of joy.

Mentally resolving that our journey must now be deferred a day or two, and that therefore there was no longer a necessity of hastening to bed, I went down into the drawing-room, for the purpose of finding and congratulating my sister. The drawing-room was vacant, she had gone to her chamber. I returned to mine in a well-satisfied frame of mind; but I wished to see Wallraven again.

Before retiring to bed that night, I tapped at his door, and then without waiting for leave, and with the freedom of old friendship, I pushed the door open, and entered the room.

Good heaven! were the old horrid days of the preparatory school come back, and with a vengeance, too! He was sitting bolt upright at the foot of his bed, his hands on his knees, his open grey eyes staring into vacancy, his black locks hanging wildly, elf-like, about his livid and haggard cheeks, his whole appearance cold, stiff, corpse-like. A blood-guilty and unconverted criminal on the eve of his execution—a man in a cataleptic fit—one struck dead by a thunderbolt—might sit so rigid, statue-like, still. My very blood ran cold with a vague horror, as I looked at him.

Terrified for his health, for his life, I sprang toward him, seized his frozen hands, gazed into his stony eyes, placed my hand upon his death-like brow. At that touch a shudder ran all over him, relaxing the rigidity of his form, and he laughed! Such a sardonic, such a maniac, such a devilish laugh, I never heard in my life before, and never wish to hear again! It was not loud, but long, low, and bitter. Dreadfully alarmed for his sanity, I exclaimed,

"In the name of heaven, Wallraven, what is the matter? Speak! Tell me, I conjure you!"

Again the shudder, again the long, low, and bitter laugh, and then he said,

"Am I not a Wallraven, whose family dates back to a period anterior to the Saxon Heph-tarchy?"

I gazed at him in a fixed horror. He seemed to know my thoughts, for he replied to them sardonically,

"I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak the words of truth and soberness. Ask that snow queen of beauty, your fair, proud sister!"

I was spell-bound by grief and terror. I could not stir. I gazed at him.

"I am not mad! I would to Heaven I were!
For then 'tis like I should forget myself.
Oh! if I could, what grief should I forget!
I am not mad! This hair I tear is mine,"

he declaimed, travestying the lines with sardonic exaggeration, and finishing with a shouting laugh of mockery.

"Oh! heaven! but this is horrible! Wallraven! Wallraven!"

"I am not mad!" he said, with an omnipotent effort that at length sent apart the curdled blood in his veins, and dispersed the storm clouds that darkened over his spirit.

"Oh! Wolfgang! Wolfgang! you are not mad, but you will become so. You will inevitably become so if this secret suffering of yours recommerces and augments so fearfully!" said I.

A spasm convulsed his frame. He dropped his head upon his hands, and his stringy black locks fell forward, veiling both.

"Oh! Wallraven, my heart's dearest brother, is there no way in which I can relieve, can serve you?"

Again the spasm shook him.

"I will not, as in the days of my thoughtless boyhood, ask you for your secret, my soul's dear Wolfgang, but——"

"But I will tell you! I will tell you!" he exclaimed, desperately, "tell you while my good angel has power over me! while *her* escape is possible! tell you the dark and fatal thing that has burned, blighted, blasted me and mine forever! Listen!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A TRUE STORY OF THE "HARD TIMES."

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

IF a country clergyman's daughter is at all loveable, she is generally the pet of the parish. Anna Irvin was pre-eminently so. Old and young looked upon her with affection as Sunday after Sunday she glided in her timid, graceful beauty, into the rectory pew, and her father might be pardoned if, even from the chancel, his eye sought her loved form, and his ear the low tones of her voice. For sixteen years she read and studied, sang and laughed, surrounded by fond, admiring hearts. But there came a change, a day when Dr. Irvin preached his last sermon, and laid his head down in the old church-yard. Anna went away to New York. It is needless to trace the progress of the changes, misfortunes by which she sunk in four or five years from a music-teacher to taking in sewing, then to working at hat-binding. When the "hard times" of this last fall fell upon the country, even this humble resource failed her. She could find nothing to do, and she had no money. Ruin had overtaken her few friends in the city. Weeks passed. She sold and pawned most of her clothing, and all other articles of any value. She was obliged to leave her small but respectable apartment, and sleep on a rag mattress in a fireless, bare garret, glad of the privilege. One fearfully cold night last week she crept to that comfortless pallet, foot-sore from a whole day's fruitless walking in search of employment. For five days she had not tasted food. She had only a scant, worn rug for covering. For hours her teeth chattered, and her limbs ached. She curled herself into every imaginable position in the vain effort to obtain a moment's warmth for any portion of her frame. And then she thought of her home, where each night she had wrapped herself in thick, soft blankets, and lain in warm, dreamless rest till morning dawn. She thought of her father's good-night kiss and blessing. She slept at last, for she was utterly exhausted, waking to suffering every five minutes, tortured by hideous nightmares of food turning to stone, ice in her grasp, by grinning faces; and never for one instant losing the pain of cold.

In the morning she saw a girl, who, with her old mother had slept, if sleep it could be called, in the same room, preparing to go out begging for cold victuals. Two little girls who lived in

the opposite garret, also issued forth, and Anna, despairing, and nearly wild with hunger and cold, went out after them. She soon found herself in a street where every surrounding showed wealth and luxury. She thought of the more respectable mode of begging, to ring at the front door, and asking for one of the family, tell her story. But her pride shrank from that even more than from flitting down an area-steps. And this at length she did. "I haven't anything," said the servant, who answered her knock. "Won't you let me warm myself by the fire?" whispered Anna. "I guess not," said the girl. "The lady don't like such people about the kitchen," and she shut the door in her face. She could have lain down and died on the cold door-stone—willingly. After two or three gasps she stumbled up the steps, rolled her frost-bitten fingers in her thin de Bage cape, and went on down the broad Avenue, bitter thoughts of man and of God—may He forgive her!—shrieking in her heart. The long rows of costly houses were to her like fortifications, reared by hard, triumphant selfishness, to keep her and such as her from sharing in common comforts, defended by cruel, unerring weapons. Oh! what pitiless tyrants seemed human law, human society! Her feet were numb, but they carried her on over the ice-cold pavements like one in a dream, sensible only to the biting tooth of cold, and the raging of the hunger-pangs. Down a broad stoop a little below her, came a young lady, muffled in furs to her rosy cheeks. She paused suddenly with a look of compassion. "You seem very poor. Can't I do something for you?"

"I am hungry. I am cold," said Anna.

"Cold! I should think you would be," said the young lady, shuddering.

"For pity's sake, Harriet," struck in a gentleman, who had opened the door and come out immediately after her, "don't stand to talk to that girl. You'll catch your death. Here, I'll give her these, and do you come along. You'll have to walk fast to keep warm this bitter morning."

He held out two three cent-pieces. They slipped from his thickly-gloved fingers, and he left Anna to pick them up. Before she had succeeded in doing so he was out of sight, with the

young lady pressed close to his side. Anna ran to the nearest baker's, and bought a loaf of bread. "You can't stay here to eat it, girl," said the bakeress, and she reluctantly left the well-warmed shop, turned the corner into the Avenue, and sat down on a stoop. The bread was hot, and after filling her mouth she plunged both hands into the middle of the smoking loaf, she pressed it to her freezing bosom.

"Come, young woman," said a policeman, taking her by the shoulder, "these are fine tragedy airs. Don't you know you musn't sit here?"

The wretched girl rose and tottered away, completely overcome. Surely she had reached the depth of degradation, she had been "moved on" by a policeman.

The gentleman and the young lady re-passed. "There's that girl hanging about here yet," Anna heard him say. "Oh! father," replied the young lady, "she is eating a loaf of bread that she bought with the change you gave her."

"Well, let her go home and eat it properly then. She's not starving now, certainly," said he.

Home!

The plate-glass doors of their house had only just closed after them, when Anna espied upon the pavement a lady's watch, dropped, doubtless, by the bright, rich girl who had just disappeared. She raised it, and held it a moment in her hand. Within that small enameled thing was hid food, warmth, clothing, shelter. What wonder if her eyes lingered upon it, and her brain grew dizzy with temptation. Let us not attempt to estimate that conflict, we who have never shivered homeless and hopelessly outside of a rich man's door. Anna had taken a step to restore the watch, when out bustled the tall gentleman.

"Here, police, police, my daughter has lost her watch, stolen, I think likely, by a girl who—oh! here she is! behind this post."

The watch was in Anna's hands. "Very fortunate!" said Mr. Miller. "But how hardened as well as adroit you must be to steal from one who stopped to give you a kind word!"

"Believe me," implored Anna, "I did not steal it. The lady dropped it."

"Nonsense! It would have been shivered in a thousand pieces. You'd do much better to confess it."

"I seed her around," said the policeman, "not a quarter of an hour ago, and told her to be off, but she knowed what she wanted to be at too well for that."

"Oh! be merciful!" shrieked Anna, wildly, "I am innocent. I can get no work. I am starving. I am perishing with cold. You will not even let me warm myself by any of your fires."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Miller.

"Come along without any fuss, young woman," said the officer.

Anna looked from one harsh brow to another. All light, all hope went out of her heart. Her hands and her head dropped, and the officer half carried her to the station-house. She fainted away when she arrived there, and they laid her on one of those beds which never get cold, occupied as they are by such a continual succession of dirty, noisome outcasts. There she, the child of a clergyman, educated, refined, spent the day and night along with the vicious, the debased, the intoxicated. The next morning she was marched into the police-court with the crowd of wretches.

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

She could not give the honorable name of her dead father, "Mary Jones," she said, a blush for the falsehood dyeing her cheeks.

"It's astonishing what a number of Mary Joneses we see here," said the judge. "Well, Mary, what have you to say to this charge?"

"I found the watch on the side-walk, sir," answered Anna, almost inaudibly.

"Found it? Oh! that's the old story."

But her words were corroborated by two boys, who had seen her take something from the pavement, and Mr. Miller declined to prosecute the charge, so the conclusion of the judge was, "You may go." It seemed a matter of indifference to her, so utterly broken down was she. They helped her to leave the court, and Mr. Miller followed her. Fastening upon her wan face a look of pity, he said, "My poor girl, I should like to do something for you. What is it that you want?"

"I want to be kept from losing the next world as I have lost this."

"Here, go to my house and ask for my daughter," said he, giving her a card.

"Margaret," said Miss Miller, to her chamber-maid, after she had read the words on the card, and heard some of Anna's hardships, "couldn't you find a room for this girl in some lodging-house? There must be many such houses for poor people, I think."

"I dare say, mem," returned Margaret, "but I'm not used to going about among thim places, mem."

"Havn't you a sister who keeps house?" asked the young lady, "couldn't she take her in for a little while?"

The chamber-maid tossed her head, "I don't think she would like to, mem. She lives very respectable, does my sister."

"I don't know what to do," said Miss Miller, perplexed.

But when Anna next spoke her words were

wild and incoherent. Her sufferings for the last few days had been too much for mind and body, and she was now fairly delirious.

When Mr. Miller came home he sent for a carriage, and had her taken to the hospital.

There, two days after, she died.

THE YEARS THAT ARE GONE.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Adown the vista of the past,
Wistful memory's glance is cast,
O'er the days that fled so fast,
In the years that are gone,
Fled for aye, each bye-gone day
Of the years that are gone.

Sunny islands bright and green,
On life's desert way are seen,
O'er the barren wastes between,
In the years that are gone,
Shining bright, in hues of light,
'Mid the years that are gone.

Sportive childhood's laughing years,
Wayward youth's fast flowing tears,
All like April skies appears
In the years that are gone,
Sometimes so glad, sometimes so sad,
Were the years that are gone.

Frolicking with little brother—
Reading to my sainted mother,
(Holds the broad earth such another?)
In the years that are gone,
A mother smiled, on me her child,
In the years that are gone.

Rambling over mead and hill,
Tracing to its source the rill,
Dreaming by the waters still,
In the years that are gone,
Listening the breeze, among the trees,
In the years that are gone.

Roving wild 'mid forest bowers,
Gathering Spring's first budding flowers,
Heeding not the passing hours,
In the years that are gone,
A gipsy wild, the elfish child
Of the years that are gone.

Building airy castles bright,
Peopling them with forms of light,
Elfin king and fairy sprite,
In the years that are gone,
Her treasured things fond memory brings
From the years that are gone.

Poring spell-bound o'er the pages,
Heavy with the dust of ages,
Penned by ancient bards and sages,
In the years that are gone,
Relics of mind, defying time
Through the years that are gone.

Turning from their classic beauties
To dull household cares and duties,
Wishing such in realms of Plutus,
In the years that are gone;
Days of care! ye were not rare
In the years that are gone.

Childhood's budding hopes are dead,
Their morning fragrance early shed,
Youth's wild dreams will soon have fled
To the years that are gone,
And fleeing, brought stern lessons taught
By the years that are gone!

HOPE AND MEMORY.

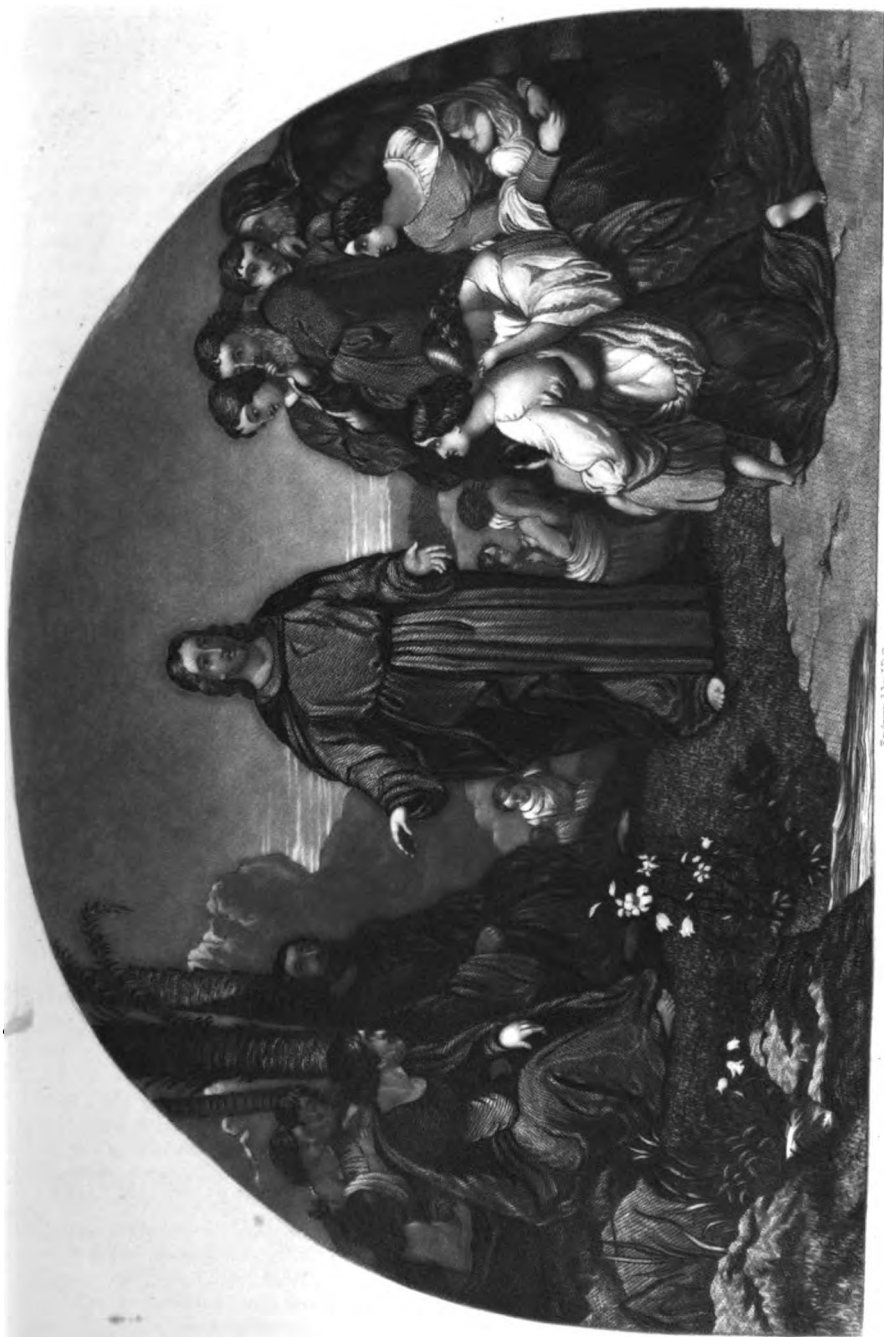
BY DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

GLIDING upon the current of Life's river,
Whose waters heave in storms for evermore,
Two guardian spirits watch beside us ever,
Nor leave us till we reach the Eternal shore.
One, with pale cheek, sad brow, and raven tresses,
Still glancing backward at the shadowy Past;
Radiant the other, with the smile that blesses,
As if no sorrows upon earth could last.

Memory is one, who sadly brings before us
The fading records of departed years;
The other, bright-eyed Hope, who scatters o'er us,
Those sunny heart-beams which dispel all tears.
And ever, 'mid Life's varying joy and sorrow,
Those guardian angels cling to us on earth;
Hope giving promise of a smiling morrow,
And Memory mourning over vanished mirth.

Even in the hushed and solemn midnight hour,
When wearied Nature sinks to placid sleep,
Memory and Hope still exercise their power,
And—linked with Fancy—vigils o'er us keep.
With shapes and glimpses of immortal seeming,
They people many a vision of the night,
And bring back to us, in that happy dreaming,
The loved and lost, long strangers to our sight.

May we not deem that ye were sent, fair spirits—
Who join the eternal Future with the Past,
Blending the joys and griefs which each inherits—
By those whose course is now all Heavenward cast?
Yet, while I muse, methinks there hath descended
A change upon each bright immortal brow,
The Hope of yesterday, to-day has ended,
And voiceful Memory sadly greets me now.



Engraved by J.D. Cross.

OPPOSITE THE JAIL.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

It was a long walk and I was weary. A hot, dusty summer's afternoon found me wending my way to visit a friend of my early years. There was some shade, for branches of elm and horse-chestnut spread on each side of the walk. The streets, too, were wide, agreeable and cleanly kept; the gardens handsomely laid out—now and then a strain of music floated on the air, or a child's voice rang out laughing and gleeful. A stranger to the town of Elmsford for many years, I remembered all its localities. The poor-house with its long, steep roof, unaltered except by paint, since it was donated by a good, rich man, seventy years ago. The handsome school-house on the square; the court-house with its pillars of grey stone; and last and gloomiest in my memory, the jail opposite which lived my old friend, and within whose wooden gates I had often peered fearfully in childhood, shuddering at wild eyes and matted beards that I could plainly see through the squares of the iron bars.

General Johns, a rich, old resident, obstinate as a Chinaman, and opinionated as a Turk, had once owned the park whereon now stood the jail. Through some flaw which I have not the legal knowledge to describe, his park, as he ambitiously named it, was proved to be the heir-loom property of a very poor man; in fact, a pauper, and but little removed from an imbecile. Gen. Johns came near losing his life in a fit of anger, that ended in an attack of apoplexy, and during a sickness consequent upon the calamity, the town had contracted with the pauper and bought his land, and placed him under the care of judicious persons, who made it their constant care to look after him and furnish him comforts out of his own money. Upon this the poor general collapsed again, and ruptured a blood-vessel that laid him snugly in his back chamber, while the odious walls of the jail were slowly and surely rising from his beautiful park—while its sad bolts and bars were being most unwittingly forged, and its heavy doors grated upon their huge hinges. When the general recovered again, there stood the edifice within which were to be shed so many tears, and where many sighs were to sound dismally through the narrow passages. But the old general was too weak to storm, and too much changed to swear. He only gazed in

mournful silence and gave up his cherished plans, perhaps more readily that he felt the infirmities of age, and his illness presaged a something to which he had given but little thought hitherto—death.

His wife was much younger than himself, a handsome, or, perhaps I should say, pretty woman, with so little dignity that the very children in the streets turned from their rural plays to catch her gentle smile. She it was who met me at the hall-door instead of a servant, and led me as gently as if I were an infant into her pleasant sitting-room. Fatigue vanished as I sank into the cane chair, so low, yet so capacious! so delightfully luxurious! and dear Mrs. Johns removed my outer garments with her own hands, summoning at the same time a glass of iced water. This sitting-room was like a garden, transplanted from some clime where the oranges grow in clusters in the open air. The carpet was green, with an interlacing vine running its length, as along the mossed floor of a wood, spotted with white flowers so frail in appearance that one instinctively avoided them in walking, or if the foot crushed them, expected to smell the odor of some rare perfume. The walls were lined with paper, covered with delicate offshoots of the cactus—the pale-pink blossom divided the beauty with petals of a clear lemon hue. The curtains were white lace over shades of cool green; the chairs were of bamboo, green, and softly tinged; it was in truth a green room, and imparted the refreshing coolness and soothing influence of a conservatory.

"You look so fatigued!" she said, gently pressing the bands of my hair farther from my forehead, "I so regret that I could not get back in time to send for you, but now you are here I shall keep you, and let Benny go for your baggage. The general declares you shall not leave us again; you know his word is law—that is, when it is seasonable."

"Have you become accustomed to your granite neighbor opposite?" I asked, "I remember you were very much distressed when I was last here."

"Oh! I don't mind it now—scarcely think of it in fact, except when—but I'll tell you that story to-morrow; to-day is to be devoted to old time reminiscences; how does your school

prosper? Is the minister married yet? Are there many changes in L—? Come now; I shall take my knitting-work out while you knit up a budget of news; the yarn is already spun in your brain, I suspect."

We chatted, and laughed, and lounged till the cool of that summer's day. At tea the general made himself visible. There were whiter hairs mingled with his grey locks, his stern eye had sunken, his forehead high and bald, was thick-lidged traced with lines, and his lips were not so resolute.

"You see we are still opposite the jail," he remarked, and it was almost the first thing he said, showing that under the healed flesh the wound festered a little still.

"I live in hopes yet," he added, "that my eyesore may be removed; I have pledged myself for two thousand if they will locate the house over on the hill and convert the ground into a public park. I live in hopes," he repeated; "and I believe it will be done before I die, too."

My chamber that night was the front room on the second story; I did not retire till late, and the moon flooding the apartment to its remotest recess rendered the candlelight superfluous. So beautiful was the lustre of the night, so inky black and well defined the shadows, that I could not think of sleep. I sat at the open window, gazing out upon the road along which I could almost see the wild flowers grow. The soft masses of foliage in the distance—the gloomy walls where crime slept uneasily upon its hard pallet—how strangely they contrasted together!—the innocence and the guilt of nature. As my eye roved from casement to casement, I fancied I saw a white hand grasping the bars that secured the window exactly opposite where I sat. I looked more eagerly, and soon the outlines of a figure, and then a face with flowing hair became cloudily visible. But as I fastened my whole attention upon the object, it grew more and more distinct, until the features of a young girl, her head leaning pensively against the side of the frame, her eyes gazing upward, were plainly distinguishable. For many minutes she stood thus, sometimes white and misty, and then again as palpable as if it were beside me. But gradually her arm fell down; there was a blank at the window; she was gone. I retired, but could not sleep for thinking of the vision whatever it was. I fancied, too, that imagination had beguiled me into the belief that what I saw was young, or had any of the attributes of youth. Some old hag it undoubtedly was, experienced in drunkenness, or theft, or harlotry, whose conscience would not let her sleep, or who possibly was

contemplating some means of escape from durance vile.

In the morning I told my impressions that seemed rather like a dream.

"Yes, you saw Alice," said Mrs. Johns, her smile vanishing on the instant—"poor Alice!"

"Is she young? Is she unfortunate? I laughed at myself for supposing her youthful," I replied.

"Both young and unfortunate," returned Mrs. Johns, "and this morning we will go over there."

'Tis a sad, heart-breaking case. She is on trial for theft—that is, she will be in a month's time. They have tampered with her case strangely, but I hope in mercy. To make her situation more distressing, she is under engagement of marriage to a young man, supercargo of the best ship that sails from here to England, and he as yet knows nothing about it. They love each other tenderly, and I fear it will be almost a death blow to him."

"But do you believe her innocent?" I asked.

"As innocent as I am; but come, suppose we visit her now? I am the only person admitted to see her, and I am allowed to take in friends sometimes, and you can easily go at this hour if you wish."

I need not say that I did; we crossed the street, were admitted into the jail-yard, and then into the jail itself. Two doors were locked upon us as we advanced, until we entered a room tolerably furnished, where, seated at a table, sewing, sat a person whom I recognized immediately as the vision of the preceding night. Slight almost to attenuation, with colorless cheeks, grey eyes, large and very sad, a profusion of light chestnut hair, rolled back carelessly from the most perfect and expressive brow I ever saw, she seemed to me at the first glance an imprisoned angel; especially as my friend, in whose judgment I had the firmest confidence, declared her belief that she was as innocent as she was herself.

"You are not well, dear Alice," said Mrs. Johns, tenderly smoothing back her hair, a sweetly affectionate way of hers.

"Only a little weak," replied the young girl, smiling faintly. "But oh!" she paused a full moment to govern her voice—"the worst is to come."

"Perhaps the worst is passed, my child," said Mrs. Johns, soothingly; "never forget that the Almighty is stronger than man, and who can tell by what mysterious providence he may clear you from suspicion, and exonerate you before the world?"

"Oh! God help me!" quivered the pale lips; a few tears fell, and the sewing was resumed.

"Has Miss Westerly been near you yet?" asked Mrs. Johns.

"No, nor my aunt, nor any one connected with the house; have you seen Belle, lately?"

"No, nor do I want to—perfidious, cruel girl!"

"Why, Mrs. Johns, you do not think—you surely do not think——" she did not finish the sentence, but sat bending forward, her hand pressing the table till the delicate cords stood out, her eyes wildly dilating, her lips apart.

"I think your cousin knows all about it; she was cunning as an infant, deceitful as a child; she is as deep and deceptive a woman as her antecedents presaged."

"Oh! Mrs. Johns, what could be her motive? She so beautiful! with luxury surrounding her, an heiress, and I only a poor orphan, with hitherto an unspotted name. I cannot suspect her; I cannot think she would do so deadly a wrong."

My friend bent forward and whispered in her ear. The fair girl crimsoned, neck, hands, brow, then hiding her face, I thought she wept.

When she lifted her head her strength seemed gone, and she said, as if with an effort, "I did think that, sometimes; she was so strange whenever he came. Oh! Mrs. Johns, if God would but take me to himself! It seems as if I could not bear this dreadful, unmerited disgrace." She burst into tears and sobbed violently. I walked away to another part of the room; I was sorry I had come, for my heart beat painfully at the sight of sorrow so real, so agonizing; and I longed, in some way, to exonerate her from this vile charge.

While I stood at the grated window, the same at which I had seen her the night before, I heard my dear friend soothing her with her own soft voice and gentle words, till she became more quiet.

"And if it should be so," said Mrs. Johns, "when your friend arrives, it will in some manner be cleared up; he may find important testimony. I am sure he will feel unbounded confidence in your integrity, a man like De Witt Dalston is not swayed like a reed either by good or ill fortune. Put your trust and faith in God who is able to save unto the uttermost."

"Oh! I am all wonder to know how any one could accuse that sweet girl of crime!" was my first exclamation, as we left the gloomy precincts of the jail. "Her very face is an index of integrity; I shan't sleep for thinking of it while I am here. An orphan too! no mother to weep with her—no father to vindicate her; I wonder how she can live, guiltless though she is."

"I had rather be there, my head pillowed

within a cell, than to lie on the costly down on which her cousin dreams, for I think she is at the bottom of the whole affair. I have no doubt but that she obtained false keys, and placed the bank-bills and jewelry in her cousin's trunk. She was always a plotter, a spoiled, neglected child, who never scrupled to lie and dissimulate; and now with her passions full-grown, she would stoop to the meanest treachery."

"But what could be her motive?" I asked, as Mrs. Johns ceased speaking.

"Love for this young supercargo who is engaged to Alice. He was a frequent visitor in the family, after the innocent, artless child went there. Alice was ostensibly one of the family in her uncle's house, but she fully earned her living; she was a slave at the needle and kept in the back-ground as much as possible. De Witt saw in her the woman he wanted for a wife, and before he left port, six months ago, Alice was engaged to him. He had been gone three months when valuable jewels and bank-notes were missing. The time was well chosen; Alice was ready to go on a journey, some thirty miles away, to visit another uncle—a farmer. All the house was searched one morning; suspicion fell upon one servant after another, and Belle Westerly confessed, with great trepidation and many tears, as if the words were wrung from her, that she had found one of the bank-bills in her cousin's travelling-dress that morning. An officer was in attendance, the trunk of the astounded girl was opened, and there, concealed with the greatest care, between the lining of the trunk were many bank-bills, a rich necklace, an old-fashioned diamond brooch of great value, and some lesser jewels. The poor child for a few moments completely lost her reason, so stunning was the stroke; and though the family made some faint show of hushing up the affair, they allowed the delicate girl to be carried to this jail, where she has been three months awaiting trial. Now my only hope is in De Witt Dalston—see! there stands a carriage at the gate—if he has indeed come back!"

I turned as we entered Mrs. Johns' yard; Alice stood at the barred window with clasped hands and wild eyes.

"The gentleman has got home as was going to marry the poor girl yonder," whispered the servant who waited upon the door. We hurried into the green-room. A young man stood with his back toward us, gazing earnestly at a picture. He turned—a dark, handsome face, bearing the marks of severe agitation, met my view. He pressed his lips firmly together, but said nothing as he silently took the proffered hand of

my friend—then after a moment of violent self-control, he exclaimed, "This is terrible news!—terrible news to meet me when I expected so much happiness."

"We have just come from Alice," said Mrs. Johns.

"It is a base lie!" he thundered, passionately, with quivering lips, as if he had not listened—"a base lie! to accuse that sweet girl of theft—a conspiracy; and I'll sift it to the bottom, no matter who is implicated, so help me heaven!" and he brought his hands together with a clap that startled me.

"I went first to Mr. Westerly's," he said, speaking slowly, after his excitement had in a manner worn off. "Belle met me—well, I hardly know how; there was such fawning, such flattery. I asked after Alice; she seemed embarrassed, but finally told me the story—and I wonder heaven did not strike her dead! I know how they have treated Alice!" he exclaimed, rising again and walking hurriedly back and forth; "I saw it long ago—the dear, meek angel! I knew what was in Belle Westerly's heart; it is no egotism in me now to say that she has tried her best to entrap me, and this was her last resort—great heaven! the ruin of a helpless orphan! great heaven! the crushing of a motherless, fatherless dependent. I can't bear it, Mrs. Johns—it unmans me;" and he sat down again with his hands clasped about his forehead—perhaps to hide the tears.

"What will you do?" ventured Mrs. Johns, extremely alarmed at this strong excitement.

"Do! move heaven and earth but what I punish the person who has dared to implicate my betrothed wife in a theft of this base character," his voice sank; "and I told Belle Westerly so. Oh! you should have seen her cheek blanch as I spoke; said I, 'Belle, somebody has done this foul thing to serve their own hellish purposes;' you see my soul was fired; I could not use tame language—and then I added, 'Belle Westerly, if you had known or even thought her guilty, for your own honor and that of your family, the whole thing would have been kept in eternal silence; but—to send your own cousin to the common jail!—among thieves and pick-pockets, and harlots and gallows-birds—a poor, timid, frail girl of seventeen years—a mere child, yet, whom you feel in your own heart is as pure as heaven—I want no other evidence of her innocence.' The girl trembled—gasped, grew like a sheet in her paleness. I don't know how I looked, but on her forehead I read—guilt; Alice steal!—Alice steal!—good God! the imputation drives me almost mad."

"So much for living opposite the jail," muttered Gen. Johns, who met me as I left the room, unable to bear the sight of a strong man in anguish—"we've had these scenes before."

"Why don't you move into some other part of the city?" I ventured.

"Move!" he cried, striking the banister with his cane, "I'd see them all rot first; do you know they want to make this the warden's house?—these rooms where my father's feet have trod—I'd see them all—"

He broke off abruptly, without the oath his passion prompted, and, with a flush on his face, hurried along the passage. "Turk as you are, in your obstinacy," thought I, "you have conquered yourself!"

Let me finish the story in another way.

When De Witt Dalston left the home of the Westerlys, Belle sank, white, motionless, and with staring eyes, upon the lounge. For a long while she sat thus, overwhelmed with the anguish of a guilty conscience, and terrified by the accusations which the young man had hurled upon her head. Excited as she was, it seemed to her that he knew all; that he had seen her going, with stealthy tread, and face full of horror, to the chamber where her cousin slept the sleep of love and innocence; that he had seen her in her undress, with her bare feet and dishevelled locks, her hand shading the flame of the lamp, her eyes glaring with the blank stare of guilt over at the bed—now creeping—now standing still—now lifting the little key from the pocket of the humble travelling dress, fitting it to the lock, turning it—starting and shivering at the sound, and holding her breath lest another heard—opening the cover—ripping the lining, forcing a package down, re-arranging the few neat garments so as to hide the spot—locking the lid again with shaking hand—placing the key back, with money and a ring—never once turning her ashy face to the unconscious slumberer—then snatching the lamp, almost flying out of the room across the passage, and covering a heap of guilt in the centre of her silken draped couch.

To stupor succeeded the ravings of passion. She leaped like a tiger to her feet, and threw herself against the wall, stamping, striking her forehead, breathing convulsively, flinging her carefully braided locks in wild confusion over her face, and, with smothered shrieks and cries, giving way to the fierceness that consumed her. At that moment the door opened—her mother entered, flushed from a walk, and stopped in dire amazement, exclaiming, "Belle, Belle, what is it?"

"Oh! nothing," returned the girl, with quiver-

ing lips, and catching her hair up she wound it carelessly over her brow. "Nothing, only I had a ringing head-ache; it is better now," and, humming an air lightly, she left the room, and proceeded to her chamber. Her face had grown deadly pale. A marble smoothness and polish rested on the brow, and the eyes were glassy. The rigid outlines of the lip and chin told of some resolute determination, fraught with evil. She passed on to her toilet table, took therefrom a small vial, gasped as she gazed, and whispering, "Better this than utter ruin," closed her eyes, and drained its contents.

The day of the trial dawned without a cloud. Mrs. Johns and myself went early to the jail, in the hope of imparting some degree of strength and comfort to the heart of the gentle Alice. We found her standing dreamily, with clasped hands, and lips from which every vestige of color had fled. She turned away as we entered, and lifted both hands to her forehead.

"I shall certainly die before the trial begins," she said, looking wanly at my friend. "You cannot think how strangely I feel."

"Courage, my dear girl; don't give up yet—I——" The words failed, the voice broke down, and there was silent weeping and a breaking heart in that gloomy jail-room. I was leaning on the window-sill, full of anguish, when I heard the voice of prayer. I turned; Mrs. Johns was on her knees, lifting her folded hands and streaming eyes to heaven. "Oh! thou God of the orphan," she supplicated—"Thou who hast promised to be a father to the fatherless, bend down Thine ear to our cry. Look on this afflicted one, thou mighty God—strengthen her to bear the great trial now before her; or, if it be Thy will, interpose Thy mighty arm to save her from this terrible sorrow."

There was a noise without, a confusion of voices. My friend arose from her posture of prayer, and placed her arm about the slight figure of the sinking girl. A key turned in the lock, the door flew open, and De Witt Dalston, with one bound, caught his betrothed to his bosom, shouting, "Saved! saved! My precious bride—oh! thank God! thank God! Good heavens! I have killed her;" he cried, in the same breath, for she had fainted in his arms.

"Let me attend to her—she is overcome with joy; I was looking for this deliverance," murmured my friend, applying restoratives to the passive form. "As soon as she revives we will take her over to my house, and you shall tell us how it has happened."

As Belle Westerly lay senseless on the floor, two of her fashionable friends called. Her

waiting-maid, receiving their cards, hurried up to call her mistress. The door was ajar—the form of Belle was just discernible from without. "Has she fallen asleep!" thought the girl. Entering, she went toward her; her face was pallid, her hair dishevelled, her arms flung over her head. The fearful shriek rang out on the air—"Miss Belle is dead!" Medical aid was summoned, and, after a few hours of fearful suspense, animation was restored. Fever and delirium ensued, and then a season of prostration that threatened her life. As soon as she could command her reason, the guilty girl prayed to make restitution, but her mother, more haughty and heartless even than herself, mocked at her entreaties, and commanded her to keep silence.

Night and morning was she watched that she might not bring disgrace on the family. But one day, as she appeared to sleep, she overheard a soft voice asking of the doctor if he thought she would recover, and, in a low, but decided tone, he answered,

"No."

"Doctor—doctor—oh! help me do one good thing before I die," she cried.

The hollow, unearthly voice brought the wondering physician to her bedside; it was too late to prevent her now. She saw the full horror of her coming doom if she died as she was, and, clasping his hands, clinging to his grasp, she exclaimed, hurriedly,

"My cousin Alice is innocent; it was I who put the jewels in her trunk, and the money too. God be merciful to me!"

Let me draw a veil over the touching interviews that followed—the burning tears of remorse and penitence—the purely worldly agony of the mother that the truth must be made public; the forgiveness of De Witt Dalston, the tearful meeting of Belle and her cousin—the one stricken to the tomb through the wantonness of her own sin, the other blanched and trembling, agonizing in her innocent heart for the suffering and the dying, yet thanking God that He had appeared for her deliverance.

Not many days after, a coffin stood in the halls of that proud family, and the victim of her misguided passions lay within, white as her shroud, but peaceful in expression, for she had not died without hope. It was borne to the costly grave on the hill-side, and laid within, the first occupant of the family vault. The sunshine streamed over the narrow floor as they took the last leave with longing eyes, and kissed the coffin, soon to be shut from mortal sight. Mrs. Westerly, unable to bear her overwhelming disgrace, moved from

the town, and secluded herself from all society. Alice married De Witt Dalston, and immediately accompanied her husband to England, that she might, in other scenes, and for a period, forget the anguish that had nearly wrecked her happiness, and impaired her already fragile health. Gen. Johns and his sweet wife still live opposite the jail.

ECHOES.

BY PHILA EARLE.

Slowly go the clouds of crimson
With the sunshine, down to rest—
As a beautiful young maiden
Goes to sleep among the blest.
Trembling goes the pure white daylight
'Mong the shadows, down to death,
Where the golden gates of sunshine
Close upon her parting breath.
Dim the earth-land grows, and weary,
While the winds go wailing by;
And I close my eyes and ponder
Where the shadows darkest lie.
As my heart grows sad, sweet voices
Echo through my lonely room,
And, with whispers soft and gentle,
Scatter far the darksome gloom.
Well I know the love-tuned music
Falling 'round me, sweet and low,
Only is the mystic echo
Of tones heard so long ago:
And the golden oars of memory
Dipping in the past's deep sea,
Wake the echoes which have slumbered
All along its shores, for me.
Through the bowers, by its wayside,
Covered o'er with clinging flowers,
I can almost hear the echo
Of the music of these hours,
Which are sunny, though some flowers
From my heart's love-wreath have fled;
And some shining pearls are loosened
From my life's bright, golden thread.
And this world is full of echoes—
From the sobbing autumn wind,
To the bird, whose song of gladness
Falls, but to an echo find,

And the mountains, and the forest,
Seem replete with echoing life;
And the waves which darkly gather
Full of tempest, storm and strife;
And the wild sea's desolation
Echoes all along the shore,
As a heart way-worn, and weary,
Sighs for dreamings which are o'er;
But the sweetest of all echoes
Which are of my life a part,
Are those musical, and gentle,
Which o'er linger in my heart.
Long those voices have been silenced;
But their echoes evermore
Will around my spirit linger—
Like the songs I hear no more.
Gentle footsteps glide beside me,
'Mong the echoes which I hear,
Feet which faltered on life's pathway,
And so early reached the bier.
As my trembling heart-strings quiver
'Neath the touch of some dear hand,
And each chord awakes to music,
Sweet as of an angel band,
Then I think some other spirit
Has an echo found in mine,
And the waves of hope and promise
With a brighter glory shine.
As like sunlight, dew, or blossoms,
Comes to me a sweet love-tone;
Clasp I then my hands and listen
With an echo in my own.
And away, where lies the future
In a soft, transparent light,
Tinged with gold, and rose, and crimson,
Fair, and beautiful to sight.

TO A VIOLET.

BY EVA EVERGREEN.

Little blue violet,
April's first coronet,
Blooming in sweetness alone;
In the tall grass,
Where the brooks pass
Over the moss-covered stone.
Sweet is thy face,
Like a fairy thy grace,
Bending low to the breeze;

To the low-voiced breeze,
That wakes in the trees
A melody thrilling, yet soft.
Where wild birds sing,
While the leafy woods ring
With their songs of joyous glee,
There thou bloomest alone,
By the moss covered stone,
While the streamlet creeps murmuring by.

SQUIRE RICHARDS' SECOND WIFE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"WHAT? no, you don't say so! Squire Richards goin' to marry agin, and his wife only dead three months! Goodness me!"

"'Tis awful! You may well be astonished, Mrs. Wilkes; it is terrible to think of! Such deception! Why at his wife's funeral, one would have thought him actually heart-broken; and then the crape on his hat is a half a yard deep!"

"Ah, me, Mrs. Hanson, there is no dependence to be put on 'pearances! The world gets sinfuller and sinfuller every day, and it can't be covered up with silk, or broadcloth. As I said to my husband, Mr. Wilkes, the other night; says I, 'Simon, things are comin' to an awful pass! Everybody will git into the State's Prison in two year, at this rate!' And says Simon, says he, 'I don't doubt it, Mariah!'"

"And you and Mr. Wilkes were right, perfectly right, it is just so! But this dreadful conduct of the squire's has made me more conscious of the truth of it! Strange that a sensible man should behave so!"

"Yes, it is wonderful! but how did it git out, so quick? The squire ain't no hand to tell of things, you know."

"Betty Higgins found it out, last night. She was taking tea at the widder Town's; you know she's almost always a-visiting somewhere, though I wouldn't mention it to a living person except you, Mrs. Wilkes; and while they were at supper, the squire rode by in a new buggy—going toward the depot! People don't get new buggies for nothing, you know?"

"No, that they don't, Mrs. Hanson—vidderers especially."

"Well, he wasn't gone more than a half an hour, before back he came, driving upon the gallop—he didn't use to abuse his horse when poor Mrs. Richards was alive—and lo and behold! sitting in the new buggy with him, and his arm actually around her waist in broad daylight! was a little girlish-looking woman, in a pink dress and green silk bonnet! Only think of it—a pink dress and a green silk bonnet! and his arm around her! It is abominable!"

"My gracious! goodness! I want to know?"

"Yes, it's every word of it as true as our minister's discourses, and Mr. Sampwell never exaggerates—he's a fine man, Mrs. Wilkes; and

the widder Town and Betty run up garret—they can see Squire Richards' house plain from the widder's garret windows—and the squire drove up to the front door, as if the side door wasn't good enough! and then he got out of the buggy and lifted the woman on to the door-stone! Took her right into his arms, in broad daylight, and lifted her on to the door-stone!"

"My goodness! as if she couldn't git out herself! It's indecent now, ain't it?"

"To be sure it is! and he a middle-aged man and a member of the church! Mr. Sampwell ought to know of it, so that he could preach a sermon on the duties of men to their families. Only think of poor, dear, dead Mrs. Richards' little daughter Elmetta being ruled by a step-mother hardly older than herself. It will break the poor child's heart!"

There was a long and impressive silence, during which the two amiable ladies regaled themselves with numerous pinches of snuff from a box, which had made its appearance in the lap of Mrs. Wilkes. No doubt it helped to digest the momentous matter.

"Wal," recommenced Mrs. Wilkes, "I think sich doin's is awful! Gettin' married agin afore his wife is cold! Now, I 'spose he'll say that he needed a housekeeper, but that's no excuse, for my Mary Elizabeth or your Julia Ann would have been glad to have gone. Mary Elizabeth is a ter'ble favorite with little Elmetta, and Mary Elizabeth is a grand hand at managing children!"

"Yes, Mary Elizabeth is a fine girl, Mrs. Wilkes, but her health isn't hardly good enough to take so much care as there would be in Squire Richards' family with all his company; but then Julia Ann could have done it well enough. Julia Ann is a remarkable hand for children—can't help learning of them something all the time she is with them. Her example is so beautiful, you know."

"Well, for my part, I think somebody ought to go and talk to the squire about it. It ain't right for us—sisters in the church—to let him go and ruin himself and darter a—marrying nobody knows who! He ought to be reasoned with!"

"That's just what I think, Mrs. Wilkes, and I

called over here on purpose to ask you to go with me to the squire's, to-morrow morning, and talk with him about it. It's the best we can do."

"I'll go, and be glad to! I hope I'm never backward in doin' my duty."

"Well, I must be going; I've made a long call:—to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, it's best to go early; I'll call over for you. Do come and see me, Mrs. Wilkes! You know it's an age since you've been to our house."

"Dear me, Mrs. Hanson, I don't come half as often as I want to, but I'm ashamed to keep comin' all the time. As I told my husband, Mr. Wilkes, the other day, says I, 'Simon, I'm actilly afraid I shall wear my welcome out over to Mrs. Hanson's.' And says he, says Simon, 'I shouldn't wonder if you did, Mariah!'"

Eight o'clock, the following morning, found our friends Mrs. Wilkes and Mrs. Hanson standing on Squire Richards' front door step, (the side door wasn't good enough for the lady in pink, and of course it wasn't suitable for ladies of their "calibre,") awaiting to be admitted. A frouzy-headed Irish girl answered their rap.

"Is Squire Richards in?" inquired Mrs. Hanson.

"In? to be sure he is! Safe in the bed, ma'am! Is it after seein' him that ye are?"

"Yes; we called to see him on important business," replied Mrs. Hanson, frigidly.

"Sure then and I'll be afther callin' him; though the ould jintleman's sound aslap—for I hurd him snoorin' but jest now when I come forenint his bed-room door. Come in with yees!" and Biddy ushered the ladies into a room where the breakfast-table was standing in waiting for the family.

"Hum!" said Mrs. Wilkes, looking significantly at the table, "she can't be no great things laying abed till breakfast time! Poor Mrs. Richards! she used to be up in season!"

Just at this moment, the squire entered in elegant *dishabille*—that is without a coat, and minus shoes and stockings. He advanced, holding out his hand cordially.

"Good morning, ladies—good morning; I'm a little late, you see. Hope you'll excuse my toilet; the fact is, I sat up rather late last night, and felt drowsy this morning. Fine morning, isn't it?"

"Very enchanting," returned Mrs. Hanson, who greatly prided herself on the elegant propriety of her language, "it is beautiful enough for a morning in the gorgeous land of the Orientals! But to change the subject; we called on a matter of business——"

"What's the difficulty now, Mrs. Hanson? A

new carpet for the parsonage, or is fifty dollars wanted by the Missionary Society? Come, speak out!"

"Ah, squire, it's wuss than that!" put in Mrs. Wilkes, no longer able to keep silence, "it's something that consarns you, squire—consarns your everlastin' and eternal well-bein'!"

"Indeed! Well, go on." The squire, nevertheless, looked as if surprised. Mrs. Hanson drew a long breath, and began,

"Squire, we called to see if you were thinking of marrying again? We——"

"You weren't going to propose to me, were you, ladies? I should be exceedingly happy to receive such proposals, but I should have Deacon Hanson and Major Wilkes in my hair forthwith. It wouldn't do, ladies!"

"No, we supposed you had already made your election, of the person who is to fill your dead wife's place, and we called to talk with you about her. We have understood that she was in your house, and if agreeable, would be pleased to see her. Our interest in yourself and your motherless child has induced us to this." Mrs. Hanson spoke with solemn dignity, and evidently intended to impress the squire powerfully with her manner.

"And we want to know where you got acquainted with her, squire; and how old she is; and if she knows how to do housework!" said Mrs. Wilkes.

"How did you learn anything of this?" asked the squire, evidently somewhat nonplussed by the extraordinary knowledge of his affairs displayed by his visitors.

"We heard of you're ridin' out with her, squire; she drest all in pink, with a green silk bunnit! Don't look very well, squire, to see a man of your age riding out with sich a young gal!"

"Well, ladies, suppose I should take a notion to get married? You couldn't blame me, I don't think. Here I am with no housekeeper, and an Irish girl to oversee things, and my home is none of the most orderly. Elmetta needs some one to care for her, and it wouldn't be in nature for a father to be unmindful of the interests of his child!"

"Why, no, of course not. But then, if you needed a housekeeper, my Julia Ann would come and look after things. She's a capital manager and very fond of children. She and Elmetta—sweet little thing!—would get on admirably!"

"Yes, or my Mary Elizabeth either! She'd be tickled to death to come! She thinks so much of Squire Richards and his little gal.

And, if I do say it, Mary Elizabeth is as nice a gal as there is anywhere!"

"Mary Elizabeth's health is too feeble for much exertion, Mrs. Wilkes; you don't do right to put anything hard upon her, you know she has a pain in her side half the time!" Mrs. Hanson was determined to have it understood that the hope of the Wilkeses was only an ornament to the world.

"Well," said the squire, at last; "I don't know what to think about it! I don't believe Elmetta would give up this 'lady in pink,' as you call her, at all; she's taken a wonderful liking to her."

"Where did she come from, squire? You hain't told us anything about her yet!"

"To be sure, Mrs. Wilkes. Well, I found her in a milliner's shop in the city of Portsmouth."

"In a milliner's shop! then she's a milliner, is she? Well, I never!"

"Will you be kind enough to favor us with an introduction? I should be happy to see her before I form an opinion of her character." Mrs. Hanson's tone was very patronizing, and so the squire seemed to think, for he hesitated but a moment before he said,

"Well, Mrs. Hanson, it will be an advantage to her to form the acquaintance of two such estimable ladies as my present company; and I will be very glad to present her to you forthwith. Pray excuse me for a moment."

"Stop, squire!" shouted Mrs. Wilkes, "what's her name?"

"Jennie Ray," returned the squire, disappearing in the passage.

"Jennie Ray! a reg'lar story name! She's some city highflyer, I 'spose!"

"Very likely, Mrs. Wilkes; but I see the squire's mind is made up, and it's no use to say anything. We must make the best of her."

Just as Mrs. Hanson let fall this magnanimous speech, the door opened, and the squire appeared.

"Ladies," said the squire, bowing politely, "permit me to present to you Mrs. Jennie Ray, my daughter's wax-doll, which I purchased at Portsmouth, last week, and which arrived day before yesterday at the depot by express! The cost of it was forty-five dollars, and at present I have no intention of making it my wife!"

Poor Mrs. Wilkes! Mortified Mrs. Hanson! With burning faces they took their leave; and since then, I believe, they have miraculously minded their own business.

Squire Richards was somewhat eccentric, and knowing how busy-bodies gossiped about him, and having purchased a large-eyed, wax-doll for his little daughter, the idea struck him that it would be a fine joke on the scandal-loving people of Wheatwold, to take it from the packing-case and ride home with it in his buggy—in full view of the public. We have seen the result.

The squire is still unmarried, and bids fair to remain thus; his widowed sister having established herself as mistress of his family.

Mrs. Wilkes and Mrs. Hanson wouldn't like to have their unfortunate mistake made public, and I wish it, as a particular favor, that those who read this little sketch will keep it as private as possible.

"THE EARLY DIED."

BY W. D. THOMAS.

SHE early died;
Ere the shadows of care
Fell on her brow
So beautifully fair;
Her eyes were closed
In the slumber of Death,
Ere tears had gathered
Their lids beneath;
Then, weep her not,
She has passed away,
To a realm beyond
The realm—Decay.

We miss her here—
From the hearth-stone lone,
A beam of light
Has forever gone;
A smile has passed
From our longing sight,

Like a beautiful star,
In a cloud at night;
Yet, cease to mourn,
For the smile, we miss,
Is beaming, even now,
In the Vale of Bliss.

A child of song—
Her rapturous strains
Wooded the sad heart
From Affliction's pains;
The words she breathed
In her lays of love,
Were like seraph notes
From the spheres above;
Then, weep her not,
For, beyond the skies,
She is singing now
In Paradise.

DEACON SHARPE'S WIFE'S NIECE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Of all acts, is not, for a man, repentance the most divine?—CARLISLE.

"You just look here," said Mrs. Forbearance Sharpe, wife of Deacon Sharpe, of Pentonville; "if you stay here, Mercy Lane, you'll have to pay your way. We've got seven children of our own to look out for, and the deacon isn't a very forehanded man. You're fourteen years old now, and you've had all the eddication you'll ever get out of me, I can tell you, once for all. Any gal that can read the Bible and the newspapers, and write a fair hand, ought to be satisfied, unless she's got a fortin. And as for them new-fangled notions Miss Carter's putting into your head, the sooner you get over them the better. You're at liberty to leave us any day, but, so long as you stay here you've got to earn your bread and butter," and Mrs. Sharpe settled herself anew to shelling a bushel of beans, which she intended to "lay up" for the winter's use.

I cannot say what notions induced that lady's progenitors to christen her "Forbearance;" but there certainly never was a greater misnomer, as any physiognomist could have told by one glance at her sharp wiry visage, with its small, keen, sunken eyes, and its thin, pale lips, whereon her character was written, as legibly as the life can write itself on the face.

Mercy Lane was an orphan, and the daughter of Mrs. Sharpe's younger sister. She had resided with her aunt about six years; and temperaments more thoroughly antipathetic were never brought in social and domestic relations with each other. Mercy was a very singular child, combining those qualities which are accompanied with genius of a certain order. She was dreamy, indolent, and impulsive; capable, too, of a great deal of stubborn endurance, and outbreaks of wild energy and wrath. There was in her a latent power of great good, or evil; but her aunt did not understand her, any more than a savage would the soft beauty, and the stirring grandeur of the Iliad.

It is one of the darkest riddles of life, why two natures so essentially unlike should ever be brought in contact with each other—a contact that must result in exquisite suffering to one of these. But so it is; the early life of most geniuses is a harrowing history to him who

reads it. But the fearful discipline may be needed; the fine gold must have the ordeal of the fire. Up there we shall "know even as we are known."

Mercy Lane stood very still, and listened to her aunt's speech. She was neither pretty, nor, at first sight, interesting. She was a dark, thin, sunburnt child, and just now her face had a harsh, sullen expression, that made it almost disagreeable. The lips, large and full, were set down firmly together, and the thin brown arms moved to and fro with a nervous restlessness. Her features were large and irregular; her figure lean, awkward, undeveloped; you would never have dreamed there was any beauty or loveliness there. And yet there was. If she were to lift suddenly those short thick lashes you might see a pair of eyes, dark, and warm, and radiate as a choice bit of agate; and if that harshly set mouth were to flash out on you suddenly one of its smiles, the face of Mercy Lane would be something more than dark, and lean, and homely to you; for you would see it ever afterward in the light of that wondrous smile.

Deacon Sharpe was a good man, but he was a weak, lymphatic sort of character, largely controlled by his active spouse, who, to do her justice, was much the smarter, and sharper of the two. She was a notable housekeeper, an ingrained termagant, a coarse, narrow-minded, most unloveable woman.

We lived half a mile from the Sharpes, on the road that leads from Pentonville to Fairfield. There were only three of us; cousin Miranda Carter, my brother Gorham, and myself.

We two were orphans, and cousin Miranda Carter was the village school-teacher. Our house, all that our parents left us, was a straw-colored cottage, not large, but plain and neat, and comfortable, with two great chesnut trees in front.

Gorham was ten when mamma followed papa "across the river." Two weeks later, cousin Miranda Carter came to our house. She and mamma were own cousins, and had been the tenderest of friends through all their girl and womanhood.

"Children," said cousin Miranda Carter,

drawing her arms around Gorham and me, "I am an orphan too, and God has brought us together. Ever since they laid Lucy by Edward's side I have heard a voice in my heart that I knew was God speaking to me, 'Go, and be a mother to the children, Miranda,' and I have come to be this." And she was father and mother to us. She was poor, and taught school, as she had done before. We lived, of course, very plainly, but still comfortable, for Pentonville was not an expensive place, and we had a garden, some chickens, and a cow. Nobody need starve with these in the country.

They called her an old maid, cousin Miranda Carter; and she must have been more than thirty when she came to us, for she was just my mother's age. She was not handsome, and yet she had one of those gentle, fair, womanly faces that "grow upon you." Years afterward we learned the history of her life, and why she gave so many of its years to us. Perhaps my father and mother have learned it now in heaven, and, perhaps, if they had learned it sooner they would never have been my father and mother, for cousin Miranda Carter was very dear to the hearts of both; but my mother was very beautiful!

Ah! I wonder often, if amid the crowns which the angels set down on the foreheads of the redeemed, there are many fairer, even among priest, and prophet, and the holy of the world, than the one she wears—cousin Miranda Carter!

Mercy Lane had attended her school two terms. Our cousin had remarkably acute perceptions of character. She saw the germs of much that was rare and good in the girl. She encouraged and stimulated her in her studies. Mercy's teacher was the first friend she had had since her mother died; and the hapless child grew in a little while to love her with all the ardor which belonged to her deep intense nature.

At the close of Mercy's second term her aunt removed her from school; needing, as she averred, her services at home. This was a terrible blow to the child, for Mercy's taste of knowledge had awakened a great "hunger and thirst in her soul." Cousin Miranda called on Mrs. Sharpe, and vainly endeavored to induce her to send her niece to school another term. Mrs. Sharpe was inexorable. "It was useless to stuff girl's heads with notions and knowledge," she said. "Mercy must stay at home, to take care of Tom," a fat, white-haired, flabby-faced boy, of two and a half years.

But Miranda did not despair, for the sight of Mercy's disappointment greatly moved her. She told the girl she would give her lessons every evening, in geography, grammar, and arithmetic,

if she could come over to our house, after the supper dishes were washed. She was more diplomatic, however, this time, and urged Mercy to make the proposition herself to her aunt, fearing she might dislike interference on her part.

With what success Mercy urged her cause may be inferred from Mrs. Sharpe's remarks at the commencement of my story.

"Mercy! Mercy! what is the matter?"

The golden painting of the twilight had filled the little back sitting-room, where we were all at supper, when Mercy burst suddenly into the room, threw her sun-bonnet on the floor, and sinking into a chair, broke into quick, sharp sobs that fairly convulsed her thin frame. We all sprang up from the table and rushed to her with exclamations of alarm and commiseration. At last Mercy sobbed out the story of her appeal to her aunt, and its unsuccessful issue.

"And now I shall have to go back and drudge, and slave from morning until night, and never see the inside of a book. I just wish I was dead this minute, and lying close by the side of mamma!"

"The old curmudgeon! I've a good-will to get two or three of the boys, and go down there and give her a flogging she'll remember till she's greyer than she is now," said Gorham, glancing at his horsewhip which stood in the corner.

"I wish you would, Gorham. I'd peep through the window and clap my hands with a relish," I answered.

"Children, children, it is very wrong for you to talk so," said the soft, grave tones of cousin Miranda Carter. "Of course I do not attempt to deny that Mrs. Sharpe is very unkind to Mercy, but you see her conduct doesn't excuse our talking about her after this fashion."

"Yes, it does too," retorted Gorham, in his fiery way. "Oh, wouldn't I like to—" an expressive pantomime with his clenched hand concluded the sentence more emphatically than any words could have done; and I could not help thinking how handsome he looked with his great, bright, flashing eyes all aglow with generous rays.

But we gathered round poor little Mercy Lane with what words of sympathy and consolation we could. At last we prevailed upon her to sit down and take supper with us; cousin Miranda telling her in that soft, cheerful voice of hers not to despair, for some good would surely come to her yet. Oh, it was because of her faith in God, the Father, that cousin Miranda Carter's voice always dropped like sweet balsam to a wounded heart.

After supper Gorham pulled Miranda's sleeve, "Come into the parlor with me," he whispered.

So they went into the parlor together and stood by the window, and Gorham said very rapidly as he always talked, "See here, Miranda, you know that twenty-five dollars I earned by carrying the mail-bag last winter?"

"Yes, Gorham."

"Well, you see I intended to buy Deacon Hubbard's colt with it, (love of horses was Mr. Gorham's greatest passion.) Now I've concluded to go without the colt this year, and I'll give the money to that skin-flint if she'll agree to let Mercy come here five nights out of the week to study with Lettie. You said she told you she wanted a new carpet for her front room, but the deacon couldn't afford to get her one. Twenty-five dollars will buy it, and I know she can't resist the temptation. I'll leave you to manage the matter, women folks always understand these things best."

"Gorham! you are a noble, noble boy! God bless you!" said cousin Miranda Carter, in an unsteady voice, for she knew how Gorham had set his heart on the colt.

"Well, mind now you must give me permission to slander the old witch just as long and as hard as it suits my pleasure to do. I must be off now to see Jack Howe about that fishing to-morrow," and he plunged out of the room in his usual nervous, graceful way, and standing at the window his cousin watched him, murmuring with unsteady lips, "He has the eyes, oh, he has the eyes of his father!"

Cousin Miranda returned home with Mercy Lane, and had a private interview with Mrs. Sharpe. The prospect of a new carpet for her parlor reached the one vulnerable corner in the heart of that lady; and under its softening influence Miranda succeeded in obtaining promises of unexampled magnitude and generosity. Mrs. Sharpe consented to Miranda's coming to recite five evenings out of the week for the next year and a half, and to her studying two hours each day at home.

Of Mercy's delight and gratitude to us all, especially to Gorham, I cannot tell you now, because I cannot write it without tears that blind my eyes and blister my paper.

Well, to tell the story briefly. Mercy pursued her studies with us for the next year and a half. She made rapid progress, for her heart was in the work. God knows she suffered enough at home, but she was not unhappy as she had been, for her life had an object, and its horizon was not bounded by Mrs. Sharpe's kitchen.

"I shall be free some time," she said, and

there flashed something of settled purpose over the thin, sun-browned face, that was a prophecy for the woman's future.

It was cousin Miranda's aim to prepare Mercy for a district school teacher, and it was with this purpose she had directed all her studies.

Shutting my eyes now I still see the head with its mass of bright, half tangled hair, drooping over the books on the little stand near the great fire-place, in those long winter evenings—evenings whose memory shine down on me now like the tender, mournful faces of those that have lain lower and soared higher than me.

Somehow we all felt that, Mercy was, in a degree, our protegee. She was always gentle and docile with us, and there was a good-humored rivalry between her and myself, but after awhile she outstripped me, for I was two years her junior, but my advantages had been much superior to hers.

Mercy was just fifteen and a half years old when she went to South Woods to take charge of a small school there. It was all cousin Miranda Carter's doings. Farmer Peters would never have consented to take her except on Miranda's earnest recommendation.

The old man shook his head when pale and tremulous with hope and excitement, the little thin, restless figure, looking scarcely as old as it was, stood before him.

"She'll never do, Miss Carter," said the old man, peering at her through his iron-bound spectacles. "The children are all small, and haven't much larnin', but they're terrible obstreperous; they'll never mind such a little kinderlin as that."

"Try her," answered Miranda Carter. She knew what was in Mercy Lane; and at last the old man consented.

"Though you mustn't be disappointed if we send her back in a week," he added.

I do not think Mrs. Sharpe would ever have consented to Mercy's leaving her, (her domestic assistance being almost invaluable to that lady,) if she had not so frequently averred to the neighbors that her niece was a terrible expense to the poor deacon, and nobody could tell how glad she should be when Mercy could shift for herself; a period that was nearer than Mrs. Sharpe apprehended, she was therefore obliged to submit with the best grace possible.

Well, Mercy was duly installed school mistress of the little district school in South Woods. It was a newly organized one, and the salary only a dollar and a half a week. But this seemed a fortune to the young orphan, and certainly she earned it. People stared, and said they were

"sending their children to a child," and anticipated no good from her youth and inexperience, but they soon discovered there was a world of power and energy encased in the small, thin figure of Mercy Lane.

She soon succeeded in making her scholars stand in awe of her, and she succeeded in making them learn too: in short, she gave such general satisfaction that she remained a year at South Woods, coming once a month to visit us.

At the end of the year, cousin Miranda Carter received a note from her enclosing twenty-five dollars, and it ran—

"MY DEAR MISS CARTER—You will no doubt be greatly surprised to hear I have had an offer of a situation in a seminary in Brooklyn. My salary will be two hundred dollars a year, and include my board. Will you please tell Gorham I send him many thanks, and thank God too that I can pay him that debt. And remember, dear Miss Carter, what I shall never forget, that if the future shall find in me anything that is great or good, I shall owe it to you, to Gorham, to Lettie. And in this belief I am yours, as I am no other's on earth,
MERCY LANE."

Eight years had passed. It was wearing tenderly into October. The bright, still morning looked into our pleasant home in the suburbs of the city, with that "God bless you!" which is the language of all beautiful days if our hearts could but understand them.

Our home now was quite in the suburbs of New York, and though by no means a pretending, it certainly was a very pleasant one—that little white cottage, with its long window-blinds, set down behind larches and cedars. We had sold our home in the country, and for two years had resided here.

Gorham, my noble, handsome, fascinating brother was one of the book-keepers in a large mercantile firm in New York; and it was to him that we owed most of the comfort and happiness of our lives.

"Yes, Gorham," I answered, to a remark of his, on the morning of which I write, "I'll go to this grand party next month, if you'll consent to my taking some music scholars, and supplying my own wardrobe. I'm tired of being dependent on you."

"Now see here, my dear Miss Lawton, there's no use to mutiny in this way. That air, made up of rebellion and obstinacy, is very becoming, I admit, but it won't be of the least use in the world. So just keep quiet now, and attend to your canaries."

"Now, Miranda, isn't he provoking? I don't

believe his salary is half large enough to support all these extravagances in which he indulges us, and I would not have incurred such a heavy debt for music lessons if I had not expected to defray it."

"I think," said the soft grave voice of cousin Miranda Carter, as her gentle face looked up from her sewing, "that Lettie is in the right. You know, my dear boy, that I wanted to organize a little school when we came here, and you interdicted it. Our expenses are increasing every year, and I know the burden must rest heavy on you."

"Well, I've strong shoulders to bear it, and I'm twenty-four now," said the young man, rising, and walking across the room, while very loving eyes watched the proud, handsome figure, whose bearing was so full of strength and manliness.

"Beside this, you bother me, girls, by continually harping on this subject. I don't want Lettie to teach, and have people that aren't half as good, and smart as she is, turning up their noses at her. I want to see her happy, and free from care, in the bloom and gladness of her youth."

"Do you think, Gorham, that I'm so craven as to care for the miserable, heartless, soulless people that would despise me because I was a music teacher?"

"No, Miss Independence, I don't think you are. But that's no sign I want them slighting you. Now, don't, cousin Miranda, read me a lecture on moral courage. I know you're all right, and I'm all wrong, beside being a great scamp into the bargain. But Lettie's not going to teach, so the matter's settled. By the by, Mrs. Conrad came into the store yesterday afternoon!"

"Did she? Oh! tell me about her," in my eagerness spilling half my canary seed on the floor. Mrs. Conrad was the bride of the senior partner of the firm in which Conrad was engaged. The gentleman was a millionaire, and the lady young, brilliant, fascinating, and had created a great sensation in the high social circles in which they moved.

"Well, she is not strictly, symmetrically beautiful, but she is very interesting, and her face is one you would turn and look at twice in a crowd. It is full of character and vitality, and though it may melt with tenderness, you feel too it might flash into earnestness, perhaps anger. The eyes, hair, and mouth, are perhaps the most attractive features. The first is rich, the second glorious, the last beautiful! They say she is very good-hearted, very kind to the poor."

"Gorham Lawton! what an artist was spoiled when fate made you a book-keeper!"

"I know it, little girl; but it's growing late," looking at his watch. "Kiss me; good-bye, girls," and he was gone.

Two months had elapsed. It was a wild, war-ringing, November day; and it was drawing toward its close, when Gorham Lawton paced with unsteady step, and working features, the little back office where his days were passed.

"Six hundred dollars in debt," he muttered, looking at a number of papers he held in his hand, "and I cannot meet ten of it. My creditors will certainly pounce upon the furniture, and Lettie and Miranda—oh! what will become of them! If I had commenced in a plainer way—or not given them to understand that my salary was larger than it is. But something must be done to-night. What shall it be?"

The young man sat down, and buried his head on the desk, and, sitting there, a terrible temptation entered into the heart of Gorham Lawton. At first he tried to resist it, but it folded closer, and closer about his soul—and at last—

No wonder the faintness of my heart shakes my fingers so that I cannot write it. I never knew a man's hand that he could not imitate, and every member of the firm's as well as his own.

"I will try and win it back at some gaming-table this very night," he said, "and it is but a thousand dollars."

"It's very strange Gorham does not come!" said cousin Miranda Carter, for at least the tenth time, and she walked to the window, and looked out on the great flakes of snow which December was lazily shaking through the air.

"I'm hungry, cousin Miranda," I answered. "Gorham's probably been detained by somebody. He will come in while we are at tea." So we sat down.

"Lettie," asked Miranda Carter, "has it struck you that Gorham seemed changed, absorbed, restless, for the last day or two?"

"Why, no, Miranda. I'm sure he was very full of his jokes last night."

"I know it, but his laugh didn't seem natural, and there was a look in his eyes I didn't like. Goodness! what a ring!"

Ten minutes from that time we knew all—Gorham was discovered, arrested.

All I can say of the night that followed is, we lived through it. Most miraculous it seems that I can say this, that the first knowledge of that terrible truth did not strike me dead, as the blow of a sword, or a flash of midsummer lightning would have done.

But I lived, so did cousin Miranda Carter. Our hair did not turn white, or our faces grow wrinkled that night; but our hearts grew older.

Miranda did not speak often. Once in a while she moaned out, "Edward's child! Edward's child!" and twice during that night she crept up close to me, and, putting down her blanched face to mine, whispered, "Don't tell his father; it will kill him; don't let him know it," and I saw this great shock had almost prostrated her reason.

That late, pallid morning at last rose over the earth, and then, through all the darkness and despair that had folded itself in my heart struggled up the memory of those words of Gorham's,

"They say she is a kind-hearted lady, and very good to the poor."

Somehow, my soul grasped at those words, and a new impulse stirred at my heart. The day was not three hours old when I mounted the broad steps of the millionaire's princely mansion on Fifth Avenue. The servant stared at me curiously, and said she was in, though she probably could not see me for half an hour, as she had just breakfasted, and was dressing to go out.

"Will you tell her my business is very urgent. Perhaps she will allow me to go to her room. I must see her quite alone."

He bowed me into the parlor, and oh! with what a heart ache I closed my eyes on my magnificent surroundings. In a few moments the servant returned, stating that his mistress would see me, and in her own room.

I followed him up the long winding stair-case, and reached Mrs. Conrad's chamber at last. She came forward to receive me, with a good deal of curiosity and interest in her face. She was a small, very graceful woman, with large, deep set, glorious eyes. Her hair was hastily coiled up behind, and I remember, though I was not consciously observant of it at the time, that she wore a dark blue silk morning dress, unconfined at the waist—indeed her whole appearance indicated she had hurried from her toilet to meet me.

"Come in, and sit down," she said, in a soft, languid voice; those dark eyes searching my face.

And I went into the luxurious chamber, but I did not sit down. I stood still by the table, and she stood before me; and I told her my story.

How I told it I know not. It seemed to me my lips did not move, only my heart spoke. I remember, as I went on, the lady's face worked, the tears flooded up her large eyes, and rained over her cheeks. "It was for our sakes he did this deed," I concluded. "It was for mine, his orphan sister, who had none on earth to take

care of her but himself, and he was a loving, tender brother. Oh! if you have the heart of a woman, have pity upon his youth, and our misery—have pity upon him, and save him.”

“I will try. I will try,” she sobbed. Oh! I am very sorry for you. It was such a little sum too—a thousand dollars. My husband would never miss it. Why, I could have pawned some of my jewels, and the thing might not have been discovered at all.”

Oh! I could have fallen at the woman's feet, and worshipped her, as she said these words.

“He will repay you all the money in a little while,” I gasped, “and oh, our name is an honorable one; there was no stain on it when my father laid his head under the spring grass, and left it to his boy. If you save it from disgrace now, he will thank you for it when you see him in heaven.”

“I will do all I can. It is terrible for you to suffer so. You so young and fair. But I must know your brother's name before I attempt to accomplish anything.”

“Gorham Lawton.”

She sprang forward with a strange, wild cry, the like of which I never heard before, or since. “Gorham Lawton! Did he ever live in Pentonville?”

I bowed my head, staring mutely at her, for something in her face seemed to grow upon my memory.

“And you—you are——”

“Letitia Lawton.”

She threw her arms around my neck, and strained me to her heart. “Save him! I will save him if it cost me my life, for all I have and am, I owe to him, and to you. Lettie, I am Mercy Lane!”

I sat down in a chair, faint, dumb. What happened after this I cannot clearly remember. I know Mrs. Conrad covered my face with kisses, and then begged me not to faint away, and tried to give me a glass of water, but her hand shook so she spilled it all on the floor.

Then, I recall more distinctly, her walking, with nervous, unsteady tread, across the floor, murmuring to herself, “Gorham Lawton! Gorham Lawton!—he was so noble, so generous, so good,” and then she would rush up to me, with her white hands clasped together, crying, “I will save him, Lettie—indeed I will save him!” and sometimes she would laugh loudly, and sometimes she would sob wildly.

Two hours later, I stood in the cell where he was. “Oh! Lettie, do not come to me now.” Gorham lifted up his haggard face, and stared at me a moment, and then dropped it in his

hands again, as though the sight of me was more than he could bear.

But I went up to him, and knelt down, and laid his head on my shoulders, and covered his hair with kisses; for a while I could not speak to him.

At last he moaned, “Oh! Lettie, do you know what I have done, and why I am here?”

“Yes, Gorham, darling! I know all; but we will not talk of that now—there is hope for you!”

“Hope for me!” He lifted his haggard face, and I shuddered at the change which a single night had wrought in it. “Do you know, Lettie, I am a criminal; I shall be doomed to years of imprisonment; that I have ruined myself, and brought everlasting disgrace upon you? Oh! would I had died long ago; would I had died!” This is too painful to linger over. And, with many caresses and tears I sobbed out the story of my interview with Mrs. Conrad, the Mercy Lane of our childhood. I gave him, too, the words her trembling fingers had traced for him when I left her.

“GORHAM LAWTON—Take heart! take heart! For the sake of the past, I will do all I can to save you. MERCY CONRAD.”

And when the hour came that terminated our interview, I left him “comforted.”

“Well, what is it, my darling?” and the pompous, but very proud, indulgent husband pushed back the braids of hair from the forehead of his young wife, and looked very tenderly into the face, that if not strictly beautiful, possessed a wondrous charm for every one.

She sat on the arm of his velvet cushioned chair, and they looked like father and daughter with the two score of years difference between their ages, and she leaned her soft cheek to his, “I am almost afraid to ask it, Morton.”

“Afraid! Why, darling, I never refused you anything in my life, did I?”

“No, oh, no; but this is so different from the others—and yet I shall never be happy for another hour of my life without you grant my request.”

“Bless me! then out with it quick, dear; why, how you tremble!” and lifting up her head so that the soft light from the chandelier rushed over it, the gentleman looked at his wife in amazed curiosity.

But she dropped it once more on his shoulder, and the story palpitated out of her orphaned childhood, of the friends that rescued her from mental misery, degradation, death, and the rest—you know, reader, what followed this.

Mr. Conrad was not a man of generous

instincts, though he loved his wife better than anything else on earth.

"It is certainly very unfortunate for the young man," he said, "and I can understand. You feel indebted to him, Mercy, but really it was a very serious matter to forge my name. I hardly know how to act in this thing."

"Act? Oh! Morton, act only to save him! Remember if it had not been for him you would never had your Mercy! Am I not worth so much as this to you? Will you not do it for my sake?"

Mr. Conrad rose and walked up and down the room several times with a perturbed brow, and his wife followed his movements with her great, beseeching eyes.

At last he came and leaned over her. "Mercy, my wife, you have conquered. I will save him."

And Mercy sprang up with a cry of joy, and wound her soft arms around her husband's neck, and pressed thick kisses on his face, with more of wifely tenderness, it may be, than she had ever done before.

The rest was easily done. The principal witness in the case was a clerk at the bank, whose silence was readily procured with a little of Mr. Conrad's wealth.

Then the services of a brilliant lawyer were secured, and the trial soon came off; Gorham was acquitted. There was no shadow of disgrace on our honorable name. I will write it again, for my pen lingers joyfully over every letter. He was saved! saved! saved!

What a meeting it was when he returned home! How cousin Miranda Carter and I hugged him again and again to our hearts, and laughed and cried over him in that great joy which is well nigh pain! Mrs. Conrad was there too. Gorham went to her, but when he would have spoken she only laid her hand on his lips, "Do not thank me," she said, "I have only paid what I owed you."

And I have no doubt it was through her influence that Gorham was, soon after, elevated to a much more honorable and lucrative situation than the one he had formerly occupied in her husband's establishment.

I need not say that Gorham never fell again. Aye, I believe that he is this hour a stronger and a better man because of that time of weakness. Was he not afterward doubly tender and charitable to the sinning? Did he not struggle harder and with longer enduring patience to reclaim others because he had once sinned? Ah! they who have felt the temptation can pity the offender!

Seven years had passed. It was a day bright

with sunshine, and balmy with soft odors from the summer woods. Mrs. Conrad was passing it at our house, and she looked very young and fair in the robes of widowhood which she had worn for two years.

And a little longer than this had we worn these "tokens for the dead," for cousin Miranda Carter had joined our father and mother in heaven.

We three, Gorham, Mrs. Conrad, and I sat before the open window drinking in its beauty, and talking of many things.

"Now, don't you think, Mercy," I jestingly asked, in some pause of the conversation, "that it's manifestly Gorham's duty to get married? Here he is over thirty years old, and I verging toward old maidism, am obliged to stay here and be his dutiful housekeeper, thereby letting slip all chances of ever being my own. It's too bad, and I'm going to mutiny."

Some one called me at that moment, and I left the room before Mercy could reply.

"There is a reason (you understand it, Mrs. Conrad,) why I have never asked any woman to be my wife," said Gorham, in low, solemn tones.

She flashed up an inquiry in his face with those large, deep-set eyes.

"Oh! Gorham, it is very wrong even to speak of that. No true woman would ever love you less."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it."

"There is but one woman on the face of the earth whom I would care to know that it would influence. Shall I tell you who she is?"

"Yes."

"Yourself!"

Another inquiry startled wondering, flashing up from those glorious eyes. "Oh, Gorham!" and she burst into tears. He took her hands, and he was answered.

"To think," she said to him, half an hour afterward, "you suppose I could let that matter influence me! I, who have known from my childhood your ingrained nobleness, and truth and generosity! Besides have I nothing to confess? Did I not marry an old man for his wealth, when I loved him only as a child should love its father?"

"But I was an orphan and alone, Gorham, and toiling very hard in my arduous school duties; and when he brought his niece there, and took so much interest in me, of course I was very grateful.

"Then when at last he asked me so tenderly to be his wife, and promised to surround me with all the beauty and luxury my nature had always panted after, I could not refuse him.

"I was at least a true wife to him, and made the last hours of his life very happy."

"As you will make all mine, and this time you will not marry for wealth, darling, as the world will be sure to say I did."

"No matter, Gorham, what it says."

When at last I returned, Gorham said to me, "You need not grumble any more, Lettie, about being my housekeeper, for I have found one a great deal better than you."

I stared from one to the other in mute astonishment. At last the truth flashed into my

mind. "Oh! I am so glad! so glad!" I cried, clapping my hands.

We live in houses whose gardens adjoin each other, my husband and I and my children, Mercy and Gorham with theirs.

We are as happy as falls to the lot of mortal to be, while we wait here for the "Voice beyond the River."

We meet together always in the soft twilights, and often talk half sadly, half jestingly of the time when we lived in Pentonville, and when Mercy was "DEACON SHARPE'S WIFE'S NIECE."

LILLA LEE.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

NEVER lived another maiden
Like my dainty Lilla Lee;
Nothing else in earth or Heaven
Is there half so dear to me.
Sunny curls around her temples,
Laughter rippling o'er her face,
"Poetry in every motion,"
Every action full of grace.

CHORUS.

Dearer than the light of Heaven
Is my Lilla's love to me!
Darling Lilla, charming Lilla,
Loving Lilla Lee.

Moving with an airy fleetness,
Like a swallow on the wing,
Rivalling the pleasant music
Of the sweetest birds that sing;
Hovering above the flowers,
Blithe and busy as a bee,
Thus to see her should you marvel
That I love my Lilla Lee?
Graceful as a woodland fairy,
Happy as a laughing child,

Crowned with beauty that eclipses
Fairest flower that ever smiled;
Pleasant as the Summer sunshine,
Quite as radiant and as free,
Is this charming little maiden,
My bewitching Lilla Lee.

Never frowning, never pouting,
Smiling brightly all the time,
Speaking with an accent sweeter
Than the dreaming poet's rhyme;
Winning all hearts into loving,
Stony-like though they may be—
Almost like a sinless angel
Is my darling Lilla Lee.

Could you see the roguish loving
Peeping from her April eye,
You would know that I must love her,
And you would not wonder why.
Nothing else was ever like her,
Dear as life is she to me;
Heaven is near me when I revel
On the lips of Lilla Lee.

A REQUIEM.

BY MRS. SARAH S. SOWELL.

GENTLY, gently close her eyes,
Soft and blue as noonday Heaven;
Now the silver chord is loosed,
Now the ties of life are riven.
Fold the snowy funeral robe
Round her slender, graceful form,
Which hath like a Summer flower
Bowed before the sweeping storm.
Part the soft, brown, wavy hair
Smoothly o'er the marble brow;
Close the finely chiseled lips—
Silent is their music now.
Let us fold the lily hands
Lightly on the quiet breast—
Pain and sorrow now are o'er,
Peaceful is her silent rest.

Now we scatter o'er her bier,
Summer's brightest, fairest flowers;
Fragrant and perishing as they,
She hath passed from earthly bowers.
Gently bear her from the home
Which her death hath filled with gloom,
She can dwell no longer here,
Lay her in the narrow tomb.
Dust to dust, and earth to earth,
Spirit to the living God!
Bow we now, in hope and trust,
To our Father's chastening rod.
Gently, lightly heap the earth
On our loved one's quiet breast—
Sadly, mournfully we turn
From her solemn place of rest.

THE NIGHT OF PERIL.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

It was a night in the tropics. The moon had not yet risen, but a thousand stars were out on high. Our schooner lay almost motionless, her bow slowly lifting with the almost imperceptible heave of the long, regular swell. There was not a sound to disturb the silence, except the wash of an occasional ripple against her side, or the impatient whistle of a seaman. On every side the ocean stretched away until lost in the dim obscurity of the horizon. The blue concave above was unbroken by clouds, except toward the east, where a bank of vapor hung on the seaboard, like a thin veil of gauze; but a spicy odor, impregnating the air in that direction, told the practised seaman that what seemed only a cloud, was in reality land. The beauty and stillness of the scene were beyond description, and even the rudest of the crew, as they leaned idly over the side, seemed to feel the dreamy influence of the hour and forget the possibility of peril.

Isabel, Mr. Thornton, and I sat on the quarter-deck, enjoying the delicious scene. Gradually, we lapsed into silence. The bliss of being near her whom I loved, was enough for me, and I sat wrapt in the sweetest reveries. Suddenly, a piercing cry broke from Isabel's lips. It was a cry of alarm, so startling and wild that I turned hastily toward her.

Her face was paler than that of death, her lips were parted in terror, her eyes stared fearfully at some object in the distance; and her finger, which pointed in the direction of her look, quivered like an aspen. Instinctively I followed her eye. Far down toward the African coast, I saw, scarcely discernible amid the thin haze which hung in that direction, a long, heavy oared boat; and, though the distance rendered it nearly undistinguishable, enough could be seen to make us certain that it was crowded with men and pulling directly for us.

I sprang to my feet. Isabel's terror was not without cause. Our schooner had gone into the river Gabion to trade; but the night before, we had detected signs of hostility on the part of the natives, and had escaped massacre only by cutting the cable and putting to sea. Shortly after daybreak the light breeze had died away, and we had been lying since, in full sight of the coast, till dusk, which stretched along the horizon,

a dark, impenetrable line of woods, with a fringe of white surf in front. I knew, at once, that the negroes had only waited till night-fall to follow us; and that, unless the wind rose, we were lost.

I looked around the horizon. There was not a sign of a breeze. Then I called for a lighted candle. By this time every eye was fixed on me. The crew gathered within a short distance of the quarter-deck, anxiously awaiting orders.

The candle was brought, and I held it aloft. For some minutes, the flame streamed perpendicularly upward. At last it slightly inclined, and finally flared almost horizontally outward from the wick. Simultaneously I felt on my cheek a nearly imperceptible puff of air.

"Thank God!" I cried.

But scarcely had I spoken, when the candle burned up steadily again, and our hearts sank within us.

There is no feeling so agonizing as suspense. As I watched the candle, my anxiety gradually became so intense that I could hear the pulsations of my heart increasing in rapidity and strength until they smote on my ear like the strokes of a force-pump. Soon, too, other sounds reached me—they were those of the quick rollicking of oars at a distance. I started, and, seizing a night-glass, gazed at the approaching barge, determined to know the worst at once. I counted no less than thirty ruffianly-looking negroes, beside several white men, as I thought, in the boat, and in the canoes behind.

Our own force, all told, amounted to only ten. Sick at soul, I shut the glass and turned to the candle. I fancied that it flared slightly. Wetting my hand I held it up and felt, yes! I felt the water evaporating on the palm. I turned to the light. It now bent steadily over, and finally streamed out nearly at right angles to the wick, when it suddenly went out. At the same instant I heard a light murmur in the rigging.

"All hands make sail," I said, "here comes the breeze. Cheerily, my lads. It is for life or death."

The men sprang to the sails, and the glad sound of the water rippling under our bows soon met our ears, telling us that we were in motion. With a sudden feeling of exhilaration I turned

astern, and it seemed as if we had already increased our distance from the foe. Unconsciously I uttered an exclamation of joy. At this instant I heard a deep respiration at my side. The sound proceeded from Isabel, who, attracted by my words, had read hope in my face, and thus given utterance to her relief.

"Do you think we shall escape?" she said, eagerly.

"I hope so—indeed I am sure we shall," I added, willing to say almost more than I believed. "If the wind freshens we shall soon run them out of sight."

Her answering look gave me courage to face a legion of foes. I felt that I could lay down a thousand lives sooner than suffer her to fall into the hands of our pursuers.

The next fifteen minutes were passed in a state of the most agonizing suspense. At first, we fancied that the savages were dropping astern, and a general feeling of relief passed through the ship. But, when I had watched the barge for several minutes, my heart misgave me, and at last I could only hope that the ruffians did not gain on us. Anxious to conceal my fears, I assumed a cheerfulness I did not feel, and endeavored to divert the minds of Isabel and her father from the contemplation of their dangerous situation.

At last the breeze almost died out. For the first time the savages now uttered a wild yell, or rather a howl like that of famished wolves at sight of their prey. Isabel gave a stifled shriek, and buried her face on her father's bosom. Words cannot describe the agony expressed in the parent's look, or in the wild embrace with which he drew his child to his heart.

The mate glanced at the now rapidly approaching boat, and, coming close to me, said, in a hoarse voice,

"In ten minutes all will be over." He looked earnestly toward Isabel, "To think of that lovely girl in the hands of brutal outlaws or savage negroes."

"Better death than dishonor," I responded, understanding his meaning. No other word was said, but we pressed each other's hands convulsively.

Weapons were soon distributed, and I made a short address to the men. I did not pretend to conceal our danger. I told them they had no alternative but to conquer or die. No allusion was made to Isabel, but a single glance of my eye toward her was understood, and each man grasped his cutlass tighter as he comprehended the silent appeal. When my voice ceased, there was a hush for a second. The first sound that

broke the quiet was the rollicking of the pirates' oars, striking with fearful distinctness on our ears, and telling, by its increased loudness, how rapidly the foe gained on us.

Meantime the fog-bank had been creeping down toward us, and the mist had now grown so thick that, to the west, it shut out the horizon completely from sight, though the stars were still visible higher up toward the zenith. Nearer us the vapor was less dense, objects being still visible for some distance across the water. About a dozen whites were in the barge: the rest were negroes.

A carronade, at my orders, had been charged and was now fired at the approaching fleet. It missed the launch, but striking among the canoes behind, sank one. A wild howl of rage burst from the ruffians, and the barge swept down toward us with redoubled velocity.

"I think I can pick off one of those ruffians," said I to the mate. "We may disable three or four before they reach us, and every life will increase our chances. You are a good shot?"

"Ay," said he. "I will account for one, if you will for the other. Let us take the two leading oarsmen at once, for the instant they touch us, we shall have them pouring in, on our low decks, like a wave over the knight heads. Are you ready?"

"Ready!" was my response; and we fired.

Simultaneously with the flash of my piece, I saw the bow oarsman fall. The mate had followed my example, and the second ruffian leaped up, with a yell, and tumbled across the seat. Both oars caught in the water, and were snapped off at the thwart. For an instant the pirates seemed paralyzed. But immediately they rallied.

"Again!" I cried.

We fired so nearly at the same instant, that there was but one crack of our pieces. Two more ruffians fell; but the boat still kept on, and was now within pistol-shot.

"Take off that fellow with the red sash," I hoarsely whispered. "I'll aim at the coxswain. One of the two must be the leader."

My eye was never keener, nor my hand more firm, than at that moment. One might have counted two while I paused; then my piece blazed. My man sprang forward and fell, struggling convulsively. The mate fired simultaneously, and the helmsman tumbled headlong forward, falling on the ruffian I had shot. There was a howl of lamentation from the negroes; the rowers stopped, several rushed aft, all was confusion. The boat shot forward until almost abreast of us, and then lay motionless on the water.

But the hesitation of the pirates was of short duration. The cries of grief on the part of the negroes were exchanged for shouts of rage. We could see the whites urging them on. We had barely time to note the horrible expressions of their faces, glaring with revenge and the most savage passions; we had barely time to level the remaining muskets hastily at them and fire, though with what effect the confusion would scarcely allow us to perceive, when the bow of the barge grated against our sides, and immediately a boat-hook was fixed into the low bulwarks.

At the moment, one of the crew, with a blow of an axe, cut the implement in two, but as he did so, a stalwart white sprang on deck, where he stood, brawny and gigantic, keeping a charmed circle around him with a cutlass. Instantaneously, like a swarm of bees, our assailants clustered on the side of the vessel, and, despite our desperate resistance, eventually gained a footing.

We now hastily retreated to the quarter-deck, where we prepared to make our stand. To reach us the assailants would have to pass the narrow passages on each side of the companion-way, and these had, just before, been partially blocked up, with such efficiency as time would admit, by water-casks that usually stood on the quarter-deck. Our whole force was drawn up within this little fortification.

The piratical leader saw our hasty preparations, and paused a moment to scan our position. Thus both parties remained, for a few seconds, inactive, eyeing each other as men are apt to do when about to engage in mortal conflict. On the part of the assailants this scrutiny was carried on with feelings akin to those with which a tiger watches the prey he knows cannot escape him. Our emotions were those of men doomed to death, and, aware of their fate, but resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. On one side was fiendish exultation, on the other manly despair.

"Have at them!" shouted the ruffian in English, suddenly: and his men, answering with a yell, dashed forward.

"Stand fast, my hearties," I cried, confronting the foe at the pass on the right of the companion-way, while the mate took the opposite pass on the left. "Strike for life or death."

Of the succeeding minutes I have no distinct recollection. There was a wild clashing of cutlasses, mingled with the reports of pistols and the shouts of angry combatants, while occasionally a shrill cry of agony, from some one desperately wounded, rose over the uproar. Our stock of firearms was scanty, so that we had little with which to oppose the foe except cut-

lasses, while most of the desperadoes were armed with pistols. But our defences, slight as they were, considerably retarded the approach of the foe.

In vain the piratical leader struggled to penetrate into our little circle. Sustained by four sturdy old men-of-war's men, I hurled him back on his followers as often as he endeavored to clamber over our defences. So fierce was the contest in this quarter, that the cutlasses, crossing each other in strife, formed a bridge over me and the pirate, while the blades flashed rapidly and incessantly. The mate, though hurt, also maintained his ground.

Three times had I been wounded, one of my little party was shot dead, all of us were streaming with blood, yet still we maintained the unequal combat. But I felt that our resistance could not be protracted much longer. We had suffered quite as severely as the savages. But, while, for every man they lost, there were three to take his place, it had required the whole of our little force, even at first, to defend our barricade. Our thinned numbers could now scarcely maintain their footing, and, with the loss of one or two more, would be totally inadequate to it. The canoes, meantime, were rapidly approaching.

We had just, for the fourth time, beaten back our assailants. A fifth attack, I feared, would be successful. As I thought this, I cast my eyes hastily around to Isabel, who sat, or rather cowered, under the shelter of the companion-way. Her eyes were fixed to windward, as if earnestly contemplating some object. With sudden hope, I followed the direction of her look.

I have said that the wind died away before the pirates boarded us, and, since then, every faculty had been absorbed in the conflict for existence, so that I had not been aware of the gradual revival of the breeze. Now, however, when the din of battle momentarily ceased, my ears were greeted with the sighing of the wind among the rigging, and the pleasant murmur of the water as it parted under our bows and glided along the sides—gentle and soothing sounds always, but especially so after the maddening uproar of the mortal strife.

I became conscious also, the very instant my eyes turned to windward, that the fog, which I have described as settling around us, was slowly dissipating, and, although it still lay thick and palpable along the surface of the water, higher up it thinned off, and finally disappeared altogether. The object, which had attracted Isabel's attention, was a tall mast rising majestically above the fog, not a cable length distant, and, though the hull was invisible, I saw, with what delight my

readers can imagine, that the union-jack of my beloved country was floating from the mast head.

"Huzza!" I cried, "huzza! Help is at hand. Here comes our gallant flag."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at their feet and torn up the deck beneath them, the pirates could not have shown more consternation than at these words. Every man looked around in search of the new comer, and, when the stranger was discovered to windward, no pen can describe the expression of amazement and affright which gathered on the faces of the ruffians. They stood, a moment, as if spell-bound, staring at the tall masts, that rose majestically above the fog, their eyes distending with astonishment. As the vessel bore down on us, the mists rolled slowly aside; first her bowsprit shoved itself out of the fog; then the white vapor curled along her side, and her forechains became visible; and, finally, like a magic picture emerging from the smoke of an enchanter's tripod, the whole symmetrical hull rose to sight, with a row of teeth frowning from the open ports.

At this sight, so unexpected, the negroes no

longer wavered. A cry of affright broke from them, and, hurrying to their boat, they tumbled into it, pell-mell, and pushed off, leaving behind, in their consternation, most of their white companions. Availing ourselves of this happy juncture, we sallied forth, and, cutting down those who resisted, chased the rest overboard.

The ship was now close on to us, and, in a few hurried words, I acquainted her captain with our situation, and the character of the fugitives, whose boat was rapidly pulling into the fog. Not a second was lost in the pursuit. The sloop-of-war glided majestically by, and, just as she passed across her forefoot, a stream of fire gushed from one of her guns. The boat flew to splinters, leaving her crew struggling and shrieking in the water. We could see, even at our distance, the wounded wretches fighting for a plank, or squatting a moment on the water, like wounded ducks, ere they sank for ever. In a few minutes all was still in the vicinity of the spot where the barge went down. As for the canoes they disappeared at once, the negroes in them making the best of their way ashore.

BURIED ALIVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Chosen and confined! the air is hot and dark—

Seems that the sun went down two nights ago;

Is it night now? or am I dreaming? Hark!

There are strange footsteps moving to and fro;

Footsteps and voices—ah, they call my name!

Warm tears fall over on my still, cold brow—

My hand is press'd—yes, 'tis the very same!

How sweet to know she hovers near me now!

I cannot answer—palsied tongue and heart!

How close I'm shrouded—God! it cannot be!

Confined! I fear to think—black thoughts, depart;

Wouldst doom me thus to deepest misery?

And yet I'm not a coward—no, no, no;

But why this dull, dread silence all around?

Why is it broken but by sounds of woe?

Why are those cements 'cross my bosom wound?

I pause, I think, I ponder—God of Heaven!

Take pity on me! Ten times worse than death!

Buried alive! Earthed ere the soul Thou'lt given

Has taken flight, and broke the thread of breath!

Buried alive! laid down where grass and flowers

Will crawl above me, o'er me nod and wave;

Pent in black darkness thro' long dreadful hours—

A living man laid in a charnel grave!

Methinks I've slept, or wandered; may be, slept;

For I did dream such glorious-featured dreams—

Of lying down, where God's own angels slept

On fragrant roses, piled by amber streams!

Dread waking! oh, I feel 'tis true! I know—

They thought me dead—they've laid me in the tomb!

Oh, morning clouds, oh sunset, ne'er thy glow

Shall I behold! starved in this horrid gloom!

Never again, oh, sunlight, shalt thou warm

This cold brow, clammy with Death's fætid damps!

Never again these eyes in this clay form

Shall see the sky of midnight, with its lamps!

But midnight gloom of starless, rayless night

O'er me for ever its vaulting circles wheels—

From the dread tomb flees far the frightened light—

Oh God! my blood, with horror deep, congeals!

And she weeps for me—she, my promised bride,

Her blue eyes filled with tears for her dead love!

She'll come, and mourn this dismal grave beside,

And kiss the sod! dear little widowed dove!

And I must lie here dying, but not dead,

And know that she hangs o'er me, oh, so near!

Great God! this anguish tears my throbbing heart—

My brain will burst—'tis more than I can bear!

Angel of Death! I feared thee once; 'tis past;

In mercy come, and set my spirit free!

My very soul stands shivering and aghast

At thought of living in this agony!

Spirit of Light, receive me! take me home,

In memory of Thy Jesus, hear my cry!

Let the blest Presence, and the Lamb say, "Come"—

Oh, let my pleadings reach the Throne on high!

Dear bride, farewell, for thy sweet sake—for thee,

I'd lived and loved, and been thy strength, thy life!

Unfolded thee as green shores do the sea—

And been to thee all that thou wished—my wife!

And now thy blessed image on my soul

Is graven. Farewell! thou'lt meet me, by-and-by,

Where tombs are not—and Death's waves never roll!

Fainter my breath! I go—thank God—I die!

THE EBONY WORK-BOX.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 72.

CHAPTER IX.

WHILE Mary's head was busy planning schemes for recovering the box, her aunt's was equally busy devising means to keep it out of her reach; and she succeeded.

The next day a lady called on Mrs. Burt, and, in the course of conversation, an ingenious plan came into the mind of the latter for disposing of the troublesome possession. For, in reality, her conscious guilt in connection with it had become so great that the very sight of the box was growing irksome to her. Why not restore it to its rightful owner, then? Because that would be doing a real kindness to Mary; and such a thing had gone out of practice with Mrs. Burt. She preferred to cover up, rather than undo the wrong; forgetting, reflective reader, that however long and deep an evil may be buried, it will one day sprout up and bring forth fruit after its kind.

"By the way, Mrs. Todd," said she, "I have something very pretty to show you." So saying, she went into another room, and returned with the ebony box. Mrs. Todd was charmed with it, and eagerly inquired where she got it.

"I am not at liberty to say," said Mrs. Burt, "for it was left here by an unfortunate friend, to be sold."

"Indeed! and at what price?"

Mrs. Burt was anxious to drive a bargain, and replied,

"At a price far below its value, Mrs. Todd. It can be had for ten dollars—and the silver on it is worth twice that sum."

Mrs. Todd, without replying, took out her purse, counted the money, and took possession of the coveted treasure.

Poor Mary! A few days afterwards she ventured once more to ask her aunt for her box, but was told flatly that she had given it away to a worthy friend, who had removed to a distant part of the country. We will not record the details of Mary's sorrows during a few ensuing months, but bring the sympathetic reader at once to the next great era in her trials, which, like a "tenth wave," well nigh overwhelmed her. She had made many efforts to trace her lost gift, but without success; and, by a special exertion of will, had

somewhat reconciled herself to the grievous disappointment; looking forward to the time of her uncle's return with a patient expectation of true sympathy, if not of entire relief from her unhappy condition.

One night, about the first of September, Mr. Burt came home from his place of business with an unusually sad and thoughtful air, and seated himself by the fire without speaking. So strange a thing attracted the attention of all the family, who were present, ready to sit down to supper.

"What is the matter, father?" asked Emily, putting her arm around his neck, and looking affectionately into his face. He made no reply, but taking a newspaper from his pocket, pointed out a paragraph, and handed it to his daughter. Emily took it, and read aloud:

"By advices from Havana, we learn that the ship *Dolphin*, Capt. Bruce, of this port, when three days out from St. Salvador, struck a sunken reef and bilged. A heavy sea running, she was driven high, and in five hours parted amidsthips. Fortunately, a French brig at this moment hove in sight, bore down upon the wreck, and saved all but four or five passengers, who were lost when the vessel broke up. Among the latter, we regret to learn, was Capt. Benjamin Burt, formerly of this city, and well known to our commercial readers as an enterprising merchant of Rio Janeiro. Capt. Burt lost his life in noble efforts to save a fellow-passenger."

This sudden announcement was a terrible shock to the whole family, and filled every heart with mourning. Even Mrs. Burt, witnessing the violent grief of her daughters, indulged herself in a paroxysm of tears.

But where is Mary, and who cares for her? There she lies, with her head hanging over the end of the sofa; and there, long after the rest have brushed away their stormy tears, she still lies—her eyes dry and her heart petrified. There is a drouth below the deepest wells.

The family at length seated themselves at the tea-table; but Mary's chair was empty—she had gone supperless to bed, not to sleep, but to think—to perform in appropriate darkness the funeral obsequies of a departed hope.

The wakeful night passed swiftly away and

the dawn found her quietly employed at the unfinished task of the previous day. What makes that look, though sad, so peaceful? She had learned another hard lesson of resignation, and submitted her heart to the will of Providence.

Was the remarkably cheerful face with which Mrs. Burt greeted the family, that morning, to be explained in the same way? She too had passed a sleepless night, but it was because her husband had informed her that he was the only legal heir to all his brother's estate; the captain having executed a will to that effect many years before, and sent it home to his care; and her sleep had been driven away by her busy castle-buildings of future grandeur. She was a woman of active mind and determined will; and that night's musings had mapped out a variety of purposes, from which no ordinary influences would be able to swerve her.

Mr. Burt having satisfied himself that there was no other will, it became necessary for him to proceed at once to look after his inheritance. In order to do this it seemed desirable to change his residence to a more convenient part of the city. Much to his gratification, and that of his wife's, he succeeded in negotiating the purchase of the fine dwelling he formerly owned in C—street, which happened to be vacant, and for sale. Immediate preparations were made for removal, attended with all the excitement, hurry, and confusion incident to that periodic plague of domestic life. The strength and patience of our heroine were of course tasked to the utmost, during these days of extra labor; and her spirit received no cheering impulse, when after the family became settled she found her sphere of servitude more degraded in proportion as the pride and pretensions of her aunt and cousins were increased. Seeing nothing before her but a life of ignoble toil, her ambition was aroused, and she determined to assert her freedom. Her resolution was deliberately taken, and wisely kept to herself till ready for execution.

CHAPTER X.

ABOUT two weeks after the cottage had been changed for the palace, one pleasant morning, after her usual task was finished, Mary made her appearance in the little family parlor, dressed as fitly as she could dress for the street. A smile was on her face, and good will to all the world in her heart. She approached her aunt, and, giving her a parting kiss, said,

"Good bye, aunt!"

"What do you mean, Mary?"

"I am going to visit a friend, and don't know when I shall be back again."

She did not wait for her aunt's rejoinder, knowing that a prolonged dialogue would be likely to lead to a scene which would leave an unhappy impression on her heart. So she quietly passed out of the house, and hurried from street to street, not as a wanderer, but like one who was impelled by a fixed and commendable purpose. Her nimble feet soon brought her to a distant extremity of the city.

She knocked at the door of a humble, but neat cottage, which was opened by a respectable looking, middle-aged lady, of slender form, who recognized her at once, and exclaimed,

"Why, dear Mary! is this you? What a long time it has been since you came to see me last!"

"Dear Mary!"—how strange those words sounded to her ears! and how strange the affection that prompted them!

"I know it has been a long time," said Mary, while her tears were bathing two faces; "but I have come to find a home; will you let me live with you, aunt Rachel?"

Aunt Rachel looked at her a moment in mute surprise, but discovering that there was grief weighing on the young girl's heart, suppressed the exclamation she was about to utter, and embracing her affectionately, replied,

"Live with me, my dove? Yes, all my life, love, if you will; and your presence will add a great joy to the many I already possess."

In aunt Rachel, Mary had always found a congenial heart, because it was a Christian heart—loving, hoping, forgiving, and rejoicing even in tribulation. She was her mother's sister, a poor, industrious widow, who supported herself and three children by her needle—not to the enriching of those who make merchandize of widows' tears, but in the regular employment of a circle of families, who paid her justly, and sometimes even generously, for her toil.

Mary was at once domesticated in her new and happy home, and entering into her aunt's cares with a cheerful and willing heart, soon became such an adept with the needle as to relieve her kind protector from the most trying part of her labors, and more than double the income of her former industry.

Mr. Burt was a little indignant when he learned, from his wife, of Mary's sudden departure—indignant that she should seem driven away from her home—for he had noticed, latterly, that her treatment by the family was exceedingly unkind. But to save a domestic broil, he dismissed his resentment with the commendable determination to look after her at some convenient time, and properly to provide for her—a resolution sure to be procrastinated by

his irresolute mind, immersed in the cares of a large business, and especially after he had learned that she was under the excellent protection of aunt Rachel.

Mrs. Burt and her daughters expressed themselves to each other as glad to be rid of her; and often made themselves merry at what they were pleased to call her low-born manners—those manners of uncomplaining submission and Christian resignation, which their own cruelties had taught her.

"She is now in her proper sphere," said Helen; "where she will have no temptations to be getting above it."

"Yes," replied Emily, with a sanctimonious look, "Providence has marked out each one's lot, and then they should learn to be content."

"She will never be contented," said the mother, "so long as she harbors one silly notion that now fills her head."

"What is that?" asked both of the girls at once.

"Why, that William Blake is in love with her."

"Who put that into her head?" asked Helen, with a sneering smile.

"William himself—for he has been coquetting about her these three months."

The girls looked at each other in surprise, for they were not aware that any intimacy had existed in that quarter.

"But," continued the mother, "it is possible that William is as foolish as she, and in earnest in his attentions. If so, it will be stopped; for you must know, girls, that Bennet & Co. have just taken William into the firm, because they say that he is a smart young man, and has served them well. The next thing we shall know, these poor upstarts will be getting married, and hold their heads as high as anybody, and Bennet & Co., Mr. Burt included, will uphold them in their impudence."

Mrs. Burt's face was red with vexation, and those of her daughters were as highly colored with envy. They all agreed that such a calamity to the firm, and to society in general, must by all means be averted.

CHAPTER XI.

In consequence of the increasing prosperity of their business, and the additional capital that Mr. Burt had brought to it, the firm of Bennet & Co. resolved to establish a branch house in a distant commercial city; and young Blake was delegated to take charge of it. It was but a short time after Mary's removal that this change

occurred, during which period she had not seen William; and the latter, ignorant of her whereabouts, had been too busy to attempt one of his stolen visits. The day before his departure, he hurried to Mr. Burt's residence to bid them adieu, and to claim a parting word with Mary. He pulled the bell, but was met by a strange servant, which filled him with unhappy forebodings. He followed her in, and to his surprise was met by a bland smile from Mrs. Burt, which he erroneously accounted for on the ground of his recent promotion. Forgetting his ostensible errand, he at once inquired for Mary.

"She has been gone from here several weeks," said Mrs. Burt: "an aunt of hers, from B——, who was on a journey, insisted on taking her along, to stay a year with her. The movement was so sudden, she had no time to bid her friends good-bye—not even a note to you," said the amiable lady, with a knowing look; "but she will doubtless write to you as soon as she arrives at B——, and Mr. Burt will forward the letter to you; for she confided her secret to me, and I approved her choice."

William, mistaking the cause of Mrs. Burt's change of deportment, was entirely deceived, and believed every word she said. Sadly disappointed in not seeing Mary once more before embarking on a journey of a thousand miles, to be gone at least a year, he hurried to his room and penned a parting adieu, glowing with expressions of the deepest affection; and mailed the letter to B——.

As soon as William left the city, Mrs. Burt ordered her carriage and drove to aunt Rachel's cottage. Mary met her with surprise, but seeing a smile on her face, forgot her wrongs in a moment, and welcomed her with a kiss. After a few minutes' conversation with the family, she took Mary aside and told her of William's promotion—that he had called to see her the day before—that the subject of their attachment came up—that she had given her cheerful consent, and that William desired her to call and bid her good-bye for him, as he had started that morning on a business tour which would occupy him several months.

Mary, too, was deceived; and in her joy clasped her aunt in her arms, while her tears fell like the autumn rain. Dear Mary! that fountain of thine must be deep, or it would have been wept dry ere this!

William was soon at his journey's end, and absorbed with the cares connected with the opening of his new business. Mary was still busy with her needle—her heart relieved of a great load of sorrow, and her expanding hope

tinging with a new beauty every object around her—a most delicious illusion!

Weeks passed away, and those two loving and wronged hearts began to wonder at each other's silence; but each remembered the mutual vow—to be faithful under all circumstances—and trusted.

"Affection knows no change of clime,
And true love knows no waning;
Though it is sunshine all the time,
Or all the time be raining."

While they wait and wonder, let us witness another turn in the coiling of the serpent in their paradise.

On a pleasant summer morning, the editor of the "Universal Advertiser" stood in his private office writing at his desk. He heard a sharp knocking at his door, and opened it to a well dressed lady, who entered with a business air, not unmixed with a show of haughtiness.

"A fee!" said the editor, to himself, whose sheet was always at the service of anybody that would pay well.

"Is this Mr. Quill, the editor of the Advertiser?" asked the lady.

"It is, madam; can I do anything for you this morning?"

"I wish you to insert in your morning paper two paragraphs. They must be printed in separate papers, and only one copy of each struck off. They are not for the public, but for my private use. What must I pay?"

"Let me see the paragraphs, if you please," said Mr. Quill, holding out his hand for a scrap of paper which the lady held between her fingers. Looking at the writing a moment, and then glancing at the lady's rich silks and costly jewels, he answered,

"One hundred dollars, madam."

She immediately handed him the money, and rose to depart.

"Call at this hour to-morrow morning," said Mr. Quill, "and they will be ready for you."

The lady retired, and the editor turned to his desk to finish a severe article he had commenced writing, on the corruptions of the city government.

A week after this scene, William Blake was sitting in his counting-room after the business of the day was over, waiting the return of his clerk, who had gone to the post-office for his daily budget of letters and papers. He was thinking of Mary, and hoping—how many times had disappointment overtaken the same hope!—hoping that this mail would bring some tidings from the object of his love. The budget was soon before him. Snatching up the letters, he glanced rapidly at each, and threw them down

with an expression of sorrow—for they all bore a business stamp. He then took up "The Daily Advertiser," a paper he seldom saw, and eagerly sought the obituary corner with a kind of presentiment that the paper had come to him on some mournful mission. The first record that met his eye was as follows:

"In B——, on the 20th, very suddenly, at the residence of her aunt, Mary Burt, daughter of the late Joseph Burt, of this city, aged eighteen."

"The cruel shock—the almost distracting grief—the many days of comfortless desolation that followed this announcement, may be readily conceived."

CHAPTER XII.

A few days before this, Mrs. Burt, on her daily ride, stopped her carriage before aunt Rachel's door, and without alighting, called for Mary, and with a sad countenance whispered to her,

"Bad news, Mary; but don't take it too much to heart." Then putting a newspaper into her hand, she drove on.

Mary was not long in finding the poisoned arrow which was to transfix her heart; it was the following sentence:

"Died, in N—— O——, Mr. William Blake, of the firm of Bennet & Co., of this city, aged twenty-one."

The poor girl stood aghast, for a moment, bewildered as if struck by a bolt from heaven; and then sinking into a chair, leaned her head a long time upon it, thoughtful and tearless, as if bereft of her senses. But He who watcheth over his beloved sent his angels to minister to her, and from that depth of affliction she rose to a sublimer height of faith and resignation. She cannot weep now, but tears will come by-and-by—not of despair, but the irrepressible tribute of widowed love.

Months passed away, and in the company of her excellent aunt, and in the midst of industrious labor, Mary was as happy as a heart could be with so many unhealed wounds. She ceased to look to the future, and sought happiness in the discharge of present duty; and in the contemplation of the past, whose vista, though dark and gloomy, was still dotted here and there with the shining monuments of departed joys.

One day, as she was walking the street on her way to deliver some finished work, she came to a shop, the windows of which being filled with a great variety of showy articles, attracted her eye, and for a moment arrested her steps. While looking, she started, uttered a faint scream, and stood as if petrified.

"It is! it is!" she murmured, "it is my own, dear box!" and then hastening into the shop, she asked with trembling eagerness,

"Is that box for sale, sir?"

"Yes—why—no, not exactly," drawled a rough-looking man, whose curiosity seemed excited by Mary's earnestness.

"May I ask you where you got it?"

"A woman brought it here yesterday, and pawned it till Saturday; but she will redeem it, I 'spect, as it is worth a good deal more than the money lent on it. If she doesn't claim it, there are two or three others that have already spoken for it—and the highest bidder will get it. A lady offered me twenty dollars for it this morning."

So saying, he laid it before Mary, exhibited its beauties, and expatiated on its value. Oh, how Mary's heart palpitated as she took the long lost treasure again into her hands—and though it was her own she could not claim it!

She hurried away to finish her errand, and to consult her aunt about the means of securing the box. Her aunt, who had heard its history, was deeply interested for its recovery, and was ready to contribute all her surplus means, if necessary, to effect it. Afraid to wait three long days, till Saturday, Mary was despatched that very afternoon to the pawn-broker's, with twenty-five dollars in her pocket, to deposit in advance, with the promise of more if that sum should be outbid. She was not long in reaching the shop—but her eager eye, on entering, fell upon an empty space where the fated box, but an hour before, was resting. Her heart was sinking within her as she inquired,

"Is the box gone?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the man, "you are a little too late; the owner took it away half an hour ago. I tried to buy it, but she would not part with it, but said she knew a woman that would give her a big price for it."

"Do you know the woman's name, or where she lives?"

"No, ma'am. I never ask such questions. She looked like a poor one, and the box will not stick to her hands long, I'll be bound."

There seemed a cruel end to Mary's revived hopes, and she had nothing to do but retrace her melancholy steps, and relieve her aching heart on the bosom of her aunt.

Other months passed away; and our afflicted heroine was, as ever, busy in the holy duty of seeking the good and advancing the happiness of others—that apprenticeship of humble hearts on earth, preparatory to the angelic service above.

Her aunt Burt had not visited her since the

announcement of William's death; and Mary had long dismissed all hope of her friendship, and all confidence in her pretended sympathy. She had several times met her cousins in their carriage, who always noticed her just enough to manifest a haughty recognition.

One bright May morning, as Mary was on her way to deliver a very elaborate and nice piece of needlework to a rich lady in C— street, she turned her steps as she had often done before, so as to pass by the pawn-broker's shop, for the empty satisfaction of a glimpse at the window which had once given her so much delight. She passed it, but her heart was not heavy as usual, and something seemed to lift her above her sorrows, and breathe sweet promise to her pensive spirit. Was it the bright sunshine and the balmy air? It might have been—but whatever it was, she felt, this morning, for the first time for many months, a truly cheerful hope.

Arrived at the beautiful mansion of Mrs. Rand, she delivered her package and was resting herself in a luxurious chair, while that lady was examining and complimenting the beautiful work which had cost Mary a fortnight's hard labor.

With an air of great satisfaction, Mrs. Rand turned to her and said,

"I was to give you five dollars for this, I believe?"

"That was the price agreed on," replied Mary.

"It is worth more," said the good lady; "I shall give you ten! Clara," she added, turning to a bright-eyed little daughter, "I believe my purse is in the work-box in the other room; go and bring it."

As Clara re-appeared, Mary uttered a sharp cry, and sprang toward her, snatching from her hands her own beautiful Ebony Box, and clasping it to her breast, cried in a delirium of joy,

"It is mine! it is mine! I never will lose sight of it again!"

Mrs. Rand gazed at her in surprise and alarm, for a moment—then taking her gently by the hand, led her to a chair, and begged to know the cause of her excitement.

Mary rapidly related to her the story of the box, to which Mrs. Rand listened in silence with an occasional tear. After she ceased, the good lady made no reply, but rose, took the box, and emptying out its contents, placed it in Mary's hands, saying, with an affectionate tone,

"My dear child, it is yours; and although I gave a poor woman forty dollars for it, I have no right to it now! Take it, Mary; I could not sleep in peace again if I should retain it, or take pay for it."

Opening her purse, she took out a ten dollar

note, and adding a half eagle to it, obliged Mary to accept the whole, despite her remonstrances.

Reader! is there a hard knot in your purse-string? Drop a tear of true sympathy on it, and it will yield sooner than the Gordian Knot under the sword of Alexander!

CHAPTER XIII.

BIDDING her kind patroness a grateful good morning, Mary stepped into the street and hastened with a nervous joy to announce her good fortune to her sympathetic aunt. She had proceeded but a few rods, and was rapidly turning a corner, when she met a gentleman, who instantly raised both hands as if in fright—turned ghastly pale, and then caught her to his heart. At the moment of his approach she recognized him as William Blake, and sunk senseless in his arms. It was to them like the meeting of each other's ghosts; and the pallor of their faces was enough to make the passers-by think the same. He carried her to the nearest door, and with some difficulty succeeded in bringing her to life. As soon as signs of consciousness appeared, he left her to call a carriage; and as he returned, and was lifting her in, she all at once missed her box, and had no recollection what had become of it. Looking round in alarm, she saw a ragged boy approaching with it in his hands, saying,

"Here, woman, is something you dropped when you fell down!"

She caught it from him, and, in her gratitude, threw back to him her half eagle, with a thousand thanks.

At her request, William drove her to aunt Rachel's; and that good lady was delighted and surprised almost out of propriety at the narrative of the morning's adventures, so marvellous, and so fraught with happiness. After an interchange of histories and sentiments of undiminished devotion to each other, to which, in the turbulence of their joy, the presence of aunt Rachel offered no check, Mary's eye fell upon her box, almost forgotten again. She jumped up and took it into another room by herself, to examine its secret apartment, about which she had thought so much by day, and dreamed so much by night, and which was still unexplored.

As she was about to press the mysterious knobs, she hesitated, with a kind of awe, as the recollection of the last interview with her good uncle rushed into her mind. It seemed like invading the repose of the dead. Then she was filled with alarm lest some of the strange hands through which the treasure had passed, had already profaned the little sanctuary, and robbed

it of its contents, which, trifling as they might be in themselves, would now be of sacred value to her.

She roused at length from her painful reverie, and, to the exertion of all her strength, applied as her uncle had directed, the springs yielded, and the secret apartment lay open before her, revealing nothing but a thickly folded paper, tied up with a piece of rope-yarn.

"Just like uncle Ben!" she thought, with a smile—"a piece of funny advice, I'll warrant!"

She untied the rude string, and unfolding the paper, which appeared to contain several closely written pages, her eye caught, at the beginning, these words, written in a heavy hand,

"In the name of God, Amen!"

This looked strange and mysterious, and almost alarmed her, but, as she read on, she found she was perusing the "Last Will and Testament" of her uncle, in which he had bequeathed his entire estate to his "beloved niece, Mary Burt."

Almost bewildered at the discovery, and in her simplicity hardly knowing its import, she returned silently to William, and laid the paper on the table before him. He commenced reading it with ordinary curiosity, but soon his face flushed, his hand trembled, and, turning suddenly around, he exclaimed,

"Mary! where did you get this?"

She brought the box, and told him its singular history, and then asked him if the paper was of any value.

William pointed to the seals and signatures of the witnesses at the foot of the document—the names of men whose hand-writing he well knew; and replied,

"It is of a value no more nor less than this—from the humble position of a poor sewing-girl, it raises you to the possession of an estate worth, at least, three hundred thousand dollars; and more than this, it brings justice to one whose whole life has been a series of cruel sufferings!"

He spoke with strong emotion, but as he finished, his countenance changed to an expression of deep sadness, and he leaned upon the table and covered his face with his hands. Mary's quick sensibilities divined the cause; and stooping, she whispered in his ear,

"Remember! 'Faithful under all circumstances!'—this piece of paper is of no value to me without you. Shall I tear it?"

William raised his tearful eyes, and imprinted a kiss upon those lips which had hardly ever uttered an unholy thought.

At the time he met Mary in the street, William had been in the city but a few hours, and had not yet seen Mr. Burt, nor any other member

of the firm; but was on his way to their place of business at the moment of the startling adventure. It was decided that he should keep his arrival unknown till the necessary steps of proving the will were gone through.

As soon as this was accomplished, a note was dispatched by aunt Rachel to Mr. Burt, requesting him to call at her house the next morning, at eight o'clock, without fail, on business of the utmost importance to himself. He obeyed the summons, and was punctual to the hour; and, on entering the cottage, was introduced to two or three ladies and gentlemen who were seated in the parlor. As soon as the salutations of the morning were over, the door of the adjoining room opened, and William and Mary entered, arm in arm, when one of the gentlemen, who wore a white cravat, immediately rose, and united them in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Mr. Burt was astounded beyond measure at this unexpected scene, but no less delighted than astonished. He grasped William's hand with a nervous hilarity, and then affectionately embraced his niece—whom he always really loved—and congratulated her on her good fortune in securing such a husband.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN the few guests had gone, William and Mary asked a private interview with Mr. Burt, in which the story of the Ebony Work-Box was related to him from beginning to end, concerning which he had never before heard a word. When they came to the will, and the document was laid before him, he was thunder-struck, at first, and remained sometime silent. But he was a man of strict honor, and had a strong sense of justice; and turning at length to Mary, he said, with a smile,

"It is all right, Mary; the property is clearly yours. I cheerfully resign it all."

Mary, deeply affected, threw her arms around his neck, and said,

"The possession of all the world would bring me no pleasure, dear uncle, if it must be enjoyed at the expense of your happiness. Be assured that the protector of my orphanage shall never be forgotten!"

Mr. Burt kissed his niece, and wiped her generous tears.

"But your aunt; said he, "it will be almost a death blow to her. She thinks much more of these things than I do. Breaking this news to her will give me more pain than hearing it myself."

William delicately suggested, that, with his

permission, he and Mary would perform the duty for him. Mr. Burt gladly assented.

It must be confessed that William, in making this proposal, while it was kindly intended as to Mr. Burt, was prompted also by a desire to enjoy a triumph over one who had for years been an unrelenting persecutor of innocence; and, as he now believed, was the cruel author of the obituary notices, which had wrung tears of anguish from those who had never harmed her in deed or in thought.

At sight of the fine equipage, as it halted before the Burt mansion, the mother and daughters, who were peeping through the casements, were filled with curiosity to see the carriage opened.

"Who can it be, mother?"

"I don't know—somebody, I suppose, who is ambitious to make our acquaintance. Don't be familiar, girls, till you find out what they are."

The bell was rung, and the strangers were ushered into the parlor, where the ladies were waiting to receive them with studied formality. They were not recognized in the half darkened room till William accosted Mrs. Burt and the girls in his usual manner, and expressed his gratification at seeing them after his long absence. A stiff nod, and a cool "How do you do, Mary?" was all the notice accorded to her; while the conversation was directed altogether to the gentleman, with a show of cordiality evidently assumed.

After a few moments' ordinary conversation, William put on a serious countenance, and, addressing himself to all, said,

"Ladies, allow me to introduce you to my wife, whom you have as yet hardly noticed."

They started with surprise, and losing all sense of decorum, Emily broke into a smothered giggle, Helen left the room abruptly, while Mrs. Burt exclaimed,

"Why, William Blake! what a fool you are!"

"Fool!" said William, with a flash of instantly suppressed anger; "did you not tell me, the last time I saw you, in this very room, that you approved our attachment?"

"Yes," said the deceitful woman, glancing at Emily, "but it was only in compliment. Mary is not competent to fill the station of a wife in polite society, and you, who are only a year out of your clerkship, have no right to marry any body till you are in a better situation to support yourself. You must excuse me, but I always speak frankly, and hate deception."

"I appreciate your frankness," replied William, "and beg you to extend it further, and inform me what anxious friend in the city has

been so concerned for our happiness, as to endeavor to promote it through the public press."

So saying, he took two newspapers out of his pocket, and read the notices of his own and Mary's death.

"I know nothing about that," said Mrs. Burt, with a blanched face; "it was doubtless a trick of some of your profligate companions."

"No matter," said William, compassionately, "we are both still alive and well. We have called this morning, Mrs. Burt, to inquire for Mary's Ebony Work-Box, which you took in keeping for her. She would like it now, as she has learned how to use it."

Another change of countenance came over the unhappy woman, as she replied, petulantly,

"I told Mary, at the time, that I had given it away to a friend; and where it is now," she added, with warmth, "I neither know nor care."

"If you knew where it is, you would care; and if you had known what it contained, you would sooner have parted with this fine house than given it away. Your disposal of it has proved a greater benefit to Mary than a hundred empty boxes would have been."

"Why? what do you mean?"

"I mean that Mary has recovered the box, and found in it the will of Capt. Burt, bequeathing to her all his property."

Mrs. Burt looked at him in blank amazement for a moment, and then exclaimed,

"I don't believe any such stuff, sir; for there was no paper in the box when I sold it."

"Sold it!" said William; "if you sold it you ought to have got a good price for it, for you sold with it all your right and title to a large estate—for the will was concealed in a secret apartment."

"I have not come to distress you," said William, in a softened tone, as he saw a tear of commiseration in Mary's eye. "The property now in Mr. Burt's possession must change hands; and it will be necessary for you to leave this dwelling

in a few days. Mary has already selected a pleasant cottage, which she will purchase and give to her uncle, where he may pass the remainder of his days in tranquil enjoyment, as suits his temperament. Good morning, madam."

CHAPTER XV.

Mrs. Burt spoke not a word either to William or Mary, as they left the house, and Emily had long since followed her sister out of the room.

The transfer of the property was made in a few days—the cottage purchased and deeded to Mr. Burt, accompanied with a secured life annuity; and the little family of four was domesticated in their new home—all but three of them living happy and contented.

A few weeks after the change, Mrs. Burt met one of her aristocratic acquaintances in a fashionable store; who, true to the copper-colored friendship in high-life, disdained to notice her—a slight which so enraged the humbled woman as to bring on an apoplexy, from which she never quite recovered.

At twenty-eight, Emily married a respectable retail grocer in Plum street; and two years after, Helen was led off by the chief lamp-lighter of the city, who by fifteen years' diligence and economy in his calling, had acquired a tolerable competency.

Mary led a happy and useful life, avoiding the society of the fashionable, and cultivating that of the poor. Her name never appeared in the catalogues of watering-places, nor in the bulletins of fancy balls; but was deeply engraved on hundreds of grateful hearts, whose sufferings she had sought out and relieved, and whose bowed heads she had lifted up by that powerful compound lever—consolation and cash.

Here endeth my story. Solomon wrote its moral three thousand years ago.

"The hope of the righteous shall be gladness: but the expectation of the wicked shall perish."

SONNET—FROM TIECK.

BY DANIEL H. HOWARD.

Know that I am an angel, mortal child!
Whose face brings gladness to the greenwood wild,
For in the light of morning sounds my wing,
And nightingales to me their welcome bring.
I kiss his lips, to whom the world appears
A poem of sound divine: a tale he hears
From woods and waters, fields and azure skies,

While in his heart flow streams of Paradise.
He sees eternal, never-falling love
Riding in triumph o'er the waves; above,
The veil of mystery from the realm of sound
He lifts—and Heaven the gladness echoes round,
Which silence breaks; the joyful notes then fly,
And mortals hear what angels sing on high.

OUR DICTIONARY OF NEEDLEWORK.

NO. II.—CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IMPLEMENTS FOR CROCHET.—A needle of ivory, bone, or steel, with a hook at the end; whatever the material, the hook should be rounded at the end, and quite free from sharpness.

POSITION OF THE HANDS IN CROCHET.—The crochet-hook is held lightly in the right hand, between the thumb and the forefinger. The hook should be kept in a horizontal position, never twisted round in the fingers. The work is held close to the last stitch, between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand; the thread, crossing the fore and middle fingers of that hand, is held firmly between the latter and the third, and a space of about an inch is maintained between the fore and second fingers. A very slight motion of the left wrist, by which the second and third fingers are drawn back, suffices to lay the thread over the hook, and then a movement of the thumb and forefinger toward the middle one forms the thread so laid into a new chain-stitch. Thus, the chain-stitch is made without any movement of the right hand, which not only gives a much more elegant appearance to the hands, but also enables the lady to work much faster than she would if both hands were constantly moving.

CHAIN-STITCH.—Make a slip-knot at the end of the cotton, insert the hook in it; place your hands in the position already described, and make the requisite number of stitches as directed.

DOUBLE CHAIN-STITCH.—This is a stronger and firmer chain-stitch than the ordinary one; and as it resembles braid, is sometimes termed braid-stitch. When you have done two ordinary chain-stitches, besides the one on the needle, insert the hook in the first of those two, draw the thread at once through them both: then continue to insert the hook in the stitch just finished, as well as the loop on it already, and draw the thread through both.

SLIP-STITCH.—Insert the hook in a stitch, (having already one loop on it,) and draw the thread through both. This stitch is frequently used to pass from one part to another of a round, as by it there is hardly any depth added.

SINGLE CROCHET.—Having one loop on the hook, insert the latter in a stitch or chain, and draw the thread through in a loop. You have now two on the hook. Draw the thread through both.

SHORT DOUBLE CROCHET.—Having one loop on the hook already, pass the thread round it, and insert it in the stitch to be worked. Draw the thread through. You have now two loops on the needle, besides the thread passing round it, which we may call another. Draw the thread through all three at once.

DOUBLE CROCHET.—Begin as for the last; but when you have the three on the needle, draw the thread through two only. This leaves one besides the newly formed one. Draw the thread through both.

SHORT TREBLE CROCHET.—Pass the thread twice round the needle, before inserting it in the stitch. Draw the thread through, which is equivalent to four loops on the hook. Draw the thread through two; which leaves two, and the new one. Draw the thread through all three together.

TREBLE CROCHET.—Work as for the last, until you have four loops on the hook. Draw the thread, then, through two only at a time, so that it will take a treble movement to get them all off the needle.

LONG TREBLE CROCHET.—Pass the thread three times, before drawing it through the stitch, thus having five loops on the needle. Draw the thread through two at a time, until all are taken off. This will require four movements.

SQUARE CROCHET.—Square crochet is either open or close. Close consists of three consecutive double crochet stitches. For an open square, do one double crochet, two chain, miss two. Thus either takes up three stitches, so that the foundation chain for any piece of square crochet may be reckoned by multiplying by three, and allowing one stitch over. A piece of fifty squares would require a hundred and fifty-one foundation chain.

LONG SQUARE CROCHET.—By this method any ordinary square crochet pattern may be done on an increased scale. Allow four chain for the foundation of every square, with one extra. Then a close square will be four treble crochet stitches: an open square, one treble crochet stitch, three chain, miss three.

TO CONTRACT AN EDGE.—This may be done while working double crochet, treble crochet, or

long treble. In any one of these, do half the complete stitch, but instead of completing it, twist the thread round the needle again, until, on bringing it through the next stitch, you will have as many as before. Finish the stitch in the ordinary way; by this means you have worked two stitches at the bottom, and one only at the top. This stitch is frequently used in forming flowers.

TO ENLARGE AN EDGE.—This is also chiefly done when imitating natural flowers. It may occur with a double, treble, or long treble stitch. In either case work the next shortest stitch to it, on the side instead of on the chain-stitch. Suppose there is a long treble stitch, and you wish to increase the edge. Do a treble crochet stitch, inserting your hook in the side of the long treble; then a double crochet on the side of the treble, and a single on the double. Thus, with one stitch only on the chain, or last row, you would have four at the edge. This is much smoother and flatter than working four stitches in one.

TO JOIN A THREAD.—Always manage to do this in any but chain-stitches.

RIBBED CROCHET.—This is always worked backward and forward; and is produced by inserting the hook in the back of the chain, instead of the front, as is usual. Finish a stitch with the new thread, leaving a short end of both, of it and the old one, which hold in as you work.

TO WORK WITH SEVERAL COLORS.—This is always in single crochet. Hold in those threads not in use, at the back of your work, occasionally working over them, so that the loops may not be too long. When a new color is to be introduced, finish the old stitch with it. Thus, if two scarlet three green were ordered, you would work one complete scarlet. Begin the next stitch with the same; but instead of using scarlet to draw through two loops on your hook, to complete the stitch, you would draw green through. So if only one stitch of a color is ordered, you do not do the perfect stitch, but you finish one, and begin the next with it. Sometimes in working over cord in several colors it is desirable to have the part covering the cord in one color, and the upper or chain-like part in another. To do this, begin the stitch with one color, and finish with another. The upper half of the stitch is always of the old color. Thus three and a half green one and a half white, would be three perfect green; then begin the fourth stitch white, but finish it in green. The fifth stitch all white.

TO WORK OVER CORD.—Frequently done in making mats, baskets, &c. Hold the cord along the top of the work, insert the hook as usual,

and bring out the loop of wool, under the cord. Finish the stitch over the cord.

TO WORK IN BOTH SIDES OF A CHAIN.—Along the top of every line of crochet is the appearance of a chain, or succession of tambour stitches. Usually, the hook is inserted in the front one only of these; but occasionally in both, where strength is likely to be required.

TO WORK UNDER A CHAIN.—The hook is inserted under, instead of in a stitch: it will then slip backward and forward.

CROCHET WITH BEADS.—This is so common now, for jeweled d'Oyleys, mats, and other articles in cotton work, as well as for those in silk and metal beads, that directions for these will certainly be acceptable.

It must be remembered that beads are dropped on what is always considered the wrong side of a piece of crochet. In working from an engraving, therefore, work from left to right.

Beads may be placed on any kind of stitch. A chain-stitch will require one; a single crochet, the same; a double crochet, two; a treble crochet, three; a long treble, four. All are put on after bringing the thread through the stitch. In s c, d c, t c, l t c, a bead is put on with each movement.

TO INCREASE IN JEWELLED D'OYLEYS, &c.—Do one chain-stitch where an increase is required, instead of two s c in one. Thus you avoid a hole, always produced by the other method, in s c. In these d'Oyleys, the pattern is made in beads, on a cotton ground. As it is requisite that the beads should set very flat, any increase must always be in the cotton stitches.

TO CHOOSE COTTON AND BEADS WHICH WILL WORK WELL TOGETHER.—The cotton should be as thick as it is at all easy to get the beads over. If they run on too easily, the work will not look well.

TO MARK THE COMMENCEMENT OF A ROUND IN D'OYLEYS, AND SIMILAR ARTICLES.—Take a bit of colored thread if the ground be white, or *vice versa*, and draw one end of it through the last stitch of the first round, as you form it. Continue to draw it through the front part of the chain of the last stitch of every round. By doing this from the beginning, the plan is easily kept: otherwise it will be found a constant trouble to mark the stitch terminating the round, although the accuracy of the pattern depends on it.

THE SIMPLEST WAY OF COUNTING A FOUNDATION CHAIN WHICH IS AFTERWARD TO BE WORKED IN SET PATTERNS.—Instead of counting the entire length of stitches, which is both troublesome and confusing, count in the number required for a single pattern, and then begin over again.

Thus, if each pattern requires twenty-five chains, count so far, and then begin again: this will ensure your having the proper number to complete patterns.

DRAWING PAPER—Used for taking off patterns should be, not the tissue paper, but very thin bank post, or tracing paper—a paper rendered transparent with oil. It may be purchased of any artist's colorman.

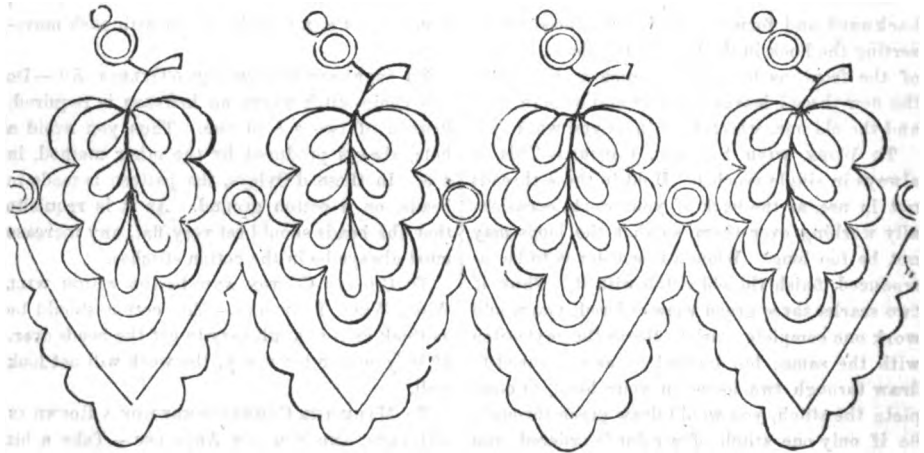
CONTRACTIONS IN CROCHET.

- ch. Chain-stitch.
- dch. Double chain-stitch, or braid-stitch.
- sl. Slip-stitch.
- sc. Single crochet.
- sdc. Short double crochet.
- dc. Double crochet.
- stc. Short treble crochet.
- tc. Treble crochet.
- ltc. Long treble crochet.
- m. Miss.

TO INCREASE THE SIZE OF AN ENGRAVED PATTERN.—It is frequently necessary to give, in the Magazine, a design which cannot be engraved of the full size. This causes some trouble to those who cannot readily enlarge a pattern for themselves.

But the method of doing it is, however, very simple. Take a piece of paper, the full size required for the article, and rule lines across it, at equal distances, throughout the length and width. Rule the same number of lines, also at equal distances, on the reduced pattern. The squares will of course be much smaller. It will be easy, with this aid to the eye, to get every scroll and flower in a square of the small pattern into the same space of the large one. When half of a collar or any other article is marked, if the other half corresponds with it—as it usually does, it ought to be transferred to tracing paper, by means of which the other half may be taken.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



BORDER FOR PETTICOAT.



INITIALS FOR MARKING.

THE CANARY BIRD. NO. I.

BY W. KIDD.



IN order to secure longevity for your birds, be careful in the selection of your cages. Herein lies the grand secret. The cages generally in use are altogether ill-adapted to comfort; being open to the air at every point, and admitting a succession of draughts from morning till night. Hence the cause of so much sickness, and of so many deaths. Birds so attended to speedily become asthmatic, and seldom live for any great length of time, as daily experience shows.

Above all things, studiously avoid the circular, open-barred brass cages, with sliding doors, now so much in vogue. We mean those resembling a parrot's cage, on a reduced scale. They are frightful instruments of destruction; bringing full many an innocent songster prematurely to his place of final rest. The brass, we need hardly observe, when water lodges on it, presents verdigris; and this, when tasted, produces sometimes a lingering, sometimes sudden death. All manner of "cheap" cages, too, must be discarded as inadmissible. They are made of dry deal, and invariably harbor vermin. Of these latter, we shall ere long have to tell a pretty tale. As a rule, buy no cages whatever excepting those made of mahogany.

The proper description of tenement for a canary is a mahogany cage, thirteen inches long, eleven inches high, and eight inches deep. The top, back, and one of the sides, should be of wood; the other side should be of stout wire-work (also the front,) so as to admit the air, and

at the same time exclude a thorough draught. Just above this wire-work should be a glass or wooden slide, running in a groove. It might then be withdrawn or not, as occasion might require. The cage inside should be painted white. This, if your bird were of a fine bright orange color, would show him off to advantage.

A long, square, but narrow perch should run from end to end, about the centre of the cage; and a second, of a similar kind, directly behind the two tin pans inserted at the front of the cage (one on either side) to hold the seed. In the middle of the wire-work, at the front, let there be a hole sufficiently large to admit the bird's head while drinking. Never use glasses or fountains for holding water; but receptacles of tin, suspended by bent wires. Glasses and glass fountains are apt to get displaced; and many a prisoner dies for want of water thus unthinkingly removed beyond his reach. By having these two perches only, the bird's feet will be kept clean, (a point we must insist upon;) and he will have plenty of room for exercise, without injuring his plumage.

A bird thus lodged may be placed anywhere, or hung out of any window. He will never know what fear is, and he will be steady to his song. It is quite a mistake (irrespective of its being cruel) to place any bird in an open cage, if you wish him to sing well. By allowing him to gaze about, his attention becomes distraught, and his thoughts are divided.

Nor is due attention to the proper sizes of your cages the only thing required. The birds' perches must be well arranged, and so fixed as not to interfere one with the other. By no other method can you keep them, and consequently your birds' feet, clean. The water, too, must be changed in summer twice daily; and the seed looked to every morning. The gravelly sand, also, must be changed thrice weekly, and the birds' claws kept neatly cut.

In the matter of food, we should recommend a constant variety, in addition to the regular diet—such as egg, boiled hard; lettuce, chickweed, groundsel, &c.; but no loaf sugar.

Au reste—let your good sense be in active exercise day by day. Observation will tell you what your birds like, and what deranges their

stomach. They are easily pleased, and as readily tamed. If you study them, they will study you.

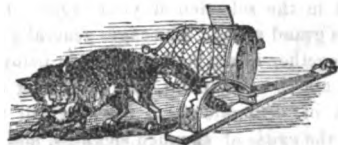
The most proper food is canary, flax, and a small quantity of rape-seed. All these should be old, and of the very best quality. It is miserable economy to purchase "cheap" seed. It will assuredly injure, if it do not kill your birds. Every morning the seed should be carefully examined, the husk removed, and the tins replenished. The bottoms of your cages should be well cleansed, thrice weekly; and be kept well covered with red gravelly sand. It is also desirable to have a small quantity of old mortar, well bruised, mixed with it. In addition to the water supplied in the tin, it is always expedient to have a square earthenware bath, fitted in a mahogany frame, ready for daily use. These are so made as to be easily suspended on the doors of the cages, when the latter are opened. They are over-arched with wire, to prevent the birds escaping; and are obtainable of almost any dealer. Never let a day pass in the summer season without administering the bath. It is a grand secret of health, and assists wonderfully in keeping your birds in fine feather. In the winter and early spring, forbid its use altogether.

To make your pets familiar, give them every now and then a small quantity of yolk of egg, boiled hard; and a small quantity of "Clifford's German Paste," mixed with a stale sponge-cake. Put this, lovingly, into a little "exclusive" tin

pan, fitted in a sly corner of the cage, and the treat will have a double charm. These innocent little creatures love to flirt with any nice pickings thus mysteriously conveyed to them; and they will keep on chattering to you in a language of their own, for many minutes, while viewing the operations in which you are actively engaged for their particular benefit.

When hanging your birds out in the garden, or at an open window, avoid as much as possible exposing them to the intense heat of a scorching sun. Although protected from its baneful influence by the covered roof of their cages, to a certain extent, they yet run a considerable risk of being killed by a *coup de soleil*—the fate of many a noble songster. The bough of a tree, well covered with foliage, is what they delight in. This should be allowed to depend from the top of their cages. So protected, they will not be annoyed either by the sight of a cat or dog, or any other noxious animal—indeed, they will be strangers to fear of any kind.

Neglect these precautions—the "consequences" will make you wise too late. No person can justly affirm that we do not illustrate all we say.



INSERTIONS, EDGINGS, & C.



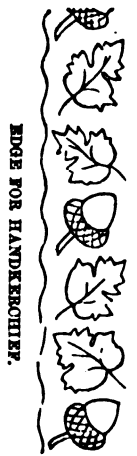
CHILD'S FLANNEL SHEET.



CHAIN-STITCH.



EDGING FOR CHEMISE.



EDGE FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



FOR CHILD'S SAOQUE.

FERN-CASE WITH AVIARY.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.



We described, in our last number, how to make small and economical fern-cases. We now give an illustration of a larger and more expensive one; and combined with an aviary. A very agreeable effect may by this means be produced, for the canaries or other small birds have the appearance of being surrounded, as it were, by a miniature forest, among the graceful foliage of which their fitting movements and cheerful song are productive of a very novel and pleasing effect.

The scale of the present design is three feet long, the space reserved for plants extending ten inches on either side of the cage, or aviary, which is sixteen inches wide. The height, to the commencement of the sloping roof, is eighteen inches; and the height to the point where the sloping glass roof meets the wire-work of the cage, nine inches more, making the total height twenty-seven inches, the wire-work rising about six inches above. The square flat upon which the bottom of the cage rests is raised twelve

inches above the general basement of the case, toward which the surface, composed of soil and rock-like stones, is made to slope picturesquely. The only peculiarity in the structure of the cage is, that the four sides are of glass, the top only being wire. The little spiral ornaments, &c., next to the cage, form in fact part of it, the projecting ledge or cornice to which they are attached protruding sufficiently to fit tightly and accurately over the final rim of the glass-case, and so perfectly uniting in appearance the aviary with the fern-case. It will be seen at once that a cage thus constructed will, when let in at the square opening at the top of the case, and allowed to rest on the raised stage prepared for it, produce precisely the effect represented in the design. The dimensions of the cage are—externally, sixteen inches long by twelve wide, and fifteen high, immediately beneath the cornice—the wire-work dome rising about six inches higher, and making its total height about eighteen inches. If it should be found that the air does not circulate with sufficient freedom in the

lower part of the cage, a few small perforations might be made in the bottom, corresponding with similar openings made through the stage or level on which it stands.

With reference to the ventilation of fern-cases generally, we may here say that it is certainly desirable to open the fern-case occasionally to admit a fresh supply of air, whenever the surrounding atmosphere is in a genial state. It will be observed, however, that this will have the effect of causing the moisture to evaporate, and occasional watering will accordingly be required to renew it, whereas in constantly closed cases the addition of fresh moisture is only requisite at very long intervals. On the nice observance of the fitting time for the admission of air, and the desirable quantity and frequency of a fresh supply of moisture, will materially depend the success with which ferns and other plants may be cultivated in a case of this description. The few touches of gay color which are derived from blossoming plants add materially to the general effect.

TO MAKE A ROSE OF WOOD SHAVINGS.

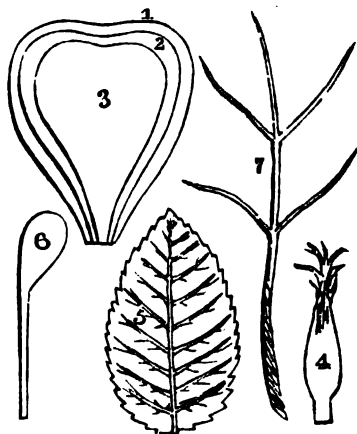
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Cut out fourteen petals same as No. 8, and eighteen of No. 2; then twenty of the larger size.



Cut them on the length of the shaving, and curl them slightly at the edge with the scissors; then form a loop of wire as at No. 6, and having twisted a strip of shaving round it, commence to tie on the petals with some strong thread. Tie on the fourteen small ones; then the next

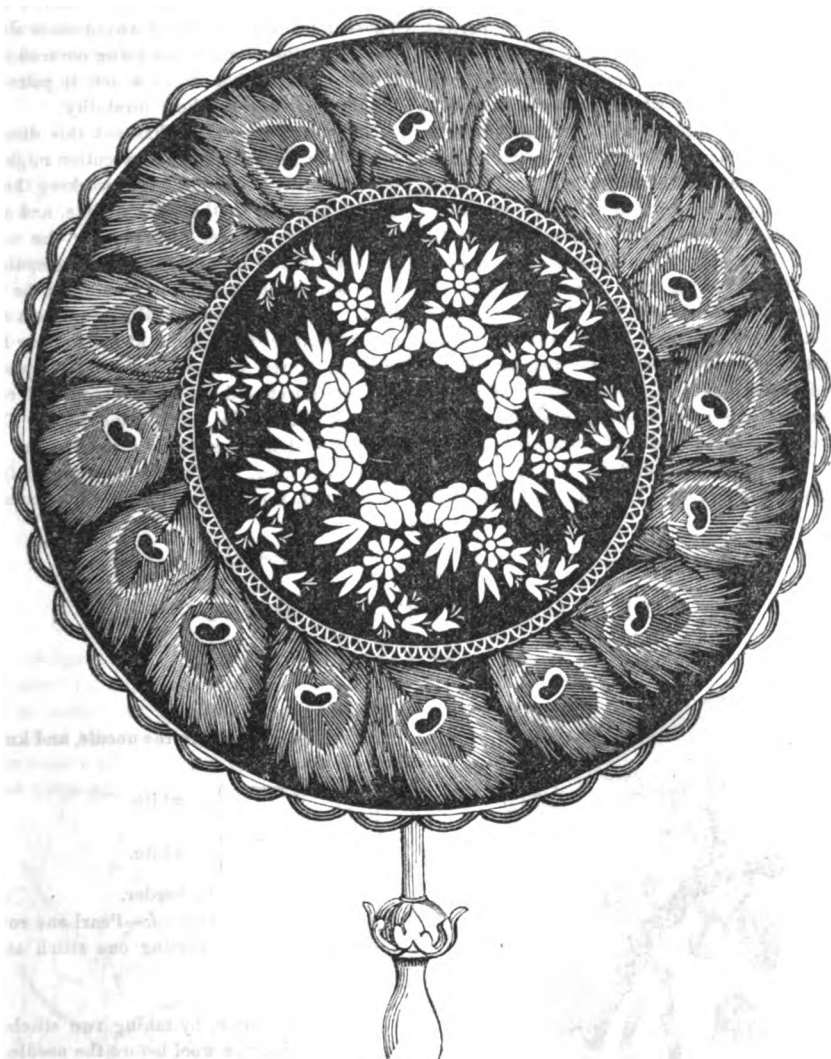
size, and so on till the flower is complete. Cut the rose leaves also on the length, and vein them with the scissors, holding the points a little apart, so as to give the vein a raised look. Gum them on the wire stalk, which form same as design No. 7. Be careful to bind the spray neatly



to the main branch with a slight strip of the shaving, and fasten off by a little gum at the end.

PEACOCK'S FEATHER FIRE-SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Our design is given for a Circular Fire-screen, the outer part being composed of the peacock's feathers, the round in the centre of needle-work. In this last mentioned part, the outline of the pattern is put in with either gold or steel beads, the inner portions being filled up with white transparent beads. The ground is to be done in the richest tint of dark-green Berlin wool that can be procured, this color setting off the bead-work to advantage and harmonizing the best with the surrounding feathers. When this portion of the work is completed, it is to be well stretched over a strong cardboard, and the little bead-border worked on in loops all round, according to our illustration: this is to be done either in the gold or the steel beads, whichever may be

selected for the outline of the design. The frame of the screen should be either gilt or carved wood. The back-ground of the screen is to be covered with dark-green silk, and the place for the needlework being traced out in the centre, the feathers are to be arranged in a graceful curve all round. If the feathers are perfect, more of them should be shown; if imperfect, a shorter length. Our illustration will explain the proper arrangement, which, however, is open to the following modifications. If the feather is perfect a considerable length, the curve must be increased, care always being taken that its splendid eye should be brought to range round the margin as a border. This curve improves the effect of the work. Regularity is also essential. The feathers having been thus arranged, the centre of needlework is to be affixed. The glass protects the whole from injury, and the screen has an elegance which fits it for any parlor.

While on this subject, being desirous of making our suggestions as complete as possible, we will mention two other modes of employing the peacock's feathers. The first is forming them into circular hand-screens. They are arranged in the

same order, and with the same curve as we have already described, the only difference being that as this article is so much smaller than the Fire-screen, all the ends of the feathers are brought together in the centre, which is covered with a handsome rosette of gilt or lacquered metal. These form very pretty drawing-room decorations, but the feathers not being covered have a tendency to harbor dust, which impairs their beauty and shortens their durability.

Our other suggestion has not this disadvantage. On the contrary, its execution might produce a family heirloom. It is working the body of the peacock in the richest tints, and closest imitation of nature, and placing the natural feathers in the way of their own splendid display, spread out behind, so as to form the whole bird. We are aware that this requires a skilful and experienced hand, but at most of our Berlin worsted stores patterns for working peacocks can be purchased. Flowers scattered on the ground, the whole being done in the Chalon style, would make not only a picture, but something still finer, and being handsomely framed and glazed, would be strikingly ornamental.

SNOOD FOR CONCERT OR OPERA.

BY MISS LAMBERT.



THIS is prettiest in double German wool, but three-thread fleecy may be used.

Cast on seventy-four stitches, white.

Pearl one row, } white.
Knit one row, }

Pearl one row, colored.

Bring the wool before the needle, and knit two stitches together.

Pearl one row, } white.
Knit one row, }
Pearl one row, } white.
Knit one row, }

The above forms the border.

FIRST DIVISION—*Colored*.—Pearl one row.

Knit one row, decreasing one stitch at each end.

Knit one row.

Knit a fancy row, by taking two stitches together, keeping the wool before the needle.

SECOND—*White*.—Pearl one row, decreasing one stitch at each end.

Knit one row, decreasing two stitches at each end.

Knit one row, decreasing one stitch at each end.

Knit a fancy row as before.

THIRD—*Colored*.—Pearl one row, decreasing one stitch at each end.

Knit one row, decreasing one stitch at each end.

Knit one row, without decreasing.

Knit a fancy row as before.

FOURTH, FIFTH, SIXTH, SEVENTH.—The third division to be repeated, alternately with white and colored wool.

EIGHTH—*White*.—NINTH—*Colored*.—In these two last divisions, only two stitches are to be decreased in each; this is to be done in the row after the pearl, decreasing one stitch at each end.

N. B.—There should be forty stitches left on the needle in the last row.*

Pick up thirty stitches on each side, and make the borders at the sides and back like the first.

Make up the cap by turning in the border to the fancy row, and hem it all round: it is to be tied behind, and under the chin, with ribbons or plaited wool, with tassels of the same.

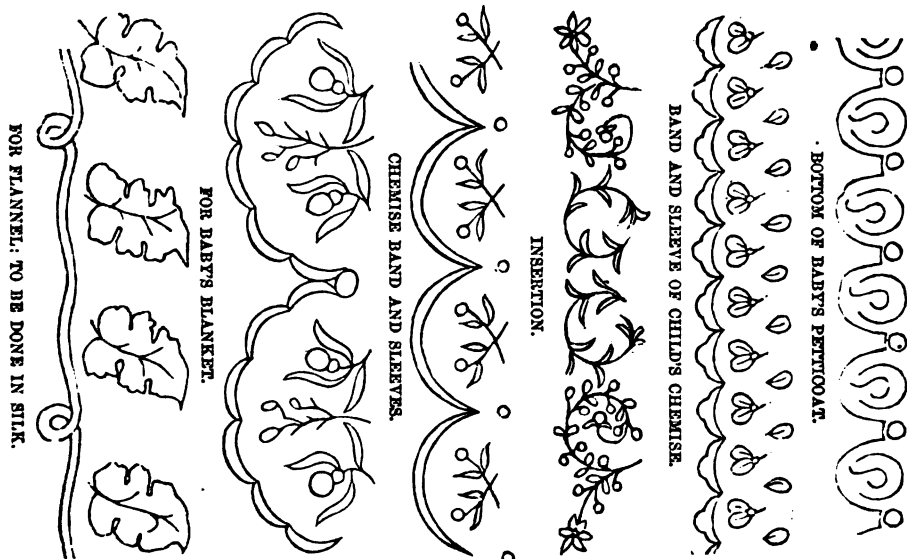
*If the pins are small, commence with eighty stitches; then, there should be forty-six stitches on the needle instead of forty.

BANDEAU FOR THE HAIR IN VELVET AND BEADS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS pretty little bandeau, consists simply of a velvet ornamented with beads, those which are pendent being left slightly loose on the thread, so as to change with any motion of their wearer. The velvet should be double. The beads ought to be chosen according to the dress which they are to accompany. The imitation pearl is especially pretty, next to which gold may be classed. Coral is also very suitable, and black may be worn on any occasion. If gold is selected, it must be understood that the light bead which is merely lined with gold, in the same way as the quicksilver bead, is meant. These do not tarnish, and are more agreeable to wear, as their weight is too inconsiderable to occasion any inconvenience.

PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.



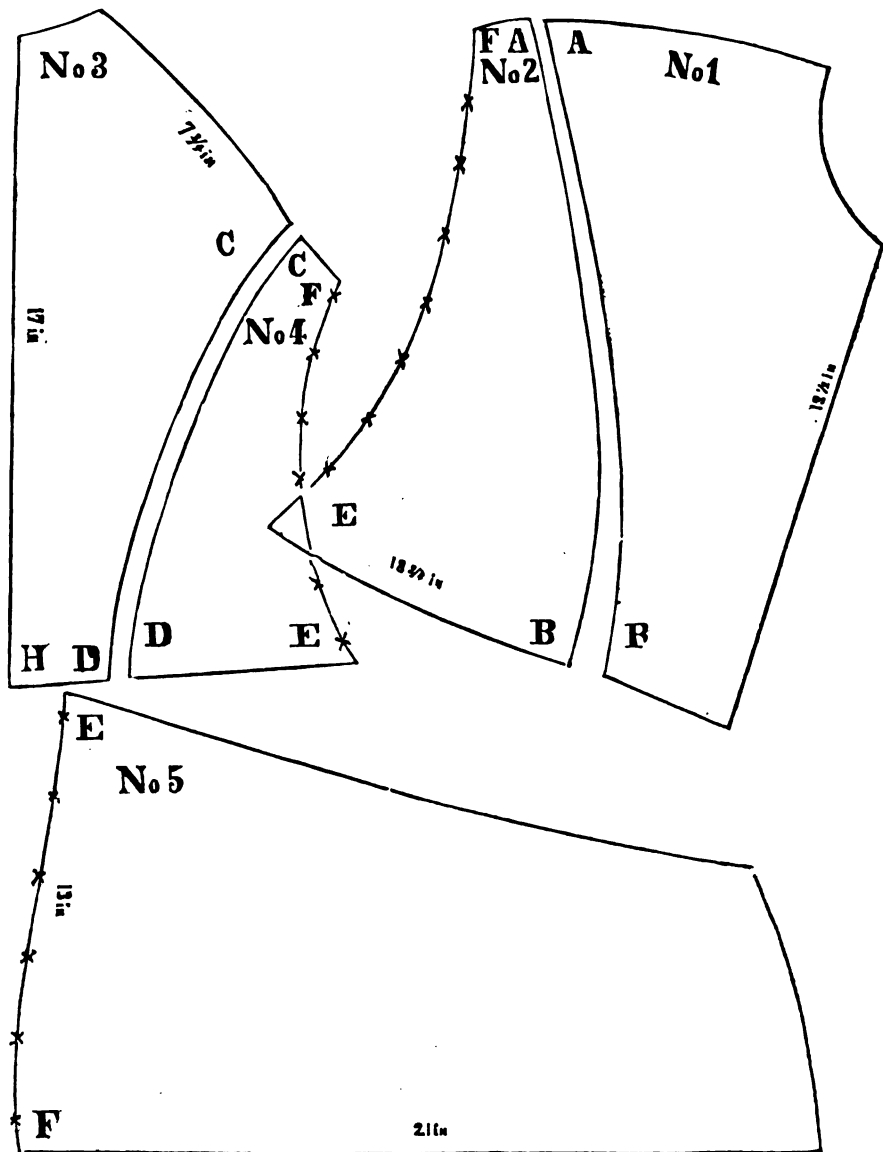
NIGHT DRESS AND GIRL'S APRON.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, two diagrams for our popular department, "How To Make One's Own Dresses." The first is the body of a night dress: the second a silk apron for a little girl. Both are easily made.

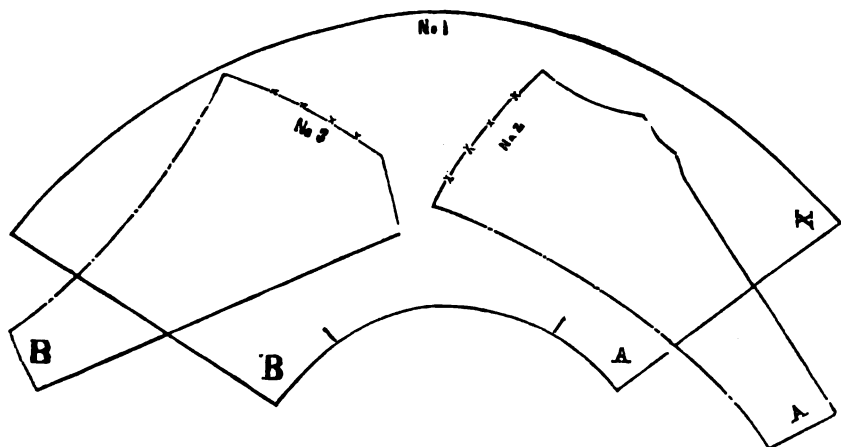
- No. 1. Half the front.
- No. 2. One side-body of front.
- No. 3. Half the back.
- No. 4. One side-body of back.
- No. 5. Sleeve.

BODY OF A NIGHT DRESS.



The front is to be joined to the side-body from A A to B B. The back to be joined from C C to D D. The sleeve is to be inserted plain from E E to F F, between the front side-body and the back side-body, which brings the sleeve nearly to the bottom of the waist. The bottom of the sleeve is to be gathered, and put on to a band, with a cuff or ruffle. A worked ruffle is to be set on, like bretelles, across the shoulders, from A A to B B and C C to D D. The back is to be slightly gathered from D to H. A full skirt is to be set on to the waist. Finish with a ruffled collar to match the bretelles, or with a plain collar trimmed with edging.

GIRL'S SILK APRON.



No. 1. Half the skirt.

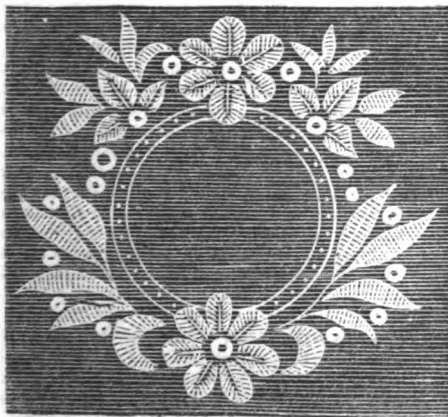
No. 2. One of the front lappets.

No. 3. One of the back lappets.

The skirt is to be made bias. From A to X is the front of the skirt. The front lappet is to be joined at A to the skirt at A; and the back lappet is to be joined at B to the skirt at B. The intermediate space is without any body, but to

be finished with a cord. The lappets are to be joined on the shoulders, on the lines marked * * *. The lappets are to be finished with a row of lace, or bias ruffle, on the dotted lines. The ruffle should be wider on the top of the shoulder, narrowing toward the bottom back and front.

VARIETIES.



WREATH FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



SLEEVE.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A WORD OF CRITICISM.—Young writers frequently request us, if their articles are returned, to perform the friendly office of a critic, by pointing out wherein their style or matter is deficient. But the multiform demands on an editor's time, especially the editor of a Magazine with the circulation of "Peterson," utterly forbid a compliance. If we were to accede to the request, in one case, we ought, in fairness, to do it in all; and to do it in all would monopolize nearly the whole of our time. We have thought it best, therefore, to throw out a few hints, in this public way, as to what we think most desirable in Magazine writing.

"Whatever is worth doing at all," says an old proverb, "is worth doing well." If you wish to be an author, resolve to be a first-rate one, or at least to try for it; and if you cannot do this, abandon it at once. It will take much hard work, and more patience, to win success, even if you have abilities; for writing does not come by intuition, but is an art, which has to be acquired by slow and laborious study. Every great author, from Shakespeare down, has served a long apprenticeship, before he became a master. "Lear," "Macbeth," and "Othello" were the work of the mighty dramatist's matured powers. The third and fourth cantos of "Childe Harold" are as far above the first two, as these are superior to the general trash of Byron's imitators. Yet, in the face of this fact, we often receive articles, written by persons who cannot even spell, but who talk of themselves as if they were already worthy of a leading position in literature; and every month, we reject scores of crude stories, or poems so called, the work of aspirants who do not understand the first principles of the art of composition.

As preliminary to everything else, cultivate style. Franklin's method of doing this was excellent. He took a paper from the Spectator, put it into other words, laid by his composition for a few days, and when he had forgotten the original phraseology, endeavored to re-write it in Addison's language. By this process he acquired that purity of style for which he was famous. Young writers, generally, run into bombast. Nothing will cure this quicker than the study of Addison, Swift, and other classic writers. A good model, also, is the authorized version of the Bible: it is idiomatic, terse, and full of Anglo-Saxon derivatives. Avoid the temptation to insert what you think a fine sentence. Nine times out of ten, the simplest way of saying a thing is the best. Fine writing has ruined many an aspirant for literature. Miss Burney wrote her "Evelina" in lucid Anglo-Saxon, and it remains, to this day, one of the most charming fictions in the language; but she afterward fell into a stilted style, which has caused "Cecilia," and still more its successor, to be almost wholly neglected. One of Thackeray's chief merits is his clear, transparent style, through which you see the thought without thinking of the medium, as you see a pebble at the bottom of a pellucid pool.

If you are writing a story, avoid, as a general rule, description. Did you never hear a reader say, "I always skip the scenery?" Keep up a brisk succession of incident. Charles Rade is a model in this respect. His "Peg Woffington" does not let you up for a moment. The old writers, Fielding himself not excepted, though they are usually praised for their characters, had more incident, generally, than even the best of our modern novelists. Nearly the only merit of Dumas is the quick, stirring action of his fictions. Of course, your incidents must be probable, or you fail. Be natural, in short, in everything. When your people talk, let them talk as in real life; and let them act also in the same manner.

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Study life, therefore, closely. Do not be so foolish as to think that you can draw character by intuition. The motives, which govern even the best of persons, are mixed; remember this, and beware of absurd bits of perfection. If you idealize, idealize as Raphael did in art, with reality for your starting point. Dickens has done this in "Little Nell," and generally throughout his works.

After you have written a story, put it by till you have quite forgot it. If you think it good, on a reperusal, it may be fit to print, provided you cut it down one half. Byron, you are aware, first wrote a hundred verses, and then condensed them into twenty. Goldsmith thought he did a good day's work when he was able to finish a dozen lines of "The Traveller." Bulwer recopied his earlier novels twice. This is hard work, you will say. But nobody, we repeat, ever rose to eminence, in anything, much less in literature, without hard work. If you expect to succeed, without working, or without serving a severe apprenticeship, you had better abandon all thoughts of writing.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE.—One of our contributors writes as follows:—"No snow, not a spot of it, is to be seen on the hills or in the valley. Our active little Winnipisiogee, lets the frost-king do what he pleases with his reefs of icicles and his ornaments upon the bordering shrubs and grasses; but as long as possible keeps off the icy covering from its own bosom. The boys go along the banks, hunting for skating-places, here and there, in a cove, finding none. But Webster Lake, a mile or so above the village is one sheet of ice. Skating parties go up there, and fishing parties also. I have been up on a cold winter day, when a big fire was burning out on the middle of the Lake, and we rode out to it in our sleigh, to warm ourselves, to see buffalo coats and dinner-pails heaped together, to see the little red ensigns distributed over the Lake, and men, with their arms hugged up from the cold, going from ensign to ensign, wherever it was seen to have been pulled down by luckless pickerel underneath. Here many pleasant sights and worth remembering, thank God, I've seen, both in the summer and in the winter." Before this, there has been snow enough, in old New Hampshire, and these brilliant winter scenes been changed for others; but others hardly less beautiful.

WHAT WE VALUE.—It is an old saying that a single word of praise, from an intelligent critic, is worth more than whole pages of eulogium from others less capable of judging. On this account we may be pardoned for prizing the following, which Major Freas, the veteran editor—ladies! he is not veteran as a man, but still as good-looking as ever—has said of us:—"Few editors and publishers in the United States equal Mr. C. J. Peterson, the talented conductor of 'Peterson's Magazine.' He has, now for a long series of years, steadily pursued the even tenor of his way—neither allowing himself to be led to the right nor to the left—after the butterfly experiments and follies of the day—and he has seen the wisdom of his course. Mr. P. is a writer of great force and originality himself, and is an excellent judge of the capabilities of others, who contribute to the pages of his Magazine."

A CORRECTION.—The poem of "Allen Clyde," in the January number, was written by F. H. Stauffer, and not by Dr. Hazeltine; and "I Would Not Call Thee Mine," attributed to Mr. Stauffer, is the production of the doctor. The mistake arose from a transposition by the printer.

HOW SHALL DAUGHTERS BE EDUCATED?—It is often a question, with thoughtful women, how they shall educate their daughters. Especially is this the case with widows, who have no fortune, nor any prospect of any, which would enable them to leave their children comparatively independent. Compelled to labor for their daily bread, they ask themselves continually, "How shall I smooth for my child the thorny path I am treading myself?" Their own experience has taught them how cruel society is to the women who labor for their livelihood; how unjustly such women are ostracized; and how unequal, consequently, are their chances for obtaining a comfortable settlement in life by marriage. The case is the harder, if, as the phrase goes, "they have seen better times." There can be but one reply to this question. Every girl, no matter how poor, ought to be educated, with the conviction in her mother's mind, that the chances are, she will become a wife and mother, however poor she may be.

For this destiny, therefore, she should be trained. However necessary it may be that she should support herself, the duties she will probably be called on to perform eventually should never be disregarded. Society is full of wives, who, having been intended for teachers, dressmakers, &c., and having capably discharged the calls of their profession, have, after marriage, proved utterly incompetent for their new vocation. Many a husband, in consequence of being united to such a woman, has been driven into evil courses. If a home is untidy, or otherwise disagreeable, a man of loose principles, or unusual selfishness, is very apt to seek amusement elsewhere. There is a popular notion, that housekeeping need not be taught to a girl, for that every wife, after all, must learn such things by her own experience. Nothing can be more absurd. Does a man put off learning a business till it is time for him to start for himself? Even where a daughter has to learn some trade, by which to support herself while single, she should be taught the duties of a wife, because the chances are that she will, some day, be married.

Nor is housekeeping the Alpha and Omega of these duties. Deeper than it lie other qualities, quite as indispensable, and which are still more necessary to a husband's happiness, or even a wife's. It would consume too much space for us to enumerate them all, but we may sum them up by saying that daughters should be taught to be womanly. The tendency of that education which disciplines a girl to depend on herself entirely, or "to battle with the world," according to the popular term, is to render her, so far forth, less feminine; and if nature did not do so much to counteract this proclivity, if women generally were not, because of their physical, moral and mental organization, womanly and not mannish, the evil would be worse than it is. In the existing state of society, especially in great cities, there must be women who will never have a fit opportunity to marry; but this is no reason why they should not be made as feminine as a mother's example and influence can render them. And further, as no mother has a right to pre-suppose that her daughter will never marry, she has no right to educate her in any way that will render marriage less probable.

For a truly womanly woman has much the best chance of being loved by a truly worthy man. The ordination of nature has made a tender, affectionate, sympathizing, cheerful, patient, unselfish female more likely to attract strong, earnest, heroic men, than one of a different stamp. To argue that this ought not to be, that mannish females are vastly more noble creatures, is simply preposterous. Men love, by a fine instinct, which generally leads them aright; that is, when they love in the pure sense of that term; and they would love oftener in that sense, if women were truer to that ideal womanhood, which even the lost reverence and acknowledgement. The best dower a mother can give her daughter is the dower of perfect womanliness. It will

be at once a protection against the vicious and an attraction to the pure. Where there is a necessity for the daughter earning her livelihood, by the practice of some trade, by waiting in a store, or by other employments of a similar character, the aim should be so to educate the child, that while she should be self-reliant, she should not be the less feminine, while she should think and act for herself, she should not become mannish, or, as the world calls it, "strong-minded!"

"JACOB'S LADDER."—The following stanzas are from a recent prize poem, delivered at the University of Oxford, England, by the Rev. William Alexander. We need not commend their purity and beauty.

Ah! many a time we look on starlit nights
Up to the sky as Jacob did of old,
Long looking up to the eternal lights,
To spell their lines in gold.

But nevermore, as to the Hebrew boy,
Each on his way the angels walk abroad,
And nevermore we hear, with awful joy,
The audible voice of God.

Yet, to pure eyes, the ladder still is set,
And angel visitants still come and go,
Many bright messengers are moving yet,
From the dark world below.

Thoughts, that are red-crossed Faith's outspreading wings,
Prayers of the church, are keeping time and try—
Heart-wishes, making bee-like murmuring,
Their flowers, the Eucharist—

Spirits elect, through suffering rendered meet
For those high mansions—from the nursery door
Bright ladders that climb up with their clay-cold feet
Unto the golden door.

These are the messengers, forever wending
From earth to Heaven, that faith alone may scan,
These are the angels of our God, ascending
Upon the Son of Man.

"THE LITTLE PILGRIM."—This excellent little monthly for children, edited by one of the most popular of American writers, GRACE GREENWOOD, makes its appearance, for the new year, with a beautiful holiday number. At fifty cents, per annum, we know no cheaper, or better, Magazine of its kind. The editor carefully reads and revises every line that goes into her charming periodical. She is assisted, moreover, by such contributors as Mary Howitt, Eliza Sproat Randolph, Mrs. Jordan and Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. Where is there a serial-for juveniles which offers even equal attractions? The terms to clubs are five copies for \$2.00, or fourteen copies for \$5.00; and in the latter case, an extra copy is given to the person getting up the club. Address L. K. Lippincott, No. 132 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

LIFE SUBSCRIBERS.—A lady, subscribing for 1858, writes:—"I have taken 'Peterson' for seven years, and expect to take it as long as I live. Consider me a life subscriber." Another writes:—"I thought I would take your Magazine for one year only. But I find I cannot do without it." Another writes:—"I have taken 'Peterson' for fourteen years." We have scores of similar letters.

"THE PARABLE OF THE LILY."—Our mezzotint, this month, is as beautiful, though in a different way, as "Grandpapa's Carriage" in the January number. It illustrates the passage in Scripture, "Behold the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin;" a passage, familiar, we hope, to all our readers.

A WISE DISPOSITION.—A letter, enclosing the subscription for 1858, says:—"My father has just made me a present of two dollars, and I do not know how to spend it, so as to gain both pleasure and profit, unless by subscribing for your truly invaluable Magazine."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—This is a new candidate for popular favor, in the shape of a monthly Magazine; and is published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., at three dollars per annum. It resembles what "Putnam's Magazine" was, in the palmy days of the latter; but is even more ably conducted, the articles generally having more muscle in them. Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Prescott, and Parke Godwin appear to be the principal contributors; and if they continue to give their best things to it, it cannot but succeed. Like "Blackwood," "The Dublin University," and other British monthlies, it is a Magazine, not only of literature, but avowedly also of politics. It will doubtless, however, find, in so vast a country as this, a circle of readers who cherish its social and political opinions, and who will be proud to have so potent a champion of them. Our own personal tastes, however, are against a *pot pourri*. We prefer our politics and literature served in different dishes.

A BABY SONG.—Every mother, nay! every woman, will realize the truth and beauty of these lines.

Come, white angel, to baby and me;
Touch his blue eyes with the image of sleep,
In his surprise he will cease to weep:
Hush, child, the angels are coming to thee!

Come, white dove, to the baby and me;
Softly whirr in the silent air,
Flutter about his golden hair:
Hark, child, the doves are cooing to thee!

Come, white lilies, to baby and me;
Drowsily nod before his eyes,
So full of wonder, so round, and wise:
Hie, child, the lily bells tinkle for thee!

Come, white moon, to baby and me;
Gently glide o'er the ocean of sleep,
Silver the waves of its shadowy deep:
Sleep, child, and the whitest of dreams to thee!

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS.—Under this name, T. B. Peterson, the eminent book-publisher, will hereafter conduct his business, having taken his two younger brothers, George W. and Thomas Peterson, into partnership, on the first of the year. The house of T. B. Peterson has long been one of the most extensive in the United States. It owes its high position entirely to the sagacity, industry, and indomitable energy of the senior partner. Like all leading men, in every department of business, Mr. T. B. Peterson is emphatically "self-made." His new partners have been brought up in his establishment, and are admirably fitted, by their skill, knowledge, and affability, to assist in carrying on the multifarious transactions of the firm.

MUSICAL FUN.—Mrs. Deming, the concert-singer, lately appeared with Mr. Dodge, she singing sentimental lyrics, he comic ones. On descending the stairs, after the concert was over, Dodge heard an old woman asked what she thought of the performances. "Well," she answered, "I like Mrs. Deming *first-rate*, but I can't bear that Dodge! 'Twas just as much as I could do, two or three times, to keep from *lauffin' right out!*"

MAGAZINE FOR THE MILLION.—Says the Southern (Miss.) Journal, noticing our January number:—"The engravings are unparelled, and no other Magazine comes up to it in the sparkling brilliancy of its literature." It is inevitably destined to become the *magazine for the million*. Our aim used to be a circulation of a hundred thousand; but our success, this year, warrants us in looking higher. We are, really, after "that million."

A WORTHY PROJECT.—Mr. Van Buren Moore, of Tennessee, is preparing to publish, "Gems from Southern Poets, Illustrated."

CAPITAL STORIES COMING.—We have several capital stories from some of our oldest and most popular contributors, which we were unable to publish last year, because our two novelets monopolized all the room we had to spare for continued tales. Hereafter we shall give but one long novelet at a time, and so find room for these excellent stories. One of them, "The Ebony Work-Box," we finish in this number. Another by the author of "Susy L.—'s Diary," we shall commence next month.

WHAT ISN'T FUN.—The N. Y. Picayune, the Punch of America, rhymes as follows:

"Drinking, courting, spending money,
All are Fun, but none are funny;
Writing jokes from sun to sun
Is Funny, but it isn't fun."

This is an official statement, therefore, of a professional joker's idea of fun.

"THE SECOND WIFE."—This capital story, which we published in our December number for 1856, has been extensively reprinted, as a Christmas story for 1857, *but without credit*. It is astonishing how many tales, written originally for "Peterson," are going the rounds of the press, unacknowledged.

UNRIVALLED.—Says the Easton (Pa.) Free Press:—"Peterson's Magazine stands unrivalled in its own peculiar sphere."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Poets of the Nineteenth Century. Selected and edited by the Rev. R. A. Willmott. With English and American Additions, arranged by E. A. Duyckinck. Illustrated with One Hundred and Thirty-Two Engravings, drawn by eminent artists. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In some respects this is the most beautiful work of its kind which has ever been published. The paper is of that creamy tint so beautiful in the eyes of the true book fancier. The printing is exquisite. But the great attraction is the engravings, which are after designs by the most eminent British and American artists, of every school, from Willaist, the pre-Raphaelite, up or down, (for opinions differ,) to MacIise, Stanfield, Foster, and Darley. Nearly all of these embellishments, of whatever school, are unusually good; a few are second-rate; and one or two are execrable; but, on the whole, they excel those of any other illustrated volume of a similar character. When we consider how difficult it is for an artist to catch the feeling of a poet, the value of this praise can be adequately appreciated. The selections of poems have been made with not less general success. It is always a delicate task to compile works of this description, and he would have to be infallible who should manage to please all. But no fair exception, we think, can be taken to either Mr. Willmott or Mr. Duyckinck. They have, perhaps unconsciously, given too much space to their personal favorites, while unduly neglecting, as some will think, other writers not less eminent. But they have done this in all honesty. We can, therefore, recommend the volume as excellent alike in its literary and pictorial aspects.

The Monastery. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—These two elegant volumes form the nineteenth and twentieth of the "Household Edition," as the publishers style it, of Scott's world-renowned novels. We have frequently spoken of these choice books as indispensable to every family of culture; yet we cannot resist the temptation to do so again, even at the risk of tiring our readers with repetitions. In style, paper, binding, every thing, the series is unequalled. Considering that the price is but seventy-five cents a volume, we cannot but think that the edition, take it all in all, is the cheapest ever published.

Missionary Travels and Researches in Southern Africa, including a sketch of Sixteen Years Residence in the interior of Africa, and a Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loanda, on the Western Coast; thence across the continent, down the river Zambesi to the Eastern Coast. By David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L. With Portrait; Maps by Arrowsmith; and numerous Illustrations. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The fame of Dr. Livingstone's discoveries has been so long before the public, that the curiosity has been general to hear the story of his travels from his own lips. Harper & Brothers have lost no time, accordingly, in re-producing a fac-simile of his book, from the London edition; and it now lies before us, a large and elegant octavo, profusely embellished. Few works of equal interest have been published for a long while; indeed, it excels, in this respect, even Barth's travels. The hair-breadth escapes of the author, and other personal adventures, give a zest to the narrative not always to be found in similar books. So complete and reliable an account of the geography, people, and languages of Southern Africa has never before appeared. The volume contains nearly eight hundred pages, and is published in a neat style, highly creditable to the Messrs. Harper.

Parthenia; or, The Last Days of Paganism. By Eliza Duckminster Lee. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The reign of the emperor Julian, in the middle of the fourth century, is the period chosen for this fiction. At that time the old Paganism, idealized and partly Christianized, made its last stand against the religion of Jesus of Nazareth. We have found the story quite interesting. It is a difficult task to infuse life into times so remote, and when manners and modes of thoughts were so different from what they are now; yet the work has been performed by the fair author with considerable success. Perhaps the book is too didactic for a novel; but this is an inevitable result of the writer's plan. The volume is neatly printed.

Sartaroe. By James A. Maitland. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: W. P. Ftridge & Co.—A principal portion of this story is located in Norway. A fresh, free spirit, like a wind across a fiord, blows through this part of the book. The description of the wreck in the opening chapters, particularly, is very fine. The novel is dedicated to Washington Irving, who has been pleased to write of it publicly in the most flattering terms. An endorsement, from such a high authority, is a compliment of which Mr. Maitland may well be proud, as it places him, *ex cathedra*, in a front position among living American novelists. We advise all who like stirring narrative, graphic description, and a well evolved story, to buy the novel.

Sketches of Art, Literature, and Character. By Mrs. Jamieson. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is another of those charming volumes "in blue and gold," which Ticknor & Fields were the first to introduce. Every person, familiar with books, is acquainted with these "Sketches." We need say nothing, therefore, in their praise. The style, however, in which they are now offered to the public, will induce many persons to purchase them, who have hitherto been without them. The series of these "blue and gold" publications is now so extensive that it alone would make a small library for the boudoir.

Stories and Legends of Travel and History for Children. By Grace Greenwood. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—But one sentiment in reference to this volume, has been expressed by all competent critics; and that sentiment is of unqualified praise. To write, successfully, for children, demands not only genius, but true womanliness. Every mother, who buys this book for her little ones, will receive through them tenfold what she pays. We cannot leave the volume without praising the very superior illustrations it contains.

The Hashesh Eater. By a Pythagorean. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—It is impossible to read this work without thinking of De Quincey, though we acquit the author of intentional imitation. Parts of it are written with much eloquence, and quite in the "Opium Eater" style; but other parts are very indifferent. This is, perhaps, to be explained by the declaration of the author, that the work is, throughout, a faithful transcript of his visions while under the influence of the drug. His fidelity to truth has compelled him, therefore, to insert scenes, which his artistic feeling would otherwise have rejected. We are old-fashioned enough, however, to wish the book had never been written. We can see no good to come of such morbid productions, and much evil. What would the public say to "The Visions of a Drunkard?" Yet in what is the intoxication produced by the extract of hemp more decent than the intoxication produced by old Bourbon whiskey? The man who should coolly put to press a book, detailing his visions when inebriated, would be read out of good society. Yet here is one, like De Quincey before him, who makes a boast of what is no better. The effect of the book will be, we fear, to set silly youths to taking hashesh, to the permanent injury of their health, and the no less permanent injury of their morals.

The Poetical Works of Robert Burns. 1 vol. Illustrated. Philada: E. H. Butler & Co.—Beyond all question the choicest edition of the great Scottish poet which has yet been printed in the United States. The enterprising publisher has spared no expense, especially in the illustrations, one of which is so unique in character that it deserves a particular notice. The engraving we allude to is the first in the volume, and represents an "Auld Lang Syne" club. We believe we violate no confidence in saying that its faces are all portraits, and include those of various Philadelphia celebrities, literary and social. It was a bright thought on the part of the publisher, thus to perpetuate the memory of his favorite circle of friends.

The Perils of Certain English Prisoners. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is Dickens' "Christmas Stories" for 1857; and a 'capital one it is. There is more of what publishers' advertisements call "the thrilling" in this tale than in any other which Dickens has written. The pathos is relieved, however, by touches of humor, which are deliciously Bos-siah. Podgers, for instance, is one of the happiest characters ever sketched by the master. We may mention, as a proof of the energy of the American publishers, that this volume was issued in Philadelphia, in little more than twenty-four hours after the English copy was received.

Lucy Howard's Journal. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The motto of this work, taken from Daniel Webster, "We want a history of firesides," sufficiently explains its purpose. Its execution could not have fallen into better hands. Beginning as far back as 1810, with the thoughts and feelings of the school-girl; it concludes about the year 1822, when the author had become a wife, and when her mind and heart had both ripened. The diary is full of information as to manners, characters, customs, and other relics of a past generation. It must, we think, become very popular.

Portraits of My Married Friends; or, A Peep Into Hymen's Kingdom. By Uncle Ben. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A series of well-written sketches, illustrated pictorially by Darley. The type and paper are unusually good for books of this description.

Twin Roses. A Narrative. By Anna Cora Ritchie. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Mrs. Ritchie, better known as Mrs. Mowatt, has here given us another of her experiences of the stage, disguised in the shape of fiction. The book is tastefully published.

A Physiological Cook Book. By Mrs. Horace Mann. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The formidable title of this work, coupled with its motto, from the Book of Kings, "There's death in the pot," fills us with a little alarm, so that we must not only repress it, but take a "sober, second thought" concerning it, before we venture on a criticism. Works of such pretence are either so very good, or so very bad, that even "a Philadelphia lawyer" may be pardoned for being puzzled by them.

Peterson's Philadelphia Counterfeit Detector and Bank-Note List.—Under this title, T. B. Peterson & Brothers have commenced the publication of a monthly periodical, at \$1.00 per annum, which promises to be the best thing of the kind in the United States. It is corrected by the celebrated banking house of Drexel & Co., Philadelphia.

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, & C.

POTATO JELLY.—Let a potato be washed, peeled, and grated; throw the pulp, thus procured, into a jug of water, and stir it well. Pass the mixture of pulp and water over a sieve, and collect the water which drains through into a basin. Let this stand for a few minutes, and a sufficient quantity of starch will have fallen for the purpose required. Pour off the water, and then keep stirring up the starch at the bottom of the basin, while boiling water is being poured upon it, and it will soon and suddenly pass to the state of a jelly. The only nicety required is to be careful that the water is absolutely boiling, otherwise the change will not take place. It does not require more than eight minutes to change a raw potato into a basinful of most excellent jelly, which has only to be seasoned with a little sugar, nutmeg, and white wine, to please the most fastidious taste.

ARROWROOT JELLY.—It is very necessary to be careful not to get the counterfeit sort; if genuine, it is very nourishing, especially for persons with weak bowels. Put into a saucepan half a pint of water, a glass of sherry, or a spoonful of brandy, grated nutmeg, and fine sugar; boil up once, then mix it by degrees into a dessertspoonful of arrowroot, previously rubbed smooth with two spoonfuls of cold water. Or.—Mix a dessertspoonful of arrowroot with a little cold water, have ready boiling water in a kettle, pour it upon the arrowroot until it becomes quite clear, keeping it stirred all the time; add a little sugar. Where milk may be taken, it is very delicious made in the same way with milk instead of water, a dessertspoonful of arrowroot, and half a pint of milk; add a small bit of lemon-peel.

PASTE FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—Mix $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of unsalted hog's lard, which has been washed in soft water, and then rose water, with the yolks of two new-laid eggs, and a large spoonful of honey. Add as much fine oatmeal or almond-paste as will work into a paste. Or.—Blanch one pound of bitter almonds, pound them smooth in a marble mortar; add $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of camphor, one oz. of honey, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of spermaceti, all pounded and mixed with the almonds, till it becomes a smooth paste. Put it into jars or china boxes, and tie it down till wanted.

A REMEDY FOR A BURN OR SCALD.—Apply immediately a thick covering of wool to the burnt part, and bind it on tight; in the course of half an hour very little pain will be felt, and scarcely any blister will remain. As this remedy is so simple, no housekeeper should be without loose wool at hand in case of an accident.

MILK PORRIDGE.—Make a fine gruel of half-grits, long boiled; strain off; either add cold milk, or warm with milk, as may be approved. This is a most wholesome breakfast for children.

BLISTER.—Before applying a blister, rub the part over with a few drops of olive-oil; this will make the blister act quicker and with less irritation.

FRENCH MILK PORRIDGE.—Stir some oatmeal and water together; let it stand to be clear, and pour off the latter; pour fresh water upon it, stir it well, let it stand till next day; strain through a fine sieve, and boil the water, adding milk. The proportion of water must be small. Abroad this is much ordered, with toast, for the breakfast of weak persons.

TO DESTROY WARTS.—Dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up; wash the warts with this for a minute or two, and let them dry without wiping. Keep the water in a bottle, and repeat the washing often, and it will take away the largest warts.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS.

Cracker Plum Pudding.—The ingredients are eight soda crackers, five pints of milk, and one dozen eggs. Make a very sweet custard, and put into it a teaspoonful of salt: split the crackers, and butter them very thickly: put a layer of raisins on the bottom of a dish, and then a layer of crackers, and pour on them a small portion of the custard, when warm; after soaking a little, add another layer of raisins, pressing them into the crackers with a knife; then another layer of crackers, custard, and fruit, and proceed thus until you have four layers, as named above. Pour over the whole enough custard to rise even with the crackers. It is best made and left to stand over night, so that the crackers may soak. Bake the pudding from an hour and a half to two hours. During the first half hour of baking, pour on, at three different times, a little of the custard, thinned with milk; to prevent the top from being hard and dry. If it burns fast, cover it with paper.

A First-Rate Receipt for Curing Hams.—To the hams and shoulders from a thousand weight of pork, use five pounds of saltpetre, half a bushel of fine salt, two pounds of black pepper, one pound of red pepper, and ten pounds of brown sugar. Mix these ingredients well together, and rub it well into the meat, filling it in at the hock between the skin and bone, and rubbing very carefully about the bone, in the centre of the flat part of the ham, which is generally sawn off. Lay the meat away for three weeks, and then rerub it with the balance of the composition left from the first rubbing, paying particular attention to those parts that came in contact in laying it away. Then lay it away again, but on neither occasion must you put it into brine: and when it appears to be sufficiently salted, smoke it with green hickory, and, if convenient, with some red pepper vines also.

Yeast.—(An excellent receipt for homemade yeast.) Boil one pint of hops, (put into a thin bag,) for about one hour in three pints of water. When the water boils, add one tablespoonful of ginger, two tablespoonfuls of salt, and the quantity of molasses. After the strength of the hops has been fully extracted, take them out of the liquor. Stir up a thickening of flour and water, as thick as a thin paste; stir this into the liquor, and let it boil up once; then pour it out and let it stand until it becomes like-warm, and then add enough old yeast to make it rise. When sufficiently fermented, put it into a jug, being careful to loosen the cork for twenty-four hours. After this, cork it tightly, and put it in the cellar.

Wine Jelly.—After soaking one ounce and a half of gelatine for ten minutes in a pint of cold water, add a pint of boiling water, and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Beat well the whites of two eggs, and put them into a mixture composed of one pint of wine, half a pound of sugar, the juice and gratings of one lemon, and a little nutmeg, ground cloves, and cinnamon. Then put the whole into the gelatine water, place it over a slow fire, stir it gently until it boils, take it off, and let it stand a moment, and then strain it until it becomes clear. In warm weather, use a larger quantity of gelatine.

Hash of Cold Meat.—(A mess sufficient for about six persons.) Put one and a half teacupfuls of boiling water into a small saucepan; then make a thin paste by wetting a heaped teaspoonful of flour with a large tablespoonful of cold water, and stir it into the hot water, allowing it to boil three minutes. Afterward add a half teaspoonful of black pepper, and a rather larger quantity of salt, and let the mixture stand where it will be kept hot—but not boiling—until about fifteen minutes before it is to be used. Cut some cold cooked beef into half inch pieces, and take a similar quantity of cold boiled potatoes; put these together into a small tin pan. Then stir into the previously prepared gravy two tablespoonfuls of butter until melted, and add a tablespoonful of catsup. Pour the mixture over the hash, cover it with a plate, and heat it on the stove for ten minutes. Beef gravy may be used instead of butter.

An Excellent Receipt for Curing Bacon.—The ingredients are:—To a thousand pounds of meat, a half, or five-eighths of a bushel of fine salt, two pounds of pulverized saltpetre, five pounds of brown sugar, and one quart of molasses. Mix these ingredients together, and rub the mixture on the meat; then pack it in a tight molasses hogshead. Take the meat out of the hogshead, once each week, for five weeks, wetting it with the pickle; always try the strength of the pickle, which should be capable of floating an egg. About five weeks is sufficient time for salting the meat. Smoke it, and then secure it by enclosing it in bags of linen, or paper, on, or before the first of March.

Chadwick Puffs.—The ingredients are:—One quart of milk, eight tablespoonfuls of flour, four eggs, and a small quantity of salt. Beat the yolks of the eggs with the flour and milk, and then add the whites, beaten to a froth, stirring slowly. Butter half a dozen tea-cups, and pour in the mixture until they are about two-thirds full. Bake the puffs in a quick oven for about half an hour, and turn them out of the cups when ready for the table. To be served hot; and to be eaten with butter and sugar.

Edgeworth Pudding.—Beat together a moderate sized cupful of sugar and four eggs; then add two cupfuls of molasses, and beat the whole well together. To the above ingredients add five cupfuls of sifted flour, one cupful of melted butter, one cupful of sweet milk, or sour, one teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in warm water, and one tablespoonful of ginger. Mix the ingredients well together, and bake as you would pound cake. This pudding may be served hot or cold, and with, or without sauce.

To Brown Oysters in their Own Juice.—Take twenty-five oysters, and wash them in their own liquor. Then brown some butter in a frying-pan, dip the oysters in the broken yolk of an egg, and place them carefully in the pan, not laying them one upon another; season them with pepper and salt. Brown the oysters nicely on both sides. Take them out of the pan, and pour into it their liquor, thickening it with a small portion of butter and flour; let it boil a short time, and then stir in the oysters carefully.

Transparent Pudding.—Beat four eggs very light, and to these add half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, (melted,) and half a nutmeg. Place this mixture on the stove, and keep stirring it until it becomes thick. Line a shallow dish with puff paste, pour into it the above named ingredients, and bake the pudding half an hour, in a moderate oven. Sift sugar over it, and serve it hot. Lemon is a good substitute for the nutmeg.

Sand Tarts.—(An exceedingly delightful German cake.) Rub one and a quarter pounds of butter into two pounds of flour, and then add two pounds of sugar; wet the ingredients with four eggs, leaving out a sufficient quantity of the whites to paint the cakes, with a feather. Roll out and cut the dough into thin squares, strew them over with pounded almonds, (previously blanched,) and cinnamon, and then bake them.

Pickled Oysters.—Have ready two and a half quarts of oysters, with a full pint of their liquor. To this quantity take one and a half pints of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful of mace, one tablespoonful of all-spice, the same quantity of white pepper, and a teaspoonful of cloves. Put the vinegar, salt, and liquor on to boil, and when it comes to a boil, skim it; then add the spices, give it another boil up, and after this put in the oysters. Be careful they do not burn. They must be cooked over a quick fire. They must be served cold.

Rusks, or Buns.—The ingredients are:—One quart of milk, four eggs, five-eighths of a pound of butter, five-eighths of a pound of sugar, and some nutmeg. Roll them out, and bathe the tops of them with melted butter; then sprinkle cinnamon and sugar over them. (Raise the dough with half a pint of yeast. For rusk; after working them up, rub sugar and egg over them.)

To Make Bread.—(A first rate receipt, and found to be unvaryingly good.) To nine tin cupfuls of flour, (pint cups,) and one tin cupful of the above named yeast, add two tin-cupfuls of warm water, one tin cupful of milk, and two tablespoonfuls of salt; work the ingredients well together, and set it by to use.

Shellbark Cake.—Mix together into cake dough a quarter of a pound of butter, six eggs, three cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of milk, four heaped cupfuls of flour, and a small half teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a small portion of vinegar. Just before baking, add half a pint of shellbark kernels, floured.

Curing Beef.—To one hundred pounds of beef must be allowed six gallons of water, nine pounds of salt, three pounds of brown sugar, one quart of molasses, three ounces of salt-petre, one ounce of pearlsh, three cents worth of cochineal. The beef must remain in this pickle for the space of three weeks.

Racco Hoo.—A beverage, to be used in the same way as tea, or coffee. Mix together, one pound of grated chocolate, one pound of pulverized sugar, one pound of rice flour, and four tablespoonfuls of arrowroot. When used, boil one pint of milk, and then add three tablespoonfuls of the above, with a little water.

Dropped Sugar Cakes.—Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of saleratus in a teacupful of sour cream; add it to one tin-cupful of sugar, five eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, and enough flour to make a batter thick enough to drop on a buttered tin; flavor to your taste.

Soda Pudding.—Mix together four eggs, four teacupfuls of flour, two of brown sugar, the same quantity of butter, and a teacupful of soda. Bake the pudding in a mould, and serve it with wine sauce, which may be made with milk, instead of water.

Cream Doughnuts.—To one quart of cream, sweet or sour, add five eggs, and enough flour to form a soft dough; also put in a little salt. If the cream be sour, mix with it one teaspoonful of soda. Roll the dough thin, and fry the cakes in lard.

Potato Yeast.—Boil six large potatoes, mash them well, and stir in one pint of warm water, one large tablespoonful of brown sugar, and two teacupfuls of good yeast. Mix the whole well together, and set it away for use.

Monkey Pudding.—(A homely, but very nice dish for desserts.) Partially boil some good molasses. Then slice and butter some bread, and boil it in the molasses until thoroughly impregnated.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

To Hash Mutton.—Cut very thin slices from any joint of mutton that has been roasted. Fry some onions in a little butter; add 2 large spoonfuls of good gravy, and let them stew for about 10 minutes; then put in the meat, with a

spoonful of walnut-ketchup; and lemon-pickle. Let it boil for 3 or 4 minutes; season it with salt and cayenne pepper, and serve it quite hot, without thickening the gravy. Garnish with red cabbage.

If the meat has been *boiled*, cut the slices rather thick, and use broth sufficient to make rather more gravy than for the roast; take mushroom instead of walnut-ketchup; season with salt, white pepper, mace, and chopped parsley; add a few capers or a minced gherkin, and serve with pieces of bread fried in butter.

A little wine may be employed so as only to impart a slight flavor: port for the roast, and white wine for the boiled.

Rabbit Pie.—Rabbits, if young and in flesh, are quite as delicate as chickens: their legs should be cut short, and the ribs must not be put in, but will help to make the gravy.

Cut 2 rabbits and 1 lb. of pickled pork into small bits; lay them, when seasoned with pepper and salt, into a dish. Parboil the livers, and beat them in a mortar, with their weight of fat bacon, some pepper, salt, mace, and sweet herbs, chopped fine. Make this into small balls, and distribute in the dish. Grate half a small nutmeg over, and add a pint of gravy. Cover with a tolerably thick crust, and bake it an hour in a quick but not violently heated oven.

All pies made of white meats or fowls are improved by a layer of fine sausage-meat, made of pork, flavored according to taste and the savoriness of the pie.

A Camp Dish.—Take any joint of mutton, put it into a pot with a good many onions cut small, and as many vegetables as can be obtained to add to it; 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, 5 of port wine; season it with black and red pepper; add a spoonful of flour, and, if at hand, 4 desertspoonfuls of Harvey's sauce and essence of anchovies. Cover the meat with water, and let it stew $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour; it should be stirred frequently to prevent it from burning, as there should be only water sufficient to cook it. Should there be a steam-apparatus, do not add the water. This is an excellent dish in camp, and it also suits a family where there are many persons to be fed from one joint. A fowl may be added to or substituted for the mutton.

Fowl Boiled with Oysters.—Take a young fowl, fill the inside with oysters, put it into a jar, and plunge the jar in a kettle or saucepan of water. Boil it for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour. There will be a quantity of gravy from the juices of the fowl and oysters in the jar; make it into a white sauce, with the addition of egg, cream, or a little flour and butter; add oysters to it, or serve it up plain with the fowl. The gravy that comes from a fowl dressed in this manner will be a stiff jelly the next day; the fowl will be very white and tender, and of an exceedingly fine flavor—advantages not attainable in ordinary boiling—while the dish loses nothing of its delicacy and simplicity.

Bake-well Pudding.—A shallow tart-dish, which should be lined with quite an inch deep layer of several kinds of good preserves mixed together, and intermingled with them from two to three ounces of candied citron or orange rind. Beat well the yolks of ten eggs and add to them gradually half a pound of sifted sugar; when they are well mixed, pour in by degrees half a pound of good clarified butter, and a little ratifa, or any other flavor that may be preferred; fill the dish two-thirds full with this mixture, and bake the pudding for nearly an hour in a moderate oven.

A Dressing for Cold Fowls.—Cut a fowl into quarters. Beat up one or two eggs; grate in a little nutmeg, and put in a little sauce, some chopped parsley, and a few crumbs of bread. Beat them all together, and dip the fowl into the mixture; then fry it of a fine, light brown. Prepare a little good gravy, thickened with a little flour, and put in a spoonful of catsup. Lay the fried fowl in a dish, and pour the gravy over it. You may garnish with lemon and mushrooms.

For Tarts and Cheesecakes.—Beat the white of an egg to a strong froth; then mix it with as much water as will make three-quarters of a pound of fine flour into a very stiff paste; roll it very thin, then lay the third part of half a pound of butter upon it in little bits; dredge it with some flour left out at first, and roll it up tight. Roll it out again, and put the same proportion of butter; and so proceed till all be worked up.

Wine-Pudding Sauce.—Sweeten quarter of a pint of melted butter, add a little grated lemon peel or nutmeg, and a couple of glasses of white wine; make it quite hot, but not to boil, and serve immediately.

Or.—Take two wineglasses of white wine, one of water, the peel of half a lemon; sweeten it; let it boil up; take it off the fire and pour it on two yolks of eggs beaten. Stir quickly, and pour round the pudding.

To make Apple Cheesecakes.—Pare, core, and boil a dozen apples with sufficient water to mash them. Beat them up very smooth, and add six yolks of eggs, the juice of two lemons, some grated lemon-peel, and half a pound of fresh butter beaten to a cream and sweetened with powdered loaf sugar. Mingle the whole well together. Bake them in a puff crust, and serve open.

Very Light Paste.—Mix the flour and water together, roll the paste out, and lay bits of butter upon it. Then beat up the white of an egg, and brush it all over the paste before it is folded; repeat this when rolling out, and adding the butter each time till the whole of the white of egg is used. It will make the paste very flaky.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Waterproof Polish for Boots and Shoes.—Mix together two pints of vinegar, and one pint of soft water; stir into it a quarter of a pound of glue broken up, half of a pound of log-wood chips, a quarter of an ounce of finely powdered indigo, a quarter of an ounce of the best soft soap, and a quarter of an ounce of isinglass. Put the mixture over the fire, and after it comes to a boil continue the boil for ten minutes or more. Then strain the liquid, and bottle and cork it. When cold, it is fit for use. Before you apply this polish to boots, shoes, &c., remove the dirt with a sponge and water; then put on the polish with a clean sponge. Should you find it too thick, hold it near the fire to warm a little and the heat will liquify it sufficiently to be used.

To Strengthen and Improve the Voice.—Take of beeswax, two drachms; copaiba balsam, three drachms; powder of liquorice root, four drachms. Melt the copaiba balsam with the wax, in a new earthen pipkin; when melted, remove them from the fire, and, while in a melted state, mix in the powder. Make pills of three grains each. Two of these pills to be taken occasionally three or four times a-day. This is an excellent remedy for clearing and strengthening the voice, and is used by most professional singers.

To make Old Silk look as well as New.—Unpick the dress, put it into a tub and cover it with cold water; let it remain an hour; dip it up and down, but do not wring it; hang it up to drain. Iron it very damp, and it will look beautiful.

Or.—Having unpicked the dress, grate 2 large potatoes into a quart of water; let it stand to settle; strain it without disturbing the sediment, and sponge the silk with it. Iron it on the wrong side.

Lemonade Powder.—Mix one part of citric acid with six parts of finely pounded loaf sugar, a very fine lemonade is thus prepared, which may be preserved for any length of time. The quantity of this mixture necessary to be put in a glass of water to make a pleasant drink must be regulated by the taste of the person using it.

To take Rust out of Steel.—Cover the steel with sweet oil well rubbed on it, and in 48 hours use unslaked lime finely powdered, to rub until all the rust disappears.

To Cement Broken China.—Beat lime into the most impalpable powder, sift it through fine muslin; then tie some into a thin muslin; put on the edges of the broken china some white of egg, then dust some lime quickly on the same, and unite them exactly.

Or.—Dissolve 1 oz. of isinglass in 2 wineglassfuls of spirits of wine. It will form a transparent glue, which will unite glass so that the fracture will be almost imperceptible. The greatest care must be taken that the spirits of wine shall not boil over into the fire.

A Liquid Polish for Mahogany.—Take one ounce of beeswax and half an ounce of alkanet-root. Melt them together in an earthen pipkin or pot. When melted, take the pipkin off the fire, and add to the mixture two ounces of spirits of wine and half a pint of linseed oil. Rub the liquid on the furniture, and polish it with a clean woolen cloth.

Artificial Rockwork is often made of stiff paper crumpled over cinders, &c., as a foundation; it is then brushed over with glue, and fine sand strewn upon it.

A Good Method for Washing Paint.—First, let the flannel used in cleaning it be well soaped; then dip it into some finely-powdered bath-brick.

To Prevent Flannels from Shrinking.—The first time the flannels are washed, put them in a pail of boiling water, and let them lie till cold.

ART RECREATIONS.

THE BEST PICTURES EXPRESSLY FOR GRECIAN AND ANTIQUE PAINTING.—Published by J. E. Tilton, Salem, Mass. Directions to our new style of antique painting on glass, Oriental painting, Grecian painting, and Potichomanie, furnished, full and complete, on receipt of one dollar, with directions for varnish, &c. Purchasers of our goods to the amount of five dollars, will be entitled to directions free. Persons ordering directions for one dollar, and after buying the materials to the above amount, may deduct the one dollar paid for directions.

HIAWATHA'S WOOLING.—From Longfellow's late Indian Legend. Size of plate, fourteen by eighteen inches. Price, one dollar and fifty cents. With full directions for painting. Colors used and how to mix. Post-paid.

THE FARM YARD.—Painted by J. Herring. An elegant engraving, new. Size of plate, thirteen by nineteen inches. Price, one dollar and fifty cents. With full directions for painting. Post-paid.

LAS ORPHEENES.—A fine engraving from a celebrated French painter. Two figures, sisters. Size of plate, nine by eleven inches. Price, post-paid, with full directions for painting, one dollar.

THE JEW-HARP LESSON.—A beautiful picture, new, painted by Brunet. Engraved by Groseller. Companion to "The Little Bird." Size of plate, eight and a half by ten and a half inches. Price, post-paid, with directions for painting, sixty cents.

THE LITTLE BIRD.—A beautiful picture, new, painted by Brunet. Engraved by Groseller. Companion to "Jew-harp Lesson." Size of plate, eight and a half by ten and a half inches. Price, post-paid, with directions, sixty cents.

TWO COPIES FOR ORIENTAL PAINTING.—In imitation of laid India work. They are new and beautiful designs for tables and folios. One is a handsome wreath, with fountain, birds, &c. The other is an elegant vase of flowers, with birds' nests, birds, butterflies, &c. Price, fifty cents each, or eighty cents for the pair, nicely done up on a roller, and post-paid.

THIRTY VARIETIES OF SMALL MEZOSINTS.—Suitable for trial, for Grecian and Antique painting. Price, thirteen cents each, or one dollar and twenty cents per dozen, post-paid.

All engravings from any publisher sent free of postage, on receipt of price. The best copies selected with care. Circulars of information, price of artists' goods, frames &c., sent

on application, enclosing one stamp for return postage. Other new engravings are to be soon published, of which notice will be given to our customers. Address,

J. E. TILTON, PUBLISHER,
No. 188 Essex Street, Salem, Mass.

And dealer, wholesale and retail, in every description of Artists' goods.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS OF DELICATE PURPLE SILK.—Skirt trimmed with four flounces and with narrow black lace. The upper flounce is set in at the waist. The body is made without a basque, trimmed with three rows of lace put on like braces. A bow with long ends ornaments the body in the front of the waist. The sleeves are made with two puffs and frills, and ornamented with a bow and ends. Bonnet of dark blue velvet, trimmed with black feathers.

FIG. II.—DINNER DRESS OF BLUE SILK, ornamented with four flounces, trimmed with velvet put on in a diamond form, and black lace. The body is made without a basque, but with a very long point in front. A trimming like that on the flounces forms the braces. The sleeves are very wide. The head-dress is a roll of blue plaited velvet with a fall of black lace behind.

FIG. III.—THE COMPIGNE is a very beautiful style of side trimming for a dress, and the latest fashion for a black basque. This basque is made of puffings of black tulle and black lace insertion. The sleeves are a novelty.

FIG. IV.—THE ONTARIO.—A new and tasteful style of cloak, half-way between the shawl and mantilla.

FIG. V.—THE EUGENIE.—Both flounces and side trimmings are used. Either flounces or side trimmings by themselves would be sufficient. The sleeves and corsage are new and pretty.

FIG. VI.—BLACK LACE PELERINE, OR FICHU.—The foundation is made of bouillonnes of black net, confined by rows of velvet. The trimming consists of a double row of black Maltese, with scalloped edges.

FIG. VII.—THIS FICHU is intended to be worn with a low dress in demi-toilet. It is composed of rows of narrow lace or blonde, scalloped at the edge, and alternating with rows of narrow black velvet ribbon. The fichu is fastened in front by bows of black velvet. Though trimmed with black velvet, this fichu is not necessarily adapted to mourning, but may be worn with a dress of any color.

FIG. VIII.—SLEEVE OF MUSLIN, trimmed with narrow frills scalloped at the edge, and set on in fluted plaits. Up the front of the arm there is a running of colored ribbon, at each side of which is a narrow scalloped frill. The turned-up cuff is finished by the frill set on in fluted plaits.

FIG. IX.—HEAD-DRESS composed of white velvet ribbon, figured in blocks and stripes of cherry colored velvet. A long floating plume is attached to the left side of the head-dress.

FIG. X.—BLONDE CAP, ornamented with narrow ribbons. The crown is covered by a bar of black lace which crosses on it.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses still retain their vast amplitude; not only skirts, but sleeves, are made exceedingly full. Flounces are no longer indispensable; as many dresses are made without flounces as with them. Broad side trimmings, in the style called "Quilles," are highly fashionable, and they are better suited than flounces to the thick, massive silks which the looms of Lyons have this season produced.

CLOAKS AND MANTLES are of every variety of form and color. This season the bournoise and the mantle may be said to contend for fashionable favor. The velvet mantle, with its loose hanging sleeves, and elaborate trimming of passementerie, lace, &c., is rich and aristocratic. But the bournoise has the recommendation of being admirably well

adapted to ordinary out-door costume, as it may be made of cloth of the plainest colors.

BONNETS are made of every imaginable hue, though we notice more dark bonnets this season than formerly. The strings are worn wide and long, and they are sometimes composed of velvet, when that material is employed either partially or wholly for the bonnet. One of the newest bonnets of the season is composed of black velvet and grosgrain-color satin, the latter being covered with black lace. This bonnet is trimmed with a demi-wreath of flowers in red velvet, with black velvet foliage, and the strings are formed of black and grosgrain-color velvet. A much-admired bonnet is formed of black lace and maize-color therry velvet; the trimming consisting of a bow of maize-color ribbon placed on one side, and on the other a bird of paradise, having the body black, and the tail in shaded tints of maize.

HEAD-DRESSES are particularly elegant this winter. One of the prettiest we have seen is formed of two twists or plaits

of emerald green velvet, fixed on one side of the head by two long gold tassels.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS SUITABLE FOR A BOY TEN OR ELEVEN YEARS OLD.—Pants of grey cassimere. Long jacket of black velvet open in front over a white vest.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL EIGHT OR NINE YEARS OLD.—Dress of grey poplin. Cloak of blue merino. The deep circular cape is trimmed with rows of black velvet. Round black beaver hat, ornamented with a long plume and a fall of black lace.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY FOUR OR FIVE YEARS OLD.—A short, full skirt of dark-blue velvet, trimmed with black velvet. A full, white skirt body with a fall of lace is worn under a loose velvet sacque.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS.—Our January number took the country by storm. Private letters by the hundred, as well as newspaper notices, pronounce it the handsomest number of a Magazine ever issued, at any price. Says the Lewisburg (Pa.) Democrat:—"We had imagined that Mr. Peterson had long since attained the height of perfection, but it is apparent that he possesses the faculties to make improvement where none others could see any room for it." The Liberty (Ind.) Herald says:—"The proprietor and editor of this excellent Ladies' Magazine has already issued his January number, and it is the brightest gem in the Magazine line that has ever come to our office. We mean what we say, ladies, and if you do not believe us, just borrow our specimen copy and satisfy yourself." The Potsdam (N. Y.) Courier says:—"Peterson's Magazine for January is received, ahead of everything in the Magazine line." The Glen's Falls (N. Y.) Republican says:—"Our better half says 'Peterson's' is far superior to any Magazine published, and there is no better Judge." The Eaton Co. (Mich.) Republican says:—"The stories are the best Magazine stories to be found." The Preble Co. (Ohio) Democrat says:—"There is no longer any doubt in our mind but that 'Peterson's' is the best and cheapest Magazine now being published." The Salem (N. Y.) Press says:—"We know of no Magazine that comes nearer to the mark of perfection. It is equal to any three dollar Magazine of like character published in this country." The Corunna (Mich.) Democrat says:—"The January number is now lying on our table. Mr. Peterson had promised much, but has done more. Our 'better half' says that this is the best number she has ever seen." The Salem (Ohio) Republican says:—"It is a general favorite with the ladies. We could lend Peterson's twice to any other Magazine we get, once." The Westville (Ind.) Herald says:—"While the price of this Magazine is one dollar less than most of others, it is nevertheless as valuable, if not more so, than the best of the three dollar ones." We do not make these quotations in a spirit of boasting, but to show our new subscribers, that, in selecting "Peterson" for 1858, they have only followed the general voice.

DIFFERENT POST-TOWNS FOR CLUBS.—Subscribers, in a club, can have the Magazine sent wherever they reside. If desired, it will be sent to as many different post-offices as there are members of the club.

PREMIUM.—When entitled to a premium, state, distinctly, what you prefer. Where no such statement is made we shall send "The Casket."

THE PRESENT NUMBER.—Says the Horseheads (N. Y.) Philosopher:—"Peterson's Magazine for January is before us, and we have a clear conscience in saying that it is the handsomest number of a Lady's Magazine ever published. Its engravings, fashion-plates, and patterns for embroidery we have never seen equalled. We would like to give it a more extended notice, but are unable to command language sufficiently complimentary to express our opinion of this unequalled Magazine." We have, at least, five hundred similar notices. The present number, with the exception of the extra plate, which we always give as a New Year's present in our January number, is not inferior. Thousands of persons, indeed, will prefer "The Parable of the Lily" to "Grandpapa's Carriage." The stories are even better.

WHAT TO REMIT.—Eastern funds preferred, such as notes of solvent banks in New York, New England, or Pennsylvania. If these cannot be had, send notes current in your neighborhood. By solvent banks we mean all banks, whether suspended or not, which have not really failed. Where the amount is large, buy a draft on New York, or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

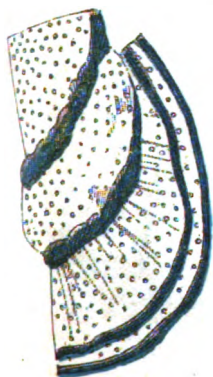
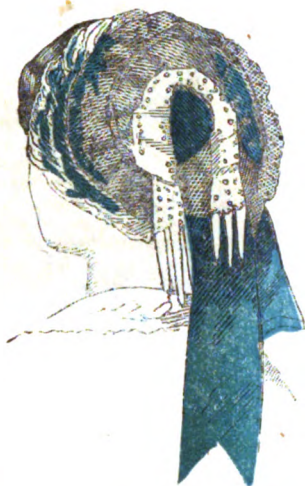
HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of the letter, the name of the post-office, county and state. If gold is sent, fasten it to a bit of thin paste-board, of the size of the letter when folded; for otherwise it may slip out. Tell nobody your letter contains money. *Do not register it.* If you take these precautions, the remittances may be at our risk.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—When additions are made to clubs, no additional premium is given, until sufficient names are forwarded to make a new club. For three subscribers, at \$1.00 each, we give a premium; for five at \$1.50; or for eight at \$1.25. Where four are added at \$1.25, to a club of eight, we do not give a premium: there must be eight.

POSTAGE ON "PETERSON."—This, when *pre-paid quarterly*, at the office of delivery, is one and a half cents a number, per month, or four cents and a half for the three months: if not pre-paid it is double this.

"PETERSON" AND "HARPER."—For \$3.50 we will send a copy of "Peterson" and "Harper's Magazine," for one year.

OLD AS WELL AS NEW subscribers may join clubs. We make no distinctions.





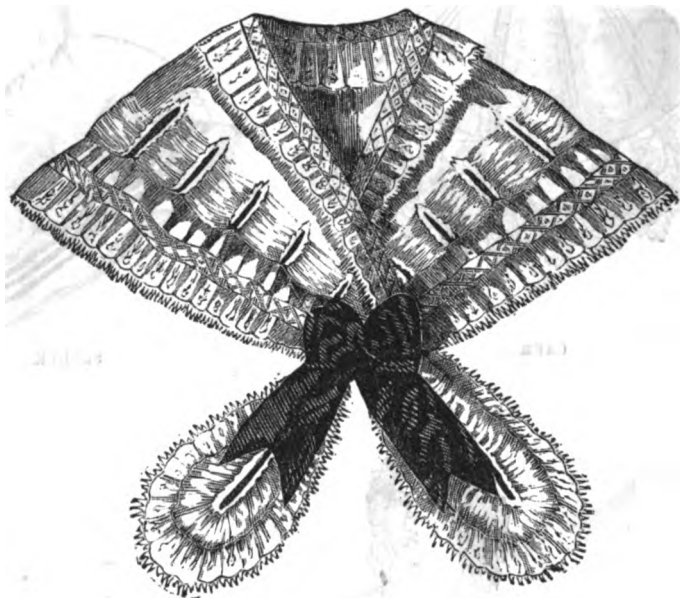
CAP.



SLEEVE.



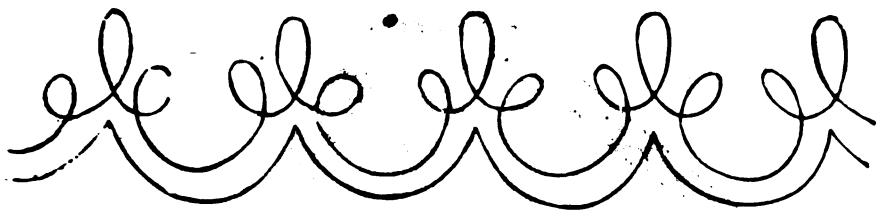
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VICHU.



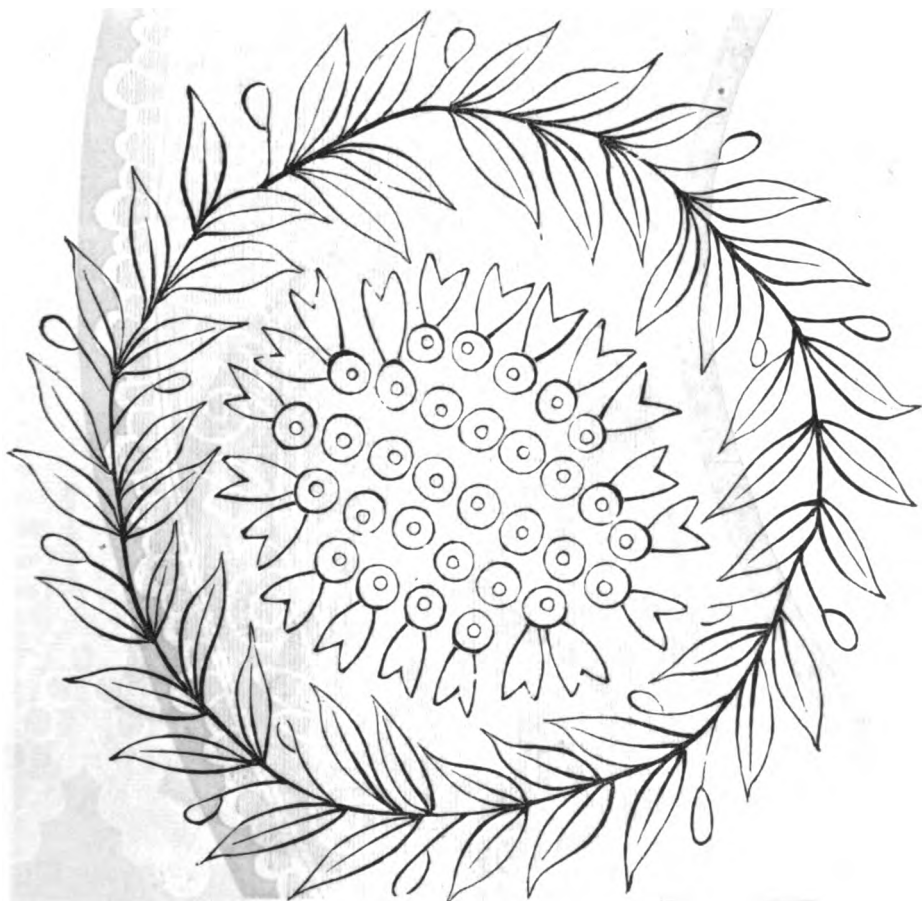
BASQUE.



BRAIDING FOR BOTTOM OF CHILD'S DRESS.



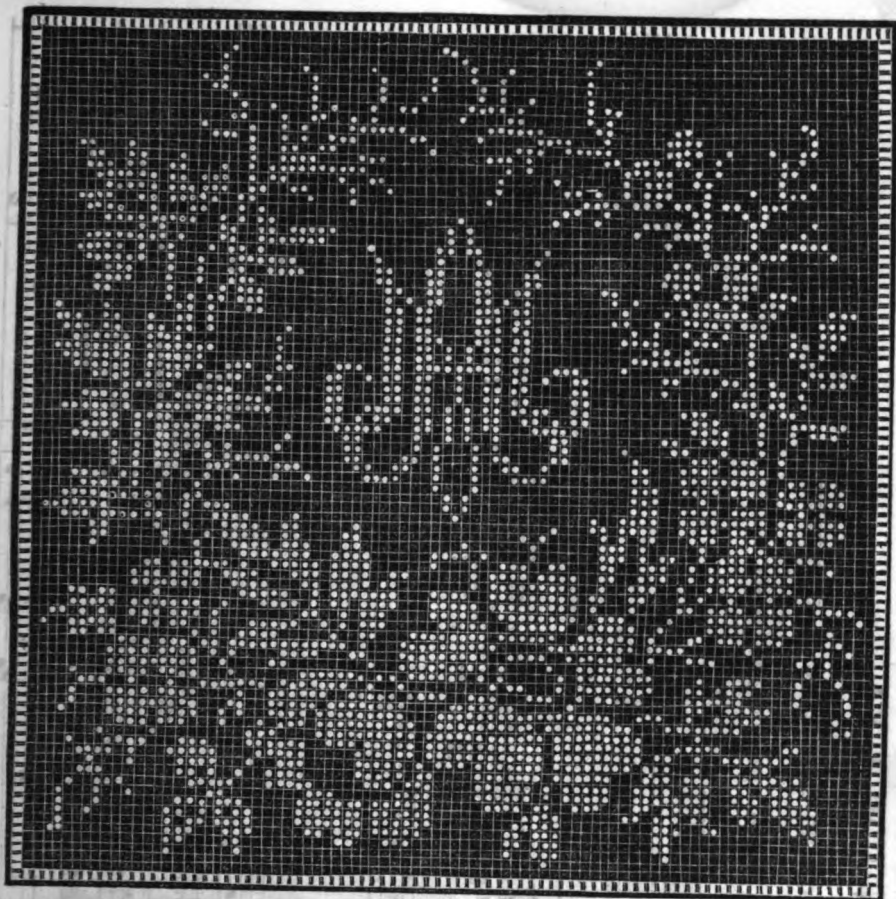
EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



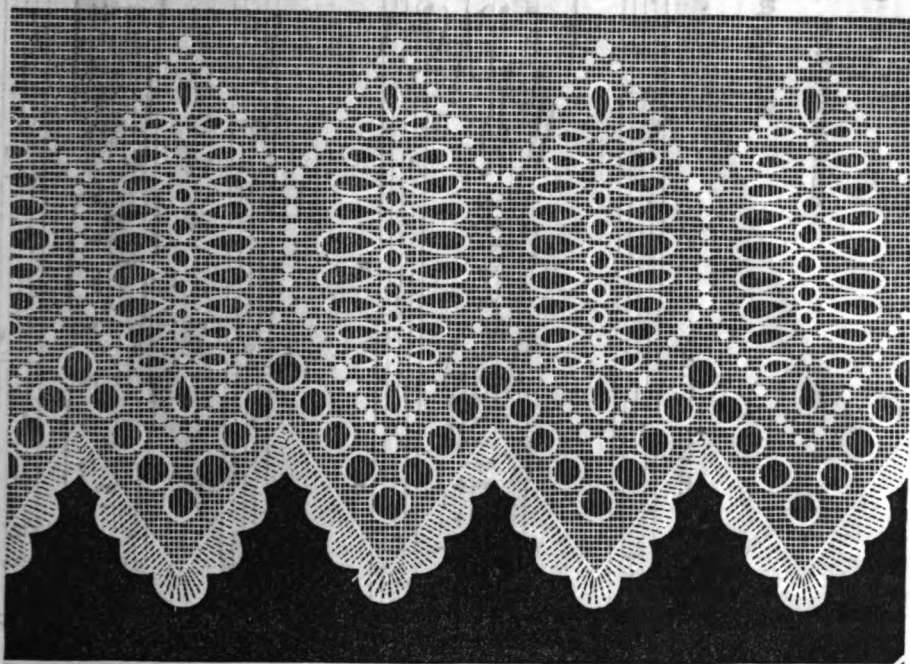
CAP CROWN.



CUFF IN CHAIN-STITCH.



D'OYLEY IN SQUARE CROCHET.



BORDER FOR PETTICOAT.

ON A WAY!

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. C. J. PETERSON.

உதாரணம்: உ. த. உதாரணம். இயைபு உதாரணம்.

ANDANTE CON MOTO.

The Song of the Prairie
 George F. Root

I. Onaway! D.C. Then awake!
Onaway! then awake!
a-wake bo- a-wake bo-

Thou who art the for- est wild-flow'r
Thou who art the for- est wild-flow'r
lov-ed lov-ed
wake thou li-ly of the prairie,
wake thou li-ly of the prairie,
p'rairie, p'rairie.

FINE.

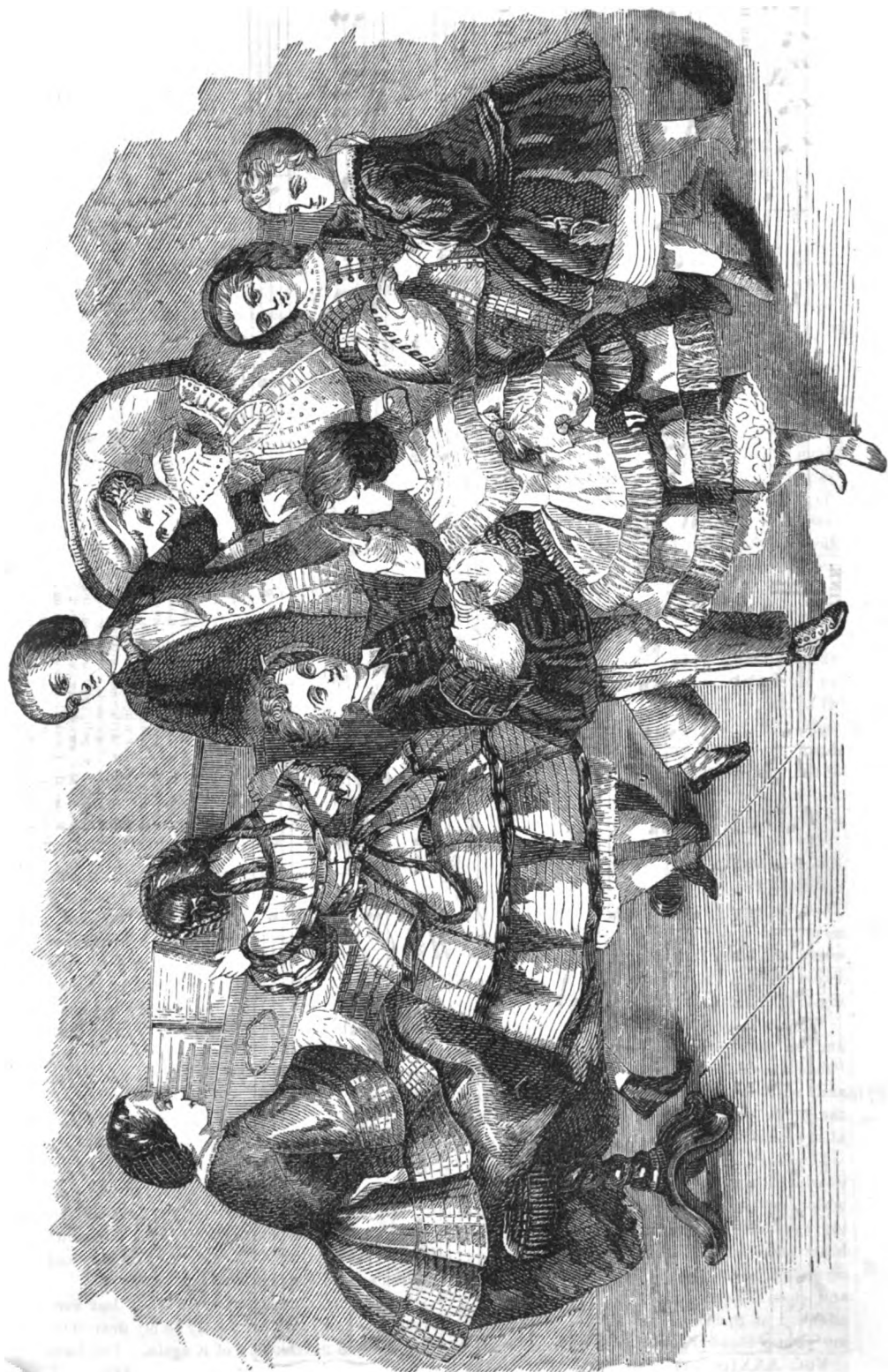
Let me woo thee to my bow-er, Let me woo thee to my bow-er, Thou art sweeter than the

D.C.

fra-grance Of the blooming buds of morn-ing, Then be-yond com-pare the fair-est, In thy vir-gi-nal a-dorning.

2.

Onaway! Onaway! Awake, beloved!
 Runce thee, for the hours are fleeing,
 Come, come! and to my heart enfolded,
 Fondly I'll bestow love's greeting,
 Haste thee! for when thou art near me
 Beautiful is earth and smiling;
 Fades the storm-clouds, fades the heart-pain
 'Neath thy spell thy fond beaming;
 Then awake, awake, awake beloved!
 Haste thee, for the hours are fleeing,
 Come, come! to my heart enfolded,
 Fondly I'll bestow love's greeting.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1858.

No. 8.

A DREAM OF LIFE.

BY A. L. OTIS.

It was one of those beautiful, calm, holy Sundays, when we wish to be alone to dream, or worship as our mood may be. The air was fragrant with summer flowers, and the woods waved a bewitching invitation to their cool shades, while the birds warbled forth their entreaty for us to come and enjoy with them the beauties of nature.

Tempted by so many enchantments, I took a book—not with any idea of reading, but for an excuse—and following a narrow, shady path, soon reached a natural couch, thickly cushioned with rich, green moss. Weary with my short walk—for I was not strong—I threw myself down upon the soft bed to rest. Heavy boughs of the pine and hemlock waved above and around me, subduing the bright, warm rays of the sun, and making a soft, cool twilight.

My thoughts went back to the time when I was a little child, and came to this place to weep my childish sorrows, unseen and unquestioned. Then no sunlight was too bright for me. I remembered how I loved the sun with my whole heart, and used to wish it would never set, how I rose early in the morning to be out to welcome my kind friend.

When it rained I believed the sun was weeping, and on cloudy days, when my mother said its "face was hid," I thought it was from sorrow, and, with a child's sympathy, would go about the house very quietly, feeling a heavy weight at my heart.

I recalled distinctly the sound of the wind as it whirled around the corner of the house in which my little room was situated—the entreating whine it made to be let in, until my tender heart was touched, and I would creep out of my warm bed, open the window a little way—and close it hastily again, half frightened, half offended at the rude rush of air which chilled my young blood. I would hurry back to bed,

and hide my head under the clothes, to shut out all remembrance of my offended dignity. Then the muffled sound of the blast would lull me to sleep, and to dream of the beautiful angels who nightly visited me.

As these things returned to my memory, the low murmurings of the soft breeze, which just stirred the heavy boughs above, soothed me into a deep slumber. In my dreams occasional scenes of my childhood seemed to mingle with flights of fancy.

I went back to the time when I was a careless child, the happy possessor of a pretty little straw hat, of which I was very proud. But what gave it the greatest charm to my youthful fancy, was a little silver flower attached to the lining of the crown. I often took off my hat to admire its beauty, and wonder where such flowers grew.

One morning, as I was walking around my garden, admiring the blossoms dressed in their pearls, I looked into my hat to see which was the prettiest, my silver flower, or my garden ones. While I was yet undecided, I turned it so that a sunbeam struck the silver, which threw back bright rays. I clapped my hat to my bosom, as a boy does who has caught a butterfly, and ran to show to my mother my treasure, the beautiful sunbeam I had caught. Imagine my disappointment upon looking into my hat to find nothing there!

My mother stooped down, and smiling, kissed me tenderly, and told me to run out and catch another sunbeam. Cheered and comforted I did so, only to be again disappointed, and this time so sure had I been of my prize, that when I found nothing but my silver flower, I burst into tears. My mother took me on her lap, and folding me closely to her bosom, said,

"Hush, my darling! Forget your lost sunbeam. I have so much to say to my dear child that she will never think of it again. You have

a long journey to go, and must begin to prepare for it. You have to climb a high, steep, rugged hill, which few climb without much sorrow and pain, and my little girl must take her share of trouble with the rest. The beginning is the hardest part, but we will start early on the difficult road, that I may be with you in your first trials."

As she spoke, I seemed to be aroused to the full knowledge of life. I was no longer the thoughtless child I had been that very morning. Filled with the thought that I was born to many trials, which I must meet and conquer, I seemed to have grown old in an hour. My mother told me what a difficult path lay before me, but that if I persevered and reached the top of the mountain, happiness awaited me, angels would come to meet me, and she herself would be there to receive and bless her child.

At the foot of our garden arose a high, steep mountain. I had never been allowed to pass the garden boundaries, but now my mother took me by the hand, and we commenced the difficult ascent. When we had advanced a short distance, we stopped to rest and look back at the beautiful home we were leaving. My mother drew me close to her, and while the tears stood in her eyes, said,

"My poor child, the heavy cares of life come to you early, but better so, while I am with you. But we must not 'put our hands to the plow and look back,' we must keep our eyes fixed, not upon our old home, but upon the brightness at our journey's end, and upon the holy star which will guide and guard us on our way."

As she finished speaking, she pointed first to the top of the mountain which was crowned with a glorious light, then to a bright star which was just above us. Its rays seemed to fall upon my mother, making her more beautiful than ever. I could have worshipped her, she looked so like an angel.

We continued our journey many days, sometimes resting awhile at the pretty villages through

which we passed, the beautiful star being always our guide and light.

In my dream months and years flew by, and still we were toiling on, meeting many other travellers, one of whom journeyed with us. We met her at one of those pretty, green villages where we had stayed some time. She was an orphan, almost as beautiful as my mother, and good, and holy, as beautiful.

My mother became daily weaker, her health declined rapidly, until one day the light of the star, as it fell upon her, seemed like a halo or mist around her, beautifying her, but hiding her from us. She bade us a tender farewell, and as she faded from us, the brightness at the summit of the mountain seemed to intensify, and we saw shadowy, spiritual forms floating around, one of whom came to meet and aid my mother.

New troubles thickened around me and my friend. It was only with much toil and pain that we were able to proceed, but the consciousness of my mother's spiritual presence, and the hope of soon joining her in that beautiful land we were approaching, gave us strength to persevere. That holy star was our greatest blessing. Its light fell upon our path, making our way clear until angels came to cheer us.

When I saw the glorious land opening to my view, and heard the heavenly strains of music breaking upon my ear, I felt again my mother's close embrace.

Beautiful visions of lovely children, and holy angels leading poor, frail mortals to heaven, were passing before me, as I was gently awakened from my dream by my own dear mother, who was wrapping a shawl around my shivering form. The sun was sinking in the west, crowning the tree-tops with soft, rosy light, while the birds sang their good night song.

I felt unspeakably happy, and wondered if this had been a dream, or a vision, or if an angel, visiting my beautiful, shady nook, had stopped to whisper in my ear!

DOMUS AMOR: AN IMPROMPTU.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The wild-bird to the woodland shade;
The timid hare to its native glade;
Man to the spot that gave him birth,
The nearest, dearest upon earth.

Perish that heart, so callous grown,
That hath no feelings for its home!

The village church, the school-house bell,
Have joys to me no tongue can tell.
The father's love, the mother's kiss,

Ecstatic thought, to me are bliss.
Perish that heart, so callous grown,
That hath no feelings for its home!

The sailor, toss'd upon the deep
In startled and in troubled sleep;
In dreams regains his much lov'd cot,
The heart's sheet-anchor, dearest spot.
Perish that heart, so callous grown,
That hath no feelings for its home!

THE WOMAN WHO WOULDN'T BE JEALOUS.

BY MISS CARRIE E. FAIRFIELD.

"No, by Jove," said Harry Vane, tilting his feet upon the window-sill, and gracefully removing a fragrant Havana from his lips for the purpose of exhaling a cloud of the perfumed smoke. "I wouldn't marry a jealous woman if she was sole heiress to old Astor. I tell you, Walter, it wouldn't do for my wife to be jealous. This being eternally constant to any one little bundle of lace and divinity is an utter impossibility to a man of my constitution. I have a natural taste for variety, do you see; and the most I want of a wife is to keep house for me and take care of things, and give me a little leisure to make myself agreeable to womenkind in general. When nothing more agreeable turns up, why of course then she can have the privilege of entertaining me, which with the consolation of knowing that her husband is the most accomplished lady-killer in town, will, I take it, be ample compensation for all her services in my behalf. But you see if she was any ways jealous she might not think so."

"It would be possible, I should think," said Walter Everett, "that she might be inclined to disagree with you. I should think any woman who loved you, would naturally object to such an arrangement."

"Oh, pshaw! Everett, that proves you to be a novice. Don't you know that love in a female heart is made up of just two elements, vanity and self-sacrifice. Just give a woman a husband she is proud of, and you—or, that is, you might not be able to, but a man of my accomplishments can coax her into anything under the sun. Wait till I marry, I'll show you how to manage a wife. I'll show you how to unite all the freedom of a bachelor with all the privileges of a Benedict."

Walter smiled and puffed away at his cigar in silence.

The two young men were clerks in a large mercantile establishment down town. They occupied the same room in their boarding-house, and were generally on very close and intimate terms. Perhaps it may not be necessary to inform the reader that Harry was something of a coxcomb, though he was by no means as immoral as might be inferred from his own account of himself. This Walter knew, and he could therefore listen to his occasional strains of gasconade with the

utmost serenity, even though perfectly aware at the time that the speaker entertained serious ideas of finally bestowing the ineffable honor of his name and protection upon a certain little cousin of his own, Miss Susie Stanton. That his confidence went so far as to lead him to conceal from the said young lady the sentiments so frequently expressed, we cannot vouch. Indeed, the writer rather has the idea that the two frequently talked over in private this unfortunate failing of their mutual friend, and studied frequently to devise some method of reducing the proportions of Harry's organ of variety.

Nothing very effectual was accomplished during the courtship, however, and in due process of time Mr. Harry Vane entered the state of matrimony, under the full conviction that his loving Susie possessed not one spark of jealousy; and that her overweening affection for him would lead her to accept whatever attentions it might please him to bestow upon her with unfeigned gratitude and joy; and to preserve a discreet silence in regard to whatever she might see in his outgoings or incomings that was peculiar or mysterious.

To do Susie justice, she was not naturally of a jealous disposition; but besides her innate amiability in that respect, she had a little bit of that shy, womanly pride, which made her resolve that she wouldn't be jealous. No, indeed, she would never be pointed at as a jealous wife; neither should Mr. Harry Vane have the pleasure of insinuating that he managed his wife; that she was duly instructed and trained at home, to look conveniently in the other direction, whenever he chose to open the invincible battery of his fascinations upon any innocent and unsuspecting young female. No, no; the little lady was quite too 'cute for that.

It therefore happened that whenever at ball or party, Mr. Harry Vane made himself particularly agreeable to any lady, Mrs. Harry Vane also cultivated the same individual. If Mr. Harry Vane only danced with the young lady, or escorted her out to supper, Mrs. Harry Vane contented herself with the most amiable inquiries after said young lady's health, and gracious hopes that the family at home were quite well; if Mr. Vane danced twice or thrice

with the young lady, Mrs. Vane straightway invited her to call, and intimated that she should very soon give herself the pleasure of visiting the young lady; and if matters went still further, and Mr. Harry Vane indulged in a *tete-a-tete* in the corner, or a moonlight promenade upon the piazza, Mrs. Harry Vane immediately fixed a day, and asked the young lady around to tea.

At home, too, if Mr. Harry Vane exclaimed with enthusiasm, "By Jove, but that Miss West has a splendid figure." Mrs. Vane replied with equal enthusiasm, "She has indeed; and she danced admirably." Or if Harry remarked that "Araminta Waters was decidedly the handsomest woman at Mrs. Morgan's party." Susie added, gently, "That rumor said she was as amiable and accomplished as she was handsome and fascinating." By this sly way of fighting fire with fire, she had succeeded in extinguishing a half dozen glowing *penchants* in the bosom of her liege lord; while at the same time the uniform sweetness and amiability of her own conduct, could not fail to deepen the admiration and respect which Harry had possessed for her when he married her.

So it went on for a year or two, and Susie found herself a mother. After that things seemed to mend a little, but baby's charms soon lost their power, and Susie's trial took another form. Her loving heart which was constantly, though quietly, watchful of Harry's lightest movement, was wounded at its most sensitive point. Harry frequently left home without inviting her to accompany him, or even informing her of his destination. Much as her anxious fears were startled by this new shadow upon her domestic peace, Susie had the discretion to say nothing, but meanwhile to double her assiduity in winning him to home pleasures. All her efforts availed her little, however; at least one evening in the week he continued to spend away from her. At first she was afraid he might be entering upon some course of dissipation, but careful observation soon convinced her that whatever sin might be laid to his charge, the love of liquor was not one; and as drinking forms an ingredient of nearly all forms of dissipation, she finally came to the conclusion, that as of old, his wandering, inconstant heart was straying after some new light of female beauty. It is possible that at this juncture she may have taken her cousin Walter into confidence.

One beautiful morning in July, Harry seemed in no hurry to go down town. He lingered reading his newspaper after breakfast till nearly nine o'clock, and then dressing himself carefully in his handsomest suit of white linen, carelessly

bade his wife good morning, and strolled carelessly up the street, instead of going down it, toward his place of business. The quick perceptions of his wife had noticed a strange disquietude in his manner all the morning, and she smiled a quiet smile to herself, as she stood before the mirror in her own room, arraying herself in her most becoming walking costume; for Mrs. Harry Vane was going out too.

She fitted a dainty pair of gaiters to her pretty foot, and tightened the fastenings of her sweetest pair of kid gloves, put on her most bewitching bonnet, and then took the last glance in the mirror to assure herself that there wasn't on all Broadway a sweeter or more captivating little woman than Mrs. Harry Vane. "He has good taste, at any rate," she soliloquized, "and that is one consolation." But the little half sigh which closed the sentence intimated that it wasn't so very consoling after all.

After her own toilet was completed, baby was dressed in his richest and most spotless robes, and Bridget was entrusted with the precious charge and bid to follow her mistress. Down the street tripped the little lady, taking the shortest way to the foot of — street, North River. There lay the steamer with flags flying, and whistle blowing, just ready to convey a band of happy excursionists down the bay. Mrs. Harry Vane tripped lightly over the gang-plank, followed by Bridget and baby, and the next moment it was withdrawn, and the gallant steamer with its gallant company was fairly under way. Mrs. Vane ascended leisurely to the promenade deck, and there, apparently very much to her surprise, discovered Mr. Vane sitting in most attentive proximity to a handsome and showy young lady, who was evidently quite the slave of Mr. Vane's fascinations.

"Why, good morning, Harry," exclaimed Mrs. Vane, in her sweetest and most cordial tones; "this is indeed a delightful surprise, I had not anticipated the pleasure of your company; after you went down town, I happened to notice the advertisement of the excursion, and baby has seemed so ailing lately, that I thought it might do him good to take the salt air, so I dressed myself as quickly as possible and hurried down here."

What could Mr. Harry Vane say in reply to this most amiable and wife-like greeting? Mrs. Vane was not at a loss however to fill up the pause which his hesitation occasioned.

"This lady is a friend of yours, I presume, introduce me to her, Harry;" and turning to the lady, "Mr. Vane's circle of friends, previous to our marriage, was so very extensive that I have

not even yet made the acquaintance of all of them. I hope, however, to know them all in the course of time, for nothing gives me greater pleasure than to entertain Harry's friends. Your name is —? I didn't quite understand."

"Miss Wentworth," replied the lady, bowing stiffly.

"Ah! yes, Miss Wentworth; I do not recollect hearing Harry speak of you; but it is all the same; my memory is very treacherous, and indeed he might have mentioned your name, casually, you know, a dozen times; and still I might have forgotten it. But bless me! where is the baby? Bridget, come here."

Bridget answered the call: and placed the blue-eyed little wonder in the arms of its delighted mamma.

"Mamma's precious 'little darling; was it warm? so it was; mamma will take off its ugly hat, so s'e will. There, does it see its pap-pa: there, so it does; and knows him too; precious angel. See, Miss Wentworth, see how well the little darling knows its father; and it isn't four months old yet." And Mrs. Vane danced the chubby, red-faced little thing up and down in Mr. Vane's face, and asked enthusiastically,

"Didn't Miss Wentworth think he was just the image of his 'pa'?"

There were several of Harry's acquaintances on board, by whom the affair was thoroughly understood; and it was not long until the story passed from lip to lip, and smiles and titters, and jokes at poor Harry's expense, circulated in every direction. Mr. Vane excused himself as speedily as possible from the society of the ladies, and walked moodily below to the stern of the boat, and there stood contemplating the fast receding shores of Manhattan. "What the devil am I to do?" he soliloquized; "to blow out at her like the devil, as I would like to, would only raise a row and circulate the story; and I can't get rid of her, for the boat won't put back, I suppose, on my account. Gad! if the water wasn't so infernal hot, I'd drown myself. To bring that red-faced little imp along too. It is a pretty child enough though; of course, it couldn't be anything else and be my child; and she looks deuced pretty herself, too, to-day. She's a vast deal prettier than Madge Wentworth ever was—the baggage. If I ever get safe out of this scrape, catch me risking my reputation for another bold flirt like her."

Meanwhile Miss Wentworth, who possessed a deal of womanly tact in her way, had overcome, in a measure, the embarrassment of her first meeting with Mrs. Vane, and had entered very affably into conversation with her. The baby,

as if determined to do its part, was as sweet-tempered as its mamma, and cooed and laughed, and spatted its hands, to the infinite delight of Miss Wentworth, who was, or pretended to be, exceedingly fond of pets. Mrs. Vane's amiability was perfectly irresistible, and when Mr. Vane returned, he found the two ladies on the best possible terms.

When the dinner-bell rang, Mrs. Vane called to Bridget to take the baby, and rising, exclaimed, "Mr. Vane, give your arm to Miss Wentworth," at the same time appropriating the other to her own use, "and we will hurry into dinner. This stiff breeze gives one such an appetite." At dinner, Mrs. Vane's first attentions were given to Miss Wentworth, and the least failure upon the part of Mr. Vane, who, to tell the truth, was a little absent-minded, to observe the wants of that young lady, as reprimanded by Mrs. Vane.

"My dear, Miss Wentworth will take some more turkey; Harry dear, help Miss Wentworth to some of these delicious peas. Miss Wentworth, allow me to assist you to some of this sauce, I assure you it is delicious."

After dinner, the two ladies, with the baby, retired to the ladies' cabin, and Harry enjoyed an hour's immunity from the society of either. He retired aft to enjoy (!) his Havana. Let us hope that its fragrance served, in some measure, to calm his troubled mind.

It was nearly dark when the boat arrived at the foot of — street on her return. Harry called a carriage for the ladies, and directed the driver to No. — street, his own residence.

"Harry, my dear, how can you be so impolite? We must see Miss Wentworth home first by all means. She has been complaining of fatigue for these past two hours, and I must protest against her being driven a mile or two out of her way upon my account."

Harry was obliged to acquiesce, and Mrs. Vane had the satisfaction of leaving Miss Wentworth at her own door, and bidding her a most affectionate farewell, with the hope that she had enjoyed the day, and would experience no inconvenience from the fatigue it had occasioned her.

Ten minutes later, Harry Vane was stretching his weary limbs upon a sofa in his own quiet parlor. Mrs. Vane bustled about and prepared a most delicious tea for her loving lord. At first his vexation betrayed him into a few unamiable remarks; but the real tenderness of Susie's manner, as she handed him the smoking cup of Bohea upon the lounge, and soothed and petted away the headache which oppressed him, silenced his irritability, and won him back to good-humor.

That was the last of Harry Vane's wanderings. The name of Miss Wentworth was never mentioned in his house; and save his penitent confession, made that night with his weary head lying upon her bosom, "Susie, I have wronged you; will you forgive me?" To which her only answer was the kiss of peace and trust, and a glance more eloquent than any speech, there was no allusion to his faults.

Susie is grey-haired now, and her failing strength is supported by the tenderness of grand-daughters; and it may be that to them she sometimes repeats the story of the woman who wouldn't be jealous.

ASLEEP.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH MILLER.

How sweetly do they rest!
The children young and fair,
To earth's calm bosom pressed
With almost mother's care!
Their couch is dark and cold,
But they, with childish trust,
With hands in prayerful fold,
Sleep sweetly, "Dust to dust!"

Ere sin their souls could stain;
Or sorrow could become
Aught but a senseless name,
The Father called them home.

Ere yet their tiny feet
In Error's path could stray,
They trod, with footsteps fleet,
Along the shining way!

So let them rest—the night
Is dark to us who wake;
Who sleep till morning light
See but the morning break!
Let us in patience wait,
The morn shall surely come.
We'll pass the pearly gate
And dwell with them at home.

"GATHER ROSE-BUDS WHILE YOU MAY."

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

This life to us is at best
But a port in which to rest;
Friends the truest early die,
Hopes the fondest soonest fly;
Summer blossoms soon decay;
"Gather rose-buds while you may."

Not for others toil and heap,
But yourself the harvest reap;
Lay not up a golden store
To be spent when you're no more;
For Nature smiling, seems to say,
"Gather rose-buds while you may."

Gather wisdom—truth sublime,
Fill your soul with lofty rhyme;
Pluck life's flowers in their bloom,
Exhaling all their sweet perfume;
Bask at once in pleasure's ray,
"Gather rose-buds while you may."

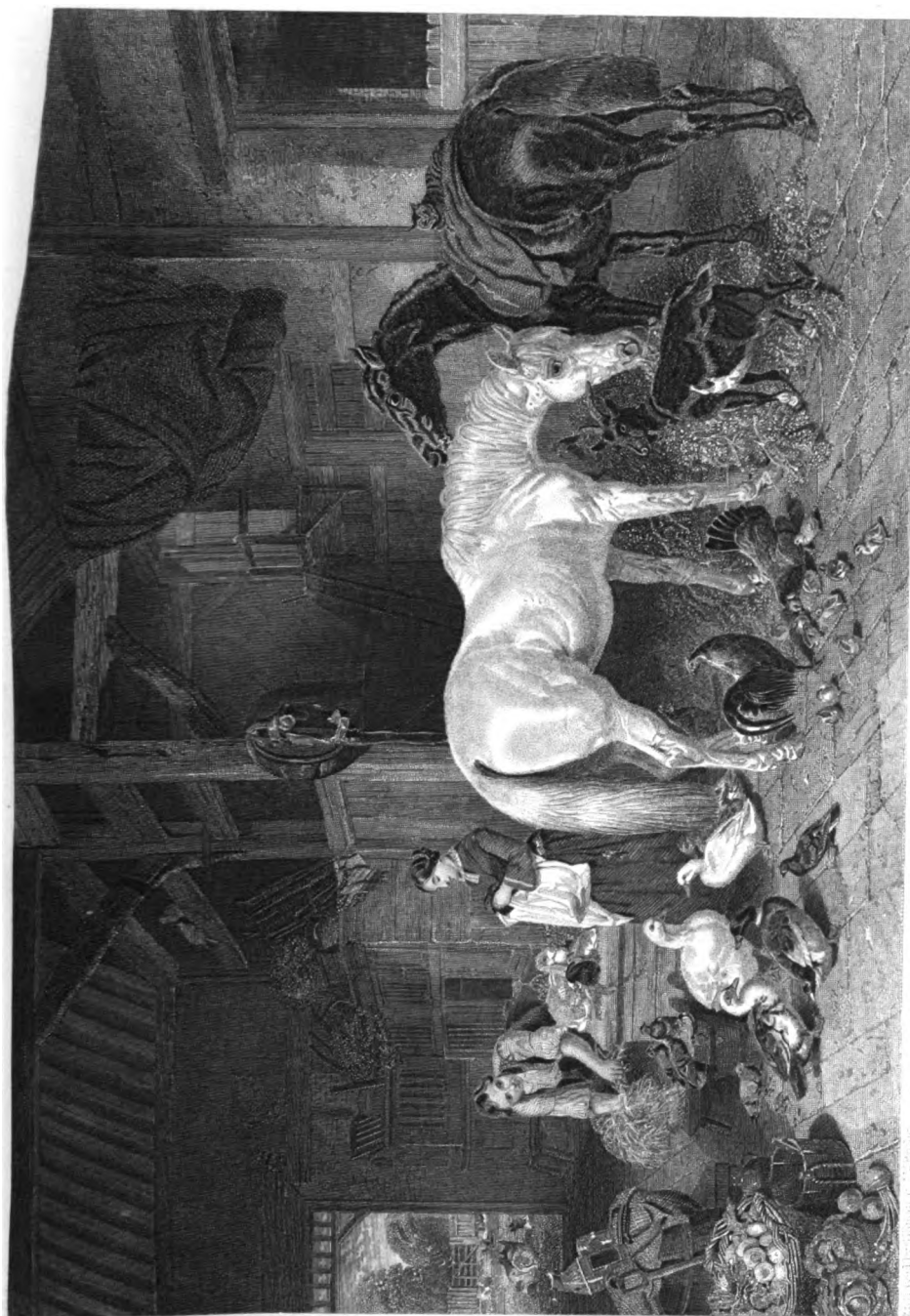
Time is short, but unto those
Who battle bravely with life's woes—
As time flies—to them 'tis given
On his wings to fly to Heaven;
Then let us cast all fears away,
And "gather rose-buds while we may."

LIFE! WHAT IS IT?

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

OUR life is but a shadow,
So soon it flitteth by;
To-day we're here—to-morrow
Gone to Eternity.
Our life is but a vapor
Which vanisheth away—

And we're "at our best estate,"
Uncertain of a day.
Life is like the op'ning bud,
Or bloom upon the flower—
The storm sweeps over them, and they
Are blighted in an hour.



THE TWO BROTHERS.

BY SARAH HAMILTON.

CHAPTER I.

It was a pleasant, little, red-colored building, at the foot of a steep hill that towered up behind it, crowned at its summit with sugar maples, whose broad branches lifted themselves proudly up, showing through their thick foliage bright patches of blue. Here, beneath the shelter of jagged rocks, blossomed the first wild flowers of spring, wakened into life by the sun's early kisses, and the music of æolian strains—and here in this sequestered spot two brothers first saw the light of day.

Herbert and Eugene Wellington were the only offspring of kind and indulgent parents—from infancy a marked difference existed between the two. Herbert, the eldest, was as beautiful and delicate as any little fairy, possessing regular features, a small, ruby mouth, and flaxen ringlets that floated lightly over dimpled shoulders; his voice was peculiarly soft and sweet—with evident interest he caught the why and wherefore of all going on about him. Learning to him was nature—no effort.

Eugene, two years his junior, was as different as one can well conceive. A short, thick figure, black hair, nearly as stiff as the tasseled pine; eyes large and staring, and at times full of the most intense mischief, with a skin as dark as any creole's—nor did the contrast between the brothers end here. At play Eugene usually wore his cap wrong side before—trousers tucked up above his knees, while the soiled and torn upper garment told sad tales of climbed fences and falls innumerable—out-of-doors was his realm—a book he hated, and at the age of seven had merely mastered his alphabet.

It is needless for us to say who was the favorite. A father's pride, a mother's love centred on the eldest—and yet Eugene was not neglected. The very knowledge of the preference existing in their hearts, made them the more scrupulous in their attentions. Yet impatient exclamations were continually ringing in the poor boy's ears, he knew and felt the difference between the caresses lavished upon his brother and those bestowed upon himself. The first was a pouring forth of priceless jewels—the second the measured payment due. But within Eugene's bosom beat a warm and generous heart that had not yet

learned to covet—he loved and admired Herbert, whose willing slave he had ever been.

"Herbert will make a stir in the world one of these days," Mr. Wellington would often remark to his wife, with a satisfied stamp of his foot, as he glanced at the studious child. "And now, my little man," turning to Eugene, "what will you do, stay at home and raise steers and colts for your old father?"

The boy thus addressed would usually smile, droop his head, and go far off in the darkest corner of the big room to whittle and muse by himself. There would be a stir and clatter way down deep in his bosom—a strange choking in his throat, he hardly knew why or for what—and his cheek would flush and warm, and his dark eyes beam with a troubled light.

Herbert, with his white fingers, would carefully turn the leaves of the huge volume before him, his thoughts far off in the future, revelling in the golden dawn young ambition ever sees in its first bright dreams of greatness. Be careful, parent! such blossoms need the most intense watchfulness lest the one be dwarfed, made rebellious, miserable—or the natural beauties of the other run to seed before maturity comes, lest he grows wise in his own conceit, selfish and weak.

Years pass. The little Eugene no longer plays about the door-yard, he is off in the field, hard at work, day in and day out, good, honest Eugene.

Herbert has become a fine scholar, better even than the village pedagogue. There he is seated in the front room of the red cottage, where the mellow twilight steals in and kisses his smooth brow, now racked with thought; books, papers, manuscripts lie before him unheeded, he has pushed them impatiently back, and is now alone with his thoughts. Alone did I say? A slight form steals in and stands unnoticed by his side.

"What now, my son? Something is troubling you, I have been feeling it this long time, but you have been so silent, so reserved—is it well?" Her tones were broken and full of tenderness.

"Dear mother, forgive me, but I am very unhappy. I would be off and mingle in the world, be a man, no longer the dreaming youth—I would earn riches, mother, oh, the pleasure of pouring them at your feet, to see you a lady too."

"Herbert, labor is not degrading; love ennobles all toil, I am content with my treasures."

"But, mother, you forget you and father are growing old; for years we have but barely lived, having, to be sure, the necessities of life, but none of its luxuries; and as for Eugene," the name was spoken with a slight contempt, not intended, "he'll never be of much benefit."

"Oh! Herbert," interrupted his mother, "Eugene has paid half of your school bills. I know the sum was small, but your father would have been unable to have raised it alone."

"Well, well, never mind that, I calculate to return every dollar with interest; but as I was saying, I must away, I can live cooped up here no longer, the very atmosphere chokes, stifles me. I long to sail with the crowd, to be myself one of the sweeping waves; oh, mother, say that you are willing."

A great, black shadow stands in the doorway, a brown, earnest face enters and takes a seat close by the student.

"Herbert, dear Herbert, do not leave us. These hands," and the broad palms crossed each other, "are strong, governed by a willing mind; a heart, dear brother, big with love for you. These arms have carried you years ago over rough places, they shall still shield you from the rougher world. Oh, stay, for their sake if not for mine!"

"Eugene, I have said my name shall not fade in obscurity; once my dreams wore a different coloring, now I am ambitious for wealth; money gives one power, raises the meanest—what may it not do for me? Yes, the world shall yet hear from me, mark that, if not as the talented, then as the rich Mr. Wellington."

"And will you, Herbert, leave Amy? Poor, patient Amy?"

"What a fool you are! Do you suppose I will ever wed a blind girl? Need enough of my seeking a fortune if that was the case."

Now the crimson sprang fearfully to the younger brother's face. Angry words would have burst forth with volcanic power but for the sake of another.

"You once loved her, and she still cherishes the memory of other days. I know after that fearful affliction her sweet voice bid you seek another bride; but oh, my brother, it were cruel to leave the unfortunate—she is all alone—you were her——"

"Hush!" said his companion, his lips growing whiter all the while, "what right, I ask, have you to interfere?" He looked up, Eugene was gone, his eye rested upon his mother, her thin face bowed upon her hands—for a moment it

was raised to his, tear-stained. It touched the brightest spot in his nature—he knelt down by her side.

"Mother, dear mother, I will never leave home without your willing consent. Life would indeed be a blank without your smile." Her hand was laid in his.

"Go, my son, I feel now that it is best—poor Amy! poor, dear Amy! I had hoped—but no matter, my weak heart knows not what to counsel. Do what you think is right," and murmuring a blessing as she pressed her lips to her proud boy's brow, she arose, and with slow steps left the room.

Herbert Wellington, weak Herbert! how deady you turn from the better angel, who stands lovingly by your side, pleading passionately, pleading for the loved one.

Amy Lee's sweet name can never, never fade from your heart's tablet, strive to forget her as you may.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh that love so vainly given,
Which you slighted in your pride;
It had been unto my bosom,
More than all the world beside."

EIGHTEEN years had flitted over Amy Lee's head. In childhood she and the brothers had been playmates, and Herbert for long years had called the fair girl his little wife.

Two years before, when the death of her mother had left her bereft of all earthly connections, he had whispered in her ear words of music, that made her heart beat with joy—she was not quite alone—there was one who would lead her gently through life to the brink of that hereafter, where waited the loved gone before.

Her old nurse had persuaded her husband to purchase widow Lee's cottage—and Amy was to have a home with them as long as she wished—oh, they were a happy couple, that old man and his wife, proud and happy with Amy—their darling—to make the sunshine of their dwelling.

But Amy could not bear to see her aged friends toiling, and she herself idle; all day would she ply her needle, sitting by one of the narrow windows—over which crept and clustered a sturdy woodbine, shutting out the golden light that should have fallen upon her work; hours were stolen from sleep, that her studies might not be neglected—for his sake she could do any thing. Alas! a twilight came to give her warning of the darkness to follow, her precious eye-sight had been over-taxed—weakened. Long months passed slowly by, and the light of hope burnt but dimly—it had fled—Amy Lee was blind.

Why linger over the night that followed—a

night with no stars? Poor Amy! she tried to bear up—but there were times when her heart sank within her—for he, her heart's idol, had proved false—her quick ear had caught the discord in his voice, and calmly she bade him farewell, and besought him to seek a more fitting companion, to cheer the upward way of his life. It was a bitter trial—none but the racked heart, weeping over its shattered treasures, can know how bitter. Life's goblet is brimming with such, and many who unwillingly quaff the cup to its dregs learn to bless the draught that carries with it joy on the wings of the future.

Early morning, and Herbert Wellington was leaving his country home, for a life in the city. Eugene had walked with him to the village, half a mile distant, had held his hand in his own tight grasp—had uttered the “good bye;”—and now, slowly with bowed head, was retracing his steps—a rustle by his side—a faint foot-fall, and Amy Lee's silvery voice arouses him—“Eugene, is it you? I thought it must be by your step—so sure and strong—I should know it anywhere, but tell me, has he—has your brother gone?”

Eugene started. How came she there and alone? “Amy—Miss Lee?”

“Call me Amy, that is best. I always hear my mother's dear tones echoed in the name!”

Her companion paused; he saw her weak, and trembling from the over exertion of her long walk. He dared not question her why she came, but, seeing her agitation, with ready tact, strove to turn her thoughts in a different direction.

“Do you like violets, Amy? there are some beautiful ones growing here, close by the way side; you look tired—come and rest beneath this beech; my coat will make a nice seat; there!—are you comfortable? now, which will you have—blue or white?”

“Blue or white,” repeated Amy, dreamingly—“white is hope's color—and the blue wear the hue of heaven;” and then, as if suddenly recollecting herself: “Gather me both! I always loved violets, and you, Eugene, used to gather them for me years and years ago. Do you remember down by the brook there, how beautiful it was? the tall, straight poplars just above the bridge, the bending willows that kissed its banks, the golden buttercups and dandelions. Oh, Eugene! It seems as if I would willingly shut my eyes, if I might only look on that sweet spot once more.”

The tears fell thick and fast while she spoke, but she saw them not—neither the trembling hand. Oh, had he ever forgotten?—was not the memory of those happy hours far back in the past, shrined in his heart never to be given up?

“Are you happy, Eugene?” continued Amy, as he returned and seated himself by her side.

“Happy! Why should I not be?”

“I don't know, I am sure; only it seems sometimes so strange that any one can be glad. Did you know my world was covered with a black pall, that my future wears no ‘silver livery?’ I can think how easy it would be

‘To lie down like a tired child
And dream away this life of care,’

but oh! to live—to know how to live.”

“Don't, don't, dear Amy—here! take these—I had nearly forgotten them. Does not the fragrance of their soft leaves send one little ray of light to your heart? Oh, Amy, you may yet look up at the blue sky. We will still hope. God never forsakes us.”

“'Tis not that, good Eugene—not the loss of eyesight that I so much deplore. But the loss of something far more valuable—faith in the love of one, dearer to me than life; the fading of that bright dream brings a night indeed, for my soul walks in darkness. Oh, why did he not come just once more—this last morning? But I—what was I talking about? It is so chilly here—home—take me home.”

A death-like paleness stole over her countenance, the white fingers convulsively clutched the frail violets, and Amy Lee had lost herself in sweet unconsciousness.

Eugene lifted the slight form in his arms; for a moment he staggered, not with the weight of his burden—he could carry the frail girl as easily as an infant; but pent up emotions, long slumbering beneath a calm exterior, for a moment obtained the mastery—his lips touched the pale brow. How dared he? And gathering strength with the thought, he soon reached her home. Restoratives were immediately applied, but all to no purpose—and Eugene hurriedly departed for a physician.

A long sickness followed—we will not call it painful, for forgetfulness shut out all the unpleasant present—it was the awakening—the long convalescence—that was painful. Eugene came each day to inquire after the invalid, his kind voice, modulated to a sick room murmur, soon came to be very grateful to the weary girl. As she grew better, he would talk to her for long hours, but never of himself. His mind seemed overrunning with the most beautiful conceptions; he lived, as it were, in an ideal world, of which she alone possessed the magic key. His had been a strong inner life—outwardly, it had been calm and beautiful—but it wanted the warm light and delicate coloring that was now making it whole. The blind girl was perusing, with her soul's keen

vision, a new volume—what did she find? The well kept secret of long years, love, earnest, pure, refined—sympathy, strong and deep—honesty—nobility, the impress of a God. This she read with her spirit's eye—but both were silent.

CHAPTER III.

"Does widow Lee live here?" asked a silver-haired man, pausing before Mr. Wellington's door.

"Widow Lee?" repeated Eugene, regarding the stranger with much interest; "widow Lee sleeps yonder—she has lain there four years!"

The old man leant heavily upon his cane, his soft, clear eyes filled with tears. "Isabel, dear Isabel! is she indeed gone? Did she leave any children?"

"Yes, a daughter, sir; shall I show you the way? I think you must be some friend of the family!"

"The child's uncle,—only the child's uncle." Eugene grasped his hand.

"Can it be possible? Tell me, are you Mrs. Lee's brother, Captain Maynard, that was reported ship-wrecked years ago?"

"The very same—saved by a merciful providence. But I would see my niece. Oh! to have one to love, one of your own blood! I feared they were all gone."

"List!" said his companion. "That is Amy; no singing bird makes melody so sweet—it seems as if the poetry that once shone in her eyes, now warbled in her voice. Amy is blind—Captain Maynard—blind."

The old man held her in his tight embrace, sat her down on his knee, gazed long and earnestly in her face, stroked her silver ringlets, while her old nurse related the particulars of her blindness—and shed bitter tears that one so beautiful, so good as he knew, that his dear sister's child must be, should thus early be called upon to bear so great a trial.

"Please don't weep!" said Amy, putting her white arms about his neck, and drawing his face close down to her own soft cheek. "I am learning to be very happy."

He dared not utter his hopes—but he felt sanguine that something might yet be done to restore the lost eyesight.

He was wealthy, she was his all. The best skill in the country should be put to the test.

Amy Lee's life seemed brightening. Dr. M——, a distinguished oculist, had seen her, and expressed his opinion, without a doubt, that all might be as they fondly hoped.

It would take time, much care, and great patience. Amy requested that Eugene might be

present, when the trying moment came. Her hand lay in his. "Oh! if it should be dark, Eugene, yes—I will be calm." Now the bandage was removed—and uttering a joyful cry—"I see, I see, thank God!"—she threw herself in her uncle's arms.

We will now return to Herbert. He had been very fortunate on his immediate arrival at the city, in securing a vacancy as under clerk in the rich wholesale establishment of Mr. Emery. He felt that his greatest chance of success lay in a close application to business, making his employer's interest his own. For five years he labored assiduously, and was then rewarded by an offer of partnership, which was at once accepted. He seldom went home, and when he did, his visits were short and unsatisfying. True, his mother greeted him with the old love, the father with evident pride, Eugene kindly, and yet Herbert thought he had grown reserved. He could not understand the growth of that self-respect that placed him on an equality with himself. What right had he, his plain, countryfied brother, to wear so becoming an article as pride?

Amy Lee's name was never mentioned, though her presence was missed everywhere. He merely heard she had left her old home, he inquired no further.

Many fair ladies smiled upon him. Why should they not? He was young, talented, with the fairest prospects. None suited his fastidious taste.

There were times when a girlish form tripped smilingly before him, but he shut the vision out, vainly seeking in the big world its counterpart.

"A letter from home," said Eugene Wellington, late one morning, as he entered his brother's room, he had come to the city the day before; "I forgot to hand it to you last night." Herbert read the note, and impatiently threw it down on the table.

"What is it?" said Eugene.

"Oh, nothing; some religious tract, I believe, the old man is begging; don't come it over me though—my time is far too precious to be hunting up such things."

Eugene picked it up, glanced at the title of the book mentioned, carefully jotted it down in his mind; he was not rich, but he had enough to gratify his father when he expressed a wish for so trifling a thing. His eye fell on a card. "What is this, an invitation to Mr. M——'s? I have one, too—met the gentleman last night, and he insisted on my being present."

"You!" said Herbert, regarding him for a moment in blank surprise; and then added with a smile, "It must be a mistake—he is a new comer—no doubt he took you for me—names get

mixed up, you see—Mr. Herbert Wellington instead of Eugene.”

“I think not—at any rate I shall go. They say his niece is very lovely; I ardently admire a beautiful face, and could not forego so rare an opportunity of making her acquaintance.”

“Why, Eugene, don’t make a fool of yourself. You never were in fashionable society in your life—if you have no regard for yourself, I think you might have a little for me. But why am I so earnest? I know you were but in jest.”

There was a strange light in Eugene’s eyes as he answered, but his brother was just then too pre-occupied in his own thoughts to notice it. He bid him “good morning, hoped he would spend an agreeable evening,” and went out to hunt up the new book for his father.

Herbert prepared for the party at an unusual early hour, and with the greatest care. Everywhere did he hear praises of the fair Miss Maynard. What was his surprise upon being introduced to his fair hostess, to see sitting close by her side, in earnest conversation with one of the belles of the season, Eugene. That first look, it startled him—the same sunny eyes—the same sweet voice, so like, and yet so much more beautiful.

Need we say his heart at once bowed. The time came when he was a frequent and apparently a welcome visitor at the Maynards. The hour came when, with passionate outpourings of an overflowing heart, he besought the fair lady’s hand. She listened to his words calmly, unmoved.

“Herbert! was it an echo of the past? I have heard you through—I have waited for this hour—I felt it would come—I know you love me fondly; well, it is no idle fancy, from my heart I pity you—but tell me, have you never loved another? You hesitate to reply—gaze upon my features. Have you forgotten the poor blind girl? Herbert, this is Amy Lee’s answer.” The door softly opens, Eugene advances, and with him a clergyman. Her uncle takes her hand, and with low words places it in that of the noble-hearted man by her side. They have promised to love and cherish; the holy benediction is pronounced ere Herbert Wellington recovers sufficiently to comprehend it all.

“Lost, lost!” he murmured, between his closed teeth, and catching his hat was soon far down the street, at his own hotel, in his own room. There to meditate at leisure on the charms of one lost to him forever.

Herbert Wellington lived a mean, selfish life, his coffers bursting with treasure. His own heart barren, oh, how barren! no second love came to break up its ice-encrusted surface.

Eugene vainly sought a reconciliation. He would not even look upon him.

And Amy, was she happy? Go and ask yonder fair mother, who smiles upon the darling in her arms. Look upon her radiant face, and then ask—is she happy?

Oh! a generous heart—a noble, generous heart is better, far better than beauty or riches. The one fadeth—the other fleeth; but goodness is immortal.

SHE LOVES ME NO LONGER.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

The flowerets I cherished
Are withered and sere,
The hopes are all perished
That once were so dear.
Only sorrow and sadness
Abide in my breast,
And my heart is so weary
It longeth for rest.

The faith that I trusted
Has fled like a dream,
And has vanished like vapors
That mantle the stream;
For she loves me no longer,
She’s broken each vow,
And has chosen another
To smile upon now.

I’ve seen her beside him,
Her hand in his own,
And she listened with pleasure
To catch his low tone,

And I saw how she struggled
To hide her deep sighs,
As her glances stole upward
To meet his dark eyes.

I loved her so dearly!
Her love was my life,
It strengthened my spirit
To meet every strife:
And it filled my glad bosom
With music and song,
And scattered sweet fragrance
My pathway along.

Her love was the flower
That breathed its perfume
Around my existence,
And freed it from gloom.
But she loves me no longer,
My hopes are all fled,
And my sad heart is longing
To sleep with the dead.

THE ENGINEER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

It was a day in the latter part of November. Early the previous night, the snow had commenced falling; and the morning sky as piled with dense, vapory clouds of a dun, hueless grey. Big drops of rain fell sulkily from the dismal drapery overhead; and the snow, which had found the earth in a winding sheet of spotless white, was rapidly becoming transmuted into an amber-colored mass of muddy water.

Anon, the rain came faster and more angrily. The upland streams were swollen—the little rills became mad rivers, and overflowing the banks inundated the lowlands, and covered with a murky pool the broad slope of the intervalles.

In the mountain regions of New Hampshire, the scene baffled description; those only who have lived in the shadow of these everlasting hills can imagine it. He who has looked upon the ruins of the ill-fated "Willey House," and drawn in his mind a vivid picture of that awful night when the "mountains moved from their places," can form a faint idea of it.

Still the rain fell; the giant trees were torn from their frail hold upon the precipices, and drawn by the resistless waters into the channels of the rivers. Horses, cattles, human habitations even, were swept away to swell the mighty avalanche. The roar of the accumulated waters was like distant thunder; and the wild, hollow voice of the wind made the day still more terrible!

At the Northern terminus of one of our great railway thoroughfares, the flood was absolutely frightful! Bridges were torn up and borne away; barns and hayricks became miniature arks—and the solid ground was gullied and washed to an extent unknown in that region.

Within a pleasant cottage in the little hamlet of A—, around a cheerful fire, were gathered a beautiful group—beautiful in their loving faces and attitudes of perfect affection. But their happy countenances were shadowed now, as by some unwelcome foreboding; and the dark eyes of the wife and mother sought the troubled face of her husband with a glance of mingled entreaty and indecision.

Three children, of the respective ages of eight, six, and two years, sat between their parents; noble, intelligent boys they were; and the rosy,

baby face of little Charley mirrored forth the sadness of his elders. For the space of a few minutes there was silence, then the lady spoke,

"Must you go to-night, William?"

The young man arose, and coming round to the side of his wife, drew her head down on his shoulder, and kissing the fair, upturned brow very tenderly, he replied,

"Yes, dear Lina; I must go, or lose my place, which is a very profitable one, you know. But somehow, Lina, you don't know how I have dreaded this evening's work—hush! hush! darling!" he added, as the poor wife's tears burst out afresh, "it's only an idle superstition of mine! There is no actual danger! The road is firmly graded, and all was well when we ran over the rails at eleven o'clock. We shall do bravely, I dare say!"

"William!" and the white arms tightened their clasp about his neck, "don't, don't go! Better lose everything than your life! When you get back to Cliveville, go to the agent and tell him you cannot run the engine back to-night; it is not the downward trip that I fear, it will not be night then, but the return! Oh, Willie, through all the horrid darkness which will be sure to settle down as soon as sunset! Don't go!"

The young man was strongly agitated during his wife's appeal, but when she ceased, he drew himself up, and made a powerful effort to be calm.

"Cheer up, cheer up, dear wife; it's only a little while, and then I shall be back at home again!" He took out his watch and glancing at the dial, continued, "It is four o'clock now, and at nine we shall be back—only a few hours, Lina; so cheer up, and have a good fire, and a cup of hot tea ready against my return, for I shall be cold and wet!"

He arose, put on his overcoat, cast one intense, yearning look at his children, and went out, followed closely by his wife. In the entry, he held out his arms to her, and for a moment he kept her close to his breast—then unloosing her, and leaving a passionate kiss upon her forehead, he tore himself away. Far off, on the hill above the village, he waved his hand in farewell, and was lost to view.

"God in heaven protect him!" burst from the

hips of Lina, as she closed the door against the rushing blasts, and returned to the warm hearthstone and her precious children.

William Mayfield was the head engineer on the M—— railway, and his liberal salary enabled him to support comfortably his little family. He could not account, on this particular day, for the repugnance he felt to running his train back to the city—the sensation which pervaded him was both new and strange. He knew well that the track, which was laid through a region of hills and rivers, was in many places overflowed, and that the incessant beating of the water was dangerous to the foundation of the road. He had spoken to the sub-agent of the doubtful propriety of going over the rails without previous examination, but that gentleman had laughed at his misgiving, and ordered him to start the train at the usual hour. In obedience to this command, the cars were set in motion at precisely half past four. The rain still fell heavily, and as the locomotive sped on, the engineer saw with direful foreboding the swelling and boiling of the water about the narrow stone bridges, and against the dizzy embankments on which the track was laid. At length the terminus was reached in safety. It was then six o'clock. Deep darkness had set in, and the rain drizzled mournfully from the leaden sky.

Mr. Mayfield immediately sought the head agent, and reported to him the state of the line. The man of wealth and power, seated in his velvet-cushioned easy-chair before a glowing grate, laughed at the engineer's representations.

"Nonsense, Mayfield! What has happened to you? The train must run over the road to-night, whether or no! You either keep your station this evening, or renounce it forever! As you please!" and the gentleman returned to his paper.

There was a struggle in Mayfield's breast. His situation was a lucrative one; his wife had been raised in luxury; turned out of business on one road would effectually prevent his being employed on another. He rose slowly to his feet.

"I will go," he said, "and on you rests the responsibility!"

The Eastern train, which connects at Cliveville with the trains over the M—— road, was detained by the bad weather a considerable time, and it was near eight o'clock when Mayfield's train started. The night was black as Erebus. No human eye could discern the line of the horizon—the sky was inky as the earth! The rain had, in a measure, abated, but a thick fog enveloped everything. The great polished "reflector," on the front of the engine, cast a

light but a few inches—all beyond was black chaos!

Slowly, and with great care, Mayfield drove on. "Five Roads" Station was passed; the lights of Dorset and Litchfield flew by like the torches of spirits, and the train plunged into a dense forest known as Whitehall. At the farther outskirts of this forest ran a deep and narrow river intersecting the railway, and passing beneath it through an arched stone culvert. Mayfield reduced steam, and the trusty fireman and his assistant wound up the brakes. "Little Falls" Crossing was reached, Mayfield blew the whistle; in a few moments they would be upon the bridge. With straining eyes, Mayfield sought to pierce the gloom; the dim light of the great lamp flickered for a second over the boiling waters—a rumbling as if the solid earth was rent in twain—a crash—a plunge—and that freight of human souls hung suspended between time and eternity!

The bridge had been swept away, and the ill-starred locomotive had plunged headlong into the yawning abyss! Oh, the horror of those brief moments between the plunge, and the return of realization to the terror-frozen passengers! The lights were extinguished in the fall, and the occupants of the cars, although uninjured, were in a state bordering on distraction. The conductor, who was an intrepid young fellow, seized the fragments of a broken settee, and burst open a window. No sooner had this been effected, than he sprang through the opening, and luckily struck the ground with his feet. The lower brakeman joined him with a lantern, which fortunately had been kept burning, and the word which burst simultaneously from each was,

"Mayfield?"

"I have called him, but received no answer!" said the brakeman, while the cold pallor deepened on his stern, grieved face. Mayfield was his cousin.

Snatching the lantern from the palsied hand of his companion, the brave conductor hurried forward. He passed the fearful chasm on the overturned body of a freight car, and at length reached the locomotive. Down an embankment of forty-five feet, it lay, buried in water!

There was a dwelling house near by, and the inhabitants, alarmed by the singular noise, hastened to the spot with lanterns. Messengers were immediately despatched to the neighboring houses for aid, and the whole vicinity was soon alive with men, women and children, flocking to the scene of the catastrophe.

The passengers were released from their horrid confinement; and with depressed spirits, the men

set to work to reduce the water about the engine. At the end of two hours of hard labor, a trench had been cut through the gravel, and the mad waters rushed in. Fifteen minutes served to reveal to the eyes of the anxious gazers the overturned engine—a mere wreck, broken and mutilated.

“Who will descend with me?” asked the conductor, Mr. Selwyn, preparing to go down. Mayfield’s cousin, and a young farmer, stepped forward. Slowly and cautiously, for the bank of sand and gravel so long tortured by the flood, was but a precarious foot-hold, they proceeded, and at last reached the bottom.

The labor of a few moments exhumed the engine-house from the heaps of broken machinery, and the waste rubbish of the channel. Mr. Selwyn pried open the door.

“Poor Mayfield! Wretched Lina!” he exclaimed, passing his hand over the body of the engineer, whose faithful hand still grasped the safety-valve! True to his charge was William Mayfield to the last!

The fireman and his assistant were literally torn in pieces.

From appearances, it seemed that Mayfield had lived for some time in this horrible charnel-house, for his flesh was still warm, and from the disarrangement of his apparel, those who saw him were led to the conclusion that he had striven hard to free himself from the jaws of Death!

He had doubtless heard the spades of his friends as they worked to reach his place of confinement—maybe, he had even understood their conversation as they toiled! If so, who can imagine the agony of that soul’s feelings?

The dead bodies were taken out, and laid side by side, on the rough embankment; and eyes, which were strangers to weeping, dropt silent tears over them.

At length a by-stander broke the oppressive silence.

“Who will tell his wife?” he asked, indicating poor Mayfield with a nod of the head.

Every eye sought the face of Mr. Selwyn. The

young conductor brushed the moisture from his eyes—hesitated a moment, and then said,

“Yes, it must be done! I will tell her, but it will break her heart; poor thing!”

A horse was procured from a farm-house near by, and Mr. Selwyn set out. The distance to A——, was about fifteen miles; and through the darkness and horror of the night he spurred on.

The lights of A—— broke on his view—Mayfield’s house appeared, the bright glow of a cheerful fire beaming out through the gloom. With hesitating step, Selwyn approached the door. The slight noise of his footsteps reached the listening ears within; the door flew open, and a pair of soft, warm arms fell around his neck,

“Oh, Willie! Willie! God be thanked! You don’t know how I have suffered this dreadful night!”

Mr. Selwyn unwound the clinging arms from his neck, and supported the half-fainting form into the house; and with every vestige of color gone from his face, he said,

“Mrs. Mayfield, compose yourself, I have much to say to you!”

“Great God! it is true! Willie is dead! I felt it! Mr. Selwyn,” and she clutched his arm with a gripe like iron—“tell me the truth!”

“Madam, I dare not deceive you—your husband is, I trust, in heaven!”

Shall I speak of the scene which followed? No, no! my pen would be powerless! Let the curtain of night and gloom fall over it.

Lina Mayfield still lives—a pale, grief-stricken woman! The light of happiness has fled forever from her eyes, and the shadow of a life-agony has stolen the roses from her cheek. Silver mingles with the brown of her tresses, and her ringing laughter is hushed.

Day after day, to the noisy factory goes this devoted mother, to earn in the dust and gloom, the paltry sum which clothes and educates her fatherless children. She is striving to bring them up good men; and if the example of a woman, purified by affection, can affect their future lives, then will her object be attained.

LINES.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

THE rose, that will not bloom in mine,
I'll strive in others' paths to plant.

Oh! God, from all self-pleasing, grant
I free may stand at duty's shrine.

Father! I know full well for me
This life's dim hours are on the wane.

Oh! may I not have lived in vain,
But may some heart the richer be.

If I have shed a single ray
Upon a path all dark before,
It is enough; I ask no more.

Thankful my soul shall pass away.

THE SCARBOROUGHs.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

LITTLE baby Scarborough was a beauty and a darling. Her mother told her so ten times every day, sitting to nurse her, to play with the dimpled hand, to watch how sleep, like the soft shadow of an angel's wing, crept over her; told her so, going about her household ways, forever turning her eyes on baby; if she slept, to see how peaceful and holy was her sleep; if she waked, to see what a cunning, graceful, blessed darling she was, going through one little baby trick after another—such as playing with the busy fingers, tossing the busy arms, puckering and screwing the busy mouth, trying, oh, above all, to see her push and drive, and go out of patience at last, pushing and driving, and working to get the plumpest, prettiest of all created fists, into the sweetest, blesseddest of all created mouths. Of all baby's tricks, this was queerest, foolishhest, most earnest and persistent, in baby, most downright amusing and beautiful (beautiful, for all baby made such grimaces, the darling!) to see.

Mrs. Ellen Scarborough, the young mother, was not strong yet. She had only been down stairs a month or so; and her face was delicate yet as pearl; wore yet the Madonna look, in which, oh! so much new-born love and joy and solemn awe, were mingled.

One day she sat beside baby's cradle making repairs in her husband Charley's wristband; and grandma'am Scarborough, who lived with another of her sons, at the large homestead near, sat close by a window, darning fine white stockings for Ellen, and coarse white stockings for Charley. They talked, grandma'am out of the wisdom that had come of her long experience, Ellen out of appreciation of the wisdom and her need of being enlightened and profited by it, of what it was best to do under such and such circumstances, to make one's housekeeping successful; of the various ways in which one must manage, with a baby, "especially with a baby," this was the phrase oftenest coming in; and, always when it came, Ellen looked from her work to her baby; always, when she looked, her eyes softened with the new expression of love, joy and solemn awe. Pretty soon they talked of a name for baby.

"If my name was only a prettier one," said the old lady, the color coming into her pale face; "but, as it is, I never say anything to any of them about naming their girls for me. If any of them, however, can get over their dislike of the name so far as to give it to one of their little girls, I shall be gratified. My mother gave me the name. I didn't like it—I never liked it until after she died."

"I can understand that, mother, very well," replied Ellen, her tears rising. For Ellen's mother too was gone; and she knew how every association that linked her to her memory, became each year a tenderer, more cherished thing to her. Ellen paused a little to watch baby, to see how the droll thing was tugging to get her whole little fist into her mouth. "She's grandma'am's baby, any way, let her name be what it will," added she, still looking at baby. "Isn't she, grandma'am?" looking up to grandma'am now, and laughing at the way baby pushed and drove the little fist.

"Yes, she shall be grandma'am's baby," replied the old lady. "Her father was grandma'am's baby; and is to this day, for that matter. I don't suppose he was or is so much better than Moses; but he has some way always been different to me. And," looking over to baby, "he certainly is as good a man as any baby in this whole world has got for her father." A light broke over Ellen's face, hearing praise like this for baby's father. Then, also, in a moment came the shade to soften it; and there they were together, in her heart, on her fair, young face—the pride, the tenderness, the joy of holding two such treasures, the awe lest she should not faithfully and wisely meet the responsibilities of her life; lest God should see fit, some day, to take child or husband, or both child and husband, home to Himself, leaving her to make out a weary pilgrimage alone. Then came a feeling of trust in God, of deep-seated peace and strength, so that again she could look at baby and laugh at her, albeit with tears trembling still on her lids.

CHAPTER II.

GRANDMA'AM had gone, Charley had come, baby in her comfortable night-gown lay sleeping

on Ellen's lap; and Ellen, with her eyes on her husband's face, sat telling him what a good little thing baby had been, all the afternoon; what a dear little thing she always was; how "Mother" thought she was the best baby she had ever seen, much as she knew about babies.

Yes, Charley knew. He had known from the beginning, what a comfort baby would be to them; how good it would be for them both, having a little creature like that in the house. He had foreseen that their baby, whenever they had one, would be mother's favorite; for he had always been. He did not know why, he was sure. Moses, as the oldest of the children, when their father died, had always been a hard worker, a careful, prudent man; kind to his mother, one of the best of men. And he—why he (Charley himself, that is) had always meant to do his best, but then he couldn't see that he had done any great things, after all. How Ellen's eyes kindled here, looking in the generous, open face! how every ray went to his heart and thrilled it with a strong sense of love, and of the welling comforts of life! He fondled baby's hand a little closer in his own. He bent his head a little nearer—it needed to come only a little nearer Ellen, that he might kiss her dear, pale cheek, calling her his blessed Ellen, his blessed wife, mother of their blessed baby.

"Mother would like to have us name baby for her," said Ellen, after awhile. "She says she has never asked it of any of the children, because it is such a homely name; but that, if any of us do master our dislike of it so far as to give it willingly to one of our little girls, she will be gratified. And she looked as though she hoped almost with trembling—she wants it so much—that we will name our baby for her."

"Well, I don't know why we shouldn't," said Charley. "I, for one, should have no dislike to the name to master, if she wants it so much."

"The very thing I was on the point of saying to mother!" said Ellen. "I thought then, when she was talking about it, that I should love to do it. I was going to tell her so; but something said to me that perhaps you wouldn't like the name; that perhaps baby wouldn't when she grows up. And I thought I would wait until I had spoken to you."

"Yes," Charley said, speaking with the thoughtfulness Ellen's words had induced. Then there was a little pause, in which both kept their eyes on baby, in which Charley held the little hand perfectly still in his own. Then he said, his eyes still on baby, "If she should really dislike the name, loathe it, when she grows up, if we should see her vexed and ill-natured on

account of it, as I have seen my sister Esther on account of hers." Another pause, after which he added, with tones a little more animated, "But if she can have her mother's good, excellent common sense."

"Above all," interposed Ellen, "if she can have her father's good, excellent, generous heart, if she can understand how we love mother, and what reason we have to love her, and to wish to give her this great pleasure now when her life is fading, if we could be sure of this!" Here there was another pause, in which both Charley and Ellen saw baby dimly, for the tears that glimmered on their eyelids. Then Ellen added, speaking with great seriousness, "I think we had better name her Patience. If she grows up a good, affectionate, right-minded girl," (now Ellen's tears dropped silently on the little hand and arm that lay between baby and her,) "she will feel that we had good reasons for giving her the name. If she does not think it a pretty name of itself, she will be above caring for it, under the circumstances. If we let her understand it all, she will love the name, for the sake of this hour, when, with tears and prayers, we give it to her." Ellen was quite shaken, so that her husband took her head closer and closer to his breast; for she was weak as yet; and besides, plainly as she ever saw baby in her lap, when there were no tears to blind her, she saw now two vividly contrasted pictures. In each, baby was a woman, in the freshness and vigor of early life. In one she was an imperious, hot-blooded woman—such as she remembered Charley's sister Esther to have been before old Esquire Houston married her and took her off South—saw her railing at her name, in a fit of pouting and anger; saw her tearful and unreasonable toward herself, toward her dearer self, her husband, the father of her child; saw her hating the memory of the excellent old grandmother, through whom the name came to her. In the other picture, she saw her gentle and sweet, beaming in the martyr spirit that smiles, that goes diligently about its duties, that takes up patiently all its burdens, heavy as well as light, counting them all as holy privileges—saw her in this picture, saw her in that; and this was why she was so shaken, leaning on her husband's breast; was why she bowed her head more and more, praying Him who had power to do all things for their child, to keep her in the hollow of His hand, as it were. And that she turned from all to God and prayed, this was why she soon grew so calm; soon had the inward assurance, that, at any rate, all would go well with them; that, even if her child and they, her parents, sinned and suffered here, as

sin and suffer they would many a time in this life, it should only make them come the closer to God, after it, and cling the closer to Him, finding safety in Him. This was what she and her husband were already vowed and consecrated to do; was what they would bring their child up to do; and then would she know that neither her name, nor any of the lighter circumstances of life, were to be looked to and trusted in, as aids or ornaments. She would know, that, out of her child-like, calm, withal strong and earnest life, was she to be aid and ornament unto all things, under all considerations and exigences.

So they named her Patience, for the faithful, noble old grandmother; Patience Shepley Scarborough. Many people, when they knew it, held up their hands and were horrified.

"Such a pretty baby," they said, "to have such a homely name! it was too bad!"

Maria, Mrs. Moses Scarborough, giving her handsome head—or, at least, her head of handsome hair—an ugly toss, said, "H'm! isn't that pretty well? I would have named her The Christian Religion, and done with it, if I had been in their place. I suppose the old woman will be giving them the eyes out of her head, now. But I don't care. We've got enough for Antoinette, and always shall have, I hope. I'm determined, for my part, that she shall never want anything. If mother gives—gives Patience—ha, ha, ha—a silver cup, lined with silver, Antoinette shall have one the very next week, lined with gold. The property was so much of it mine, that I have a perfect right to do as I've a mind about such things, and I shall." She said this to Mrs. Foster, while that lady was making her a call. Mrs. Foster, sitting to look upon her hard face and her head-tossings, thought, "You're a cross, hard-looking woman, any way! What a life your husband must lead, poor man! and the old lady!" This was what she thought. She said, "Well, you ought, certainly, to do as you please about such things. Any body can see that you have a right to." And so it unfortunately happened, that, instead of being bettered as she might have been by the honest thought, Mrs. Scarborough was the farther confirmed, by the dishonest speech, in her sorry habits of evil-thinking and evil-speaking.

One said, "I know! they'll call her Patie, and that is a pretty name any day."

"Oh, no!" said the other, to whom she was speaking, "they'll call her Pet, and this will be pretty as can be. Pet Scarborough—I'll call her so, at any rate; and I'll put it into all the children's heads to do the same. You see if I don't."

And she did. Mary was the girl to conceive all manner of beautiful plots and plans, the girl to put them into execution as well. And there was no Pet Meagles either, in those days, to put it into her head. This was twenty years ago; long enough before even Dickens himself knew whether indeed there was then, or ever would be, any Pet Meagles.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN little Patience Scarborough was a year old, many young children and their mothers, together with the fathers of some of them, came to the birthday festival. The little girls wore white frocks; all except Susy Stillingfleet. She wrote "poetry;" was an odd thing; and, because all the rest were going to make themselves so beautiful in white, she would make herself even uglier than there was any need of her being, by wearing an ill-fitting, purple gingham. Because all the rest of the little girls had wreaths or branches of beautiful garden flowers on their heads, or in their belts, or hands, she broke a branch of thistle blossoms on the way; would break them in spite of the laughter of her companions, in spite of the torture it gave her breaking them; would put them in her belt, stings and all, and wear them there all the afternoon.

The lads wore white pants—although, when Paley Goodwin saw Susy in her purple gingham frock, he was vexed enough to strike himself, that he had not more sense than to come there dressed like the other boys; "little bits of boys and all;" this was his phrase when he was telling Susy how vexed he was. Susy laughed—she was always laughing—when she was not making poetry, and very often, when she was; she was odd, not out of cynicism, but out of a merry, quaint humor.

The wide hall, the parlors, the white dining room, the dressing rooms, were all alive with flowers that day, at Mrs. Scarborough's—alive with flowers and happy faces. Not one of the children could stand still a moment, save, to be sure, here and there a bashful little Miss, who looked with blushes and smiles up through her eye-lashes, but dared not, as yet, let go her mother's skirt; or, a bashful little lad, who watched the giddy steps, wondered at the giddy tongues, from a stool or chair in some corner.

As for little Miss Patience, she made more fun than all the rest together, taking such queer steps. Do not my readers know how she took her steps in all manner of ways, (clinging to chairs, skirts, and fingers, anything she could get hold of, as she made her way,) lifting her

feet five times as high as they needed to be lifted, tipping her toes straight upward into the air when she stepped? "Oh, oh!" laughed her father at last, obstreperously loud, after he and the rest had laughed easy as long as they could, that she need not be confounded in any way, or put to shame on account of any undue exhilaration. For she was a sensitive child, mortally afraid any time, when persons to whom she was unaccustomed were about, of being detected at fault in some of her ways; given to watching one's face when one laughed at her, until she assured herself that the laughter was friendly and not derisive.

"Oh, oh!" repeated her father, catching her hands and dancing a few steps before her. "How this little sissy spreads herself about, don't she?"

Then they all laughed obstreperously, save Ellen, she only looked after her baby, smiling a little, a little anxious to see how baby would carry herself. She saw that she looked up at her father when he laughed, with rapid glance, the dark, magnificent blue eyes filled with misgiving and questioning; saw how her little heart swelled and almost failed her, when she knew how quizzically papa laughed at her, (and he laughed all the more quizzically, and could not help it, for the large, puzzled eyes searching his.) When little Patience had seen this, she gravely withdrew her hands from her father, gravely squared the feet that had been set apart at odd angles, in the way of taking some more odd steps, looked to find mamma's face, found the face—bent eagerly forward and without laughter in it, watching her—saw the hands put out to receive her; and when she saw this, off she plunged, the little creature! hurrying, taking her first utterly unsustained steps, losing utterly her dread of stumbling by the way, in her greater dread of standing there, with the awful laughter ringing in her ears.

There she was, her hands in mamma's hands, her curly head nestled close in mamma's lap. And pretty soon she got courage to look out papa's way, to see what papa was doing now, to see whether that bad look was off his face, to see whether he was once more her good papa, whether the other good smile of his was on his lips once more and in his eyes. It hardly was. He had been trying hard to reinstate it, but had hardly succeeded. So she breathed some more sobbing breaths, again turning her face away from him. And this time she kept it away, until he came up with a mastered expression, a mastered voice, to say to her, "Now, pussy, take papa's hand and come to the door to see cousin

Antoinette. Cousin Antoinette is coming to see pussy; close by."

Half reassured by the good respectful voice, wholly reassured by the good propitiative glance she met on lifting her eyes, yet not wholly pacified—as was seen in the grave little face, in the grave steps taken at the father's side—she suffered him to lead her to the door.

"How d' do, cousin Antoinette?" said Charley, after he had shaken hands with Antoinette's mother. "Say, 'How d' you do, cousin Antoinette?'" he added, stooping down and speaking respectfully to his little daughter, putting the children's hands together as he spoke.

"Do, do, Nantnette?" was the best little Patience could achieve; and ashamed enough was she of that, until she saw, upon looking slyly up in papa's face, that he did not this time laugh at her; that he only smiled his dear, sweet smile, as if he approved and liked her.

As for papa, *en passant*, when he saw how the little thing remembered the laughter and dreaded its recurrence, he pitied her deep down in his heart, deep down in his heart, determined that that was the last time she should get a quizzing from him. He was pretty sure to break through his vow, though. He had taken one like it many a time before, and still had broken it, out of the two-fold temptation that lay in his own propensity to mischief, and in her quick intuition of its approach toward herself, her altogether charming behavior when she knew it had come.

Antoinette was not so old by two weeks as little Patience; but she was a taller, broader child. She talked, walked; and did everything with more assurance. She was beautifully dressed that afternoon; and, more was the pity, she knew it, and had superciliousness in it. Still more was the pity, her mother knew it; knew at the first cold, scrutinizing survey she sent around the room, that not another child in all the company had embroidery, riband, gold and coral ornaments to match Antoinette's; knew it and felt it a triumph.

By-and-by they were called to order. Maria did it with one imperative tap of the foot, one imperative "Hush!" after Ellen had tried ineffectually a half-dozen times, with her gentle tones, her gentle movements among them. When they were fairly in order, when the children—save the little ones who leaned on their mothers—were all standing in rows along the sides of the room, snapping their eyes, tossing their locks, crowding their heels close as they could to the ceiling, then Susy Stillingfleet stepped out before little Patience with a bright silver cup in

her hand, cleared her throat, put on an absent, recollective air, and delivered this little speech of her own making—

"We bring you here a little cup,
Your grandma gives it to you;
And every time you take it up
To drink, we hope you'll do
Two things. We hope you'll love

Her, (tipping her head a little toward grandma'am,) us, (looking round on herself and all,) and Him (lifting her right hand and her eyes) who reigns above."

Paley Goodwin told Susy with eager, sparkling eyes, as soon as he could get a chance, that she ought to have said "three things," instead of "two;" for didn't she see that to love her grandmamma was one thing; to love us all, another thing; to love God, another, making three things?

Susy saw, and she knew what she could do. She hadn't got it written down there, but she had at home; and she would run every step of the way home, that minute, and alter it. No, she had better not, Paley said, for there'd be something good to eat coming on soon. (And, *par parenthese*, what boy ever yet overlooked the fact that something good to eat was coming? as what poetess, young or old, with an odd gown on and a thistle flower in her belt, ever cared for it?)

Paley kept her by praising her poetry; by suggesting that, when she wrote any more, she should let him see it before she showed it, or "said it" to anybody else, and if there were any mistakes in it, he would put in his thumb and finger (suiting his action to the words) and pick them out, and hold them up, and show 'em to her. She promised him that she would.

Antoinette got our little lady's cup away from her, somehow, before she had had it ten minutes. Neither Maria nor Ellen saw when or how it was done, although grandma'am saw it all. The first that they saw of it, was when little Patience clinging to her mother's skirts, looked from her cup up into Antoinette's face with troubled glance; when Antoinette, standing aloof from everybody, hugged the cup with both hands tightly to her breast, and looked with cool effrontery down on the cup, then over to the owner of the cup.

Maria, when she saw it, was shocked and indignant that Antoinette could be so foolish as to want the cup; dragged it away from her, bending the handle badly in doing it; gave it to Patience, telling her to take her silver cup; shook Antoinette to still her resentful shruggings and twistings, telling her to be a good girl; to

"behave herself," and, when her birthday came, she should see what she would have. But Antoinette, not comprehending in the least the hints at birthday favors, kept up her rebellious demonstrations, until Maria, thoroughly vexed, sent spiteful glances out at peaceful old grandma'am's way, said she wished people would keep their silver cups out of sight, and then marched off with Antoinette out into the hall. Ellen, with looks full of concern, whispered a few words to Patience, whereupon the child's heart began to swell, her head was put forward to search for Antoinette in the hall; and, when she saw her, led by one who understood what she wanted to do, she went and held the cup out to her cousin. Antoinette, however, still jerking and shrugging her shoulders, still slapping, every moment or two, at her mother, would not so much as look at the cup. Nor would her mother let her. Putting both the cup and its sweet, generous-hearted owner away with her hand, she said that Antoinette didn't want the cup. Antoinette could get cups as good as that any day; she didn't want that. Patience might go back with her cup.

So, her eyes big, with wondering what it all meant, what she ought next to do, the little thing turned her shoulders round to look for mamma. Mamma—"dear mamma," she ofteneest called her—was always her refuge. This time, mamma, mastering the sense of insult that half choked her, that kept the tears welling up, mastering the tears, in one moment, the next moment she smiled on her baby. This was all baby needed. She came back healed by the smile; came, hurrying her steps more and more, the nearer she came. She clung to mamma a little. But soon, enticed by Susy, Paley, papa, oh, and a dozen, finally dozens beside, she was in a round frolic, the cup lying forgotten in her mother's lap.

CHAPTER IV.

IN two weeks Antoinette's birthday came. Maria had not a single flower in her rooms; and those who understood her, knew that it was because Ellen had so many in hers, and she would not be like her. She had a magnificent supper, however; cakes of all shapes, piled up, frosted, ornamented with all sorts of cunning devices; had ices and confections from Boston; and those who understood her, knew that it was all because Ellen's supper was so simple. Ellen wore a fine white muslin gown, a black silk apron, and some simple, delicate laces, when the festival was at her house. Maria, now that a fee-

tival was at hers, wore a black silk, rich enough to stand alone, and pelerine of the finest lace. The hostess outshone all her guests.

Maria would have no speech in making grandma'am's gift—a cup like that she had given Patience—over to Antoinette. She would not have it given to her in form, any way. It might stand there on the parlor table, and all who wanted to look at it, could, as much as they pleased.

Our little lady's eyes glistened as she saw Antoinette take hold of it; and she said, "Pretty, pretty," with her hands lying on their backs in mamma's lap.

Maria passed her eyes coldly over grandma'am's gift; and, in the course of the afternoon, she took one and another into her own room, to show them another silver cup, elaborately wrought and lined with gold. She herself had bought it for Antoinette, she told them, before she knew or expected that grandma'am would give her one. She should keep it now, she said, until some other birthday, charging them not to say anything about it; adding with an ugly toss of her head, an ugly curl of her lip, that she didn't want Charles' wife to know it. Or grandma'am. For, if grandma'am knew it, Ellen would be sure to. Mrs. Foster was one of those to whom she said these things. She thought, "You who are so fine a woman when you let your face be as God made it, how disagreeable you can, and often do, make yourself, with this stiff twist of your long neck, this malicious toss of your glossy head, with this snuff of your nose, this curl of your lip." She said, when Maria looked up as she finished speaking, "I suppose the old lady goes to Ellen with every thing. I wonder if she thinks Ellen made her! H'm!"

Maria too said "H'm!" adding, as she shut and buttoned the closet door, that she guessed grandma'am would find out her mistake some day, if she did think so. That was what she guessed. Mrs. Foster guessed so too; and, by that time, they were at the parlor door, in sight of grandma'am's pale, tranquil, kind old face; within hearing of Ellen's laugh, which was merry and unconscious as if she were still a child. She and all the rest were laughing at one of Charley's tricks with the children. Charley had a way of tumbling children about, as if they would come through the processes wrong side out; or, bottom upward, at any rate. But they always landed plump on their feet, with hardly a disheveled tress or fold, their eyes beaming, their cheeks aglow, their round, elastic bodies on the spring for more. Mrs. Foster was soon laughing with the rest; but, all the while that she laughed, she

was conscious of a sore place in her heart. It had just come. Fifteen minutes ago it was not there. She thought of this, and knew in a moment how it came; knew that it came while she listened to Maria's ill-natured words, speaking ill-natured words in her turn. Then she sat regardless of the increasing merriment, pondering on the heavy burden and sin of her so oft-recurring fault, censoriousness; blaming, almost loathing herself, and inwardly vowing to be guilty of it no more, though forty Maria Scarboroughs tempted her tongue.

Susy Stillingfleet brought her lines in her hand, rolled up close, to let Paley Goodwin see how she had altered them according to his suggestion, which made Master Paley glow to the roots of his hair; made him inwardly declare, that, of all the girls there, Susy was the best girl, if she wasn't the best dressed. For, as usual, our poetess had that afternoon disordered head, disordered feet; had a disordered, crumpled, spotted appearance in general; had withal the honest and engaging appearance of not caring for her condition, of not even being conscious of it, until a pert, little, well-dressed Miss turned up her nose at her, looking her over, told her that she didn't look fit to be seen; told her to get out of the way, setting both palms against her to push her. This made our approbation-loving Susy's heart ache; made her steal off up to the dressing-room to look at herself in the glass, and see what it was that was so out of the way. When there, she couldn't see anything but that her hair was a little "frowzy," to be sure; her apron slipped round over her hip, but this was nothing; her frock sleeve torn a little; nothing but this—only her shoulder-straps came in sight above the sleeve of her frock, and her chemise sleeve below. That was all. She wished that Hannah Winslow never did any things worse than to go with her hair and clothes like that. She wished so with her eyes full of tears, brushing her hair and putting herself in order in the best way she was able. She was a little afraid to go down, when, at last, she had no more brushing, or fixing to keep her. She hoped they wouldn't, any of them, think that she had been trying to do great things fixing herself up; for she hadn't. She never would try to do this. She didn't care for this. Only—and here the hot tears came again—only, she didn't want to be laughed at and pushed round, because she didn't look as pretty as the rest.

But, she felt worse and worse about going down, the longer she stood there at the top of the staircase thinking and dreading it. She became aware that she did. So she plunged down,

plunged in amongst them, laughing, catching hold of one and another; and one shook her off, on turning her head to see who it was, while another said, "Suse, how you act! get along away!" Poor Susy! now she was rushing out; now she would have hidden herself somewhere and cried until she was sick; but Ellen, who had seen and heard all, beginning with Hannah Winslow's taunt, took her hand in hers, called her "a dear girl," with her head close to hers, took her and two or three other good-natured girls out into the large, shady yard with her, and that time the pain was healed. But, alas! for poor Susy, since there would be so many other times, and nobody to understand and solace.

CHAPTER V.

WELL, one year went after another; and, as they went, things and persons changed there with the Scarboroughs, as they changed elsewhere. Ellen's cheek had grown thinner and paler; but dearer, more beautiful than ever to her husband. So that not one shade of regret came upon the gentle, contented face, when people said, "How you have changed, Mrs. Scarborough! how thin and white you are!"

Maria, on the contrary, had more flesh and more color every year, as the years went. She had a sharper flash in her eye, intenser heat in her blood, intenser vehemence in her movements, in her speech. Her brow was knitted and seamed more and more with habitual passion. She scolded more and more; scolded her husband more and more, so that, year by year, he settled more and more into habits of going about the house in a still, unobtrusive way, something as if he were a slighted, ill-used, dumb creature. So it came that he thought oftener and oftener of his blessed mother (who was dead now) as he went about his busy labors, or sat pondering when the day and the labors were over. And, mingled with the pain her loss and all her memory gave him, was the satisfaction that she had gone where she could no more be grieved looking upon his jaded, burdensome life; or, where, if she still saw it, she saw it in the true light of the other world; saw it as a brief hour soon to end in the divine, glorified life she was already tasting; saw all his trials as needful disciplines, full of mercy, because full of tendencies to carry his thoughts, his hopes, and all his desires to heaven.

Toward Antoinette also, Maria grew more passionate and irritable. But she grew at the same time more indulgent, more determinedly bent upon making her the best educated, best dressed,

finest, haughtiest, most looked-up-to, most sought after young lady at B——. Especially was she determined that she should go over her cousin's head. H'm! and not a very hard thing to accomplish, would this be either, with their money. For Charles Scarborough, having too much feeling and kindness for his fellow-men, to hunt them and grind them for his dues, had all along been losing a little here and a little there; having no exacting and extravagant wife to urge and fret him on, caring nothing for money, for money's own sake, he had all along been following it lazily, and so had grown no richer as the years sped; while Moses, partly out of his own inborn propensities to accumulation, partly because his wife and daughter's encroachments upon his purse compelled him to accumulate, had been taking thought day and night what he should do next, and in what manner he should do it, that he might be rich, and especially, that he might please and satisfy his wife. Thus he was often turning over large rolls of bank-notes, in his trades with one and another; was often buying, selling, "swapping;" was often "laying out money" on his barns, his sheds, his mills; was often putting new paper on his walls, new paint and varnish upon his doors; was often bringing home new and beautiful articles of furniture, upholstery, or of dress, so that he was known all over town, even in many other towns, as "a money man," as "one of the wealthiest, if not the wealthiest man in B——, except Esquire Paul." No one knew anything about how wealthy he was; not even Charles; although Charles somehow had the impression that his brother had a hard time to get along, that it was as much as he could do to keep things square. He somehow pitied his brother, whenever he saw him, whenever he thought of him. But, above all, he loved and respected him. Others too respected him for the straightforward integrity, of which he never lost sight a moment even in his carefulest trades and transactions. All but Maria; who indeed evinced no respect or delicacy toward him or any other. She often, in her hardest manner, said to him, "With all the money I brought here, Mr. Scarborough, and all I've had left me since, I can't help wondering sometimes that there should be such a dearth of money as there often is. I very often wonder what becomes of it all, and I can't help it."

There was nothing that Mr. Scarborough could say to such a woman to show her, and keep it in her mind, how the money went. So he seldom answered her taunts. He looked vexed and distressed, as God knew he was, in his soul. He

shut up his paper in the midst of an article in which, before the taunt came, he had vivid interest and pleasure, for which he cared no more now than for a worthless straw floating. Dropping it, he went off to his cares, feeling that there would be little to make this life indeed to him, if there were no loving presence of God, no comforting hope of heaven. He worked with his head down thinking of this, hour after hour, day after day, year after year. And thus the years sped; and our young cousins, Patience and Antoinette, were nineteen; were what those who looked on afar off called beautiful, educated, accomplished women. But when people were done with generalizing, they were done with including the two in the same description—as must needs be; for Patience was, as it were, the fresh, soft, dewy morning, and Antoinette the glaring, oppressive noon of the same day. Antoinette, as she had already for several years been doing, looked one way and another, for the lovers that should come to woo her. Patience' eyes often sought the ground, sought after the expressive human faces of the young, of little children, and of the aged, who had few to seek them; sought oftenest the dear faces of her father and her mother.

And when Frank Cunningham came again and again to her father's house, when at last he asked her if she could love him and by-and-by accept him for her husband, she wept and trembled clinging to her mother. At the same time, she stretched out "a sister's" hand to her lover, that his pain might be ceased, that he might know how deeply she honored and esteemed him. So that, in the midst of his disappointment, he was conscious of being strengthened and ennobled, holding her dear hand in his, knowing that whatever might come to him or to her, she would not, while she lived, once fail to be his friend and sister. And it was so after this, as they went onward, often meeting, often standing or sitting by each other's side, that the deepest content came and took possession of their two souls.

They were no sentimentalists, no egotists. They never drew out the past pain or the present comfort, to look them over and show them to each other; but he often said to her, "This is good; it is good to be in this world." She answered with her calm, sincere smile; thinking—"Yes, this is good, to have him for my friend and brother; not for the lover, the husband, to take me away from my father, my mother, my dear, happy home."

When pale, studious Robert Colgate, attracted by Antoinette's bloom and spirit, began to draw

near her and follow her, she led him on, until, one day, he found courage to come to her and say that now he was sure of making his way; for an uncle, rich and without sons, had generously offered to sustain him, until, by the profession he was diligently acquiring, he could ably sustain himself. Would she, if he succeeded, as he now felt sure of doing, would she consent to be his, and so, as it were, crown all his toils?—by-and-by, when he was well established?—he went on to say, finding that she did not speak.

She spoke at last and the spell was broken. She turned her face away to conceal the triumph; but he heard it in her voice when she said that he was very good, she was sure; but that she couldn't think of such a thing as being engaged.

If she could not engage herself by a promise to be his, would she let him hope? he asked.

"Oh, no! she couldn't do that; for, likely as not, more than as likely as not, he would hope in vain."

The silly words, the silly voice, the air of silly triumph which she strove in vain to conceal, waked him completely, after a moment's abstraction; and he went away, looking up to the stars, looking far and wide over the moon-lit landscape, light of limb, light of heart, feeling what a blessing it was after all, simply to be free. Even when he knew, afterward, that Antoinette was giggling with half the young girls that came along, and sentimentalizing with the other half, about the "offer" she had received, that Maria talked of the same offer, tossing her head with contempt as she said, "He's as poor as Job's turkey!" his vexation was mastered, even turned into comfort, by knowing what wretchedness he had escaped.

Next, Antoinette praised weak-headed Alfred Colburn to his weak-headed sister Agnes, until weak-headed Alfred was brought to ask her, one evening, as he was "seeing her home" from a concert, "would she accept his company?" meaning, would she allow him to come and see her every Sabbath evening, to sit alone with her in the parlor until midnight, or two o'clock, to marry her by-and-by, when they were well ready?

Antoinette laughed outright, and Alfred Colburn was "madder than a hatter." He said so afterward. And if Antoinette told her story of "another offer," so did he tell his, of being coaxed by her, through his sister, to make it. The result was, that Alfred and Agnes hated Antoinette, and Antoinette hated them. Next, there came two, dangling; and to neither of

them would she say "yes," or "no." But, by-and-by, the rivals put their heads together, talked the matter over, in a reasonable way; and, after that, they gave Antoinette no more chance of saying either yes, or no. When she found that they did not, that they were excellent friends together, she was faint with anger; in which mood, she dispatched a note to each, keeping back her vehemence as well as she was able; telling each, that now she had taken a plenty of time to think of his offer, and must reject it. As will be supposed, she did not boast much of those "offers" at B——. She, however, made them the staple of a dozen letters to her "intimate friends"—old schoolmates they were—living in one distant town, or another.

CHAPTER VI.

AND thus we awhile leave the Scarboroughs—the good old grandmother, after a long, beneficent life, sleeping beneath the still turf; Moses going about with bent head, and heart lifted to heaven; Maria and Antoinette, eager, resolute, full of strife and disquiet, their feet stumbling upon the dark mountain of their passion and pride; Charles and Ellen living in cheerfulness and content, blessing God every hour of their lives for His rain, His sparkling dews, His sunshine, for friends, and, above all, for the child he has given them, and preserved to them in such angelic innocence and peacefulness, and for this daily and hourly blessing of love upon her and their souls.

ODE TO GENIUS.

INSCRIBED TO G. D. PRENTICE.

BY REV. T. HEMPSTEAD.

THE everlasting murmurs of the hills.

The grand, electric monologues of mountains,
And all the regal sea of sound that fills
The deep old woods, the rocky dash of fountains
Attend thy steps, empyreal spirit, thou,
Around whose kingly brow,
Shine ivy-cluster, rose and myrtle wreath,
With all things of rich hue and odorous breath.

God hath rained on thee Heaven's invisible rain,
Baptized thee in the dew

By Angels kept for His elected few,
And given to thee a sceptre and domain,
Whose tenants are the cataracts, clouds and stars,
The streams and soft-eyed companies of flowers
By waysides and in dim bird-hiding bowers—
And Sunset looking through her opal bars
On her retreating hills and vales

Where still the fringe of her wide banner trails
In purple mist and silver heraldry—
These are thy ministers and bring to thee
Their holocaust of strength and bloom and glory.

The free or fettered rills,
The brave, stark Winter hills,
The crags that in the clang of storms grow hoary,
Yet bow not to the scythe of Death
Who smites and levels all—
The crags whose jaws have seized the very breath
Which ebbed and bubbled from the ghastly lips
Of many a realm and splendid dynasty,
Curdling it from unmorning eclipse
In granito-ribbed and adamantine wall,
Bow down the reverent knee,
Bright Spirit, unto thee;
The gray and everlasting rocks,
And hollow caverns whose grim darkness locks
The fiery secrets of the universe
Come to thy call—
The glorious generations
Of former worlds leap from their marble graves

And unto thee rehearse
The mighty poem of the lost creations
In God's first flint-bound volume writ; the waves
Lay bare their treasures and unseal their caves
Before thy burning eye
In living, magical transparency.

Like Israel's glorious Leader thou dost stretch
Thy wand across the rushing tide of years
And roll it back, and from its chambers fetch
To life its lovely wrecks and smiles and tears;
The sweeping tide of things
Speeds onward with a vast, usurping roll
Unto some distant, still receding goal—
We hear the dismal clash of wings,
(Dark Libtina's, Queen of Funerals,)
The cries, the laughter, shrieks and thundering falls
Of self-stabbed kingdoms and blood-turreted walls—

The brown-cheeked Autumns and the violet Springs,
Aspects and customs, cities, names, opinions,
States and dominions,
Religions, churches, creeds,
Dreams, arts and victories, like dull rotting weeds,
Roll on with mournful, unrelenting sweep,
Across the dim, Irremovable Deep—
Like cloud pursuing cloud, and shadow, shade,
They disappear, and like a leaf all fade;
Thou tremblest not, but standest o'er their grave,
Smiling at Death's all-sapping wave.
Great Ocean roars
And all his foam-helmed ranks and black battalions pour
Which beat and beat and beat
Against the mountain's adamantine sea;
Whose sun-bright forehead from its bleak repose,
Smiles o'er a world of undissolving snows
Upon the stream of wrecks that welters by;
So thou unmoved dost gaze
On earth's death-haunted nights and wreckful days,
For thou dost never die.

The lyre, the lyre,
 Its boasted thunders and its rushing fire,
 That from their slumbers shake the dreaming nations
 With fiery gleams and long reverberations,
 The lyre, the lyre is thine,
 And thine to sweep its mystic strings,
 Till from its dim Eolian chambers springs
 A world of glorious beauty; symmetries,
 Rainbows, calms and sanctities,
 Spring Edens, Summer royalties,
 Fairer sunsets, heavenly dreams,
 Richer green and brighter streams,
 And shoutings of the Morning Stars and ecstasies divine.

All things tremble, all things bow
 Before thy awfully majestic brow
 Save Goodness; Cowardice and gloomy Fear
 Shrink backward, cowering, from thy look severe,
 One burning glance,
 Ope levelled lance
 From that sunbeamy eye,
 And Bribery and Avarice,
 Grim Tyranny and Prejudice,

And Wrong and Folly fly;
 And Pride and dull Pretension melt away
 Like Night before the golden wheels of Day.
 Great dread and anguish seize the shivering nations
 As frost, the rivers; Hope and Faith are flown;
 No voice to lull the heart's vast trepidations,
 And hurricanes seem drinking up the sun!
 No hand to curb the all-engulfing sea
 Which huge Misrule and fire-brand Anarchy
 Across the smileless, childless hearthstones pour
 In rage, crushed rights, drawn swords and smoking gore,
 Volcanic scars and lifeless desolations—
 Thou risest, and thy strong, world-thrilling word
 O'er the wild shriek of elements is heard,
 And all the surging peoples flow to thee
 As rivers to the sea!
 And when Time's fierce annihilating plough
 Has drained the world of thrones
 And crumbled down its monumental stones,
 Still thou shalt stand as now,
 The lightning in thy hand, the rainbow round thy brow.

LITTLE WINNIE.

BY N. F. CARTER.

Wake a song of joy!
 For the pearly gate swings ope
 To a Heaven's employ,
 And a moment stands ajar
 For the child of love and hope
 Come from far
 To the upper skies;—
 For a little angel come
 On a blessed Sabbath even
 From the suffering of earth
 To her Father's home;—
 Putting off the dark disguise
 She had worn from birth,
 For the shining livery of Heaven!
 In the early Spring
 Came she to this world of ours!
 Ere the sunshine loosed the icy bands
 From the russet lands;
 Ere the South wind's dewy wing
 Asked for budding flowers;
 Ere the garden pansy bloomed,
 Waking from its Winter night;
 Ere the first sweet violet's breath perfumed
 Sunny nooks
 By the running brooks;—
 Saw the first earth's glimmering light!
 With a radiant smile,
 Like the smile of ruddy skies
 At the morning sacrifice,
 Came she cheering doating hearts awhile;—
 Kindling on the altar of their love
 Vestal fires,
 And with new and holier desires
 Burning sweeter incense for such gentle dove
 Nestled on their breast
 As its angel guest.

During all the Spring and Summer hours,
 When the smile of flowers
 In the field of living green,
 Gladdened earth
 With her beauteous birth,
 Till the brightening scene
 Wakened with its incense-call
 Thoughts of Eden ere the Fall,—
 Drooped thee day by day,
 As the burning wing,
 Of untimely suffering,
 Fanned life's loveliness away!
 And when came the Autumn time
 Bringing chill and frost,
 With their pencil-touch sublime
 And the mild October sun,
 Giving radiant birth
 To the dying glow of earth,—
 Parents had their darling lost,
 Heaven its angel won!
 Like a morning cloud she passed away
 Soaring to the skies!
 Yet from out the depths of air
 When she passed from sight,
 Faith is bringing to our eyes
 Many a kindly ray
 Of the living light
 Ever glowing there!
 And though she has gone
 From our sight,
 With unwearying feet
 We would still press on
 Through this shadowy night,
 Till the end shall come,
 Knowing that an angel's welcome we shall meet,
 If we gain that shining home!

THE DEAD LETTER.

BY H. W. DEWEES.

I HAVE a story in my mind, dear reader, which I am going to tell you, though I am withheld by a doubt—the doubt, which of all others should least enter the head of a writer—a doubt of his heroine. Now I hold that on this point an author's heroine should embody, so far as he is able to do it, his idea of perfect womanhood. Let him do his best. Let him make her the most admirable creature the world ever saw, according to his way of thinking, and he will find there are plenty of readers who differ from him entirely in their estimate of her. The author's representation of what is sweet, gentle, and lovely, will be found by the reader, to be silly, flat, and namby-pamby; his portraiture of sprightly gaiety, will be pronounced vulgar hoydenishness, and so on. Therefore, if the highest ideas of us poor authors deteriorate thus when laid before the public, what must be my bashful misgivings at this moment, conscious of the design of introducing a heroine that I do not even admire myself?

I solemnly protest to my gentle public, and appeal to you, Mr. Editor, to endorse my assertion, that heretofore my heroines have been as proper and "*au fait*" as I could possibly make them.

But this one, though I disapprove of her, haunts me—torments me—I feel compelled to impale her on the point of my pen, as a naturalist does a bug on a pin, and so get rid of her, at your expense, dear reader.

In one respect, Susan Morley (she had not even a decent name, the jade) was not deficient, she had good common sense.

But what, pray, does one want with common sense in a heroine? It is altogether a useless commodity. It is, in fact, a superfluous quality in any woman, till she is over thirty. Who wants to see a young girl sedate, sensible, and well regulated? To be sure, after thirty, these qualities are not without their value. But as no heroine ever reached that age, the author very properly dispenses entirely with these ingredients in compounding her.

To proceed. This unfortunate, unheroic girl, in spite of only second rate attractions, and her ugly name, had a lover, and withal a very sentimental, handsome, martial-looking lover, whom

I present to the reader without a blush, as a perfectly proper hero.

This young man, Midshipman Hartman by name, having some leisure on his hands one summer, had found some amusement in making love to Susan, whose only redeeming quality was, that she was rather pretty. But for this circumstance, which covers a multitude of sins, as all novel readers know, I should never have had the face to bring her forward at all.

Susan, in her common-place way, took all these attentions very coolly; but for all that, there is reason to believe she did not hear all the flatteries of the young midshipman quite unmoved; and no wonder, for it certainly must have been a most unexpected pleasure for a circumspect creature like her, to hear herself called angel, goddess, and what not.

Still, weeks and months went by, and though the youth said a great many pretty things, he did not say the prettiest thing of all—"Susan, will you marry me?" and Susan, it mortifies me to admit, took notice of this omission.

Now Susan was the eldest of a large family in straitened circumstances, and she had early come to a fixed determination, under no circumstances whatever, to become an old maid. I am happy to note this fact, as proving community of sentiment, at least, on one point between her and other heroines.

When, therefore, another suitor for her favor, most unexpectedly appeared in the person of John Plainsail, merchant, she welcomed him with rapture, and what is more, she coolly determined to marry him, if Fred Hartman should prove delinquent. (Pity me, kind reader, my task is a painful one.) The new lover, John Plainsail, merchant, was very different from the old one. He talked less about love and angels, never quoted poetry, and did not wear brass buttons, but somehow he seemed much more in earnest than the midshipman, and Susan perceived it. Besides, he was a well to do man of business, and I actually should not be surprised if Miss Susan had thought of that too:—but perhaps it would be unjust to bring so heavy a charge without the strongest proof, so I withdraw it.

The time for the expiration of the midship-

man's leave of absence was now at hand, and he seemed as far as ever from the point; but Mr. Plainsail came to a more speedy decision, and proposed point blank.

Miss Susan pretended to be taken by surprise, (the artful minx!) and demanded time for deliberation.

The time thus gained, she used in a manner entirely without precedent, authority, or propriety—but that is not my fault—I wash my hands of the acts of this young lady. She actually sat down and wrote a letter to the midshipman, in which she told him of the offer she had had, and very plainly intimated that now was his time to propose if he ever intended doing so.

For several days Miss Susan waited for an answer to this precious epistle, amusing that credulous gentleman, Mr. Plainsail, meanwhile, with sundry excuses; but as no answer came, and as she moreover learned that Midshipman Hartman had already left Philadelphia to join his ship in New York harbor, she resigned her hopes in that quarter, and prudently made use of the second string to her bow.

The courtship of this couple was somewhat hum-drum and prosaic, as the reader will doubtless conjecture; but they got through with it somehow, and it terminated, as courtships are apt to do with your sensible people, in marriage.

Years went by, and I suppose time and custom reconciled Mr. and Mrs. Plainsail to their fate, for they did not seem to repine at it.

Susan, indeed, did as I have seen other sensible women do before her; she became a devoted wife and mother, and her husband really seemed to respect and admire her exceedingly, but, as I have hinted, he was probably a person easily imposed upon. I certainly must admit, however, that Susan did improve with her years. The prudence and circumspection which were revolting in a heroine, seemed not inappropriate in a matron at the head of an establishment.

At all events, I thought I had never seen her so interesting, (or interesting at all, for that matter,) as she appeared to me one evening when, having walked up street with her husband, I stepped in with him, in a social way, without announcement.

She was sitting in the corner of a large sofa, beside a cosy wood fire which cast a warm glow on her bright cheek. Her children, three or four, I don't know which, were climbing about her—some behind her on the sofa, some on her lap, and some at her feet. The unfortunate idea of a kangaroo with its young was just suggesting itself to my uneducated bachelor fancy, when I heard the enraptured Plainsail murmuring some-

thing about Madonna and cherubs, and I instantly, with a facility for which I cannot but give myself credit, substituted that comparison for my own.

Susan started up at sight of her husband, and showing the children right and left, very unceremoniously, greeted him heartily; then having apologized to me with a not unbecoming blush for the disarrangement of her hair, which one of the children had "pulled down," as she said, she withdrew to rearrange it, I suppose.

On her reappearance in a dainty little cap, which gave her a pretty, matronly air, her husband drew from his pocket a soiled and crumbled letter, crowded with post-marks and written directions, saying,

"There, Susan, is a letter which has been seeking you this many a year, if one may judge by its appearance. An old friend of mind rescued it from the dead letter office just as it was about to be burned."

Susan took the letter, and turned it over in her hand. Its original post-mark appeared to be from on board the ship —, which sailed from New York on a long cruise some five years ago. It was directed simply to Miss Susan Morley, without other address or direction. Apparently the writer had supposed all the world must know that the illustrious lady in question lived in Philadelphia. But post-office people being proverbially stupid, had been at fault, as usual, and the epistle, after many trips and counter trips, had only found its distinguished owner by the merest chance, after five years of journeying and waiting.

Having opened and read this long delayed letter, Susan burst into a laugh, remarking,

"It is not often a woman receives an offer five years after marriage." Having said this, she burst into tears, and having thus come as near to hysterics as a sensible woman ever does, she threw the letter to her husband.

Plainsail, and I, by invitation, looking over his shoulder, read as follows:

"MY ANGEL—Your sweet note struck me like a four-pounder. What the mischief does old Plainsail mean by cutting in before me? Cut him dead, my little jewel, and I'll marry you as sure as my name's Fred Hartman, as soon as I get back from this cursed cruise. I got my orders before I got your sweet note, my charmer, which I've not had time to answer till now, for I had to be o. p. h. like a shot from Philadelphia to be in time for the ship.

"*Au revoir*, my angel, believe me your adoring lover and future husband. FRED H.

"Throw old Plainsail overboard at once."

The personage mentioned thus unceremoniously having finished the epistle, began to pace up and down the room in a perturbed manner, casting troubled glances from time to time at his wife, who had again returned to her corner of the sofa, and was vehemently kissing and caressing her youngest child. The good fellow was manifestly perplexed and troubled. At last he paused opposite his wife, and demanded in his plain, awkward way,

"I say, Susan, what does this mean?"

"What, John?" (innocently and sensibly;) "surely you know Fred Hartman was an old lover of mine."

"Yes, I know," admitted Plainsail, but he resumed his discontented walk.

After a time, pause number two.

"But, Susan, what does it mean?"

"What, John? That letter should have come five years ago."

"Yes, I know."

Walk number three—pause number three.

"But, Susan, that is not what I want to know. What did you mean by crying just now? and how would things have been, if that letter had arrived in proper time?"

"Come, John," said Susan, laughing, "I don't think it's worth your while to be jealous of a dead man—for I saw by the papers that poor Fred died of intemperance six months ago. But I'll be candid with you, John, as I always have been, you know. If that letter had come in time I would not have been your wife; but if you want to know what made me cry, I will tell you it was from nervous dread and joy, to think what misery I escaped, and what happiness I gained, all from the miscarriage of a letter. Oh, John, not to have a million a minute and found,

for the rest of my life, would I have had that letter come in time!" (Practical still—the reader perceives.)

As Susan finished this somewhat long speech, her hand was stretched out to her husband, and her brimming eyes raised, with an expression of sincerity it was impossible to doubt, to his face.

Plainsail was enraptured, and instantly made a suitable connubial recognition of his wife's satisfactory explanation—a liberty in my presence which I resented, but pardoned, after a short, but sharp, inward Christian struggle.

Indeed I must confess, though I am not fond of sweet, domestic scenes myself, (since, being an old bachelor, they rather grate on my feelings,) that Susan with her sleeping babe on her lap, and her face all alight with affection, did appear to more advantage than I ever expected to see her.

The tender scene I have described was followed by a short, confidential whisper from Mrs. Plainsail to her husband. The latter immediately sprang up from the sofa with a lively air, and rang the bell briskly.

The servant appeared.

"Jim!" cried his master, "go to the corner and bring us a hundred of the best oysters—and, Jim, bring from the cellar a bottle of the prime, old port—you like port best, my love, I think? Yes, Jim, the port, and anything else nice there is in the house!"

The oysters appeared in good time, and were excellent, as I can testify, for I was easily prevailed on to stay and help this sensible couple to celebrate in this sensible manner the arrival, or rather the miscarriage of the (at first) dangerous dead letter.

LINE S,

INSCRIBED TO THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L—'S DIARY."

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

LADY! we two have never met,
In truth—on earth may never meet,
And yet, I dare to call thee—friend,
And lay this off'ring at thy feet.

I've plucked thy flowers of thought, and found
Deep-tinted hues, which told the tale
Of lessons of endurance—learned,
And hope crushed low by sorrow's gale.

And yet—not all of grief spake there;
Those blossoms oft exhaled perfume
Of renovating faith, and hope,
And constancy's unfading bloom.

I picture thee as bright, and pure—
Averse to all deceit and wrong,

With soul filled high with tenderness,
Finding its vent in Sapphic song.

I seem to gaze upon thy brow,
And see it index of a mind
Whose jeweled stores far, far exceed
The gems earth-delving seekers find.

And now, though others speak thy fame,
And crown thee with the laureate wreath—
In humble guise I venture near,
And offer wild flowers from the heath.

I throw my buds upon the tide
Of Time's far ebbing, ceaseless flow
And ask—that should they meet thine eye,
A kindly glance thou'lt on them throw.

THE OUTCAST.

A ROMANCE OF THE BLUE RIDGE.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "INDIA," "VIVIA,"
"THE DESERTED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," ETC.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by T. B. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

THE REVELATION.

WELL, I listened eagerly, too eagerly. He paused, dropped his head upon his hands, and seemed to be diving into the past.

Deep silence reigned between us, broken only by the supernaturally loud ticking of the chamber clock, hurrying on toward midnight. There he sat upon the foot of the bed, his elbows resting on his knees, his face buried in the palms of his hands, his stringy, jet black locks falling forward, shudder after shudder shaking his frame!

"Poor fellow! he does not know how to begin," thought I, and waited anxiously some time, a feeling of delicacy withholding me from interrupting him, until I found, by the cessation of his shudders and the perfect immobility of his form, that he had fallen into a fit of deep abstraction, and that his thoughts were far, far from me. Then, after some hesitation, I recalled him, by a word spoken in a low, gentle tone,

"Wallraven!"

He started slightly, raised his shaggy black head, and gazed upon me from his light grey eyes, with the bewildering look of one awakened from a deep sleep, with a dream still overshadowing his spirits.

"Wallraven!" said I again, in a still kinder tone, "you were about to give me——"

"Ha! ha! ha! Oh, thou son of Eve! Never tell me of woman's curiosity! We have not a bit, have we?" laughed he, in the most sarcastic and exasperating manner.

You will wonder, perhaps, at the strange patience I had with that bitter and sardonic youth; but, in truth, I was more pained than angry at his sarcastic and insulting tone, for under all was betrayed the profoundest sorrow, the acutest suffering. I felt the same compassionate toleration for his ill-temper, that we feel for the irri-

ability of any dearly loved sufferer. I replied, gently,

"I did not solicit your confidence, Wolfgang. It was voluntarily proffered on your part; and I tell you now, that unless by so doing I can very materially serve you, I have no wish to pry into your secrets, further than fidelity to my sister's interests under existing circumstances seems to require."

"To what existing circumstances do you refer?" he asked, quickly.

"To your relations, or implied relations, with Miss Fairfield."

"And what do you suppose them to be?"

"From what I witnessed this evening, I presume that you are engaged," I replied, gazing at him with anxious scrutiny.

"You are wrong—we are not engaged!"

"Not! Is it possible that Regina has rejected you?"

"No; for I have not offered her my hand."

"What! not! Then you intend to do so at the first opportunity."

"No! I have no intention of ever offering myself to Miss Fairfield!"

"Then, by heaven! much as I have forgiven you upon my own account, you shall first give me satisfaction for your unpardonable conduct of this evening, and then swear never to offend Miss Fairfield by coming into her presence again."

"Oh! Ferdinand, my fine fellow, don't flare up. You do not know what you are talking about!"

"I say I will have satisfaction!"

"And so you shall; any and every satisfaction you please, and as much of it as you please! Come, I will fight, or apologize, as you will."

"Sir, you are my guest. I beseech you, with all convenient speed that you put yourself in some more practicable relation to the brother of the woman you have offended, that he may——"

"Blow my brains out with a better grace!"

"Call you to a strict account for your proceedings of this evening."

"I have betrayed friendship, trust, hospitality; I merit death! Shoot me where I sit, Ferdinand. I wish you would!"

"You are mad."

"I kissed her twenty times, Ferdinand, and I never intend to marry her. Come, why don't you shoot me?"

"You are a lunatic—you are not responsible for any word or act," said I, and I was beginning to feel so. If I had been ever so angry with him, my resentment would have vanished, when with one of his sudden changes of mood he dropped his head upon my shoulder, and sobbed and wept like the melting of an avalanche, gasping between whiles, in low, earnest, fervent, interrupted tones,

"I love and worship your beautiful and haughty sister! Love her because she is fair, worship her because she is proud! Yes! yes! I worship the ground she walks on—for it is holy ground! the pebble her foot spurns—for it is a precious stone! Words! words! breath! air! Look you! People have talked about dying for their beloved! I am doing it! I am doing it!"

Language cannot convey the heart-rending tone in which these words were spoken. He went on,

"Yes, yes! I will 'account' for my 'conduct' of this evening! I had firmly repressed my feelings for six weeks. I thought the danger over, or well nigh over! I went up to her to-night, to bid her adieu, with the stern determination of never, never seeing her again. She held out her hand—looking up to me with her beautiful, bewildering, maddening eyes—eloquent with love, sorrow, reproach, inquiry—and, and, the great tide of long-suppressed emotion rushed in, filling my heart, flooding my brain, bearing down and sweeping away reason, memory, understanding! and I did and said—some maniac things! Come, shoot me, if you please! Yes, I will meet you when and where you please, and bare my bosom to your knife or ball, but never raise my hand against you, my brother, my heart's dear brother! In the name of heaven, then, why don't you speak to me?"

"Because I have nothing to say. I am mystified and miserable!"

"Yet, oh! do not shut up your heart to me! do not! You love me! do not, therefore, lay up remorse for all your long future life, by harshness to me now—for look you! my life will be short—my death violent! I know it! Speak to me!"

"Alas! Wallraven, what shall I say? You entreat me not to shut up my heart to you. I do not do it. On the contrary, it is you who close yours to me. Yet do not misunderstand me; I do not complain of this, though the passion you have declared for my sister—a passion that I see but too clearly exists, and is reciprocated—makes me extremely anxious, upon account of Regina; when I reflect upon the dark mystery which you confess has blighted your own life, and dread may blight hers!"

He dropped his head upon my shoulder again, and with a huge heart sob gasped,

"I cannot! I cannot! I cannot, by the broken heart of my dead mother! by the smitten brow of my grey-haired father! I cannot reveal to you this blasting mystery! I have tried hard this evening to tell you, and the words 'stick in my throat!' But this I will promise you—never to see Miss Fairfield again! Ah! you cannot guess the suffering I bring myself, the suffering I withhold from you, on making this promise!"

"I do not demand such a promise; yet—but, Wolfgang, such a demand will depend upon your reception of a question I am about to ask you, which you may answer or not, as you see fit. This dark secret—is it connected with guilt or with disease?"

"No! no! no! God knows, that whatever may be their other misfortunes, the Wallravens are physically, mentally, and morally sound!"

"Why, so I have always heard of them. They are even proverbial for those qualities. Now, in the name of heaven, give me your hand, my dear Wolfgang! Win Regina if you can! I feel sure that your distress, whatever it may be, is morbid. Nonsense! Love and friendship will cure you. What! Young, healthy, handsome, moral, intelligent, accomplished, wealthy, and of high rank, loving and beloved, with no one to cross your wishes—what should trouble you? I begin to think you a mere hypochondriac"—and so I really did.

You will pronounce this hasty confidence very wrong—so it doubtless was; but I loved Wolfgang Wallraven with more than a brother's love; I was by nature trusting to a fault; I was inexperienced; and I have expiated the error by suffering in every vein of my heart and brain!

The next morning we set out on our return to the North, Wolfgang insisting upon our going, as previously arranged. I had stopped at Regina's door, to see if possibly she was up, but all was dark and silent in her room. We left without seeing her again.

We reached the University some time after the commencement of the term, and had to apply

ourselves with double vigor and perseverance to our studies, in order to make up for lost time.

From the time of our re-entrance into college, Wallraven was everything that the most exacting and fastidious friend could desire him to be—calm, self-possessed, dignified, gracious—though seldom, perhaps never, cheerful. He never voluntarily mentioned Regina to me; and if ever I would name her to him, he would govern a strongly rising emotion, and say, “As Milton toiled for fame, as Napoleon toiled for dominion, so I toil for Regina! One day, when wealth and fame and power and dominion—such dominion as God gives genius—are mine, I may win her! When I have power to place her in the highest rank of society, in the most civilized city in a yet uncivilized world, then I will ask her to share her fate with mine—not till then!” or something like it. He did toil. He gained the highest approbation, the honor of the professors. The most brilliant auguries were drawn for his future. I shared them. I felt his power. I felt that if he could once conquer a peace in his own bosom, he might become just what he pleased.

As for Regina, she never mentioned him in any of her letters to me; but I knew too well that he was not forgotten, by the tone of sadness that pervaded all her expressed thoughts and feelings.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

THE INSIDE OF THE OLD HALL.

“A lonesome lodge,
That stands so low in lonely glen,
The grim, tall windows, dim and dark,
Are hung with Ivy brier and Yew;
No shimmering sun here ever shone,
No halesome breeze here ever blew,
No child, no matron, may you spy,
No cheerful host.”—*PARCER'S RELIQUES.*

THE winter vacation approached, and I once more pressed Wallraven to return home with me and spend Christmas. He declined the invitation, and, to my surprise and delight, invited me to accompany him to his own home in Virginia. I accepted his proffered hospitality with much pleasure, and, writing to Regina not to expect me there during the holidays, I prepared to accompany Wolfgang to Hickory Hall.

I cannot tell you with what interest, with what highly excited curiosity, I set out upon this journey to the interior of Virginia. I do not know what I expected to find; I only know that an old, very old and unknown country house always possessed a mystic charm for me; and here was one that, with its own peculiar mystery, took hold of both affection and imagination.

We journeyed by stage until we reached Washington city.

There, at the Indian Queen Hotel, we met Mr. Wallraven's handsome travelling carriage, with the splendid black horses, the well-dressed coachman, and mounted out-rider.

Early upon the morning succeeding our arrival at Washington city, we set out for the Valley of Virginia. You know how wild and beautiful, how savage and sublime the scenery becomes, as you approach the Blue Ridge. We travelled by easy stages, and were two days in reaching the grand pass of the Bear's Walk.

It was the evening of the second day when we began slowly to ascend the mountain.

It was nearly pitch dark. Floating masses of black, heavy, and lowering clouds obscured every ray, even of starlight. It was intensely, biting cold. Down from our right opened, as it seemed, to the very centre of the earth, a vast profound abyss of blackness, cloud, and shadow, from the depths of which gleamed fitfully a lurid stream of red light, sitting hither and thither as we moved, like a jack-o'-lantern, amid the blackness of that ocean of shadows.

“That is our destination, that is my home—Hickory Hall”—said Wallraven, pointing to the elfish light.

“That! How in the name of Providence are we to get down there?” inquired I, in real anxiety.

“The road is certainly very dangerous on such a night as this, and I am about to order the lamps lighted.” This command he accordingly gave, and the carriage was stopped, and the lamps were lighted.

We started again, and, soon turning sharply to the right, began to descend into the vale; but before we had proceeded many yards, the coachman drew up the horses, and, turning round, said that the lamps only made the matter worse; that the lights and shadows on the downward and precipitous road were deceptive and dangerous; and finally gave it as his opinion, that we had better alight and walk down, which we accordingly did, or, rather, we climbed down—while the coachman led his horses slowly and carefully behind us. An hour's hard toil brought us to the foot of the mountain, where we resumed our seats in the carriage, and were driven swiftly toward the lurid light that marked the site of Hickory Hall. The carriage passed through an arched and broken gateway, the light fitfully falling upon the fragments of the old and glistening red sandstone that had once formed the pillars of the gate. We stopped immediately before the broad old-fashioned hall door, to

which a flight of broad oak stairs and a portico led.

An old white-headed negro, with a candle in his hand, came out and met us at the door, and saluting Wallraven as "Master Wolfgang," showed us into—

One of those wainscoted halls so common to the old mansion houses throughout the old neighborhoods of Virginia. The dark and polished oak floor was uncarpeted, and the vast room was lighted up, as with a conflagration, by an immense fire of large and blazing hickory logs that roared and crackled in the huge chimney. Grim portraits frowned from the dark, oak-paneled walls, and the battle of Yorktown raged furiously above the chimney-piece. Four or five richly carved high-backed chairs drew themselves haughtily up, repelling all advances. Nothing looked hearty and cheerful but the great and glowing fire that warmed and lighted the room so delightfully, and blazed and crackled so gayly, as to make amends for all.

"Will you go to your room now, or wait till after supper, Fairfield? John, how soon will supper be ready?" asked Wolfgang of me, and of the negro, in a breath.

"In half an hour, sir," replied the old man who had conducted us in.

"In half an hour; well, Fairfield, what say you? Will you go to your own room? or—John!"

"Sir!"

"What chamber have you got ready for Mr. Fairfield?"

"Mrs. Wallraven's room, sir."

"The deuce!"

"Yes, sir. You wrote us that the young gentleman was delicate, and that his room must be comfortable. Now, sir, Mrs. Wallraven's room is the only one as doesn't leak when it rains, and it is coming on to rain, sir."

"Very well. Is there a fire kindled there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are Mr. Fairfield's trunks carried up?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Fairfield, will you go now to your room to change your dress, or will you remain here until after supper?"

"I will remain here, Wallraven; but I am sadly afraid, my dear fellow, that I have turned some one, some lady, out of her room—that would be dreadful!"

"Some lady! Humph! romancing again. What lady do you fancy you have turned out of her room?"

"Mrs. Wallraven."

"Ah! Mrs. Wallraven, certainly. It was Mrs.

Wallraven's chamber; but she was the last occupant, and she has not used it for some time! Be easy, my dear fellow, the room is yours—only I hope it really don't leak."

"John!"

"Sir."

"Where is my father?"

"In his library, sir."

"Let him know that we have arrived. He expected us to-night."

"Yes, sir."

"Go, then."

The old servant left the room, and soon after the door opened, and—

A tall and venerable old gentleman, clothed in deep mourning, and with a head of hair as white as the driven snow, appeared. Wolfgang sprang, bounded to meet him. The old man opened his arms, and silently and sadly folded his son to his bosom. Then he came to me, and with a singular blending of sweetness, sadness, and dignity, welcomed me to his house. He had scarcely done so, when the door once more opened, and—

I raised my eyes to see one of the most majestic and beautiful women I ever beheld advancing within it. She, like the old gentleman, was dressed in deep mourning, and her fine black hair, glittering in a thousand jetty ripples, was turned in large Madonna loops down her cheeks, carried back, and woven in a large knot behind. She was too tall and too dark for my ideal of feminine beauty, but then her form was so finely rounded, her face so darkly, graciously, richly beautiful—a Cleopatra she was, such as we picture the dark Egyptian Queen for whom a world was lost!

"My daughter, Miss Wallraven," said the old gentleman, as the lady came in; and then, "Constantia, my child, this is Mr. Fairfield, with whom Wolfgang, by his letters, has already made us so well acquainted. Welcome him to Hickory Hall."

Miss Wallraven offered me the most beautiful dark hand I ever saw, and looked at me with a pair of large, dark, humid eyes, whose languid lustre haunted me many a day and night thereafter, and in a voice whose tones were at once very low, and very full, round, and melodious, cordially bade me welcome.

In a few moments after this, supper was announced, and we went to the table. Such a supper! It was one, such as only Virginian house-keepers know how to set out.

Yes, the supper was perfect—not so the company. Wolfgang was sombre; the old gentleman's manner grave and courteous; Miss Wall-

raven's dignified and gracious; all very admirable, but not at all enlivening.

I felt an enthusiastic admiration of Miss Wallraven; but it was precisely the sort of admiration one would feel at suddenly beholding some marvelous masterpiece of nature or of art—some richly, gorgeously beautiful creation, whose very existence seemed a wonder. "Queen of Egypt," "Cleopatra," "Night," "Starlight," all things darkly splendid, grandly beautiful, seemed parallels for her. Gazing on her, I caught myself repeating these lines of Byron, and thinking how strikingly they portrayed her:

"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

After supper, we returned to the old wainscoted hall; more logs were thrown on the blazing fire, and we gathered around it. The evening passed pleasantly, with conversation, music, &c. At eleven o'clock we separated for the night, and Wolfgang himself attended me to my room. It was in the second story. In keeping with all the house, it was an old-fashioned apartment, the two principal features being a large tent bedstead hung with dark-green damask, and a wide fire-place, in which burned and glowed that inevitable country blessing, a good wood fire.

"I will retort your question. 'How do you like my sister,' Fairfield?"

"Yes! that was friendly—was it not? You never mentioned your sister to me before; never prepared a poor fellow for the danger that lay before him—a regular ambushade!"

I repented this flippant speech in a moment, when I saw how seriously Wolfgang took it.

"I am no egotist; I never was. I do not talk of myself and my family; I never did," he replied.

"Pooh! You mean to accuse me of egotism, because I have talked so much about my sister. Well! It is true I thought Regina the very *chef d'œuvre* of nature until I saw Miss Wallraven! She has astonished me! She has taken away my breath with admiration! with wonder! Can beauty like that exist anywhere else than in the ideal world of poets and artists? Can such rich beauty really live and move, and have its being in the actual world? be sensible to sight and touch?"

Wallraven looked really offended.

"Come!" said he, "Constantia never set up for good looks that ever I heard; most certainly she has no pretensions to beauty; and, as to rivaling Miss Fairfield in that respect—pshaw!

Fairfield. Constantia is no subject for jest, let me tell you! When I asked you how you liked my sister, I meant how did you like her as a pretty good girl, altogether?"

"And I tell you that she takes my breath away with her unparalleled, her wonderful beauty!"

"I marvel if you are crazy, or sarcastic!"

"I am in earnest—deeply in earnest——"

"When you say Constantia is good-looking!"

"When I say she is magnificently beautiful!"

"Heaven mend your taste! Why, she is too tall, too large, too dark!"

"So was that wondrous Queen of Egypt, for whom the demi-god Maro Antony lost the world!"

"Hum! Go to bed, Fairfield."

"She is the only Cleopatra I ever saw, or dreamed of!"

"You have been reading poetry. Good night, Fairfield! Daylight, breakfast, and a fox-hunt to-morrow, will set you right! Get to sleep soon as you can."

He left me, evidently sincere in his natural brotherly blindness to his sister's superb style of beauty.

I was in fact dreadfully wearied out, and, as soon as he had left me, I threw off my clothes, blew out the candle, and jumped into bed.

I could not sleep.

The blazing hickory fire in the fire-place illuminated the whole room with a dazzling brilliancy that would have left sleep out of the question, even if a female face, beautiful as an houri, had not gazed mournfully at me from the wall opposite the blazing fire. It was Constantia's dark face, with less of dignity and more of love, more of sorrow, more of religion; in its expression. "The eyes were shadowy, full of thought and prayer." It was a Madonna countenance, and the longer I looked at it, the more I adored it. Yes! it was not a face to be passed over with mere admiration, however ardent that admiration might be—it was a face to be adored; and as I gazed upon its heavenly loveliness, something like religious devotion moved in my bosom, and almost impelled me to kneel before that image of divine beauty, love, and sorrow. I fell asleep, at last, with my imagination full of that celestial countenance and my soul full of prayer.

Suddenly I awoke with a start! It seemed to me that I had been aroused from slumber as by the shock of a galvanic battery. I trembled even after I was awake as with a vague terror, of which I should have felt ashamed had I not ascribed it to a hot supper and the nightmare. I looked around the room and upon the beautiful

picture. The fire was burning down low, and the flame flashed up and down upon the opposite portrait, giving a convulsive emotion to the features, as of sobbing. I looked at the sorrowful sobbing face with a feeling of deep pity, as though it had indeed been the living sufferer that it seemed. There was such an indescribable look of life, love, anguish, on the beautiful features, I felt a dreamy, mysterious, but intense desire to wipe away the tears from that pictured face. It was a good while before I could get to sleep. That beautiful countenance, silently convulsed in the fire-light, fascinated me. If I determinedly closed my eyes, they would fly open again, and fix upon the pictured sufferer. Nay, even when my eyes were closed, the lovely face was still present to my mind, and it seemed to me to be heartless to go to sleep with such an image of beauty, love, and sorrow, before me.

I was too imaginative. Well! the time, place, and circumstances, made me so.

At last I fell asleep indeed; but through my dreams still slowly moved the image on the wall—beautiful, good, loving, suffering, as I felt her to have been; and with her moved another being—a perfect spectre, that might have been the consort of Death on the Pale Horse—an old, decrepid, livid hag, with malign countenance and gibbering laugh, whose look chilled and whose touch froze my blood with horror. Suddenly a noise, a fall, a smothered cry, awoke me, and, starting up in my bed, I saw in the red fire-light, between the chimney and the side of my bed, the very hag of my dream, livid! malignant! gibbering! struggling violently against Wolfgang Wallraven, who, himself, an embodied typhon, with a wild, angry blaze in his light-grey eyes, held her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE.

Oh! you remember now, mother,
When life to me was bright,
When gladness gemmed my brow, mother,
And starred these eyes of light.
When roses bloomed on either cheek,
Of erst so full and fair,
When sunbeams played at "hide and seek"
Within this wealth of hair.

The laugh so ringing there, mother,
Oh! you remember well,
'Twill ne'er awake again, mother,
And mock the breezes' swell.
This bounding heart of other days,
'Tis fettered by disease,
No cordial or care allays—
No "Gilead's balm" can ease.

These tireless feet have faltered short
Of Life's great aim and goal,
But brighter is the "better part"
I've chosen for my soul.
I know that you will miss me here,
And when I'm gone you'll weep,
And lay your aching temples here
To mourn, but not to sleep.

But, mother, I had rather go
Ere yet the dark hours be,
Where life still seems a Summer glow,
A sunbeam to Eternity.
So, when this heart is hushed and dead,
These roving fancies riv'n,
You'll lay me in my church-yard bed
To meet my soul in Heaven!

MEMORIES.

BY MISS E. E. LAY.

THERE comes sometimes in a lonely hour,
A thought of the silent Past;
A shadow is flitting before my eyes,
As a memory that deep in my bosom lies
Is stirred as a sudden blast.

A floating cloud in the morning sky,
Or a deeper sunset glow,
A word, a smile, or a whispered thought,
Comes over my soul with memories fraught
Of all I no more may know.

The bloom of a flower will often bring
The face of a lost one back,
Or a strain of music recall a scene,

When sorrow and gladness have mingled been,
In a distant and faded track.

Then the friends of youth will return again,
They come on the spirit wing;
They wander again in the paths we roved,
They linger once more in the haunts we loved,
And the hopes of the past they bring.

'Tis sweet to commune with departed ones
From the spirit's unseen home;
Though it wring the heart when the spell has flown,
To know, to feel, that it beats alone,
We wish they would oftener come.

APOLOGIES: A SKETCH.

BY ALICE CARY.

I THINK we all feel in a greater or less degree that we have a right to rely on our own sense—to make a report of our lives to our fellow mortals agreeably to our own experience, and not agreeably to that of any other man's or woman's experience—to look right in the faces of old institutions and new theories, and decide for ourselves whether they be good things or great things.

We have each of us our call, I imagine. Some of us to make bread, and some bonnets—some to build ships, and others states—some to be school-masters, and some to play on the violin; but notwithstanding these obvious rights and special adaptations, we are all of us, all along life, shirking our tasks, shirking out of our proper selves, and apologizing to one another, whether we step out of the beaten track, or whether we do not. So it happens that we waste much precious time in palliation, and explanation, and mitigation, of which there is no need. I do not pretend to be any more independent in this regard than my neighbors, and, indeed, I confess that the apologetic side of my character is truly ludicrous. It will come about that I am cornered between facts and theories, and feel bound to attempt a reconciliation. For instance. My fortunes not being equal to my occasions, I was once reduced to the necessity of taking "apartments!" Now any one, but especially one who "has had hopes," would feel some humiliation, if under such circumstances he should some day receive intelligence that his fashionable friend, (and everybody has one fashionable friend) was coming to dine!

Pity me then, and "lend your serious hearing to what I shall unfold." If it had been a floor in a "desirable neighborhood," the house with modern improvements—use of kitchen, bath and yard, it might have been got round; but, bless my soul! the arrangement spoke for itself—it was not genteel! The miserable fact might as well be told first as last—the "apartments" were in a "tenant house!" Some of the adjoining windows were ornamented with signs made of white paper cut in long basques, and set off with strips of pink and blue paper, curiously notched and plaited—from others swung coats and trousers of the commonest sorts, stretched over boards—

here was a roll of leather and a pair of stout brogans, and there a pane crossed with a strip of black tin, on which was painted in flaming letters, "Fashionable dress-maker." In the corner room was a grocery—a pot of soft-soap in the window—a glass jar of red candy, another of pipes—some small ends of hams swinging by large strings—two or three earthen pitchers, and a pie with a speckled and nibbled crust. At the entrances were signs of washing and ironing, boarding, and the like, for the house was like a wheel within a wheel, and there was no end of the things done there.

Along the street in front of us there was a garniture of carts and milk-wagons, and the gutters were dammed up from year's end to year's end by potato parings and cabbage leaves. I, who had been used to the wide liberty of sheep range and cattle-track, for "Ours was a great wild country; and if you climb a hill to its top, I don't see where your eye can stop:" found the limits of my liberty almost unendurable, and the steam of washing-kettles and boiling pigs' feet a good deal less to my liking than the smell of hay-fields, of orchards, and the breath of cows.

Our "apartments" consisted of four rooms—a parlor, seven by eight feet, I should judge—a kitchen with one window looking out upon everlasting lines of wet clothes, and swarms of children growing and vegetating in the dirt; and two "dark rooms," those most miserable inventions of the enemy.

The hall was like a crack in an ant-hill—at the door was a husk mat, and on the stairs some oil-cloth was nailed—a few pencil sketches, drawn by the children, ornamented the side walls, but except these there was no attempt at decoration.

Our front room was study, parlor, dining-room and all, so we had small accommodation for visitors, and limited our hospitalities accordingly. Judge then of our consternation, when, as we were discussing our chop one day, Gov. M—, his wife, and three proud daughters, (old neighbors of ours) were suddenly inundated upon us.

The enormity, the atrocious criminality of what I had done, rose up before me, and before an accusation was made I began to plead guilty.

Pretence was too ridiculous—that was out of the question. It could be said, however, that no provision was made for that class of people who wished to live respectably on limited means, and really, at the time we took this little place, it was the best we could do. Our tastes were very simple—we were altogether comfortable, and in fact rather liked the novelty of our baby-house—for the sake of our friends, however, we hoped to have ampler room before long, and incidentally it was mentioned that we had the best prospect of obtaining a most eligible house!

It seemed as if the fifty wooden clocks of that great establishment were all striking at once, every time one of the three proud daughters attempted to speak. The shoe-maker pounded with twice his customary vehemence—one of the children was whipt, and turned boo-hooing into the hall to cool, and the fashionable dress-maker came to the door to see how I liked the sleeve of my new calico dress!

I was in constant fear lest the governor would break through the little cottage chair he sat on, and I confess I only breathed freely when Mrs. M— looped together her fine sable, and her daughters dragged their velvet trains along the patched oil-cloth, and over the husk mat.

Honestly, good reader, could you have kept apologizing as I did? Probably, if you should ever ask me about my experience in “apartments,” I should shake my head dubiously, and leave you to infer that this sketch was drawn entirely from imagination, for I don’t believe I could get over the feeling that the confession would require an apology.

“Upon another occasion,” when we had really attained to the occupation of an eligible house, I found myself reduced to the necessity of apologizing again, and with a much greater degree of warmth, and longer sweep of extenuation than before.

A number of acquaintances were passing the evening with us—there was warmth and lights everywhere, music in the parlor, and a general atmosphere of gayety, ease, and plenty. Of course I wore my best dress, my point-lace, and flowers in my hair.

In an unfortunate pause of the music, and when some suggestions of dancing were being whispered about, there fell a violent knocking on the door. Unaccustomed to such appeals, the servants would never heed it, I knew, and mindful of the possibilities, I tried quietly to escape; but the polished editor of the “Glass of Fashion” had heard “the knocking at the south entry,” too, and spite of my softest “Don’t trouble yourself,” would accompany me. He opened the door,

and there, in her big bonnet and black alpaca dress, a band-box in one hand, and a pillow-case of dried apples in the other, was aunt Becky Thompson, from the country, her face a-glow with the happy excitement of seeing me.

Not to introduce her on the very door-sill, would have been an insult which she would have never forgiven me; and though I knew the white glove of my exquisite friend had never come in contact with a hand stained with blue-dye, as was hers, I nerved myself up, and said in a tone adapted to her deafness, “My aunt Becky Thompson, from the country, Mr. Glass-of-fashion.” With habitual politeness he relieved her of her sack of apples, and offered to assist her up stairs, but aunt Becky declined the attention. She had not the rheumatis, she said, and as for being helped by such a pair of spindle-legs, it was out of the question.

She was dazzled and bewildered—wanted to see the rest of my folks, and would not for some time shape her steps to my seductive suggestions. I got her up stairs at last, however, and for that evening I kept her there; and when the Glass-of-fashion left his adieus for her and hoped he would see her again, I replied with great apparent *naivete*, that I hoped he would come often while she remained with us—that she was a person of admirable worth and great originality, and though not accustomed to metropolitan usages, possessed the more perfect culture of a hard experience.

I said all this, not so much because I was ashamed to be ashamed, as to apologize for my aunt Becky Thompson. But next day, when I showed her over the house, and she saw my three silk dresses, (every drawer and wardrobe must be opened to her inspection,) took an inventory of the furniture, and exclaimed at the extravagance of keeping two “girls,” came the apologies that were apologies.

“What did this cost, I want to know?” she asked, as she put on her spectacles, and spread my shawl across her knees.

“Why, I am almost afraid to tell you, aunt Becky,” I said, “it cost so much.” That was the truth; I was afraid to tell her. There was no resisting her importunities, however, so I must needs qualify the fact with apologies.

“It seems a good deal to pay, aunt Becky,” I said, “but it is very warm, and will last me as long as I live, and always be in fashion—though to be sure I don’t care much about fashion. You see a good cloak is very expensive, and then the styles are constantly changing, and it’s a great trouble and costs a great deal of money to keep making alterations. My father used to

teach me that a good thing was always the cheapest."

That allusion to my father was a fine stroke—
aunt Becky was so charmed with the evidence
that I remembered him at all, in my fine city
home, that she folded up the shawl with a deep
sigh of satisfaction.

A straw bonnet, she thought, would have answered just as well as a velvet one, and would have cost two or three dollars less, like enough.

To this I assented, but apologized by saying that my velvet would do up for two or three winters, and be just as good as new—in the long run it was the most economical, and I could not afford a new bonnet every year! She was not quite satisfied, and must needs try it on over her muslin cap, when she declared that it looked like all-possess.

Of course it was not pretty, I assented, but so a thing was durable I cared very little how it looked.

That was a nullifier—aunt Becky said she did not know but that she would buy one for her Nancy, if she could find one anywhere that had a little bonnet to it, and wasn't all cape.

My silver teapot, for the plainness of which I had been obliged to apologize on two or three occasions previously, had to be apologized for to aunt Becky, for being at all.

It was always worth almost as much as the money it cost—would not break, and better than all, my grandmother used to have one very much like it. Here I drew her attention off by enumerating every piece of plate my grandmother ever had, and while aunt Becky had her hand before her eyes in the effort to recall the memory of a certain set of antique spoons, I contrived to slip the obnoxious teapot behind the tin one that we had in the "apartments."

Some new things were kept out of sight altogether, and certain old ones brought prominently forward in their places—old times and old friends were dwelt upon with an almost melancholy pathos, for aunt Becky would have

thought it better that my right hand should forget its cunning than that I should dare to mourn for my fortieth cousin, gone to rest while I was yet hunting hens' nests, and making rag dolls. "To be sure," she would say, wiping her eyes at the mention of some of these kinsfolk who have been in Abraham's bosom these twenty years—"to be sure they were taken before you were old enough to realize your loss, but then you know their places never can be filled to you."

Alas, alas! unless my memory did some of these collateral branches of my family great-injustice, I had no desire to have their places filled. But to have hinted this would have been to redden aunt Becky's pale cheek with sorrowful indignation into the likeness of

"That sanguinary flower inscribed with love."

This would have been wanton cruelty, and in fact it was necessary to counterfeit, in some sort, what I did not feel, in order to make her understand correctly what I did feel. The artist does not paint things as they are, but to make us see them as they are. Aunt Becky had never made room in her heart for anybody except crazy cousin Ruth, and blind old uncle Peter, and therefore was there always an emptiness, and a yearning in her nature, and she must needs be a mourner to the end of her life.

No man nor woman, and no set of men and women monopolizes and absorbs all that is good and great, and who ever will narrow himself to that prejudice must pay the penalty, that is all.

My grandfather wore buckles on his shoes—talked exclusively of the war of the Revolution—believed there were giants in those days, and that the children of men were all dwarfs thereafter: but is that any reason why I should cherish unmitigated contempt for patent leathers, and refuse to name with reverence the great names of to-day?

But to return; I will only apologize for my digression, and close this paper on apologies.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

ALREADY have the shadows crept
Across thy path, fair girl—
Yet in thy bosom thou hast kept
A pure, unsullied pearl.
A gem of innocence and truth,
Hope's sunny dream so fair,
That blessed thee in thy earliest youth,
Is beaming brightly there.

Life is no dark, unreal thing,
No dream of bliss or woe,
Tho' joys die out while blossoming,
Or stayed the tears that flow.
Life just begins, immortal life!—
While here in earthly bowers;
Remember then, amid its strife
May bud unfading flowers.

THE PEARL LOCKET.

BY BESSIE BENCHWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

It was a dark, November day, and the shadows seemed to lie thickest upon the tall trees of Tilney Park, which made a dreary setting for the stern, old stone mansion, whose harsh outlines were gradually coming into bold relief as the leaves, with which the summer, like the robins in the story, had charitably veiled it, fell off brown and crisp from the rapidly baring branches.

There was a hush as of despair over all the domain that gloomy afternoon, that seemed "the saddest" of all "the melancholy days." Nothing, save the falling of a nut, or the flutter of a withered leaf, broke the stillness in all that broad park, except in the corner most remote from the house, where lingered a young man, whose hasty step, as he paced up and down, casting from time to time a look of expectation along the path that led in the direction of the house, snapped a dry twig or startled a wondering squirrel.

He was a handsome man of about thirty, and attired in a hunting costume, though he carried no gun, thus betraying that his game was not of the usual kind. There was a wary look in his quick eye, a sinister expression about the full lip, and a yielding clasp in the well-shaped hand, which now rested against a tree as he stopped to listen, that would have struck a close observer unpleasantly, especially if that had been a woman, for she sees with her instinct and reasons with her heart, and did she but abide by their decision would be less frequently deceived!

The patience of the watcher was waning fast, when the sweep of a long robe over the dead leaves became plainly audible. A look of triumphant satisfaction rested, for a moment, upon the young man's handsome features, but as the sound drew nearer was laid aside for one of injured feeling, more in accordance with the delay he had suffered.

Presently a dark silk dress, distinguishable from the bare trunks only by its motion, began to be perceptible among the growing shadows. The deliberate pace at which it advanced, betokened no great anxiety on the part of the wearer to hasten the meeting.

The young man remained at the rendezvous, nor advanced a single step to meet his expected

visitor, but permitted her to come quite to the tree against which he leaned, before he testified his consciousness of her presence.

She was a fair, young girl of seventeen, with waving, auburn hair, parted and put smoothly back from her face, which was pale, and bore traces of recent agitation. Her delicate mouth had a firm, proud curve, and the whole *pose* of the classical head had a haughty air, subdued only by the large, soft, blue eyes.

"I was about to conclude that Miss Tilney had forgotten her engagement, or declined to keep it," said the young man, half sarcastically.

"Had I done right I should not be here now," replied she, sadly, not heeding his tone.

"Why, what has happened, Edith?" asked he, laying aside his coldness and taking her hand.

A slight shiver ran through her as she replied, "My father forbade our meeting, William. I have transgressed his command, but for the last time. I have come to say farewell!"

"Farewell? for what?" asked he, anxiously.

"Forever!" replied she, with a quivering lip.

"This then is your boasted love!" exclaimed the young man, bitterly; "this is woman's constancy, that melts at a tyrannous father's mandate, who despises me only because I have not gold to buy his daughter's hand!"

"William Temple, you are speaking of my father," interrupted Edith, the light springing for a moment to her eyes. "Say what you will of me, but speak not ill of him in my presence." A moment more, and the light was quenched in fast gathering tears. "Why will you give utterance to such cruel words? You know I love you, you have won the avowal from my lips, and yet you taunt me because I would obey my father!"

"Love? you call that love which at the first obstacle shrinks affrighted, and returns to yield submission to the first who cares to claim it! Give me deeds not words," sneered the young man, whose growing excitement expressed itself in rapid strides before the tree against which Edith leaned.

"But what shall, what ought I do?" asked she, in the deepest distress. "My father has the right to be obeyed, and doubtless decides for the best good of his unhappy child. I dare not brave his

just displeasure! Tell me, William, what am I to do?"

"Return to your father, Miss Tilney; be a model of obedience," replied Temple, bitterly, "and remember, as the result of your submission, that your solemn vow pledged to me is broken, your promise of fidelity disregarded, and all sacred ties save that of daughter, snapped by your hand! Go, add one more to that list of faithless women that stands for the whole sex!"

"William, you are cruel, unjust!" sobbed Edith.

"Were I Sir Arthur Blake, the answer would be different. The father would forget the unprincipled libertine in the glitter of his wealth; or should he oppose, the daughter's filial piety could not resist the title of 'My Lady,' and turn indifferently from his shining thousands! But I am poor, plain William Temple, and parental authority is a convenient cloak to cover your reluctance to unite your proud name with mine. Less art would have answered to dismiss me; I shall no longer trouble you with my presumptuous presence." With a flushed cheek and frowning brow the young man turned to leave the spot.

"Stay, William!" exclaimed Edith, turning deathly pale, but the fire of resolution lighting her eye, and the lines around her mouth becoming rigid with determination. "You do not, cannot think me the base, heartless creature your anger represents me. What proof can I offer you of my sincerity, of the pain this necessity gives me? How shall I convince you that my love is real and earnest?"

"Leave this place where I am forbidden to see you," exclaimed he, eagerly.

Edith started and looked at him with a frightened air.

"Leave it! impossible! Where should I go?" said she.

"If you would prove your truth go with me; at the altar we will bid defiance to tyranny!"

"I dare not!" replied Edith, shuddering.

"You dare not brave a father's unjust anger, and yet you dare break your vow and call on truth to witness it!" said Temple, relapsing again into bitterness; "tell me not that such would be your answer could I bring gold to back my suit! You dare not brave the world's scorn by wedding a poor man, even though your heart dictate it!"

"William! I will wed you," exclaimed Edith, firmly, "if but to prove you wrong in thinking me the mercenary wretch you would have me believe you do! and may heaven forgive me!" she added, sadly.

Seeming not to hear the equivocal conclusion of her reluctant assent, Temple threw off his coldness and lavished the warmest expressions of affection and devotion upon the young girl, whose heaviness of heart not all his endearments could lighten. They even oppressed her, for she felt that she had bought them dearly, and the struggle was too recent to be easily forgotten. With a sigh she acquiesced in his arrangements for their elopement, and at the first moment she could leave him, terminated the meeting which had been a painful one to her, and which had still left the sting in her heart, for the dull pain oppressed her breath as she took her way back to the house through the increasing darkness, which seemed to her like the promise of her future life.

CHAPTER II.

A WEEK passed, bringing the day fixed for the fatal step, that step which only the most unreasonable severity of unfeeling parents can in any way excuse.

Edith took her place at the evening board, with a pale cheek and eyes, from which the utmost effort of her will could scarcely keep the tears. Her mother's watchful eye saw her agitation, but forbore with a mother's tenderness to question her before the assembled family. Not so her father's, his glance, though less quick, discovered her distress. As he looked searchingly at her, she shrank beneath his gaze, and a suspicion seemed to cross his mind, for he said abruptly:

"Edith, have you seen Temple to-day?"

"No, father," replied she, in a low voice, "not since the day you forbade it."

The father's brow lightened.

"That is right," said he, "I am glad that you have seen the justice of my objection, and yielded to it. His poverty were no obstacle, if you loved him, for I have enough for both; but he is unprincipled and base in heart and mind, seeking you alone for that dross, which shall never be his. Were you to listen to his specious tales, and so far forget what is due to yourself and me, as to marry him against my wish, be sure no penny of mine should ever cross the palm of William Temple. But this harshness is unnecessary; you are a good girl, and would not so grieve and anger a just father.

Every word was a dagger in the heart of the affectionate girl, and she paled and flushed beneath the glances directed toward her, by her father's marked address.

The deep sting lay not in the words themselves, but in the half consciousness of their

truth. She felt the guarded baseness of her lover's character, though she knew naught against him; but the unerring instinct of her woman's nature warned her of her danger, and she heard it only to disregard it. Temple was her first love, the first who had told her she was fair, and poured his tales of adoration into an unpractised ear, so that the charm of novelty, the distant glitter of that unknown world, which in her secluded home, rarely lighted up the dim arches even in story, for her father was a stern scion of a puritan stock, dazzled and bewildered her. She believed the gay tales he told her, and thought him good and noble, till she learned to know him better, because no one else had ever been contrasted with him, and in this her father, out of love for her, had erred. Had she more freely mingled with society, even though the fresh bloom of youthful trust were brushed away, she could have better judged the soundness of the thoughts and sentiments she now so blindly accepted. But the most powerful of all the reasons that drew her to the handsome Temple, was the firm belief in his devoted love for her! Here her woman's heart could not build up defences and parley coldly from the walls. With that key, though a false one, the gates of the citadel were opened, and the garrison subdued—all but Reason, who struggled with her jailers and often broke their bands!

The anxious mother read the whole tale in that changing countenance, and, when the meal was over, followed the trembling girl to her room. Not a word was spoken, but, when the door closed behind them, Edith threw herself into her mother's arms and burst into tears.

"My poor child," murmured the latter, caressing her, "think well of what you are about to do. Remember there is no retreat when once the step is taken. Trust not to your father's forgiveness, for he is a stern man when he believes himself in the right, and will not relent when once his word is passed. Think, small means will be yours, for William is not rich, but if you love him enough to brave poverty for his sake, and believe he will make you happy, I would not counsel his rejection for that. Of his character, you know as well as I. You are no longer a child, judge calmly and decide. Your father has carefully weighed every consideration, and thinks it for your good to forbid this union; obedience to him is a sacred duty, and I am grieved to see you waver, though the trial is a hard one."

"Mother," interrupted Edith, "my word is passed, and I am my father's child in that at least; nothing can change it now. I have no

fear for the future. My only grief is in leaving you and my dear father by stealth, and in anger; but you, mother, will not desert me, you will ever think kind of your absent and disobedient child! Oh! do not let my father curse me! though he may refuse to forgive me, and may even forbid me to look on his dear face again, do not let that blight rest on my life and sink me to the grave!"

The poor girl wept convulsively, and Mrs. Tilney was a little more composed. A silent prayer for her child stilled the tumult of her feelings, and with many counsels, blessings and caresses, she left the trembling and exhausted Edith to make her last preparations for leaving, for ever, that place, which though dark and stern, had been her home and only dwelling place, and was still the resting place of those it almost broke her heart to part from. Surely the punishment of her disobedience had begun already.

The evening had descended and lay heavily on the bare landscape that met Edith's eye as she left her home, and with the quick step of excitement set forth to the trysting-place. As she gained a slight eminence that commanded the house, the moon looked brightly down from a rent in the dull clouds, and rested on the grey stone pile like a mournful smile. Edith stopped, and with glittering, fevered eyes, took her last farewell of the dear old place.

As her glance wandered over the house, her mother's pale face, clearly defined by the moonlight on the dark back ground of the unlighted room, met her gaze at the window of her own chamber. She dropped upon her knees, and stretched forth her arms, imploring a last blessing. With streaming eyes, the poor mother extended her hands toward her kneeling child, and her lips moved in prayer inaudible, except to listening ears above.

Edith staggered to her feet, and was about to resume her way, when Temple, impatient of her delay, came beside her. She cast one imploring glance from her mother to him, and fell insensible in his arms. In a few moments her light form was placed in a carriage, not far distant, and disappeared from the straining eyes that followed it, towards that land where "the jolly blacksmith," or some one of a trade less honest, should make the rash step irrevocable.

CHAPTER III.

Six months have passed, and we find Edith Temple in a neat but humble habitation in the great city of London. The experience of these

few months had served to give her a clear insight into the life she had chosen, and, if the knowledge had paled her cheek, it had not daunted her firm heart, for so long as her husband was kind and affectionate, she had no grief, but the knowledge of the hard feeling against her, in her father's heart, and the separation from her mother.

Temple had stormed a little when he found the expected forgiveness was withheld, for the letter he had insisted upon Edith's writing, had been answered by her wardrobe and jewels, accompanied by a short note from Mrs. Tilney, bidding her hope nothing from her father, for he was inexorable. But when Temple was convinced, that the dilemma, into which he had drawn himself, was inevitable, he recovered from his disappointment, and alluded no further to the subject, being too selfish and indolent to annoy himself long with anything. He really liked his young wife, and was content to have her as a companion for his leisure hours, and they formed a large portion of the day, trusting, as he did, to luck to "make the pot boil."

The young husband was, when he was anything, an artist, but the art of the turf and its attendant sciences were more attractive pursuits than any presided over by the muses. This, though a precarious source of revenue, had ever sufficed for his moderate wants, and still did so, though economy, a novel exercise to the young wife, was invoked to preside over the little menage.

All alone in the great city, Edith felt his frequent absences press most heavily upon her spirits, and his return, in whatever mood, which was as various as his fortune, was a relief to her. He objected most strenuously to her making any acquaintance in the neighborhood, lest his too well known occupations should reach her ear. Though that, of course, was not the reason he gave her.

This was no deprivation to Edith, for there were few around her congenial spirits with her own. One family alone had impressed her agreeably, for the lady, a merchant's wife, who lived near, pitied her loneliness, and often called in, though Temple would not permit her to return these visits. He would willingly have prevented them altogether, but Mrs. Wilton would take no hints, and was so persistently good-humored, that he was forced to submit to the acquaintance.

A little tea-party was projected at Mrs. Wilton's, and no rest did Temple see, till he had consented to Edith's being one of the guests.

His objections were all playfully and gallantly proposed, but they would not stand before the battery of a woman's will, so, still smiling, he consented, and Mrs. Wilton departed in high spirits with her victory.

Edith looked forward to this break in the monotony of her existence, with almost childish delight. She had seen but little of society, and the charm of novelty was still on even so simple an amusement as this, and as it promised to stir the stagnant current of her life, was doubly welcome.

The evening came, and dressing herself in a plain rich costume, from her girlhood's wardrobe, which looked out of place, quiet as it was, with the humble surroundings, she awaited with eagerness, her husband's return to conduct her to her friend's. He came at last, and gazed admiringly upon the fair face and elegant attire of his young wife.

She blushed with pride and pleasure to hear his praise, and her heart beat high with anticipation.

"Come William," she said at length, as he seemed absorbed in a paper he was reading. "It is quite time, is it not?"

"Time! for what?" inquired he looking up.

"To go to Mrs. Wilton's," replied she.

"Oh! yes, but I don't think we will go, Edie," said he, folding the paper.

"Not go!" exclaimed she, her heart sinking heavily at the word, "and why?"

"Well, I don't exactly fancy Mrs. Wilton, I think her influence is not good for you. She takes too much authority in my house, and meddles with my affairs. Besides, Edith," continued he playfully, "you are looking so radiant to night, that I should be jealous if another only looked at you, so you must stay at home and entertain me!"

She was standing beside him, too surprised and disappointed to speak, and as he concluded, he drew her gently to his knee, and lightly kissed her cheek. A slight shudder ran through her at the caress, and gently disengaging herself, she was about to withdraw to change her dress, but he prevented her, saying,

"No, no, what is fitting strangers should see you in, is not too good for your husband, so don't alter that becoming costume, but sit down and imagine you are at the party, it will do much better, and I cannot possibly be jealous!"

Edith did as directed, but it was impossible to be cheerful with that tumult of feelings raging in her bosom; it was almost too much to keep back the tears, but she did it, and Temple was surprised to see her submit so calmly to his

heartless caprice. In about an hour he took his hat, and to her inquiry if he was going out, replied,

"Yes, I believe so, you are not half so entertaining as you would have been at the party, so I will go and fulfil an engagement I had half concluded to break."

As the door closed on her petty tyrant, Edith's disappointment and indignation found vent in the bitterest tears she had ever shed. Never had he, for whom she had sacrificed so much, shown himself in so despicable a light. He was pettish and capricious, she knew, but he was just as often kind and affectionate, and had not made use of his power to wound her before.

Ah! William Temple, you little know that the first tie that bound your wife's love to you, snapped with that heartless act of yours. Beware, lest the fabric thus weakened, fall not away, thread by thread, till the remembrance of the one pure influence in your life be all that remain to you!

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. WILTON was provoked and disappointed at Edith's absence, for she alone had been thought of by the kind little woman in their entertainment. She saw in an instant, that the excuse of illness was a feigned one, and divining that her intimacy was a source of distress to the young wife, she frankly told her of her suspicions, and, as Edith's truthfulness could not deny it, she kindly bid her farewell, making her promise to apply to her in any case of need. With many tears, Edith parted with her only female friend, and prepared for other sacrifices, should she be called upon to make them, as she could but expect from this.

Time passed, and the uncertain income that sustained the little household, flagged seriously, and often with the greatest care, the fare was scant. Edith grieved not for this, except that it affected the wayward temper of her husband. He was often kind to her in word and manner, but the scene of the party was often repeated in other matters, though Edith never laid herself open to a similar trial. Still the same spirit of wanton cruelty from very lack of healthful occupation, often wounded her sensitiveness, but always in so good-humored a manner, that though it doubly barbed the arrow, gave no chance to avoid the blow.

The bright spots amid these petty trials, were the occasional stolen letters from her mother, who would not openly transgress her husband's commands, but found many a secret conveyance

for a line of consolation, and strengthening counsel to her banished child. Edith answered these welcome letters by the means that brought them, and though she painted her lot in the brightest colors her truth would permit, her mother felt she was unhappy, and directed her to look for comfort where the fountain never ceases to flow!

Temple was too proud and too indolent to work, and the darkening aspect of his affairs, instead of rousing him to exertion, led him to meaner shifts to meet his wants. Edith could not brook inaction at such a moment. The determination and proud independence of her race worked within her as she saw want gaining upon them, and her husband resting supinely in his shallow trust to "luck." Neither pen nor pencil were useless weapons in her delicate hand, with which to combat the monster, and she unsheathed both to protect her own life, and provide for a dearer than her own, so soon to be added to her earthly cares.

Her drawings, though skilfully done, brought almost nothing, but they obtained for her a little employment at print-coloring. Her jewels, of which she had few, having gone little into company, were reserved for sterner need, should it occur.

At first, Temple's pride rebelled silently when he discovered the secret of his wife's occupation, for she, simple girl, concealed it lest it should pain him; rebelled silently, we say, because, though he felt angry that his wife should so demean herself, he very prudently said nothing, not even betraying his discovery, but making a very convenient compromise by seeming blind, magnanimously determined to permit her to support him and say nothing about it!

A smaller lodging was taken, and with every superfluous piece of furniture disposed of, the two ill-assorted beings took up their abode there; and there in that narrow room, so unlike the lofty, mysterious, oak-paneled apartment in which she first saw the light, Edith pressed to her bosom her first born, her infant daughter.

Who, but a mother, can tell with what a gush of tenderness she first gazed on those little expressionless features, and felt that it was hers to love, to cherish, to work for, while life remained! She had never really loved her husband; hers at best had been the inexperienced sentiment of a newly awakened, romantic nature, and his own acts had unclasped the tendrils of a naturally affectionate heart, and she had long ceased even to fancy that she loved him. She saw her delusion, but rather deemed all love a fancy, except a mother's, than that she had mistaken. Happily

she was spared the agony of discovering too late, that she could love another!

Every duty of her humble and laborious lot had been scrupulously performed, but with a dead and cold precision! in every act of the day, heart alone was wanting, and as the responsive chord was mute in Temple's breast, he was well satisfied with his wife's proceedings, nor felt the want of it. Now the young mother's heart warmed to him in his new relationship, but he seemed blindly determined that no kindly feeling should there find resting place, for he selfishly and unfeelingly grumbled at their little one for being a "stupid girl," and at the increased expense! For months his earnings, if there were any, found not their way into the common hoard, but went, with much of Edith's little store, to add to his own peculiar pleasures, and yet he could talk of expense!

Edith murmured not, but pressing her baby to her swelling bosom, closed the half opened portals of her heart, shutting only her child within.

With a lighter heart and firmer purpose could Edith ply her weary task, now that she could raise her eyes from the monotonous expanse of black and white, or the gaudy array of her color box, to rest them on the sweet face of her sleeping babe, or catch inspiration from its large, blue eyes.

Temple was little at home, for he was not fond of children, selfish people seldom are; a few moments' boisterous play, that made the young mother's heart tremble, was enough to weary him, and he would toss it back to Edith and go out again to companions more congenial than purity and innocence like those. These absences gave Edith little pain, for he had so severed his interests from hers that she cared little where he was, for with her love he had lost the power to annoy her. She was happy with her child, and knew nor sighed for any other world than that in which she lived. True, she worked hard, and often trembled for the future, but she trusted in Providence and her own good strength, and struggled bravely on in the present. Young and educated for so different a sphere, experience had made a steady, thinking woman of her, and the pious teachings of her youth stood her in good need amid the many little annoyances, so much more wearing to the spirits and temper than great misfortunes to which she was subjected.

How often thoughts of bitter repentance swept over her spirit for her disobedience! but she would not add repining to her fault, and accepted the punishment of her own rashness meekly and

bravely, her determined will and Christian faith upholding her through all.

CHAPTER V.

THREE years have passed, and the blind goddess has not recognized the devotion of her faithful follower, William Temple. One room now contains all that he can call his own, and more than he has a right to claim. The drain upon Edith's little earnings to supply his not very moderate demands, had kept them at the utmost verge of subsistence for some time.

It was hard, very hard for her to stint her darling child to meet his fancied wants, or furnish him the sums he required to be lost at play. He had long ceased to disguise his profession from his wife, and the depraved companions who sometimes accompanied him home, were a sore trial to her pure mind. A few dollars once in many weeks, contributed from his unlawful gains to the little household, furnished a pretext for repeated calls upon Edith, and often many little sums of her own were paid back in addition, before he would consent to believe the trifle gone.

These were not her heaviest trials, for harsh words now oftener passed the lips of her husband than gentle ones, and though they failed to move when addressed to her, they swelled her heart with indignation and resentment when her child was the object, and Temple soon learned where alone Edith was vulnerable. He had never quite forgiven her for her father's firm refusal to receive him, and thus his malice found vent.

The child was a bright, intelligent, little creature, and learned readily the many playful ways that delight a mother's heart, and it was Edith's greatest happiness to teach it only as a mother can. It was the light of her existence, and Temple wondered to see her so cheerful under all she had to endure, and took peculiar delight in annoying her through her child. He could not for his life have told why his evil genius so prompted him, but her even temper and gentle uncomplainingness fretted him; and though she was all the most loving of wives could have been in duty, he took great delight in amusing his leisure moments, when at home, by paining and annoying her.

It amused him to hear those rosy little lips slip the profane words that passed profusely between his base companions and himself, even when she was present; and the poor mother's heart would chill to hear him teach her and laugh at her success, till the poor child, delighted with the notice she attracted, grew fond of the society of her father and his friends, and Edith

strove in vain to impress her with the wickedness of that which her father taught her. She was affectionate and dearly loved her mother, and would obey her readily when alone, but when her father gave a contrary command, which he often did, so that his vanity might be flattered by her preference, she obeyed him first.

This was a heavy blow to Edith, and with an agonized heart she pictured the future of her darling, and wept and prayed for help and counsel in her need.

She had not heard for a long time from her mother; possibly, she thought, her address might have been destroyed, and her mother might have lost the clue to her residence in the several changes she had made. In her emergency she felt that a mother's counsel could aid her, and she determined to write openly to her. The letter was dispatched, and she waited as calmly as she could for a reply.

One evening Temple, who had been absent since the day before, came in, pale and moody, and found Edith teaching the little being kneeling upon her lap its evening prayer. Temple sat a few moments, but impatient of the child's absorbed attention, exclaimed,

"Edith, do get through that nonsense, and let the child come here. I am not going to have my child made a praying hypocrite, like that close-fisted old rascal, her worthy grandfather."

"Let Edie go to papa, mamma," said the child, interrupting the half spoken supplication, and making an effort to get down from her lap.

"Go, Edie," was all the mother could say, as with a quivering lip she set the little, bare feet upon the floor, and turned to some work to hide her bitter grief.

A weight seemed to rest upon her pen as she traced the lines that must be finished by the morrow; and each merry laugh of her child at the antics of its father, whom it had won from his sullenness, went to her heart like a sharp steel; but a firm determination to save that innocent child from the danger that threatened, and herself from the misery of its alienated affections, dawned in her heart, and though indistinct, nerved her to bear the present heavy trial.

The work finished, she carried it early to its destination, for a small sum there owing her was her dependence for the day. Judge of her feelings when she learned that her husband had received it the day before, and squandered the bread of her child and herself at the gaming-table, where so much of her brain and heart had been staked and lost before. Her jewels had gone the same way one by one, and now nothing

remained but the very necessities of furniture and wardrobe to look to for relief.

Never had despondency rested so heavily upon her before. Temple knew her errand, and left the house before her return, not daring to meet her eye. How thankful she was for this, for the utter loathing which his baseness had awakened in her heart could ill brook his presence then! The half defined determination to leave him took rapid form in her mind; but where could she go? She was penniless and friendless! Days had passed, and no word had come from her mother; Mrs. Wilton had offered to befriend her, but she shrank from applying to any one who knew her husband, so for the present all was dark before her.

On returning, she found Edie awake and calling "mamma" for her morning meal. A little stale bread made into pap with water, for Edith's independence had a horror of debt even for the merest trifle, sufficed for the slender wants of the child for the time, and the poor, young mother sat down, fasting, to ponder the prospects of the future.

Not long had she remained thus, when a knock at the door brought, as she hoped, the long-looked for letter. It was a small package, and she seized it eagerly; the hand was strange, and with a sinking heart she broke the seal. It was a letter from the old housekeeper of Tilney Park, and contained but a few lines painfully written, but those few lines sufficed to tell her that her mother's counsel was lost to her forever upon earth!

Poor Edith felt that little more remained of grief or anguish now, and for a time despair obtained the mastery.

The blow was too heavy and sudden, at the moment when she needed so much the aid of her mother's advice, for her to examine the contents of the package, and Edie, weary with trying to gain her attention, had seated herself upon the floor, and was playing with the articles, which, unperceived by her mother, she had taken from the paper.

When Edith became calmer, she observed the playthings that so absorbed the little girl, and taking them from her to examine, found a diamond ring and a locket set with pearls. The locket she knew to contain her mother's likeness, and sadly opened it to gaze once more upon those beloved features, now become so inexpressibly dear. As she touched the spring, two slips of paper fell from beneath the cover, and upon unfolding them she found two fifty pound notes!

What a wild leap her heart gave at the welcome and unexpected sight! On the paper that

enclosed them were a few parting words from that mother, whose protection of her child thus ceased not even with life!

Now all was clear and easy to the still sorrowing Edith, not a moment more would she expose her child and herself to the baneful influence exercised by her unprincipled husband. To decide deliberately was to act promptly with her, so hastily writing a few lines to inform Temple of her determination, its reasons, and the source of her present means, she enclosed one of the notes, and securing the rest of her treasures about her, quickly attired Edie and herself, and set out with their little wardrobe packed in her only basket, to the station of the train for Liverpool.

Temple's rage at Edith's flight was violent indeed, and self-condemnation was not the least of its incentives; and then, too, he fancied her mother must have left her some important sum, which she was determined he should not share, so he strove to find some clue to her whereabouts, that he might extort a portion by claiming their child. But in vain, for Edith had taken every care to prevent his success, so he wisely contented himself, and found in the fifty pounds a healing balm for his wounded feelings.

Once in Liverpool, Edith was not long in securing passage upon a packet bound to that haven of security to the oppressed of other lands, America, too often a "city of refuge" for those who "leave their country for their country's good."

With a heart lightened of half its cares, but still heavy at parting from the land of her birth, and with the dread of the untried life before her, Edith gazed upon the receding shore with eyes fast growing dim with tears, and pressing her rescued darling to her bosom, thanked heaven for present safety, and implored its help for future need.

CHAPTER VI.

"**THERE**, Frank, see what your rudeness has accomplished," exclaimed a gentle, chestnut-haired maiden, the tears suffusing her soft, blue eyes as she displayed the broken clasp of a pearl-set medallion to the penitent youth, whose ardent embrace had caused the mischief.

"I declare I'm heart-broken, *ma belle*," replied he, "but you did look so demurely horrified when I humbly requested a kiss, I could not resist risking the attempt at all hazards—and I just home after a six months' absence!"

"But, Frank," remonstrated she, with a rosy blush, "you forget you are almost a man now, and I no longer the little girl you used to lift over the gutters, in spite of her patched and

faded dress, as we came home from school together!"

"Not so, and I hardly admire or love you more in that neat gingham morning-dress, than in those old times when you would lift those great, blue eyes to my face, in grateful surprise at my boyish gallantry," replied he, earnestly. "How uncle Henry did use to rave at my low fancy for the poor sewing woman's daughter! I can afford to forgive him that one of these days, if that little girl will but become his niece!"

"My dear boy!" exclaimed a lady, whose handsome face showed traces of deep care, entering the parlor at this critical juncture. "Heaven be praised for your safe return!"

The cordial greeting over, a quiet chat over the incidents of the traveller's voyage succeeded.

"Do you know, Mrs. Temple," said Frank, "that after I had described my dear friends in America to my mother, she felt sure that you and she are old acquaintances?"

"Wilton! Adelaide Wilton!" exclaimed Mrs. Temple, "she was a dear and early friend at home. Strange! that her son should have been our first, and almost only friend in a foreign land!"

"Yet it is true," replied Frank, kindly. "My father's embarrassments made him accept my uncle's offer of protection, and, with occasional visits 'home,' here I have been ever since."

"Your dear mother would hardly recognize in the face and form, on which so many bitter years have left their heavy mark, the bright and happy Edith of her memory," sighed Mrs. Temple.

"But, mother," exclaimed the young girl, "the years of trial and sorrow through which you struggled so bravely, with your poor Edith to paralyze your efforts, are passed, and we are now above the reach of want while heaven leaves us your ready pen and my ability to teach. So, mother, you may call back your banished roses, and be once more a bright and happy Edith!"

The mother smiled sadly, but fondly on her child.

"No, no, Edie, not while the weight of a father's past anger rests upon my heart! Never while the vision of his grey hairs bowed in lonely sorrow beside the silent hearth, lives in the thoughts of the child who should be there to soothe and cheer him!"

"By-the-way," interrupted Frank, willing to divert the mournful current of the conversation, "I made a conquest on board the ship on my return. Don't be jealous, Edith, it was only an old gentleman, who took a wonderful fancy to your humble servant. He is travelling for diversion, I think, and *apropos*, I promised to show

him the 'lions' to-day; so give me the locket my awkwardness broke, and I will have it repaired as I go—I will be more gentle next time!"

A bright blush, and a murmured "saucy fellow," from Edith, sent him off in high spirits, hardly hearing Mrs. Temple's caution to restore in safety her mother's precious miniature.

Yes, reader, this was poor Edith Temple, who, after tasting of the bitterest waters of poverty and toil, had risen above the stormy billows, and was now safely, though humbly sheltered in this little cottage in New York. That Providence, which every trial taught her but more confidently to remember, had buoyed her up and smiled upon every effort of her determined will; until now with her lovely daughter, well and elegantly educated, and a neat little sum laid up for emergencies, she could lay aside needle, pen and pencil, except when fancy prompted, and spare her darling any more arduous labor than the charge of a few music scholars, whose instruction afforded her as much delight as emolument.

Yet, as we have seen, Edith was not happy. That dark cloud which rose black above her girlhood's horizon, when she left her father's roof beneath the weight of his anger, time had not dissipated; and though she could not grieve for the step she had taken, when with her infant in her arms, she left that second home, still, thoughts of her misguided husband would often rise, and many an earnest prayer had ascended for his reformation.

All that her mother had been at her age, young Edith was now, though the sorrows of her early years had left the shadow deeper in her large blue eyes, and even a more pensive cast upon her classic features. Merry Frank Wilton alone, with his affectionate teasing, could convert her quiet happiness into mirth.

The warm-hearted boy, who had been won by her timid sweetness, when by toiling early and late, her mother had managed to send her to school, had never swerved from his allegiance; and all the uncle Henrys in the world, could not intimidate him into sacrificing his friendship for the poor sewing woman and her daughter. He persisted in calling Edie his sweetheart, and in joyously anticipating that time, when that pet name should be exchanged for a dearer one, but both she and her mother forbade all hope of such a consummation while his relative so bitterly objected. They had experienced too deeply the bitterness of disobedience, to permit another to incur such a penalty, even though unjustly imposed.

CHAPTER VII.

"One moment, sir!" exclaimed Frank Wilton, stopping his companion, the "shipmate" he had spoken of, at the door of a jeweler's establishment. "I have a little errand to do here, if I may presume to detain you a few minutes."

"Certainly, my boy, I have nothing else in all this broad continent to require my attention," replied his companion; "or elsewhere either, for aught I know," he added, sadly.

The jeweler was examining some specimens of gold which a miserable, broken-down, invalid Californian was offering for sale as the companions entered the store. Wrapped in deep thought, which the last remark seemed to have awakened, the elder gentleman remained near the door, gazing absently upon the passers, but Frank passed quickly up to the counter, saying,

"Excuse me, Mr. Coe, for interrupting you, but I am in haste, and wish to know if the locket I left to be mended this morning, is finished?"

"I think it is, Mr. Wilton," replied the jeweler, producing it from a drawer near. "You will find it quite strong now," continued he, opening and shutting it several times to try its finish, then wiping the dust carefully off the glass, he closed, enveloped, and delivered it.

During his deliberate operations, the likeness was fully displayed to the gold merchant, who stood guard over his little store, close at hand.

With a startled, eager look, he glanced from the miniature to Frank, and back again to the pearl-set case where the enamelled initials E. T. were clearly discernible. Frank could not but notice his marked attention, and instinctively buttoned more closely the depository of the treasure; but a second glance at the miserable being, made him ashamed of his caution, and with a hasty "good-night" to the jeweler, he gave a kindly smile to the poor fellow he felt that he had wronged, and joining his companion, left the store.

Hastily concluding the bargain for his little all of wealth, the invalid quickly left the store, and looked eagerly after Frank and his companion, but they had disappeared, and he sadly and feebly strolled up Broadway.

"Come in and take tea with me," said the elder gentleman, as Frank and he reached the Irving House. Wilton hesitated. "Come, come, I won't be denied, you must gratify me."

"I will," replied the young man, "on condition that you will permit me to leave you early afterward, for I have a pressing engagement this evening."

A slight blush betrayed to the old gentleman

the nature of the engagement, and he smiling assented.

"So," said he, when they had reached his room, "so, you have a sweetheart then? Come, tell me about her, for I am a lonely old man, and you have won me from sad thoughts by your bright young face, and what ever gives you pleasure, will interest me! Doubtless that was her miniature then, that you were so careful of at the jeweler's! Let me see if she does credit to your taste."

"The likeness was not taken for her," replied Frank, coloring with delight at his old friend's interest. "But it is so like her, that you can readily judge how lovely she is." Producing the treasured locket, he placed it in his companion's hand and waited, with some interest, his opinion.

As the old gentleman removed the wrapping, he started and turned ashen pale, murmuring, "How strangely like!" then slowly and tremblingly opened the case. For a moment he gazed with a startled, eager look upon the fair face there, calmly smiling at him, then grasping Frank's arm, he exclaimed,

"Whose then is this likeness?"

"It was Edith's grandmother's?" replied Frank, half frightened at the old man's agitation, "but, sir, you are ill——"

"Edith's! has she then no mother?" asked he.

"She has indeed, one who is an angel upon earth," replied Frank.

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the old man fervently, as the grateful tears coursed down his flushed cheek.

"What has so strangely excited you?" asked Frank soothingly; "do you know them?"

"No matter, now," replied he, brushing away the tears, "I am going to ask a favor of you. Will you take me with you to call upon your friends to-night? I would see if the little girl does indeed resemble the picture!" added he, playfully.

"Gladly!" replied Frank, "and I will insure you a cordial welcome, for though they have been 'Americans' for many years, they still love to see any one from 'home.'"

With a nervous eagerness, outstripping that of the young lover, the old gentleman hurried his friend on his way toward the Temples' pleasant cottage. On arriving, Mrs. Temple was out, but Edith received them with modest and graceful reserve, that even Frank's merriment could not draw her out of, in the presence of a stranger. That stranger had much difficulty in covering his own agitation, and in order the better to escape observation, he withdrew far into the

shade of the twilight room, and spoke but seldom. When in a short time, Mrs. Temple's voice was heard outside, with a hurried whisper, he begged Frank to omit, for a time, presenting him.

"Dear mother, your walk must have been pleasant, as you have stayed so late," said Edith, as she removed her mother's bonnet, as soon as she entered.

"No, darling, not very pleasant, but I was so filled with melancholy memories, that I forgot how far I was straying. You remember, dear, this is the nineteenth anniversary of my wedding-day, the day on which a father's anger settled heavily upon my heart, and has rested with a more crushing weight each year since then." A smothered sob attracted her attention, and she continued more cheerfully. "But why are you in the dark? Is not Frank here?"

"Yes, indeed, you may be sure of that, dear Mrs. Temple," exclaimed he, gayly; "and not only I, but my shipmate of whom I spoke this morning."

"Indeed! I am most happy to meet any friend of one who has been so kind to us; but I must get lights, or we shall never recognize each other again." Saying which, she moved toward the door.

"Let me go, mother," exclaimed Edith, passing out on the errand.

"Do not get lights for me, Mrs. Temple," said the old gentleman, evidently speaking under strong, but suppressed excitement.

"Who spoke?" exclaimed Mrs. Temple, eagerly.

"My old friend," replied Frank.

"Strange! the sad memories the day has awakened, have filled me with fancies. I could believe a voice I have not heard for nineteen years, spoke in those simple words. Pardon my pre-occupation, sir," said Mrs. Temple, gently.

"You were not deceived, your heart spoke truly, Edith, my child——"

"Father!"

As Edie appeared with lights, the long banished daughter was locked for a moment in her father's arms; but sank to his feet, as if there alone could she receive his forgiveness.

Surprise, for an instant, chained the young people to the spot, but intuitively reading the meaning of the scene, they stole off into the little porch, leaving the reconciled pair to mutual explanations, unobserved.

CHAPTER VIII.

As Frank and Mr. Tilney left the Irving House, they did not notice that their acquaintance of the jeweler's store, was lingering about the

"gentlemen's entrance," and followed them as close as his feeble steps could carry him, though his utmost efforts left him far behind them. He struggled manfully through a gathering faintness that weighed each footstep nearly to the ground, and he was so far from them when they reached the cottage, that his strained sight could just make out that they had entered it. He felt that now he might take breath, and sank exhausted upon a step. In a short time, strength returned in a small degree, and the poor fellow resumed his weary way.

Approaching the house as nearly as he could to avoid observation, he again sat down on an adjoining garden step, and leaning his head against the railing, awaited, he hardly knew what.

As Mrs. Temple returned from her walk, her dress brushed the poor wayfarer, but her distracted mood prevented her noticing him; not so did she escape his scrutiny, and with a start, he half rose to follow her, but agitation overcame his weak frame, the convulsive grasp of the railing relaxed, and he fell insensible upon the step.

Frank and Edith had been but a few moments upon the little porch, when a low moan attracted their attention. Edith drew instinctively nearer to her companion, and he started up and listened attentively. The twilight had increased until the lingering silver sheen of the western sky, and the feeble light of the young moon, gave but little aid to Frank's searching gaze, as he cast his eyes around to discover the origin of the sound.

"It was the rising evening breeze, I fancy," said he, resuming his seat. But in a moment the moan was repeated.

"Some one is suffering," exclaimed he, "you are not afraid to stay till I find out, are you, Edith?"

"No, no, go, Frank, but be careful," replied the young girl, losing all fear for herself in a desire to assist another.

"Come here, Edie," cried Frank from the road, "and assist me to lift this poor creature."

Without a moment's hesitation she complied, and with her help, Frank raised the prostrate man, from whose temple the blood was oozing, showing that it had come in contact with the sharp corner of the step. He was still unconscious, and unable to help himself.

"Run in the house, Edie, and ask Mr. Tilney to come here; this poor fellow must have a doctor's aid at once, or he will bleed to death, and he does not look as if he could spare much blood!" said Frank, as he supported the sufferer,

and staunched with his handkerchief and Edith's, the flowing blood.

Edith quickly executed her mission, and in a few moments, Mr. Tilney and Frank had conveyed the still insensible man into the house. Placing him upon a bed, Frank hastened for a physician. Mrs. Temple bathed his face, and endeavored to restore him to consciousness, but in vain. He looked as though death had already claimed him as he lay there, his thin white face contrasting strongly with the full, dark beard and moustache, and the long, dark hair reamed here and there with silver threads; and tears of sympathy and pity filled the eyes of the two gentle attendants, as they vainly strove to minister to him.

"In our happiest moments, how near we are to sorrow!" sighed Mrs. Temple, as, encircled by her father's arm, they stood watching their patient, and waiting Frank's return.

He came at length, accompanied by the doctor, who with a grave and anxious face, proceeded to dress the wound, and do all that his skill could suggest to restore the poor man to consciousness. He told the anxious group, that he was very low, and might not live till morning, and after directing extreme quiet, and the careful administering of certain prescriptions, he left, promising to return in the course of a few hours.

A careful examination of his clothes for means of recognizing the sufferer, resulted only in the discovery of fifty dollars, (the result of the sale of his gold,) two or three worn letters, and one just written, still unsealed, to a friend in California.

Leaving Edith to watch the patient, the others went into the adjoining room to examine the contents of the letters.

The one written by the wounded man was first consulted for the name, as the envelopes of the others had been destroyed, but was signed only "Will." It was in reply to one from his friend, accusing him of desertion, and read thus:

"You say I ran away, as if afraid to meet you! It is true; though I did not fear you, but myself! I have ever been a miserable, worthless dog, who never did a worthy action, as you who know my story can readily testify. I was sorry to leave an old friend so abruptly, but, I feared again to expose my weak will to the influence of your stronger one, and I felt unfitted to mingle in the scenes we have so long passed through together. You say I am sick and 'blue,' and hint, even brain-sick? I am sick, I think even to death, but never before as fully in possession of my senses! The memory of the one pure influence of my

life since my sainted mother blessed and left her prodigal, but not then repentant son, has haunted me like my conscience. For years I buried it with every other noble instinct, beneath the mire of my unhallowed pursuits, but within a year it has arisen from the grave of memory, and been my never wearying companion, inciting me to better aims, and holier desires. I have 'set my house in order,' and have but one wish left upon earth; I do not deserve to be so blessed, but I could desire to hear my pardon pronounced by those lips I have so often seen tremble with suppressed sorrow at my ill-treatment; to press in my arms once more, the little form that my depravity drove from a father's home, to brave the cold world, sheltered only by a mother's feeble arm. It may not be, for my sands are almost spent; but though I am to see them no more here, I humbly trust to meet them above, where they have doubtless preceded me! Oh! Tom! forsake the sinful ways we have so long walked together, and seek that 'better part' which can alone sustain you in such a prospect as lies before me! Do not sneer at my 'preaching,' but accept this as the dying counsel of your friend,

WILL."

Frank's voice had become husky, ere the close of the reading, and Mrs. Temple was weeping bitterly.

"Oh!" thought she, "if my poor unhappy husband had been but brought to feel as this poor man, whose case so closely resembles his! Heaven only knows what has been his fate!"

"Poor fellow!" sighed Frank, opening the other letters, "he seems to be friendless indeed!" As he opened the last letter, a worn slip of paper fell out, and fluttered to Edith's feet; she raised it, and with a low cry approached the light, and read in the faded characters, the note she had left with the fifty pounds for her husband when she left him!

Starting up, she was hastening to the sufferer's room, when Frank and her father restrained her, reminding her that the least excitement might prove fatal.

While this was passing, Edie sat by the sick man's side, from time to time, moistening his lips, and bathing his brow. The light of the lamp, though shrouded from the bed, fell upon her face as she sat quietly thinking over the strange events of the day.

"Edith!" murmured the invalid in a faint voice. Edie started to hear her name called by a stranger, and upon looking up, she found his eyes open and fixed earnestly upon her face.

"Edith, I have been very sick, have I not?" asked he, faintly.

"Yes," replied Edie, trembling violently, "and you must not talk now."

"I must tell you a terrible dream I have had, I thought my heartlessness had driven you and little Edie from me forever, and that I was dying without your forgiveness. But it was the fever, was it not, dear? But where is Edie, I don't see her?"

"She is safe and well," replied the poor girl with difficulty restraining her tears, as the relationship she held to the sufferer flashed upon her mind, as she remembered her mother's sad history. "You must not agitate yourself now, dear, but try to sleep," continued she.

"Well, let me hold your hand, then I shall be sure you have not left me, and perhaps I can sleep."

It was a severe task for the affectionate girl to sit there, suppressing even a deep breath, lest she should disturb the patient who had sunk again into a state of unconsciousness, and unable to move to tell her mother of her strange discovery. But presently, Edith, having calmed her violent agitation, and fancying she had heard voices, entered the room.

"Oh! mother!" whispered Edie, "do you know who lies here before you?"

"Heaven be praised! I do," replied Mrs. Temple, solemnly, "but how have you learned it?"

The tears of mother and daughter flowed afresh, as Edie related the conversation with her father.

Presently the sleeper opened his eyes and looked at them with a bewildered air.

"Where am I, and who are you?" asked he.

"You are safe, and with friends," replied his wife, gently.

"That voice!" exclaimed Temple, starting up with supernatural strength, "am I already in the world of spirits, or did I fancy Edith spoke?"

"No, William, she did speak, and it is she who is by you, never to leave you more!"

"You forgive me then? Heaven has heard me, and I have now no other wish on earth. Welcome, death, you cannot too soon release me now!" exclaimed Temple, energetically.

"Do not speak so sadly, William, you will, I trust, soon recover, and spend many happy years with us," said Edith, tearfully.

"Not so, dearest, the fire has burned too fiercely long to hold its heat, and I have supplied the fuel with a lavish hand, till nothing now remains to feed the expiring flame. The story of my life for fifteen years, would but pain and shock you, best leave it to the past. Through a pious mother's prayers, and memory of your

pure example, I am about to meet the King of Terrors, fearless of his power, and thankful for his friendly release. Do not weep, I have never been the subject but of your darkest memories, and I rejoice that I can leave you a brighter remembrance of me in the knowledge of the different man I am! Was not some one else here just now? Where is Edie, our little daughter? I had almost forgotten her in meeting you again. If she still lives, bid her receive her father's blessing; he dare bestow it now!"

Edith went to the door and called her daughter, motioning the others, too, to enter, for she feared her husband's life was waning fast. Temple seemed surprised to see the young girl, who murmured, for the first time in many years, the gentle words, "dear father," as she sank beside the bed. In a moment, a half-smile at his forgetfulness of all the intervening years, flitted over his face, and laying his feeble hand upon the bowed head of the weeping girl, he blessed her in broken and fading accents.

Motioning for Edith to come nearer, he took her hand, saying, with an increased energy,

"Should you ever again behold that father, from whom my baseness parted you, ask him to forgive me, and for the sake of the dead, to restore you to your old place in his affection!"

"Rest in peace, William Temple," said Mr. Tilney, stepping forward and clasping the hands of his daughter and her husband in his own; "you are freely and fully forgiven, as I hope to be pardoned!"

A look of wild surprise for a moment lighted the fast glazing eyes of the dying man, which was succeeded by an expression of perfect happiness, as, murmuring a perfect thanksgiving, his spirit passed from the presence of his weeping family to eternity!

Frank, who had been a silent, but deeply interested spectator of this touching scene, now drew the sorrowing ones from the room, and, ever active in aiding others, proved the trusty friend he had ever been.

The heiress of Richard Tilney, of Tilney Park, was a far different person from the poor sewing woman's daughter, so it was not now so difficult to gain his uncle's permission to Frank's marriage with Edith; but the young man had serious misgivings as to the propriety of a poor clerk's aspiring to the hand of the English heiress.

For months, of course, no one mentioned the subject; but Frank was not the light-hearted Frank of other days. This was perceptible to all, but no one spoke of it, though Edie grieved at the change, for she felt that with her particularly, he was constrained and embarrassed. Mr. Tilney half suspected the cause, and determined to remove it. One day when alone with him, he said, "Frank, you know I have taken an old man's fancy to you, and I think in return, you would be willing to oblige me. I have no son, and would adopt you, making you co-heir to my estate——"

"Oh! sir!——" began Frank.

"One moment—there is a condition."

Frank looked anxious, but said, "Name it, sir."

"It is this," said Mr. Tilney, "that you consent to marry—my grand-daughter."

Happiness beamed once more in Frank's honest face, as with mock submission, he replied,

"Sir, your kindness entitles your every wish to due consideration, pray believe me all obedience to your commands!"

"You rogue!" exclaimed Mr. Tilney, laughing.

"Come here, Edith, and thank this young man for consenting to marry you in 'obedience to my commands.'" And the old gentleman drew Edith into the room and left them, seeking his daughter to arrange all things with her.

A few months more saw them rambling over the grand old Park of Edith Temple's early home; where in a subdued and chastened spirit, she renewed her acquaintance with scenes so fraught with tender interest, and with thankfulness acknowledged that mercy had attended her every step.

A WISH.

BY MAGGIE STEWART.

SWIFT child! in life's gay morning time,
Thy feet are treading now;
And like a benediction falls
Its sunlight on thy brow.

Above thee from a cloudless sky,
Hope's bow of promise bends,
And with Joy's gushing melody,
No jarring discord blends.

Oh, may thy life still radiant be;
Still free from sorrow's blight;
Until adown Heaven's Western slope
Thy sun goes at Life's night.

And may'st thou gently "fall asleep,"
As gently falls the dew.
God keep thee thus, throughout thy life,
"Unspotted," pure, and true.

PROVIDENCE?

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

"Oh, dear! Take my bonnet up stairs, Augusta."

"In a moment, let me finish this one page."

"Take it now; this comes of reading; you are never ready to obey your mother. Some parents' wishes are anticipated by their children; mine must not only be expressed, but enforced by a positive command. Do you hear me, Augusta? Put down that book, and take my bonnet up stairs."

Her mother's sigh was the last sound which Augusta heard as she left the room; but no one heard her sigh, as she performed the slight, yet irksome service.

"My dear! Isn't that Gussy's book? She had not finished reading."

"Yes, Gussy's book; look at it! Nonsensical Catholic Hymns! I shall take good care that she does not finish such reading. Just so I have to watch that girl!"

"But Mrs. Freake, do you know what you condemn."

"To be sure I know. Can't I read? Don't I see on the cover, '*Lyra Catholica*'?"

"Not so fast, wife, '*Lyra Catholica*' is one of the finest collections of hymns I ever met. Catholic, you know, has two meanings, these hymns are Christian, not sectarian."

"Not sectarian, they're a wolf in sheep's clothing!"

"You are bigoted, dear, these are some of the sweetest, holiest songs in literature; the very heart's blood of the church is in them, and for my own part, I am glad that Gussy has been drawn to read such a book."

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Freake, that you will take the education of my daughters out of my hands?"

"Oh, no! Only suggest that when you and I were young, we had what books we chose, and enjoyed the liberty."

"And witness the result, your daughter lounging over a book of Popish hymns?"

"And you, dear?"

"My case is entirely different; I am a church member, Henry!"

"Does old Dr. Cottle have the dispensing of all our heavenly Father's smiles? My dear woman, your popery is worse than that of the *Lyra Catholica*."

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"My popery! Well, I see you are trying to draw me out, and tantalize me."

"Charity, charity, Julia! Why should I wish to annoy the one nearest to me in all this world?"

Tears sprang to the eyes of Mrs. Freake. "There was a time, Henry, when my opinion and my wish had some weight with you." And she left the room in tears. Mr. Freake composed himself to read, but could not, his kind heart reproached him for having wounded the feelings of his wife. Augusta returned for her book, and it was gone; her father confessed who had taken it, but dared not restore the book, or comfort his child. It was a little trial, but the young girl's mind was full of rebellious thoughts; her heart was full of tears.

With such emotions at work within, the three members of Mrs. Freake's family passed through the afternoon service at church—the tea hour, so cheerful elsewhere—the long, long twilight, the silent evening.

It was very hard; Mrs. Freake wished to be good, and to make every one within her sphere of influence, holy if not happy; but the smiles of Providence were most capriciously distributed in this world, she declared, and hers was not a happy nor a holy home.

And there was her sister, Mrs. During, she said, who never tried to be good, but whose existence blossomed out like a flower into perfect beauty. She gave not half so much to reform the heathen, was Mrs. Freake's frequent remark; she did not reprove her husband's sins, nor watch over her children so carefully as Mrs. Freake.

Did she not? Let us look into her house on that same Sunday noon.

Like her sister, Mrs. During came home tired with the warm day, the lengthy service, and the care of her Sunday-school class. She sank into an easy-chair, while her two children occupied one sofa, and her husband lay, book in hand, upon anther.

"Charlie, how came you to know Ellen Lee? I saw you exchanging bows. What a stylish girl she is! That was a real India shawl she wore. Did you observe it, mother?"

"No, Lizzie."

"Speaking of style though, did you observe

Polly Cottle's bonnet? I do think it's a disgrace to the congregation. Did you see it, mother?"

"No, Charlie."

"You are sparing of words to-day, what's the matter? Tired, you blessing?" Charlie was bending now over his mother's chair.

"Not so very tired."

"I know," said Lizzie, "she thinks we are talking scandal, that we shouldn't go to church to look at shawls and bonnets. There—see! she's smiling, I knew that was it. How good you are, mother! but if it isn't too secular a subject, may I untie your bonnet, and take it up stairs?"

"And here's a fan, you dear soul!" said Charlie.

"Did you inquire after father's headache, Liz? And Charlie, tell him about the sermon, he is always so pleased to find you have listened," whispered Mrs. During, as her children stood beside her; then she disappeared.

"Is dinner almost ready, Bridget? Only six minutes more, and you know Mr. During likes to be punctual. Stay, I will peel the potatoes."

"If you'd just look at the table, ma'am; for Mr. During does make such a fuss when anything's left off; and Miss Lizzie, she had one eye on a book, all the time she was setting it."

"Oh, Biddy, you mustn't tell tales! What did your mother say to the peaches?"

"Law, if I didn't forget to tell you how pleased she was! and to think that Miss Lizzie should go and carry them herself, into such a poor place as that—and to stop and talk with my mother besides—I'm sure she's the last young lady I'd tell tales about."

Mr. During appeared at the kitchen door. "Come, Bridget, hurry! I know dinner will be late, as it was yesterday; this delay is all nonsense, and I won't endure it."

"I've been telling Biddy that we must be more punctual."

"What! you here in the kitchen, Mrs. During? tired as you are, and this hot day—and Miss Elizabeth, forsooth, lounging in the parlor over a book!"

"Poor Liz, don't blame her! She detests work, and is only happy when she has a book; yet she never refuses to help me, when I ask."

"She shouldn't wait to be asked."

"Oh, these young people don't think. I detested work in the same way when I was young; but had no mother to take the burden from me. Come, Biddy—all ready?"

"All ready, ma'am." But confused by the severe eye of her master, Biddy tripped over a

rent in her gown, and the potatoes rolled about the floor.

Mr. During's face grew dark with wrath, and Biddy cowered before him, paralyzed with fright.

What a beginning for a whole uncomfortable week, a series of mishaps and recriminations! But a pleasant word, fitly spoken, set all right again.

"Sh' h' dear, come into the parlor, you frighten her! Don't speak, don't!" and the wife led her husband away. "There, Biddy, never mind: we can do without potatoes, and there are enough left on the plate for Mr. During. Be quiet now, and don't let us have any more accidents, or you won't be in time for church this afternoon."

The dinner was served, the dining-room door closed.

"What a woman she is!" muttered Biddy, stooping to pick up the scattered potatoes, "I don't see what Providence meant, a-putting such a saint along with an ugly, growling man like Mr. During. I believe he's in his second childhood, I do! To scold her about the dinner, when he has been asleep on the sofa all this morning! I wish I was Providence, that's all!"

"Stupid fool!" began the subject of this soliloquy, as he seated himself at table.

"It seems to me, I would let the matter drop now, dear. You know Bridget works for low wages, and the poor thing does her best. Besides, it is Sunday, and I can't bear to have the children listen to such talk; here they come!"

"It's a pity if I can't speak in my own house, and the truth is, everything goes wrong through your over-indulgence, Mrs. During!"

"Everything wrong, here! There isn't such a home on this side of paradise as ours, if——"

"If I were dead, I suppose?"

"If we were only worthy of it—I meant to say."

But it must be confessed, that whether by accident or design, Charlie's foot touched his sister's under the table. An appealing look from the mother changed his mood so much that he changed the subject.

"Do you know, mother, and Liz, that we have been talking over that good sermon of Parson Cottle's; and father says every idea in it is stolen from Dr. South!"

"What a memory your father has!"

"Yes, and how much he has stored into his memory, you must have been a great reader in your day, father."

"I was; you inherited that sin from me, Lizzie; I'm glad you do not inherit the unsocial disposition that made me, in my youth, care more for books than people."

Ah, the ice was beginning to melt!

"Professor Wills told me, the other day," said Charlie, "that if I had your talent and industry, I should become an honor to the college."

"Did he say that?"

"Those very words."

"Well, children, I began life a different man from the one you know; I have had trouble and constant sickness; and as bad a disposition to contend with as ever was inflicted on a man."

"Oh, father!"

"Yes, I have: you needn't deny it. And if your mother had not been the dear, patient saint she is, heaven knows what would have become of me, and of you, my children!"

The ice had melted! The family even more united, more peaceful and happy for these little trials of the noon. Lizzie's thoughts did, during the afternoon service, stray once or twice to the subject of Polly Cottle's bonnet; and she did perfect a design for coaxing from her mother a new head-gear for the minister's daughter, out of certain funds appropriated to the heathen.

But when the human swarm poured out from a little Catholic church, and a group gathered in the grave-yard, began to discuss their wrongs and trials, and to stir up hatred thus for their

oppressors, Biddy stood forth and spoke of her mistress' gentleness and charity; and rough hands wiped tears from more than one eye, as she told her homely tale of the accident at noon, and the mistress' forbearance with her. Ah, did not Mrs. During send, in the poor, stupid Biddy, a preacher to quiet as heathenish passions as ever existed in far lands beyond the sea?

Mrs. Frenke never discerned her own mistakes, and therefore never ceased to rail against Providence. "Just the luck!" she sighed, in after years, "there has that good-for-nothing Lizzie During turned out an authoress; and what's my Gussy good for? Gussy that has twice the talent, and whose mind I've watched over so carefully! There is my poor Frank in California, starving, or selling his soul for gold, for aught I know; and Charlie During, mere mother's boy, that he always was, is partner to one of the greatest lawyers in the country; and has married a fortune, besides! I do hope and believe that in another world the good will meet their reward, and not be dealt with so harshly and unjustly by Providence!"

Where lay the difference—in the two sisters, the two hearts and lives—or in the allotments of PROVIDENCE?

A PORTRAIT.

BY ANNA O. GRAYSON.

A LOVELY face, so fair and sweet,
It seems the very place most meet
For gentlest tears or kindest smiles,
For blushing hopes or softest wiles,
To gather, grow, and pass away
Like Summer clouds or sunset ray.

A brow like Mary mother's mild,
When gazing downward on her child,
And drooping lids o'er shading eyes

Full of a deep and sweet surprise,
As if recalled from some far sphere
The wondering but lingered here!

A mouth whose arching curves disclose
The sunshine of the heart's repose,
All charms that ever woman wore,
Or lovers count in love's dear lore,
Are met and mingled in the grace
That glows and breathes in Sybil's face!

MEETING AND PARTING.

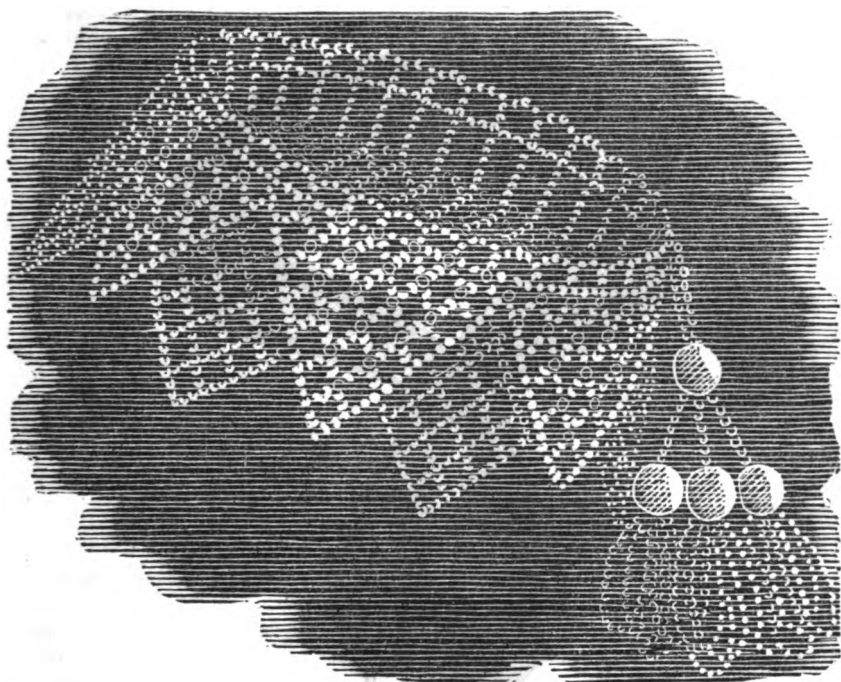
BY J. S. M'EWEN.

SCENES of care, and scenes of pleasure
Alternate our walks in life,
One day bringing some new treasure,
On the morrow cankered rife.
Friend meets friend, and hearts are lighted;
Joy springs up with hope anew—
Hope is vanquished, joy is blighted,
By the utterance of adieu!

See, upon the gentle river
Waifs in eddies meet and play
Transiently, and then forever
Ripplelets bear them far away.
Thus it is with friendly meeting—
Joy lights up the bounding heart;
Wavelets come and chill the greeting—
Tears bedew the hour they part.

VANDYKE BRACELET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



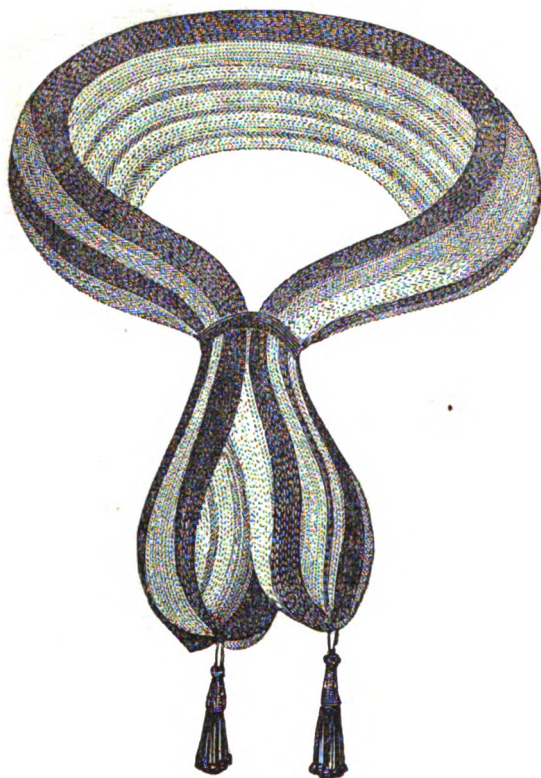
As many beads must be strung as will go over the hand of the intended wearer with ease, when formed into a round. We cannot specify the exact number, because there may be some variation in the size of the bead, or the hand, but we may mention about a hundred and fifty. This string is to be of the two colors which compose the bracelet. Clear white, and either ruby, emerald-green, or turquoise-blue. Take three white and one colored, until the string is long enough. Divide this into six equal parts, and on each part thread a row of loops, consisting of two white, one colored, and two white; then, taking up the colored bead on the foundation string, repeat this until the sixth part of this foundation string is filled with loops, then pass the needle back to the last colored bead and thread five in the same way, take up the colored bead of the loops, going back again, and so completing the diamonds. Repeat this until you come to the last diamond, which forms the point. The other five divisions are to be done exactly in the same way. Then thread a border of loops round these

vandykes according to our illustration, to give them a suitable finish. Our bracelet consists of two rows of vandykes. The under one is formed exactly in the same way as we have described, only that each vandyke is separated from its foundation string by a row of loops six or eight beads deep, before commencing the diamonds, merely to make it hang a little deeper than the upper row, so as to show better. When these two rows of vandykes are done, they are to be put together with the point of the one to come exactly over the division of the other, and fastened together by a row of loops, through the opening of which an elastic is to be passed. This elastic causes the vandykes slightly to diverge, which improves the effect of the bracelet. A little string of beads having the treble tassel at each end is to be linked through this elastic.

All the colors we have mentioned look extremely well, but when the turquoise-blue can be procured of the genuine color, perhaps it is more beautiful made up alone, without the mixture of the white.

NECK-TIE IN CHINCHILLA COLORS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



No. 6 Knitting Pins; Chinchilla color and white or black 4-thread Berlin wool, six skeins of the darkest shade, five of the second shade, three of the third, and seven white.

Cast on one hundred stitches in the darkest shade, and knit and pearl alternately nine rows, then join on the white and knit and pearl alternately seven rows; join on the next shade and

work the same; then the white, then the lightest shade; then white, then the next darkest shade; then white, and lastly, the darkest shade, and cast off; dress up the beads and finish with tassels, and secure it at the neck with a scarf ring.

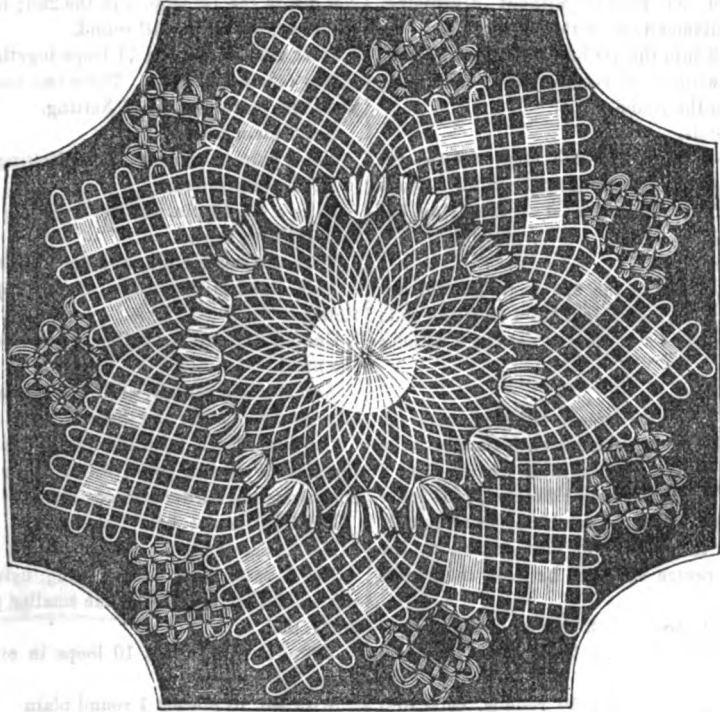
The wrong or plain side of the colored stripes is the right side of the tie.

NETTED MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Six skeins of white Berlin wool, and six pink ditto. One bone mesh in width, and one No. 11.

With the large mesh work one round of thirty, two stitches, with the pink wool. Then five rounds with the fine mesh. Take the large



mesh; † four stitches in one, miss the next; † repeat all round.

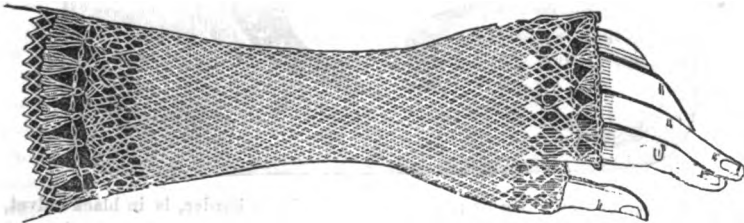
Do two more rounds with the fine mesh. A point. Nine stitches, turn; eight stitches, turn; seven stitches; turn the work, do six only, always omitting the last; turn, do five; turn, do four; turn, do three; turn, do two; turn, do one. Break off the wool, leaving an end, which must be neatly fastened off. Repeat all round.

Darn a diamond at each point with white wool, and draw up the centre.

Do another mat with the white wool, in exactly the same manner, and darn three diamonds on it with the pink. Draw it up; lay it over the pink, with every point coming between two points of the latter, as seen in the engraving, and sew them together in the centre.

NETTED MITTEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Four skeins of the very finest Purse Silk that can be procured. For a large hand use No. 17 Pin, or for a small one use No. 19 Pin; also No. 10 Pin.

Begin on a foundation of 78 loops.

Net 14 rounds, or 7 diamonds.

Decrease, by netting 2 loops together once in every fourth round for 6 times, but not always in the same place.

There should now be 38 rounds, or 19 diamonds, from the foundation.

Then net 54 rounds without decreasing, making 46 diamonds from the foundation.

Now net 2 into the 1st loop, the remainder of the round without increasing—thus increasing once only in the round.

Net 8 rounds.

Net 1; net 2 into the 2nd loop; net the remainder without increasing, till within 3 loops of the end; net 2 into the 1st of these; net the other two plain.

Net 3 rounds.

Net 2; net 2 into the 3rd loop; net the remainder without increasing, till 4 from the end; net two into the 1st of these; net the 3 without increasing.

Net 3 rounds.

Continue thus to increase twice in every 4th round, leaving 2 more loops each time between the double stitches, (thus, after leaving first 3 and then 5 between, as just directed, next leave 7, then 9, &c.,) till there are 100 loops all round; now divide the Mitten in half, taking as the middle the centre diamond between the double stitches.

Count 18 loops on each side of this diamond, making in the whole 27 loops; join these together for the thumb.

On these 27 loops net 10 rounds, or 5 diamonds; then one pattern of Leaf Netting, thus:

Net * 5 in the 1st loop, 5 in the 2nd; net 3 loops plain; repeat from * all round.

Next round; net the 11 loops together; net 4 plain; repeat all round. These two rounds complete one pattern of Leaf Netting.

Net 2 plain rounds.

Net 1 pattern round of Leaf Netting.

Net 2 plain rounds.

Take a No. 10 pin, and net 6 stitches in 1 loop, miss 3 loops, repeat.

Take the smaller pin, and net 1 plain round.

This finishes the edge at the top of the thumb.

Cut off the silk or cotton, and fasten it on at the hand.

Net 20 plain rounds, or 10 diamonds; net the edge as directed for the thumb.

Cut the Mitten from the foundation. Fasten the silk on to this point, which is the arm, and commence the border and edging:—

Net 1 pattern of Leaf Netting.

Net 2 rounds plain.

Net 1 pattern of Leaf Netting, using No. 10 pin in the 1st round, and the smaller pin in the 2nd round.

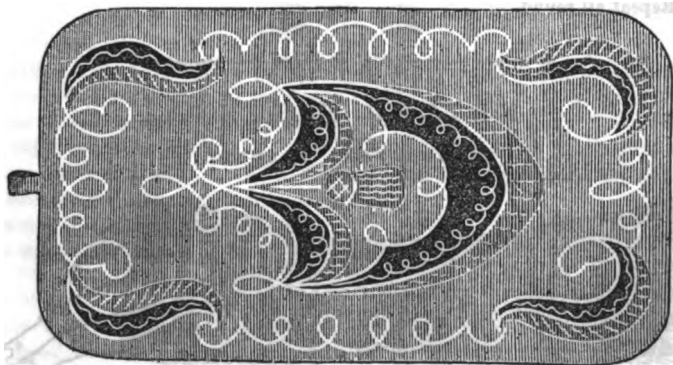
With No. 10 pin net 10 loops in one, miss 4 loops, repeat.

With No. 10 pin net 1 round plain.

With smaller pin net 1 round plain.

SHIELD CIGAR-CASE IN APPLICATION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—A piece of rich violet or maroon cloth, black velvet, fine gold braid, gold thread, and black silk.

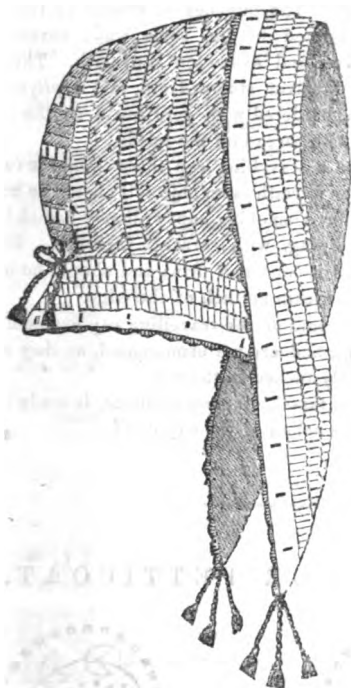
In the centre of the shield, where a pendent tassel is now seen, the initials of the owner may be embroidered. The pattern, with the corner

pieces of the border, is in black velvet, cut out in the proper form, and gummed on the cloth. All the edges are covered with gold braid, which also forms the various scrolls, except those on the velvet itself, which are in gold thread. To work the fringe you will take a succession of

stitches with coarse black silk, the length required for the pattern, each one being straight down. At equal distances, say every fifth stitch, appears one in gold thread. The lower part of the tassel is worked in the same way; the upper part slightly raised, and with cross bows of silk.

OPERA HOOD, WITH KNITTED ERMINE BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS REQUIRED.—Two and a half oz. scarlet zephyr, half oz. black zephyr, two oz. double white zephyr, a bone crochet needle, medium zephyr size, a pair of bone knitting needles, medium.

FOR THE FACE OF THE HOOD.—Make a chain of two hundred and fifty stitches with the scarlet zephyr.

1st row.—Work in double crochet on every alternate loop of chain.

2nd row.—Work in double crochet, narrowing one stitch at each end. (Narrow by dropping the stitch.)

3rd and 4th rows.—Work in double crochet, narrow by dropping the stitch.

5th, 6th and 7th rows.—Work in double crochet, narrowing five stitches at each end.

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8th row.—Work in double crochet, narrowing nine stitches at each end.

9th row.—Work in double crochet, narrowing five stitches at each end.

Then work six rows single crochet, narrowing one stitch each end as before.

Then work one row double crochet.

Then work six rows single crochet, narrowing as before.

Then work one row double crochet.

Then work six rows single crochet, narrowing as before.

Then work one row double crochet; this completes the face.

FOR THE CROWN.—Make a chain of twenty stitches.

Work one row double crochet.

Work four rows single crochet, widening one stitch at each end. (Widen by making two stitches in one loop.)

Work one row double crochet.

Work four rows single, widening as before.

Work one row double crochet.

Work four rows single crochet, narrowing one stitch at each end.

Work one row double crochet.

Work four rows single crochet, narrowing one stitch at each end.

Work one row double crochet.

This completes the crown.

FOR THE CAPE.—Make a chain of eighty-eight stitches.

Work six rows in double crochet, narrowing one stitch at each end of every row.

Sew the several parts together, edging the whole with one row of shell stitch, which is done by working one stitch in single crochet, three in double, one again in single, placing the five stitches in every alternate loop, observing to place a single stitch between each shell pattern.

FOR THE BORDER.—Cast on the knitting needles twelve stitches with the white zephyr. Knit in garter stitch enough for the face and cape. Embroider spots in this with the black zephyr,

in imitation of ermine. Turn over the face of the hood as far as the sixth row, sew the ermine border upon the face and cape.

Complete with tassels of the scarlet zephyr at the ends; cord and tassels to tie behind, drawing the hood any size to fit the head.

VINE-LEAF TRAVELLING CAP IN APPLICATION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Rich brown cloth, black velvet leaves, small steel rings, black silk, gold braid, and thread.

This cap is done in application. Our readers may remember the small rings, which covered

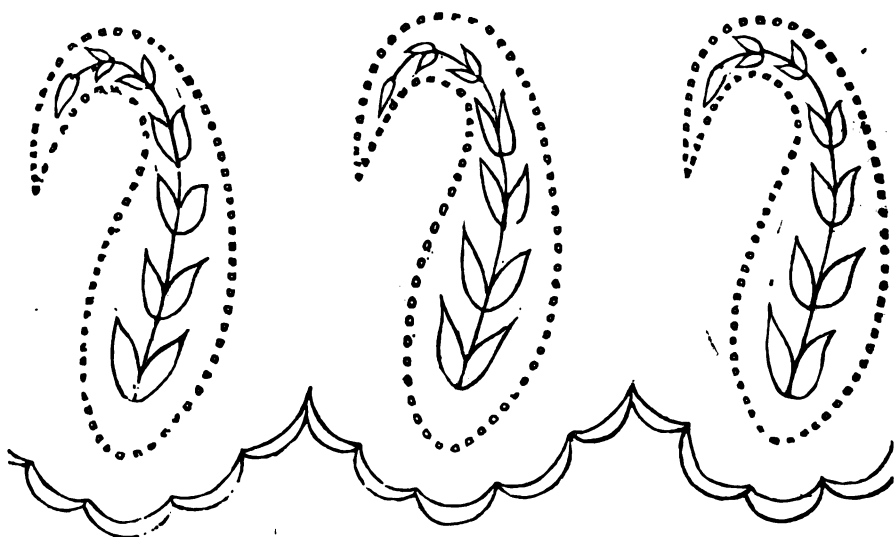
with crochet, were used some time ago for purses. The bunches of grapes in this design are formed in the same way; covered with crochet, and sewed on the cloth. The leaves are of velvet, stamped out, and *applique* on the cloth, bordered with gold braid on the outside, and with thread on the inside.

For a travelling cap there should be two ears, and as warmth is an object, it should be wadded; but for a smoking cap, ordinary bed-tick is the best lining, with sarsenet inside it. The tick makes it nice and firm; and should be brought down within an inch of the edge.

The ears of the travelling cap are made separately, and are not ornamented, as they are frequently tucked in the cap.

The tassel, of passementerie, is made to unite all the colors of the cap itself.

PALM-LEAF PATTERN FOR PETTICOAT.



OUR DICTIONARY OF NEEDLEWORK.

NO. III.—POINT-LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

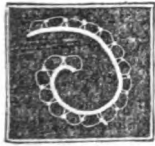
THE leading stitch in all varieties of Point-Lace is the ordinary buttonhole, or overcast stitch: worked at regular intervals, or perfectly close, it forms the basis of three-fourths of all the stitches used in the manufacture of Point. The various stitches may be sub-divided into three classes—Edges, Bars, and Laces. We treat of them in regular gradation.



BRUSSELS EDGE.—A series of buttonhole stitches, about ten to the inch, each stitch being allowed to form a small loose loop. Work from left to right.



VENETIAN EDGING.—On the single loose buttonhole stitch of last edge, do four tight stitches.



LITTLE VENETIAN EDGE.—On the single loose Brussels edge stitch, do one tight stitch.



SORRENTO EDGE.—The loose buttonhole stitch being worked, do a tight one on it: then another loose, and tight one at half the distance. One-eighth and one-sixteenth of an inch

are the proper distances.



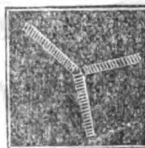
POINT EDGE.—Six loops are arranged to form a point. Take one stitch from the extreme left, to make a loop, the size seen in the engraving. Fasten it on the foundation, and work it back so as to have a double bar of thread. Cover this with close buttonhole-stitch, making on the first half of it, the two Raleigh dots seen in engraving. When this loop is thus finished, make the second without dots: then form the third, but only half cover this with buttonhole stitch. Take a stitch in the middle of the centre loop, and then of the left-hand one, to form two more loops. Cover the one entirely with but-

tonhole-stitch, adding the two dots: the other only partially. Make a loop to connect these two, and form the point; cover this, making four dots on it; and work down the halves of the other loops, doing two dots on each. A wider edge may be made, on this principle, by doing four loops for the basis, or even five, decreasing one, of course, in every row. To keep the loose loops in their places, while working them, hold them on the paper, or *toile ciré*, with a fine needle.

BARs.—These are used to connect the flowers, &c., with the edge of Point Lace, and to form a solid piece of it. There is an infinite variety of fancy bars; and they can, by a little ingenuity, be varied to any extent. The basis is the



RALEIGH BARS.—Begin as for a Venetian, and after every eighth or tenth stitch, instead of bringing the needle through the loop, slip it under the bar, and bring the needle up on the right-hand side, leaving a loop of thread about one, and a-half inches long, which must be held down, to keep it in its place: then pass the needle six times round the right-hand side of the loop; and when drawn up this will form a knot, thick on one side, and with the single thread on the other. Slip the needle through it, above the bar, and continue to work it in the ordinary buttonhole. This peculiar knot is what is called a Raleigh knot.



VENETIAN BARS.—A bar of one, two, or more threads, closely covered with buttonhole-stitches. They are either simple lines, or branched bars. In the latter, work on the principal line until you come to the branch. Make that bar, and cover it, before finishing the main line.



EDGED VENETIAN BARS.—The same bars, with Brussels, or Venetian edge worked on them.



SORRENTO BARS.—Two threads so closely twisted together as to appear like one.



DOTTED VENETIAN BARS.—After every fifth or sixth stitch of an ordinary Venetian bar, put in a needle, to hold the thread out, while covering it with buttonhole-stitch.



POINT D'ALENÇON BARS.—The ordinary herringbone stitch, with the thread twisted once, twice, or oftener, according to the depth to be filled in.



ENGLISH BARS.—This is simply darning between two lines of Venetian or Brussels edging. The needle is always put in the stitch, from the upper side, downward.



GROUNDING BARS.—These are all formed of varieties of Venetian bars, dotted with Raleigh.

PRINTER'S MARKS.—These consist of crosses x—sometimes printed as the ordinary letter X; asterisks *—daggers.† They are to indicate repetitions in any row or round. Two similar ones are placed at the beginning and end of any part to be repeated, and the number of times is written after the last. Thus x 3 de, 5 ch, miss 4, x 3 times, would, if written in full, be 3 dc, 5 ch, miss 4; 3 dc, 5 ch, miss 4; 3 dc, 5 ch, miss 4.

Sometimes one pair of marks is used within another—thus x 5 de, 3 ch, miss 2; * 1 de, 3 ch, miss 2 * twice; 4 de, 2 ch, miss 1 x twice. This, written at length, would be 5 de, 3 ch, miss 2, 1 de, 3 ch, miss 2; 1 de, 3 ch, miss 2; 4 de, 2 ch, miss 1; 5 de, 3 ch, miss 2; 1 de, 3 ch, miss 2; 4 de, 2 ch, miss 1.

This example will show how much valuable space is saved by the adoption of these very simple and comprehensible terms.

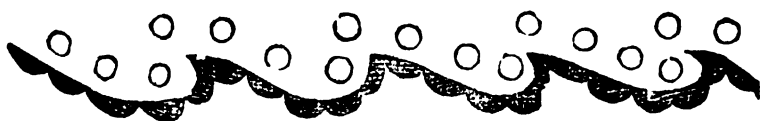
Round.—A line of work beginning and ending at the same place, without turning back.

Row.—A line of work which requires you to turn it in order to recommence. Example:—We speak of rows in a garter, and rounds in a stocking.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



ON CASHMERE FOR BABY'S CLOAK.



FOR CHEMISE YOKE.

HOW TO MAKE A SANGUINIA ROSE.

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



MATERIALS.—Carmine, Sanguinia and cherry-color tissue paper, rose hearts; three sizes moulders.

Cut three sizes as directed for making a rose, the largest size of carmine paper, the medium size of sanguinia paper, and the smallest of the cherry-color. Mould the largest size in the palm of the hand with the largest size moulder. This size does not require to be very much crimped. The next set of petals crimp with the medium size moulder; the smallest, which should be crimped the most, with the smallest size moulder. Touch the heart or stamen with gum, slip on the smallest sizes first, then the medium, the largest set last, touching each set of petals with gum to keep them in their place. The buds and leaves can be had ready prepared.

*** MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for Pinks, Dahlias, and red Roses, variegated for Japonicas, Pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 32 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

JACKET FOR A LITTLE BOY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

UNDER this department, "How To MAKE ONE'S OWN DRESSES," we give, this month, a diagram, by which to cut out a JACKET FOR A BOY FOUR OR FIVE YEARS OLD.

- No. 1. Half of the back.
- No. 2. Half of the front.
- No. 8. Back of a sleeve.

No. 4. Front of a sleeve.

This jacket is to be worn over a full white body or skirt, and to be fastened by two or three buttons down the front. It is cut somewhat pointed behind. The sleeves are made with a seam on the outside of the arm like a coat sleeve.

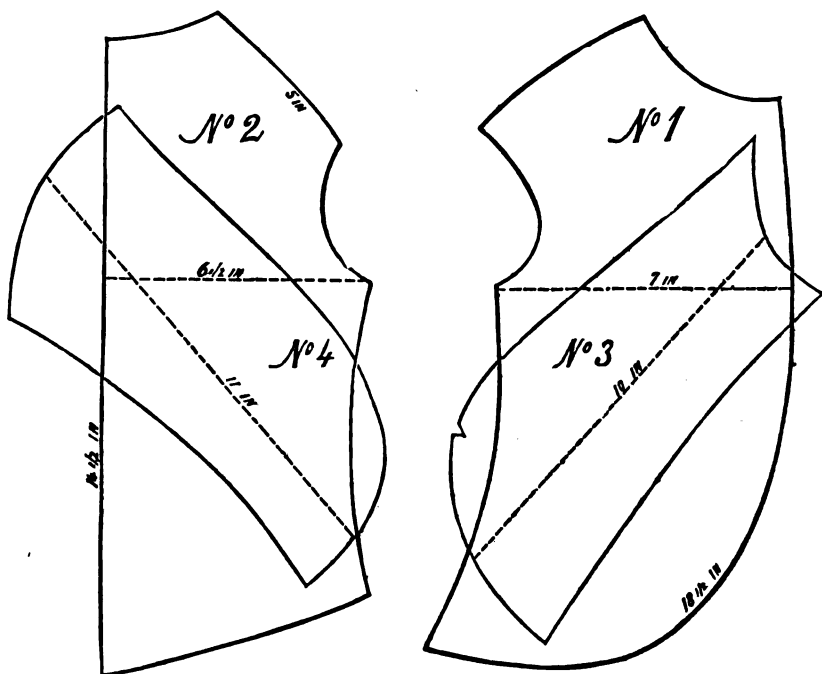
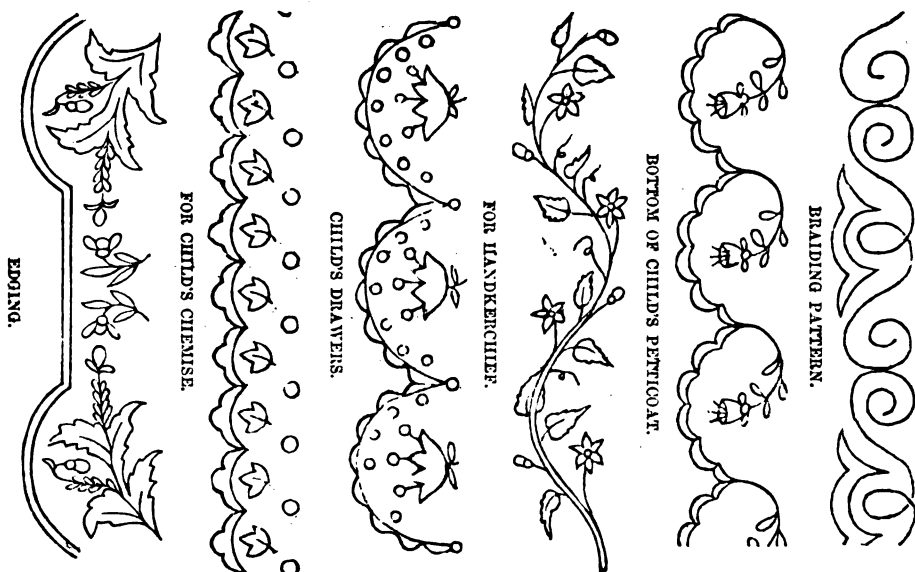
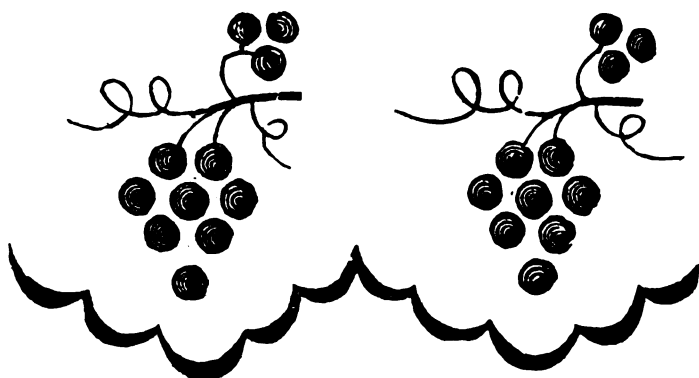


DIAGRAM FOR JACKET OF A LITTLE BOY.

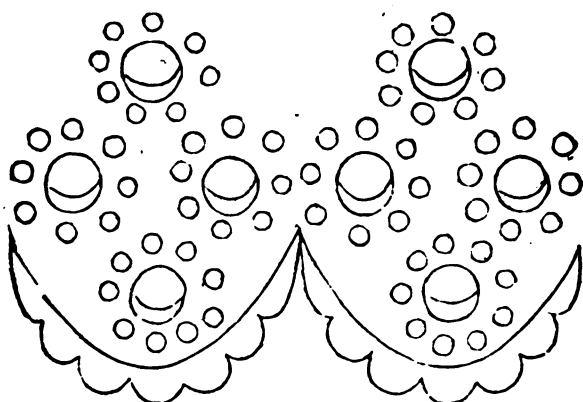
VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



PATTERNS FOR THE WORK-TABLE.



EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



BOTTOM OF SKIRT.



INITIALS FOR MARKING.

EDITORS TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

SOME THINGS THAT DO NOT "PAY."—It is a common thing, among business men, to say, "it doesn't pay." Ask a merchant, for example, why he will not send a cargo to a certain port, and his answer is, "it doesn't pay." Inquire of a manufacturer why he makes a poor, cheap article, and his reply will be that the public does not patronize a higher-priced one, and that to produce it, therefore, "would not pay."

We have often thought that there were other things that "did not pay." A man who has made a little money begins to think it time that he should "get into society," as the cant phrase goes. His wife is often only too ready to accord with him. Their vanity instigates them to cultivate the acquaintance of a set of fashionable idlers, who live chiefly for display, spend their entire incomes for their own selfish gratification, and affect to look down on the rest of the world. Accordingly, our *parvenu* buys a carriage, builds a fine house, orders expensive furniture, gives extravagant parties, cuts his poor relations, and toadies to these would-be aristocrats. At last, perhaps, he and his wife gain admission into the exclusive circle, but only to find that they are no happier than they were before. Oftener, however, the husband becomes bankrupt before his foothold is made good, through the spendthrift habits in which his silly ambition has involved him. In either event, *does it pay?*

A young man meets a silly, selfish, stylish, gay, rattling, extravagant girl at a party. She has already become an adept in flirtation and is excessively fond of admiration. Her fine eyes soon make a conquest of him. Probably after wasting unheard-of sums in bouquets and other more costly gifts, he ventures to propose, and is told, with feigned astonishment, that she never thought of him "except as a friend." Possibly he receives a favorable reply, especially if he is good-looking and rich, or if the lady is growing old; but if he marries, he soon discovers that a fashionable coquette makes but a sorry wife, and a still more worthless mother. In either case, *does it pay?*

A young lady makes the acquaintance of a plausible young gentleman. He has an elegant moustache; wears lemon-colored gloves and patent-leather boots; and dances, as she tells her confidant, "divinely." She is soon "head over ears" in love with him. Her parents remonstrate in vain with her. They tell her he is idle, selfish, a spendthrift, perhaps also a rascal. She does not believe a word of it. She looks upon herself as a heroine, and on her adorer as a persecuted lover. At last she elopes. A week of bliss is purchased by years of misery. She wakes from her delusion to find herself tied for life to one whom she loathes and despises. *Does it pay?*

We might extend the catalogue. You give a dashing party, are praised for the fine supper, and settle the next day bills to a scandalous amount. You go to a great public ball, for which you have to buy your wife a new dress, and have a headache the next day, caused by the villainous champagne you drank. You squander so much on a summer trip that you are pinching all the rest of the year. *Does it pay?* It would be better for everybody if they would look at things as they are, and find before it is too late whether or not they *will* pay.

OUR ORIGINAL STORIES.—The Sandy Hill (N. Y.) Herald says:—"We don't know that we can pay a better compliment to this excellent monthly than to say, that almost every paper that we take up, contains more or less articles copied from its pages."

COLDS AND CONSUMPTION.—We have, more than once, urged on India to be out in the open air as much as possible, if they would avoid colds. We have, frequently, maintained, in these pages, that hot, close rooms cause thousands of consumptions. We cannot resist, therefore, quoting what is said, on this subject, in the last number of the Journal of Health. "Except in localities," writes the editor, "where malignant miasms prevail, and that only in warm weather, out-door life is the healthiest and happiest, from the tropics to the poles. The general fact speaks for itself, that persons who are out of doors most, take cold least. In some parts of our country, near one half of the adult deaths are from diseases of the air passages. These ailments arise from taking cold in some way or another; and surely the reader will take some interest in a subject, which, by at least one chance out of four, his own life may be lost. All colds arise from one of two causes. 1st. By getting cool too quick after exercise, either as to the whole body, or any part of it. 2nd. By being chilled, and remaining so for a long time, from want of exercise. To avoid colds from the former, we have only to go to a fire the moment the exercises cease in the winter. If in summer, repair at once to a closed room, and there remain with the same clothing on, until cooled off. To avoid colds from the latter cause, and these engender the most speedily fatal diseases, such as pleurisy, croup, and inflammation of the lungs, called pneumonias, we have only to compel ourselves to walk with sufficient vigor to keep off a feeling of chilliness. Attention to a precept contained in less than a dozen words, would add twenty years to the average of civilized life. Keep away chilliness by exercise; cool off slowly. Then you will never take cold, in door or out!"

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.—The power of mind over body, in creating the highest kind of beauty, was never better shown than by Professor Upham, in the following:—"As we were about to start," he says, "I saw the captain move to an elevated position above the wheel; and it was interesting to see how quickly and completely the inward thought or purpose alters the outward man. He gave a quick glance to every part of the ship. He cast his eye over the multitude coming on board the ship, among whom was the American Ambassador to England, who, if the captain may be said to embody the ship, may be said with equal truth to embody in his own official person a nation's right and honor. He saw the husbands and wives, the mothers and children, entrusted to his care; and his slender form, as he gave the orders for departure, seemed at once to grow more erect and firm; the muscles of his face swelled; his dark eye glowed with a new fire; and his whole person expanded and beautified itself by the power of inward emotion. I have often noticed this interesting phenomenon; and have come to the conclusion— if man, or woman either, wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes—by having something to do, and something to live for, which is worthy of humanity—and which by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it." Good and true sentimental Noble emotions, ladies, will do more to make you truly beautiful than all the cosmetics in the world. And a life of such elevated action, instead of wearing out beauty, increases it.

INDOLENCE.—Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. It creeps over one so slowly and imperceptibly that one is bound tight before one knows it.

THE HARMONY OF COLORS.—Raffaële was not more choice about his painting than we find the sun to be. As winter departs, the modest violet first blossoms beneath a veil of leaves, which radiate back upon the fragrant little flower all the heat that departs from it. As the snows disappear, blossoms of other flowers open, which display themselves more boldly; but they are blanched or nearly so. In the passage from the last snows of winter to the first blossoms of spring, the harmony of color is preserved—hillsides and orchards are laden with delicate white, varied rarely by the pink upon the almond-tree. Petals of apple-blossom floating on the wind mimic the flakes of snow that were so lately seen. As the warm season advances, colors deepen, until we come to the dark crimson of autumn flowers, and the brown of autumn leaves. This change is meant not only to be beautiful—it has its use. Why are the first spring flowers all white, or nearly white? Because when the winds are still cold, and when the sun is only moderately kind, a flower would be chilled to death if its heat radiated from it rapidly. But radiation takes place most freely from dark colors—from black, from the strongly defined greens, and blues, and reds. In hot weather, flowers and leaves so colored cool more readily at night, and form upon their surface the healing dew. The delicate spring flowers are, therefore, of a color that is least ready to encourage radiation. For the same reason—because white substances give out least freely the heat that they contain or cover—arctic animals are white as their native snows. For the same reason, too, the snow itself is white. When cold becomes severe, snow falls, and hangs like a fur mantle about the soil. If snow were black, or red, or blue, it would still let some of the heat escape which is retained under its whiteness. The colors even of men darken in hot climates; in the hottest they are made quite black. Black substances give out their heat more freely.

In regions subject to a cold almost incessant, a short summer produces flowers of extremely vivid coloring. The summer, although short, is fierce, and the plants radiate fast that they may escape destruction. The dark verdure of the Northern pines would cause them to lose heat with great rapidity. For compensation they are made to grow in pyramids that catch a cone of snow so cleverly as to great-coat them during the hard weather. Birch-trees that grow in the same forests rise among the pines like silver columns, and they are not shaped to catch the snow, because they do not want it. They have their own light clothing of a brilliant whiteness.

We need not examine far into the wealth that is poured out in nature before we discover that

"Such bounty is no gift of chance."

"THE WEE WHITE ROSE."—The following poem, by Gerald Massey, will be new to most, if not all, of our readers. It is one that will go home to every parent's heart.

All in our marriage garden
Grew, smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
Suck'd the green warmth of the sod.
Oh! beautiful unfathomably
Its little life unfurled;
Life's crown of sweetness was our wee
White Rose of all the world.

From out a gracious bosom
Our bud of beauty grew;
It fed on smiles for sunshine,
And tears for daintier dew.
Aye, nestling warm and tenderly,
Our leaves of love were curl'd
So close and close about our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Two flowers of glorious crimson
Grew with our Rose of light;
Still kept the sweet Heaven-grafted slip
Her whiteness saintly white.

If the wind of life they danced with glee,
And reddened as they whirl'd;
White, white and wondrous grew our wee
White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance
Our house of life she fill'd—
Reveal'd each hour some fairy tow'r
Where winged hopes might build,
We saw—though none like us might see—
Such precious promise pearl'd
Upon the petals of our wee
White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo
Of angel light increased.
Like the mystery of moonlight
That folds some fairy feast.
Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently,
Our darling bud uncurl'd,
And dropt i' the grave—God's lap—our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Our rose was but in blossom:
Our life was but in Spring;
When down the solemn midnight
We heard the spirits sing—
"Another bud of infancy,
With holy dews imperl'd;"
And with their hands they bore our wee
White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing
Could leave a loss so large;
Her little light such shadow fling
From dawn to sunset's marge.
In other Springs our life may be
In bannered bloom unfurled;
But never, never match our wee
White Rose of all the world.

CHILDREN SENT TO SCHOOL.—Hall's Journal of Health contains some remarks on this subject, which mothers and teachers ought to see, and which are especially applicable at this season of the year. "Many a child," it says, "the light of the house to-day, will have been laid in the grave before the winter is ended, by inattention as to heat and cold, inducing pleurisies, inflammation of the lungs, colds, croup, and other dangerous maladies. Teachers should be spoken to about allowing the children to sit with the back near a stove, or register, or window, or in any position where the child is exposed to a draft of air, or to over-heat. The children should not be allowed to come directly to a fire, or stove, on entering the school-room. In addition, they should be detained in an outer room fifteen or twenty degrees colder, for a few minutes after the school is dismissed, and then have their gloves put on, and a veil put over the face and fastened, so as not to be blown aside. The colder the weather, and the higher the wind, the more necessary are these precautions, not only in leaving the school-room, but on leaving home. The grateful relief which is experienced when facing a fierce cold wind, on putting a silk handkerchief over the face, will surprise any one who tries it. All India-rubber shoes or garments should be removed the moment on coming in-doors. Children should be instructed to run with the mouth shut for the first block or two after getting out of doors in cold weather." These maxims, from a physician of acknowledged eminence, should be printed in gold, and hung up in every nursery and school-room.

"THE HOMESTEAD."—We give another capital engraving, this month: one quite equal, in its line, to either "Grand-papa's Carriage," or "The Parable of the Lily." It is after a picture by one of the most famous animal painters of the day. Herring, the artist in question, ranks only second, indeed, to Landseer and Rosa Bonheur. Did you ever see better chickens or ducks? The cat on the horse's back looks as if she had just leaped through the window.

CANARY BIRDS.—Another article on the management of Canaries will appear next month.

THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ART.—The increasing love for art, in the United States, is a subject of frequent observation. In Philadelphia, during the past winter, we have had several exhibitions; and all have been successful. Among them were Miss Hosmer's statue of Beatrice Cenci; a collection of pictures by cotemporary British artists; and a few French paintings, the best of which was a hound by Rosa Bonheur, the most truthful, yet brilliant thing of its kind we ever have seen. Our citizens also buy more engravings and paintings than formerly. A word on how to buy pictures may not be out of place.

In relation to art, we Americans may be divided into three classes. The first and largest comprises those who care nothing for it, who are insensible to its refining influences, and who will, therefore, do nothing for art as art. These persons regard statues, pictures, and engravings as superfluous luxuries. Many of them will pay a thousand dollars for a "two-forty" horse, but would not pay a tithe of it for even a first-rate painting. They will squander hundreds on wine, cigars, or delicacies for the table, on India shawls for their daughters, or on diamonds for their wives, but will not spend a penny to encourage art, with all its refining influences.

There is a second class, who, while partially alive to the elevating influence of art, can see no merit in American art, and therefore do nothing to encourage it. They dismiss, with a supercilious sneer, the host of young artists who are struggling for their bread; "damn with faint praise" even Huntington, Cropsey, Weber, Church, Ingham, or Cole himself; and give but a qualified assent, at best, to the admiration which three generations have awarded to Allston, Stuart and Malbone. But they go into raptures, meantime, over everything foreign. They can see nothing in the Düsseldorf school but its one great merit, fidelity in details, and utterly overlook its want of color, its frequent hardness, the absence of high genius in it. They hug second-rate English pictures to their hearts as fondly as Titania hugged the donkey ears of Bottom. They adore what they exhibit in their parlors as "old masters," but what are really miserable copies of Titian, Raphael, Rubens, &c., smoke-dried by knavish dealers, and duplicated, over and over again, to thousands of gulls like themselves.

A third class is composed of those, who, permitting their patriotism to control their taste, are ready to buy anything that is American. These persons delight in being patrons. If they find a sign-painter of ordinary merit, they forthwith dub him a genius, encourage him to set up as an artist, tease their acquaintance into purchasing his daubs, bore everybody they know to subscribe toward sending him abroad. Our exhibition rooms, under this indiscriminate encouragement, are crowded with the productions of deluded geniuses, who had better be digging potatoes or pushing a plane, because they will never be able permanently, and after their patron drops them, to earn even a day-laborer's maintenance. Moreover, this habit of buying poor pictures, from pity or patriotism, is practically laying a bounty on careless work. It fills young artists with conceit, induces them to neglect hard study, prevents them from aiming at the high ideal on which great success depends. No man can be a Titian without years of severe labor. But many of our young artists expect to spring, at one bound, into reputation; and too many of their patrons absurdly encourage them in this delusion.

There is but one way to foster American art. It has been indicated, less by what we have said, than by what we have omitted to say. No person should order a picture, unless with the understanding that it is to be the artist's best, nor even then, unless the artist is one who has displayed unquestionable evidence of merit. To patronize a daub is a fraud on genius. To buy bad and good pictures indiscriminately, merely because they are by American painters, is a sure method to debase American art. We have, in the

United States, all the elements necessary for a great and original school of art; but before they can be developed, our people must patronize art more, and patronize it discriminatingly.

OUR WORK-TABLE DEPARTMENT.—Our readers cannot fail to have noticed the great improvement, which has taken place in our "Work-Table Department" since its editorship was assumed by Mrs. Jane Weaver. In the present number, for instance, the most graceful and artistic designs are original with her, and now appear for the first time; viz: "Palmetto Leaf Pattern for Petticoats," "Embroidery on Cashmere for Baby's Blanket," "Embroidery for Yoke and Sleeve of Chemise," "Embroidery on Flannel," &c. &c. Mrs. Weaver also designed originally the "Opera Hood" in crochet, of which we have seen one made up, and which everybody has pronounced exquisite. Mrs. Weaver also has the advantage of all the latest Parisian and English patterns, which we import; and several novelties of this kind are given in this number. In short, "Peterson's Magazine," for 1868, will be entirely unapproachable in its "Work-Table Department." This, we believe, is the only Magazine, in which such a department is presided over by a lady, who is not only practically familiar with every variety of fancy-work, but capable of making original designs.

LONG NOVELETS.—Our plan, this year, of giving but one long continued story, at a time, meets with general favor. We have had scores of letters commending the reform. As soon as "The Outcast" is concluded, we shall begin one of the other promised novelets. From present indications, however, we doubt if there will be room for more than one additional one. But they will all be along at some time, and as everybody, who now takes "Peterson," expects to take it while they live, this will answer just as well.

THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.—The Skaneateles (N. Y.) Democrat, noticing the reception of our February number, says:—"We have no hesitation in saying that Peterson publishes the cheapest Magazine in existence, and the choicest original tales thrown in as pin money. Carry Stanley has one of her sparkling stories in the present number."

NEW MUSIC.—We have received two charming ballads, the words and music of which are by J. McNaughton, Esq. One, published by J. H. Hildley, Albany, N. Y., is entitled, "You Came To Me With Winning Smile." The other, published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, is called, "Twas On A Bright Spring Morning."

HOPE ON.—Never give up hope. God sends sorrows to chasten us, and never sends more than enough. If we are rebellious, the discipline has to be kept up; but if we yield, He turns a smiling face on us again. Trust in His goodness. Hope on!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Life and Times of Aaron Burr. By J. Parton. 1 vol. New York: Mason & Brothers. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Of late years a mania has prevailed for making patriots out of traitors and good men out of rogues. Under the influence of this delusion the truth of history and biography is turned upside down. Richard the Third ceases to be crook-backed; Henry the Eighth is no longer a sensualist and tyrant; Benedict Arnold is a martyr to political persecution. The last attempt to revoke the deliberate judgment of history, is furnished by the volume before us, in which Mr. Parton labors to show, that Aaron Burr, notwithstanding the verdict of his cotemporaries, was both a

statesman and a man of honor. But it will not do. If ever a man deserved the execration in which he was held, it was Aaron Burr. Even his life-long associate and first biographer, Matthew Davis, did not dare to protest against the righteousness of the public opinion, which pronounced Burr to be selfish, cold-hearted, treacherous and unscrupulous, alike in private and in public life. To make a hero of such a man is to fall down and worship a *fetish*. Mr. Parton exaggerates even Burr's intellect, which was analytical, not constructive, cunning, not profound, and consequently only second class. Burr's maxim, that "the law was whatever was confidently asserted and plausibly maintained," reveals the sort of man he was. He had no faith in either public or private virtue. He was a skeptic as to all things noble and true. He thought nothing of desolating an entire household, provided he could gratify his passions or his vanity. That Burr deserved his disgrace must be the verdict of every honest-minded student of our history. He succeeded, as a politician, for awhile, by unscrupulous intrigue: he failed, at last, because the people found him out. The misery and desolation of his closing years, contrasted with the brilliancy of his mid-career, furnishes a melancholy but useful warning, that, even in this world, perverted abilities and the pursuit of selfish gratification, often bring avenging furies to haunt the bed-side. There is hardly, in history, a more unhappy old age than that of Burr; and there is hardly one apparently more deserved.

The Quaker Soldier. A Story of the Revolution. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—It is rarely that a historical fiction of such merit makes its appearance. The author does not give his name, but he is evidently a scholar, a man of ability, and a historical student of the first class. The action of the tale commences with the entry of the British into Philadelphia, and closes with their departure; and we have in this interval, a series of brilliant pictures of the times, such as no preceding novelist has surpassed. The events leading to the battle of Germantown, and the battle itself, are narrated with a fidelity which proves the author to be familiar with every foot of the ground, as well as acquainted with many authentic traditions never before in print. The book, indeed, is full of local color. The Pennsylvania Dutchman, for the first time in literature, is accurately and graphically drawn. Nor is the Philadelphia Quaker less skillfully delineated, for the novelist has caught, not only the formal dialect of the sect, but the style, if we may so call it, in which genuine, old-fashioned Quakers talked. This is high praise we know; but it is deserved. There is a good deal of humor in the work; in fact, the author succeeds in this line better than in pathos. We think the dramatic portion of the fiction superior to the narrative. In some parts of the plot there is a little exaggeration; but on the whole, the novel is one of real merit, and will be appreciated by readers precisely in proportion to their intelligence and culture.

Biography of Elisha Kent Kane. By William Elder. 1 vol., 8 vo. *Philada: Childs & Peterson.*—In mechanical execution this volume is quite equal to the "Arctic Explorations," which, as tens of thousands know, were as elegant of their kind as it was possible to make them. The literary part of the undertaking has been executed by a gentleman whose conscientiousness in such matters is not less proverbial than his singular ability. We cannot, indeed, praise this biography too highly. It is faithful as to facts, comprehensively arranged, felicitous in style, and gives, what few biographies do, a vivid, life-like idea of its hero. Dr. Kane must really have been one "of whom the world was not worthy," for Mr. Elder says, in a pithy preface, "I have not been obliged to suppress a letter or a line for the sake of his fame." Several engravings embellish the volume. A Bancroft, No. 602 Arch street, is the Philadelphia agent for the publishers.

The Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell. 2 vols. *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—In two "blue and gold" volumes, exactly the size for a lady's boudoir, we have the poems of J. R. Lowell, one of the few poets, by-the-by, who looks like what he is. His portrait, which adorns the first volume, is exceedingly good, though the face has a more serious cast than it wore a few years ago. But life, with him, as with all of us, has proved itself "earnest even to tears;" and lip, brow, mouth and eyes all show it, at least with those who think and feel. His few best pieces really approach to the best in the language. We have always considered him, however, capable of doing more than he has yet done. His prose as well as poetry leaves on the mind the same impression in this respect that Coleridge's did. His collected works increase our old opinion of his affluence and variety. Even where he forgets the poet and becomes the politician, he cannot get rid of his genius, but charms friends and foes alike, at least among liberal, many-aided men. It is a great loss to American literature that he does not devote himself more exclusively to the vocation for which he was born. If he worked half as hard as Longfellow, what might he not be?

The Abbott. By the author of *Waverley*. 2 vols. *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—We have here the twenty-first and twenty-second volumes of the already famous "Household Edition" of Scott's novels. We hear, with pleasure, that the series is having a large sale. Certainly, so elegant an edition, at any price, has never been printed in America.

PARLOR GAMES.

THE TRADE.—One of the party must be selected to open the game, who does so by saying:—"I have apprenticed my son to, (naming some trade), and the first thing he made (or used) was (mentioning the initial letters of the article.)"

Whoever first discovers the article alluded to takes the next turn. We will suppose a number of persons are playing, and the one agreed upon begins with: "I apprenticed my son to a cabinet-maker, and the first thing he made was an 'A. C.'"

"Arm-chair," exclaims a player, and this being correct, it becomes his turn, and he says,

"I apprenticed my son to a dry-goods store, and the first thing he sold was a piece of P. M."

"Paper muslin."

"No, try again."

"Was it printed muslin?"

"No, you are not right yet."

"P. M. I can't think of anything else beginning with P. M."

"Will all of you give it up?"

"Yes, is the general cry."

"It was pink merino. Now it is my turn again, as you did not guess it. I apprenticed my son to a grocer, and the first thing he sold was a B. of C."

"Box of candles," some one says; who without delay continues,

"I apprenticed my son to a hardware man, and the first thing he sold was a B. S."

"Blower stand."

"Well, I apprenticed my son to a confectioner, and the first thing he made was C. C."

"Cocoanut cakes."

"No! Guess again."

"It must be cream candy, then."

"Yes, that is right."

"I apprenticed my daughter to a dress-maker, and the first thing she made was a B. S. B."

"Black silk basque," says another, and so the game goes on, the questions and answers passing rapidly from one to another. It affords a variety, sometimes, to give out the initial letters of any article that is in the room where the parties are playing.

READY RHYME.—This game should not be attempted by very young players, as it would most likely prove tedious to many of them; but to those who are fond of exercising their ingenuity, it will prove very amusing. Two, four, or more words are written on paper and given to each player; the words must be such as would rhyme together; thus, suppose the party have chosen "near, clear, dell, bell," all endeavor to make a complete verse, of which the words given shall compose the rhyme.

When all are ready, the papers must be thrown in a heap, and read aloud, and those who have not succeeded must be fined, the fine being the recital of a piece of poetry. One of the papers might read thus:

A gentle brook was murmuring near,
Afar was heard the tinkling bell,
And peaceful zephyrs, pure and clear,
Refreshed us in that shady dell.

Another would be quite different:

Fairies in the distant dell,
As they drink the waters clear,
From the yellow cowslip bell,
What have they to heed or fear?

COLORS IN DRESS.

OF THE COLORS OF THE HAIR AND HEAD-DRESS.—The colors which are usually considered as assorting best with light or black hair, are precisely those which produce great contrasts; thus, sky-blue, known to accord well with blondes, is the color that approaches the nearest to the complementary of orange, which is the basis of the tint of their hair and complexions. Two colors, long esteemed to accord favorably with black hair—yellow, and red more or less orange—contrast in the same manner with them. Yellow and orange-red, contrasting by color and brilliancy with black, and their complementaries, violet and blue-green, in mixing with the tint of the hair, are far from producing a bad result.

OF THE COLORS OF THE COMPLEXION AND THE CONTIGUOUS DRAPERY.—The juxtaposition of drapery with the different flesh tints of women offer to portrait painters a host of remarks, which are all the results of the principles already laid down. We shall state the most general: thus—

ROSE-RED cannot be put in contrast with even the rosiest complexions without causing them to lose some of their freshness. Rose-red, maroon, and light crimson have the serious disadvantage of rendering the complexion more or less green. This is shown in the following experiment:—

Place two sheets of paper of either of the above colors beside two sheets of flesh-colored paper, when it will be seen how much they are mutually injured, the lighter becoming greenish, and the darker rather of a violet hue. By substituting light green for the red, we shall find them mutually heightened and improved. The height of tone of the green influences the result: a very deep green, acting by contrast of tone, so enfeebles the complexion, that the slight contrasts of its colors will be inappreciable; a deep red, by contrast of analogy, blanches the complexion. It is necessary, then, to separate the rose from the skin, in some manner; and the simplest manner of doing this, is to edge the draperies with a border of tulle, which produces the effect of grey by the mixture of white threads, which reflect light, and the interstices, which absorb it; there is also a mixture of light and shade, which recalls the effect of grey, like the effect of a casement-window viewed at a great distance. Dark red is less objectionable for certain complexions than rose-red, because, being higher than the latter, it tends to impart whiteness to them in consequence of contrast of tone.

DELICATE GREEN is, on the contrary, favorable to all fair complexions which are deficient in rose, and which may have more imparted to them without disadvantage. But it

is not as favorable to complexions that are more red than rosy; nor to those that have a tint of orange mixed with brown, because the red they add to this tint will be of a brick-red hue. In the latter case a dark green will be less objectionable than a delicate green.

YELLOW imparts violet to a fair skin, and in this view it is less favorable than the delicate green.

To those skins which are more yellow than orange it imparts white; but this combination is very dull and heavy for a fair complexion.

When the skin is tinted more with orange than yellow, we can make it rosy by neutralizing the yellow. It produces this effect upon the black-haired type, and it is thus that it suits brunettes.

VIOLET, the complementary of yellow, produces contrary effects; thus it imparts some greenish-yellow to fair complexions. It augments the yellow tint of yellow and orange skins. The little blue there may be in a complexion it makes green violet. This, then, is one of the least favorable colors to the skin, at least when it is not sufficiently deep to whiten the skin by contrast of tone.

BLUE imparts orange, which combines favorably with white, and the light flesh tints of fair complexions, which have already a more or less determined tint of this color. Blue is thus suitable to most blondes, and in this case justifies its reputation.

It will not suit brunettes, since they have already too much of orange.

ORANGE is too brilliant to be elegant; it makes fair complexions blue, whitens those which have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint.

LUSTRELESS WHITE, such as cambric muslin, assorts well with a fresh complexion, of which it relieves the rose color; but it is unsuitable to complexions which have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colors by raising their tone; consequently it is unsuitable to those skins which, without this disagreeable tint, very nearly approach it.

VERY LIGHT WHITE draperies, such as muslin or lace, appear more grey than white. We must thus regard every white drapery which allows the light to pass through its interstices, and which is only apparent to the eyes by the surface opposed to that which receives incident light.

BLACK draperies, by lowering the tone of the colors with which they are in juxtaposition, whiten the skin; but if the vermilion, or rosy parts, are somewhat distant from the drapery, it will follow that, although lowered in tone, they appear relatively to the white parts of the skin contiguous to the same drapery, redder than if not contiguous to the black.

THE HEAD-DRESS IN RELATION TO THE COLORED RAYS WHICH IT MAY REFLECT UPON THE SKIN.—The effect of colored bonnets on the complexion can now be readily understood; and whether it is true, as is generally believed, that a rose-colored bonnet gives a rose tint to the skin, while a green bonnet gives a green tint to it, in consequence of the colored rays which each of them reflects upon it, it is no longer a question about those head-dresses which, being too small or too much thrown back to give rise to these reflections, can only produce the effects of contrast, as I have said above, when treating of the juxtaposition of colored objects with the hair and skin.

ORIGINAL CAKE RECEIPTS.

White Cup Cake.—Measure one large cupful of sour cream, one cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, and four cupfuls of flour. Stir the butter and sugar together till they become quite light, then, alternately, by degrees add the cream with half the quantity of flour. Beat five eggs as light as possible, and stir them in, alternately, with the remainder

of the flour. Add a grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, with some essence of lemon, just enough to make it taste pleasantly. Stir in a small teaspoonful of saleratus in a little vinegar. Beat the batter up well, and bake the cake about twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

Fruit Cake.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, eight eggs, one quarter of a pound of blanched almonds, half a pound of citron, one pound and a half of raisins, one pound and a half of currants, half an ounce of mace, a quarter of an ounce of nutmeg, the rinds of three lemons, and one gill of brandy. Beat the butter very light, and mix it with the sugar; then add the yolks of the eggs, and the whites, well beaten; then put in the spices, brandy, and fruit, beating all the while until you have mixed in all the fruit; after this, add the flour, and beat the batter very little after it is in.

Apple.—Rub a pound of fresh butter into two pounds of flour, and mix in a pound of powdered white sugar, a nutmeg, a tablespoonful of cinnamon, and four tablespoonfuls of caraway seeds. Add a wineglass of rose-water, and mix the whole with sufficient cold water to make it a stiff dough. Roll it out one-quarter of an inch in thickness, cut it into round cakes, and bake it in a quick oven.

Bellmont Cake.—The ingredients are one pound and a half of flour, one pound two ounces of sugar, nine ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of cream-tartar, mixed with the flour; one pint of sour milk, eight eggs, half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a portion of the milk; and last of all add a teaspoonful of essence of lemon.

Woodbury Cake.—Ingredients requisite for this cake are one pint of flour, two eggs, one cupful of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an ordinary egg, one cupful of sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream-tartar rubbed into the flour, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in milk; flavor the cake as you prefer it.

Macaronies.—To one pound of shelled almonds, add the whites of sixteen eggs; pound them fine in a mortar, then add two pounds of loaf sugar. Drop the cakes on clean white paper, and bake them in a cool oven.

Lemon Cake.—The ingredients are: four eggs; a teaspoonful of half lard and half butter; one pint of molasses; a teaspoonful of sugar; two teaspoonfuls of saleratus; a teaspoonful of sour cream; the whole to be mixed together until it assumes the consistency of pound-cake batter. Season the cake with lemon according to your taste.

French Cake.—Take five tumblerfuls of sifted flour, three of white sugar, one of butter, one of cream, and three eggs, beaten very light; add a teaspoonful of potash dissolved in as much warm water as will cover it. Add spices according to your liking; mix all the ingredients together, and bake the cake in a moderate oven.

ART RECREATIONS.

THE BEST PICTURES EXPRESSLY FOR GRECIAN AND ANTIQUE PAINTING.—Published by J. E. Tilton, Salem, Mass. Directions to our new style of antique painting on glass, Oriental painting, Grecian painting, and Potichomanie, furnished, full and complete, on receipt of one dollar, with directions for varnish, &c. Purchasers of our goods to the amount of five dollars, will be entitled to directions free. Persons ordering directions for one dollar, and after buying the materials to the above amount, may deduct the one dollar paid for directions.

HIAWATHA'S WOODING.—From Longfellow's late Indian Legend. Size of plate, fourteen by eighteen inches. Price, one dollar and fifty cents. With full directions for painting. Colors used and how to mix. Post-paid.

THE FARM YARD.—Painted by J. Herring. An elegant engraving, new. Size of plate, thirteen by nineteen inches. Price, one dollar and fifty cents. With full directions for painting. Post-paid.

LES ORPHELINES.—A fine engraving from a celebrated French painter. Two figures, sisters. Size of plate, nine by eleven inches. Price, post-paid, with full directions for painting, one dollar.

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RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

To Dress Spinach in the French Way.—Pick the spinach leaf by leaf from the stems, and wash it in spring water, changing it several times; then shake it in a dry cloth. Throw it into sufficient well-salted boiling water to allow it to float freely, and keep it pressed down with a skimmer, that it may be equally done. When quite young, it will be tender in ten minutes. Drain it thoroughly, and when it is cool, form it into balls, and press the moisture from it. Next, chop it fine upon a trencher; put two ounces (for a large dish) of butter into a saucepan, lay the spinach on it, and keep it stirred over a gentle fire until dry; dredge in a spoonful of flour, and turn the spinach as it is added; pour to it gradually a few spoonfuls of veal gravy. Stew the whole briskly until the gravy is absorbed.

Milled Butter.—Put two ounces of butter in a stew-pan holding about a quart, and two ounces of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter one of pepper; mix together with a spoon till forming a thick paste; add a pint of cold water; place all on a fire; stir continually; take the pan off the fire when it simmers; add another of fresh butter to it; stir till melted; it is then ready for use. A little grated nutmeg and a drop of vinegar is an improvement. This sauce being the base of so many others, requires attention in making, and as flour will sometimes be stronger than at others, and likely to make it too thin or too thick, take for a rule that the proper thickness when done ought to form a transparent coating over the back of the spoon.

Pot-Pie.—Make paste with wet chopped fine, cut the paste in strips, arrange at bottom of a pie-dish; put a layer of fowl, (nicely carved and seasoned,) then a layer of potatoes, pared and cut in halves, then another layer of paste, another of fowl, and another of potatoes; last of all, at the top, a layer of paste, (this should be always arranged in strips cross-ways,) add a teaspoonful of water, and let it come to the boil once, and be put to simmer gently for an hour and a half

Stewed Oysters on Toast.—Open a dozen of oysters, put them in a small stew-pan, add to them two grains of black pepper, a little salt, butter, cayenne, and sugar; set on the stove for a few minutes until set—say three or four minutes; having only given them a slight boil, put in a piece of butter as big as a walnut, which you have mixed with half a teaspoonful of flour, shake the stew-pan round by the handle, to melt the contents, put it back on the fire just to simmer, and serve on toast. A drop of cream is an improvement. If not enough liquor add a drop of milk.

New Salad, Tartar Fashion.—Prepare your salad, well washed and dried; (cabbage or coss lettuce are preferable); boil four onions; when cold cut in thick slices; cut also four pickled cucumbers in slices; put a layer of the salad at the bottom, then a bed of cucumber and onion, and another of salad, at the top; have two mild salt herrings, ready broiled, with all the bones extracted; cut it in small, square pieces, season with salt, pepper, vinegar, and oil, in proportion, tossing all well together, as this plan is preferable to using a spoon and fork.

Rarebit à la Soyer.—Cut half a pound of rich cheese in small pieces, put in a stew-pan half pound of butter with a teaspoonful of mixed Durham mustard, a little salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, one wineglass of sherry or champagne; put on a slow fire, stir gently with a wooden spoon till properly melted, though not stringy, which might occur if turned too quickly; have a nice toast half an inch thick done at the last minute, pour your cheese over and serve. Leaving it a few minutes in an oven is an improvement.

Syllabubs.—Take the juice of a large lemon, the peel pared very thin, one glass of brandy, two glasses of white wine, and a quarter of a pound of powdered lump sugar. Put these ingredients into a pan and leave them. The next day add a pint of thick cream and the whites of two eggs; whip the whole up well and pour it into glasses. They will keep well for a day or two. If the syllabubs are not required to be quite so good as the above, substitute raisin wine for the brandy.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

Rice Bread.—To a quart of milk add four eggs well beaten. Thicken this with Indian corn meal to the consistency of a common batter. Put in about a tablespoonful of melted butter. Then add two teaspoonfuls of bursted rice. Cold rice that is left from dinner or supper is generally saved for this purpose. Add a little salt and half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of vinegar or buttermilk. Bake in square tin pans greased. This is a most delightful bread. Rice waffles are made in the same way, except the batter is not quite so thick.

Peach Doughnuts.—Make nice pastry crust shortened with butter, stew the dried fruit and season with sugar, nutmeg, and a little butter, also a little allspice. Make them out into shapes called turnovers, that is, put the fruit on half the crust and turn the other half over; have ready a hot kettle with about a half a pint of lard in it, put in the doughnuts, let them get brown and turn them. They should be eaten warm with a little butter in the inside.

Relish Sauce.—Mix one ounce of each of ground black pepper and salt, one ounce of ground allspice, and one ounce of minced shallots or onions, in one pint of walnut or tomato catsup. Let it stand two weeks. Strain and bottle for use. A few drops of this is sufficient to season a plate of meats or vegetables. It also adds a delightful flavor to beef soup.

Hop Yeast Rolls.—Two spoonfuls of yeast are sufficient for a baking of rolls. Make it up with sweet milk and a lump of butter about the size of a hen's egg. Let it rise two hours and a half.

Corn Waffles.—To three eggs well beaten add a quart of milk. Thicken to a batter with Indian corn meal. Put in a lump of lard about the size of a hen's egg. This should be melted. Add a teaspoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little vinegar. Bake in waffle irons; butter while hot.

Joe Cream.—Use two pounds of loaf sugar, to four quarts of cream. Flavor with a vanilla bean boiled in sweet milk, add six drops of lemon oil, or some peel. If the cream is good, it will make seven quarts of cream, if well beaten. Use two quarts of salt in an eight quart freezer.

To Make Hop Yeast.—Take half a gallon of water, and throw in a handful of hops; boil it down to a quart. Strain it—thicken it with flour as thick as batter. Put in two tablespoonfuls of old yeast. Set it away in bottles for use. It should be kept in a cool place in summer.

Fried Potatoes.—Boil your potatoes until done, peel and mash them fine. Make them out into cakes like biscuit; spread some flour over them, and fry them brown in lard. Gravy left from ham, or some roast meat, is very good to fry them in.

Nice Muffins.—To four well beaten eggs add three pints of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in vinegar, and thicken to a thick batter with flour. Bake in greased muffin rings.

Potato Bread.—Boil some potatoes until thoroughly done, peel and mash them fine; add to them yeast and flour, make it into dough and bake. Toast made from this bread, is very superior. Sweet potato biscuits are excellent.

To Make Pan Cakes of Broken Bread.—Break up the bread fine, and soak it all night in sweet milk. Add eggs and flour to give it consistency. It makes excellent cakes.

TESTED MEDICAL RECEIPTS.

Balm of Malta.—Fill up one quart of spirits with white lily leaves, allowing it to stand in the sun for ten days; draw it off, and then add one ounce of balsam Peru, and two benzoins, and allow it to stand again the same length of time, pulverize the ingredients, shake the mixture occasionally whilst standing. This balsam is useful for the cure of open wounds and cuts. Pour a portion of the balsam upon some lint, and bind it upon the cut or wound.

Cure for Felons.—Have ready a piece of unslacked lime, the size of a bean, and a tablespoonful of soft soap, put the lime into a pan placed over a fire, and lay the soap on top of the lime; let it simmer until it becomes a salve. Apply a small portion of the salve warm, three times, successively, to the finger, allowing it to remain on, each time, fifteen minutes; after these applications, the finger can be opened.

Cough Syrup. One ounce of liquorice ball, half an ounce of gum arabic, six tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, and one quart of water; simmer the whole together until the ingredients become dissolved, then add, when cool, three cents worth of paregoric, and the same quantity of antimonial wine. Take one teaspoonful of this mixture when the cough is troublesome.

Salve for Burns or Scalds.—Procure a teaspoonful of fish oil, and a lump of beeswax about the size of a large hickory-nut; heat them together, and after the wax is entirely melted, take the mixture from off the fire, and add to it half a teaspoonful of cream; stir the whole well together, and apply the remedy until the burn is entirely cured.

To Cure Thrush in Children.—Take two tablespoonfuls of honey, and a lump of alum about the size of a bean, and stir them well together. Let the child's mouth be rubbed with this five or six times a day. This will cure in a few days.

To Cure Chillsains.—Make a poultice of strong lye and flour, or wheat bran, and apply to the affected parts. It should remain on several hours, or until it draws out the soreness and itching.



50 mm 8 3/4

A Certain Cure for Corns.—Put in a goose quill a piece of lunar caustic, wet the corn and rub hard with this for a minute or so. This will certainly cure the most stubborn corn. It may have to be applied several times, if one application does not remove. Care should be taken not to let the caustic spread too much on the skin around the corn.

Remedy for Whooping Cough.—Give a little ipecac. at night on going to bed, just enough to nauseate the stomach, and occasionally through the day when the cough is very hard. A dose of oil should also be given occasionally to keep the bowels right. Some alum beat up fine and dissolved in honey, is sometimes an advantage.

To Cure Inflammatory Rheumatism.—We knew a violent case cured, after every other remedy had failed, in the first stage of the disease, by an old-fashioned corn sweat. Boil the ears of corn, and while hot, lay them around the patient, covering him up with blankets. Care should be taken that he does not take cold in cooling off.

Precipitate Salve for Ringworms and Sores of Long Standing.—One ounce of Venice turpentine, half an ounce of precipitate, fresh butter the size of an ordinary hen's egg, without salt; rub the turpentine and precipitate together, and then work in the butter. This salve can be used as soon as it is made.

Liniment for Sore Throats, or Neuralgic Affections.—Equal parts of sweet oil, spirits of hartshorn, turpentine and camphor. It can be made an anodyne, by adding a little laudanum.

Gargle for Sore Throat.—The ingredients consist of one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one tablespoonful of salt, one pint of water, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Mix together, and bottle cold.

Another Good Gargle.—(First Rate.)—Half a teacupful of hops, one pint of vinegar, and a half a pint of water. Add some sugar and saltpetre, and boil the whole well together. Use the above either for steaming or gargling.

To Draw Out Thorns and Splinters.—Make a plaster of turpentine and tallow, spread on a piece of leather and apply it to the wound. A piece of bacon rind is also good.

Purgative.—Take one dram of gum opium, one dram of benzoin, one scruple of camphor, twenty-five drops of anise seed oil, and one pint of spirits; mix together.

To Cure the Sting of a Wasp, or Bee, or any Insect.—Apply immediately spirits of turpentine, this will cure instantly. Hartshorn is also good; so is salt and water.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—DINNER DRESS OF BLUE SILK, WITH TWO SKIRTS.—The upper one is trimmed around the bottom with a row of black lace, and ornamented at the sides with puffings of silk, confined by black velvet bands and jet tassels. The corsage is high, trimmed with wide braces and bands of velvet. Very wide pagoda sleeves ornamented like the skirt.

FIG. II.—A DINNER DRESS OF GREY SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with three flounces woven in gold-colored brocade stripes. The body is made with a basque, trimmed with a flounce like the skirt, and with a wide berthe to correspond. The sleeves are composed of three deep ruffles.

FIG. III.—AN EVENING DRESS WITH TWO SKIRTS OF THIN WHITE MUSLIN.—The upper skirt is finished with a wide hem, and ornamented at the sides with bows of black velvet ribbon. The body is low, and the sleeves are quite full and confined by a band a little below the elbow. The cape is of spotted tulle, with a bow of black velvet and long ends in front. Head-dress of black velvet.

FIG. IV.—PICHU OF WHITE TULLE, with a tulle puffing confined by straps of pink ribbon.

FIG. V.—BASQUE OF BLACK SILK WITH A BERTHE.—This basque is trimmed with rows of rich black braid. A basque of this description made of white pique or Marcellise, and

trimmed with a white braid, would be very appropriate for the coming season.

FIG. VI.—CAPE OF TULLE, trimmed with lace and rows of black velvet. The same pelerine may be made in muslin and trimmed with rows of colored ribbon.

UNDER-SLEEVES OF TULLE OR MUSLIN, trimmed with narrow black velvet or colored ribbon. Beneath the puff there is a frill. If the sleeve consists of tulle, this frill should be formed of lace; but if composed of muslin, the frill should be of needlework.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Skirts remain as full and as long as ever, but we are glad to say that there is a slight diminution in the hoops worn under them. There is even a hint that Dame Fashion has taken the shortening of the skirt under consideration. If so, we may hope to be able to see the tip of a boot or a tiny slipper in a few months. Double skirts, skirts with side-trimmings and flounces, are all worn. In fact, flounces will probably retain their popularity for a long while, particularly for thin materials or plain silks, for as they cost more, they will not so soon become common as skirts with side-trimmings. All bodies are made high, except for evening dresses. The Raphael body, that is, those cut square across the bust, and nearly high on the shoulders and back, are becoming popular. These are without a basque. Basques are still very much worn. If a body is made without a basque, the waist is pointed instead of round. Some are entirely plain, and some are made with braces and berthes. In fact, fashion tolerates all caprices, at present; either a profusion of ornament, or the greatest simplicity. Some of our most stylish ladies adopt the latter, thus separating themselves from their over-dressed sisters with a mock humility.

SLEEVES are made in all manner of ways. Some are straight and wide and open to the shoulder, and are arranged so that they can be closed to the bend of the arm if required; some are left square at the bottom, others have the corners rounded: the pagoda sleeve retains its favor, but is immensely wide at the bottom. Others again are wide at bottom, in the funnel shape, open up to the bend of the arm; and laced across or not. Others again are made with two or three plain flounces out slantwise of the stuff. Some have both puffs and flounces. We have seen a few close sleeves plaited at top and bottom with a deep band; others with a narrow band. The plaits are often fastened down by buttons or tassels. There are sleeves with five puffs and a band at bottom. The plaited sleeves are exceedingly wide. Sometimes the top is plain, with a jockey added; and the large sleeve is either plaited or gathered at the bottom of the plain part.

BONNETS have changed but little in shape as yet. The capes still remain deep. From the profusion of ornaments, hitherto employed on bonnets, it is probable that they will be made plainer for a change, during the coming season. In place of the number of feathers which have been so popular, one long, drooping one seems to be gaining favor.

MANTILLAS are cut with a large sweep or fullness in order to accommodate the wide skirts. Shawls are becoming very popular, and deservedly so.

HEAD-DRESSES are in great variety. The most novel one which has yet appeared consists of a crown or caul of cerulean blue velvet, which is worn over the plaits of hair at the back of the head. It is richly embroidered with gold, on one side there is a twist of blue feathers, one waving gracefully over the neck. Another *coiffure* of the same style as the one just mentioned, is composed of red velvet. This one is not embroidered, but is covered with blonde lace. One of the new *coiffures* consists of a gold plait, encircling the head and having blonde lappets.

THE FAN frequently used in full evening costume is of the same color as the dress. Fans are now made of silk of every hue, spangled with steel, silver, or gold. The sticks are usually formed of sandal-wood, ebony, mother-o'-pearl, &c.;

but some fans of a superior kind have sticks of gold or very richly carved ivory.

HAIR ORNAMENTS are very fashionable. A unique specimen of hair-working has been produced in Paris. A spray of orange blossoms to be worn by the bride at an approaching wedding, is composed of a beautifully fine tissue formed of hair of so pale a shade as to be almost white.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—THE YOUNG LADY seated at the piano wears a skirt of plain violet-color poplin. The basquine, which is of the same material, is edged with a trimming of violet moiré-antique, covered with crossings of black velvet. The hair is turned back from the forehead, and passed over a roll of black velvet; the hair forming full puffs at each side. The back hair is confined in a net of black chenille. Collar and sleeves of worked cambric muslin. Boots of violet-color cashmere, tipped with black. This dress is suitable for a young lady about thirteen years of age.

FIG. II.—THE LITTLE GIRL turning over the leaves of the music-book, eight years of age. Dress is of grey striped silk; the stripes running horizontally, and in shades of light and dark grey. The skirt of the dress has three founces, each edged with a row of blue velvet. The corsage is half high, and has a berthe, round at the back, but crossing in front of the bosom, and the ends brought round the waist and linked together behind, in the style of a sash. The berthe and ends are edged all round with blue velvet. The sleeves, formed of one puff and a frill, are also edged with blue velvet. The chemisette and under-sleeves are of plaited nanosouk. Short trousers of cambric muslin, edged with a border of needlework. Boots of blue cashmere. The hair is plaited, and the plait is passed across the upper part of the head; the ends being fastened by bows of blue velvet ribbon.

FIG. III.—BOY ABOUT EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.—Tunic of black

velvet, ornamented up the front and on the sleeves with gimp and buttons. Trousers of grey cashmere, trimmed up the sides with figured braid. Collar of white cambric, fastened in front of the throat by a cotton cord and tassels. White cambric under-sleeves.

FIG. IV.—YOUTH BETWEEN TWELVE AND FOURTEEN.—Frock coat of dark brown cloth. Grey trousers and white waist-coat. Neck-tie of green *poult de soie*.

FIG. V.—LITTLE GIRL OF FIVE YEARS OF AGE.—Dress of pink silk with two skirts, each edged with a quilling of the silk composing the dress. The corsage is without a basque at the waist, but has a berthe pointed at the back and in front. The sleeves are of the bell shape, and are gathered up in front of the arm by a bow of ribbon. Both berthe and sleeves are edged with the same trimming as that which edges the skirts. Chemisette and under-sleeves of worked muslin. Mittens of black net. Grey boots.

FIG. VI.—BABY BETWEEN TWO AND THREE YEARS OLD.—Frock of white jaconet muslin with a tablier front of needlework. The corsage, which has a basquine, is ornamented with needlework in a pattern corresponding with that of the front of the dress. The neck is partially covered by a small pelerine, the ends of which are crossed in front, and the whole is ornamented with rich and elaborate needlework. Hat of white beaver, trimmed with white ribbon and a long white feather.

FIG. VII.—GIRL ABOUT SIX YEARS OLD.—Dress of green and white chequered silk; the skirt quite plain. The corsage has a basque, trimmed with tassel fringe and gimp. The sleeves are of the bell form, with a small puff on the shoulder. Collar and under-sleeves of worked muslin. The hair is confined by a band and bow of black velvet.

FIG. VIII.—BOY OF FIVE OR SIX YEARS OF AGE.—Skirt and basquine of plain dark-blue velvet, without trimming of any kind. Collar of worked cambric. Trousers edged with alternate rows of tucks and needlework insertion. Boots of brown cashmere.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

THE VOICE OF THE PUBLIC.—The press and public unite in declaring that "Peterson" is better for 1858 than ever. The *Cattaraugus* (N. Y.) Freeman says:—"It leads in all the improvements that pertain to a first-class Magazine, and spares no expense to make itself, as it has already done, the best and cheapest Magazine extant." The *Miami* (Ohio) Visitor says:—"Peterson opens the new year more brilliantly than we have ever seen before." The *True American* says:—"It is unsurpassable in the richness and beauty of engravings and fashion-plates. The original stories are all of the best, and everything about the book is stamped with elegance." The *Amenia* (N. Y.) Times says:—"This monthly has been improved in appearance and in substance, until it ranks the first of the popular illustrated Magazines of the day. The other illustrations are appropriate and well executed. One of the charming features of Peterson's is the variety of short stories which it invariably contains." The *Western Reserve Chronicle* says:—"There is an air of freshness about it which is always indicative of originality; and the fashion-plates and patterns are always good." We take these, at random, from a basket-full of similar notices. Do they not fully vindicate your preference, fair reader, for Peterson's Magazine?

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the names of your post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Pennsylvania, New York or New England bills preferred. If the sum is large, buy a draft, if possible, on Philadelphia or New York, deducting the exchange.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—When additions are made to clubs, no additional premium is given, until sufficient names are forwarded to make a new club. For three subscribers, at \$1.66 each, we give a premium; for five at \$1.50; or for eight at \$1.25. Where four are added at \$1.25, to a club of eight, we do not give a premium: there must be eight.

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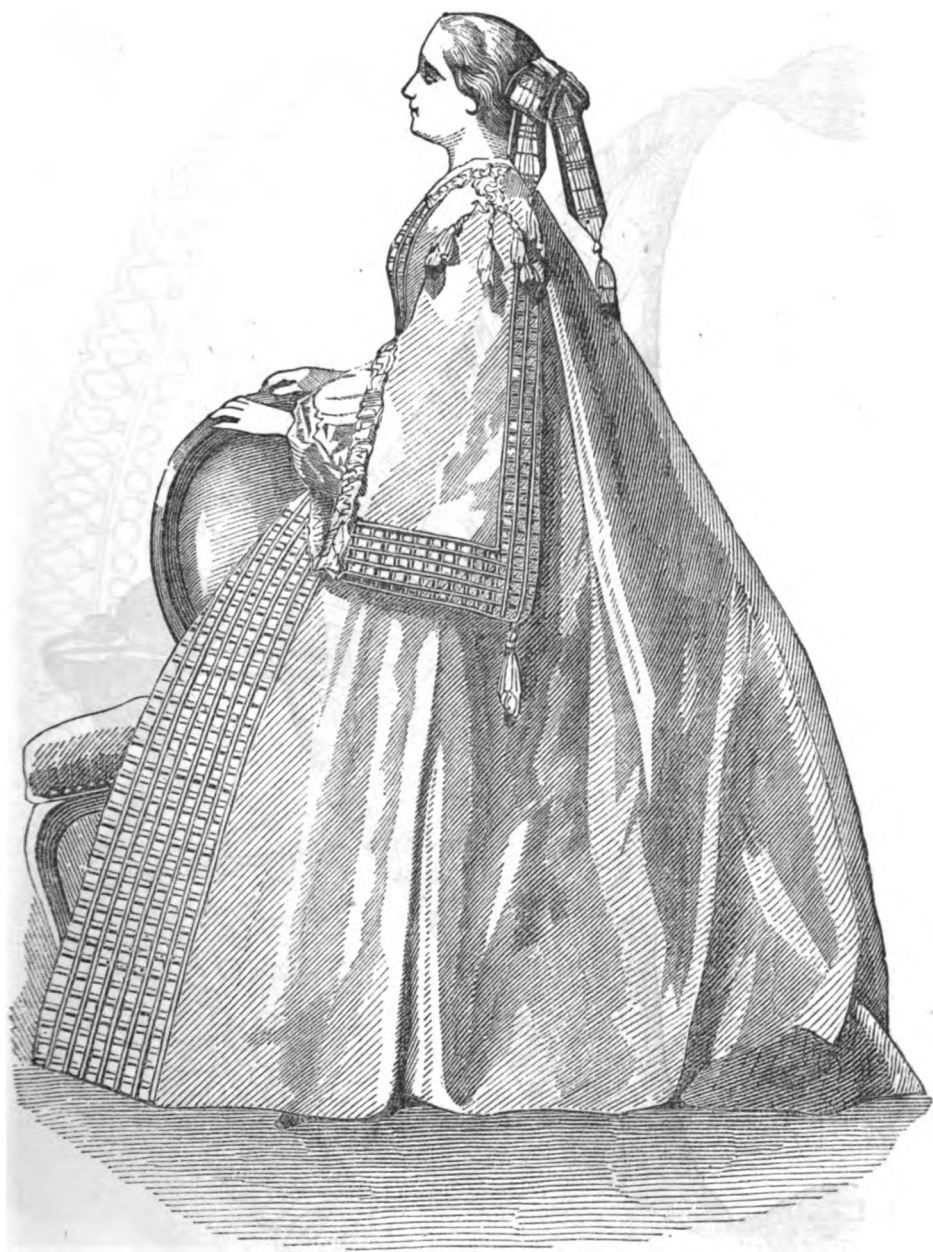
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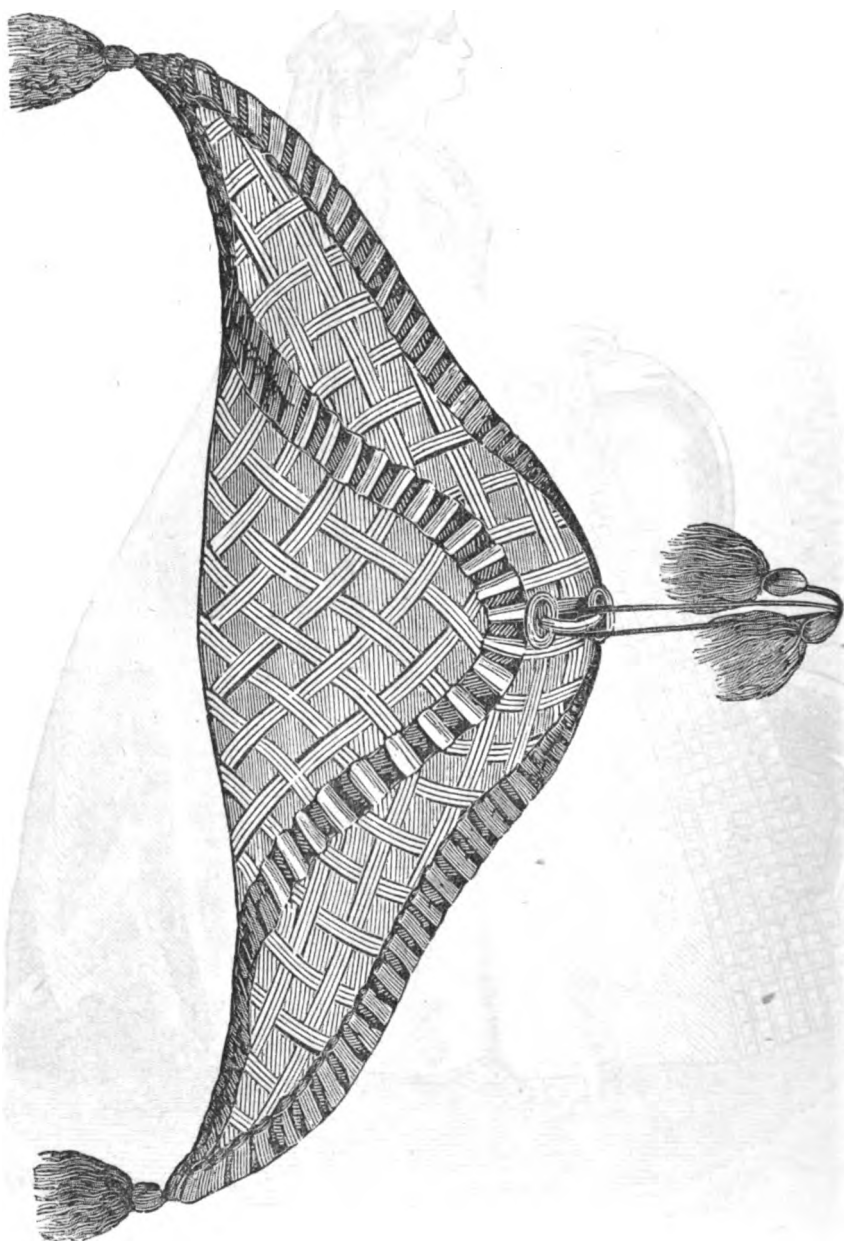
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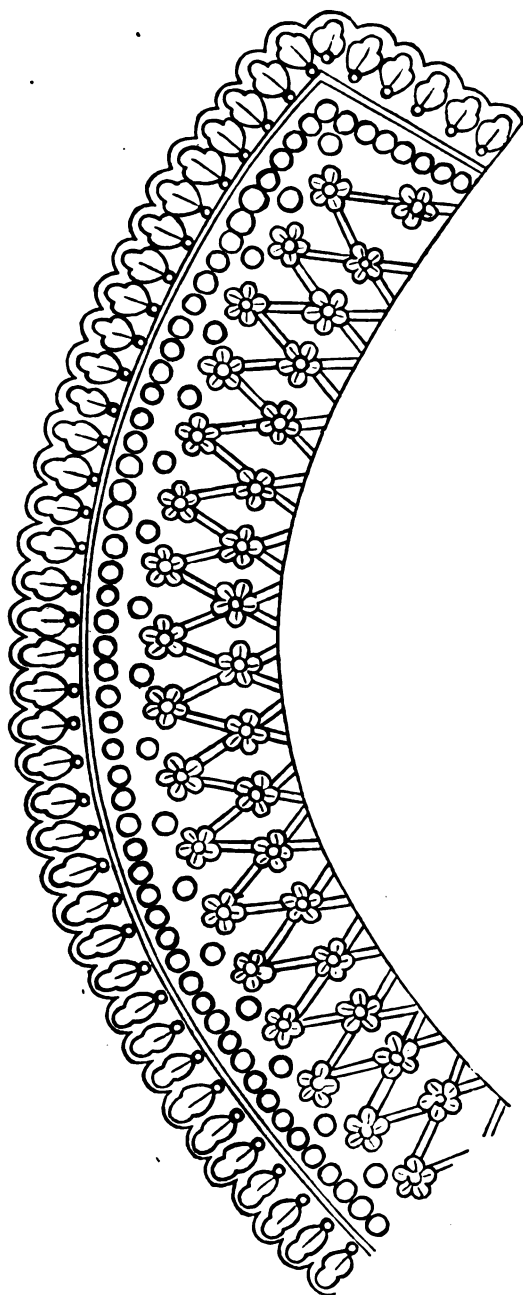




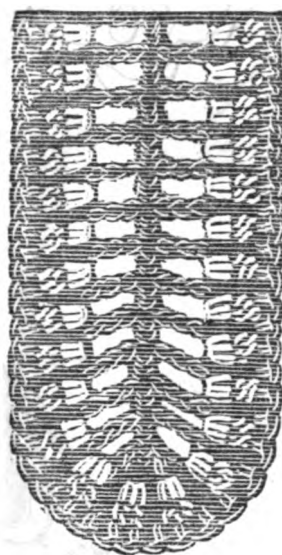
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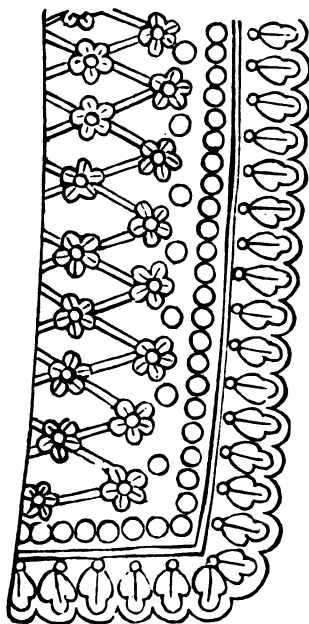
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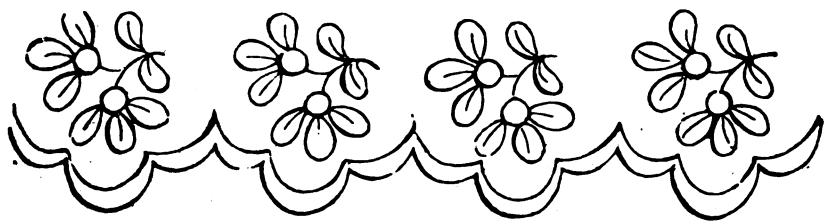
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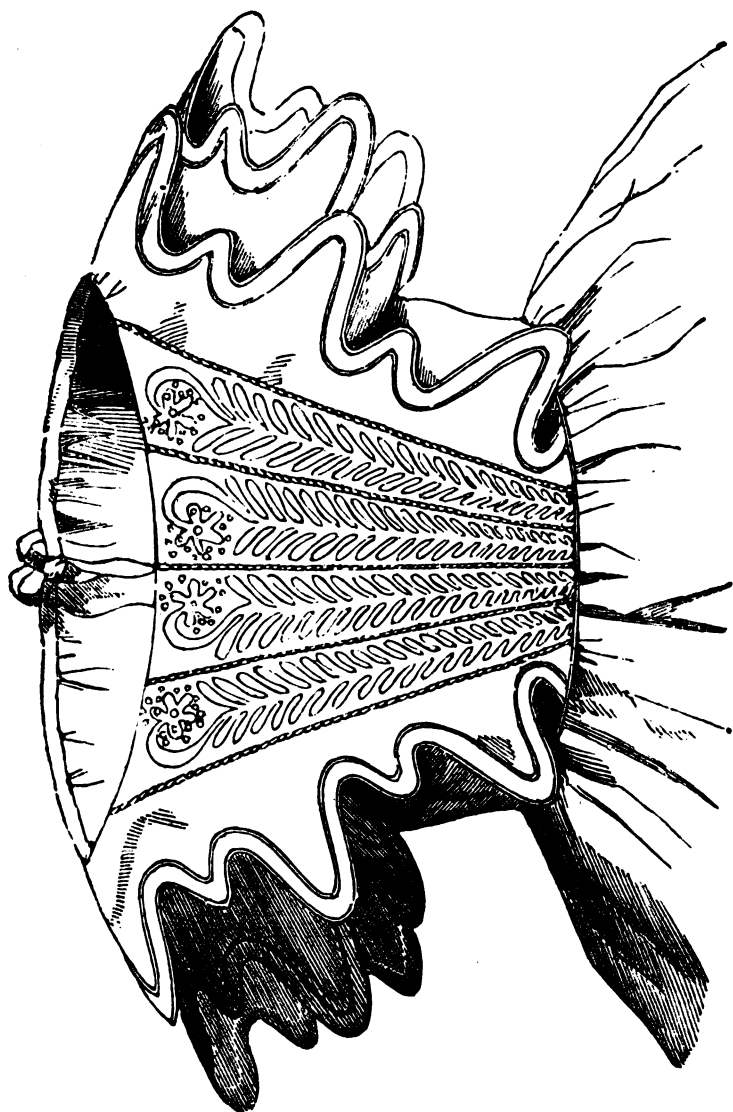
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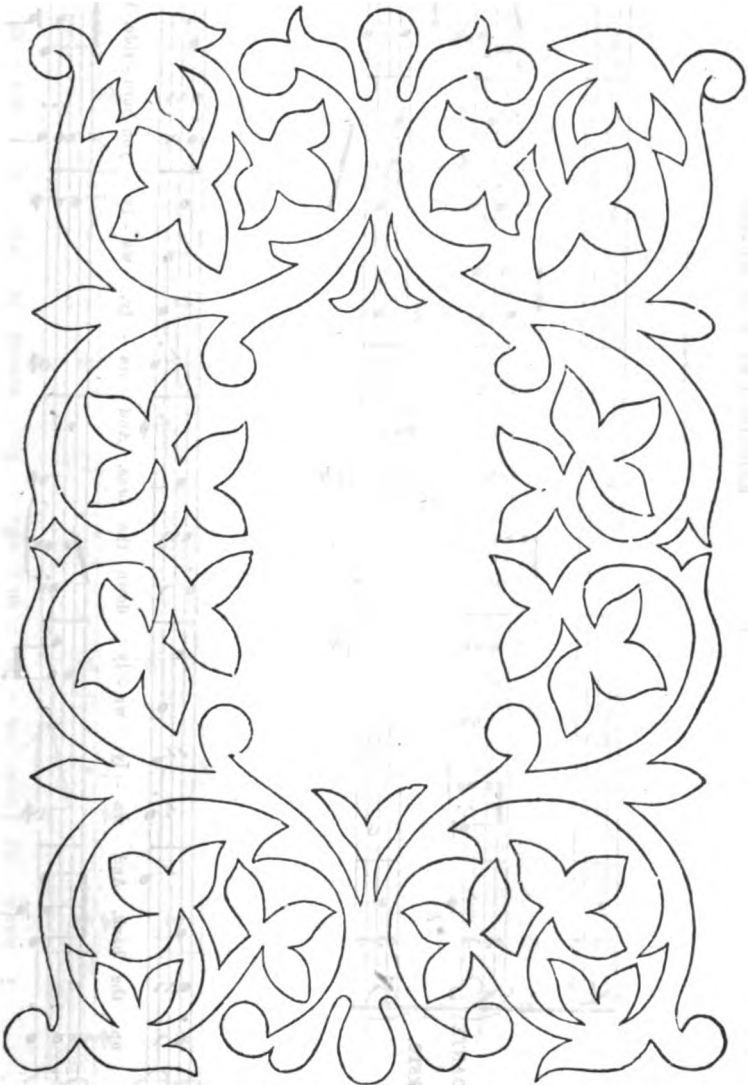
PATTERN IN EMBROIDERY.



INFANT'S BODY IN EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



TOP OF PIN-CUSHION IN BRAIDING.

O WALY, WALY!

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

First system of the musical score for 'O Waly, Waly!'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a vocal staff, and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The vocal staff begins with a soprano clef. The bass staff begins with a bass clef. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE' and 'PIU MO' below the bass staff. The lyrics 'O wa - ly, wa - ly,' are written under the vocal staff. The music features a melody in the treble staff, a vocal line in the vocal staff, and a bass line in the bass staff. There are various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'p'.

Second system of the musical score for 'O Waly, Waly!'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a vocal staff, and a bass staff. The tempo is marked 'PIU MO' below the bass staff. The lyrics 'up the bank, And wa - ly, wa - ly, yon burn - side, Where I and my love went to, gae!' are written under the vocal staff. The music continues with a melody in the treble staff, a vocal line in the vocal staff, and a bass line in the bass staff. There are various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'p'.

I lean'd my back un - to an aik, I thought it was a trus - ty tree; But first it bow'd, an'

syne it brak: An' aae did my true love to me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonnie
A little time while it is new;
But when it's auld it waxes cauld,
An' fades away like the mornin' dew.
O wherefore should I busk my beid,
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsok,
An' says he'll never love me mair.

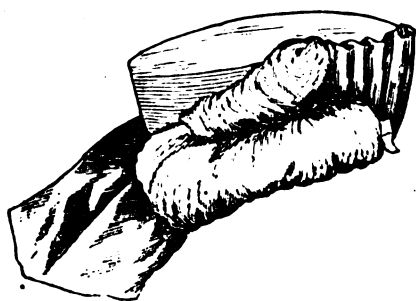
Now Arthur's Seas shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me,
St. Anton's Well shall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
An' shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O, gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For o' my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawin' snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry;
But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.
When we cam' in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
An' I mysel' in cranastie.

But had I wist, before I kins'd,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd look'd my heart in a case o' gold,
An' plinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
An' set upon the nurse's knee,
An' I mysel' were dead an' gane,
An' the green grass growin' over me.



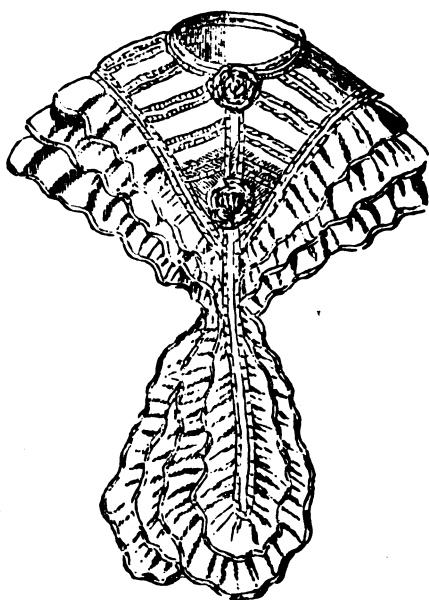
NEW STYLES OF SPRING BONNETS.



BABY'S HAT.



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THE RAINFUL LEVER - IS THE RAIN OVER.

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THE BASHFUL LOVER.

BY ANNIE ARNOLD.

"STAND up straight, sir; don't come where I am in that shuffling way. You look like a whipped cur."

The speaker was a tall, strong-looking farmer, and the person he addressed was a small, delicate-looking boy, who was coming slowly up the path leading to the door of the farm-house. "Here," he added, "take this rake and finish these beds."

For a few minutes his son worked with energy and good-will, and then letting his rake rest quietly on the ground, he stood leaning against a tree, his eyes bent down, and his whole countenance overcast.

"Idling as usual," said a harsh voice behind him. "Where have you been all the afternoon?"

"In the church-yard."

"You go there too much." This was in a low, softened voice, and without any further remark the farmer turned away, and went again into the house.

David Fielding was a farmer, well to do in the world, and one of the leading men of the little village of Milldale. He was of a harsh, exacting disposition, feared by all the boys of the village, and respected by the men as an upright, though hard man. The only person who had ever found the soft spot in David Fielding's heart was his gentle little wife, Mary. A few months before our story commences, he had laid this sunbeam of his life in her grave, and his heart seemed to have contracted and hardened with the great sorrow, till every one pitied his poor child, Harry, who was a gentle, timid boy, ill able to bear harsh treatment. In truth, little Harry's life was far from being a pleasant one. From his mother he inherited a delicate constitution, and a quiet, retiring disposition, and from his father a vigorous intellect. Had farmer Fielding been an educated man, he would have made a name in the world, for his talents were of a

superior order; but brought up to work on a farm, he was entirely ignorant of book knowledge, being only able to read, write, and keep his simple accounts. At ten years old, Harry, thanks to his mother's care of his education, far outstripped his father in learning, but his mother's death abruptly terminated his course of studies. The farmer, who had always looked upon the time spent over books as wasted, began to train Harry to farm work, and as a day's labor was usually very wearying to a delicate frame like his, he was forced to abandon his first idea of reading in the evening, and with many weary sighs put aside his books, and tried to satisfy his father. Still he would often stop, when employed in the tiresome labor allotted to him, to ponder over some half-forgotten study, or think with weary sighs of his dear mother. As time passed on, the boy, finding no sympathy from his father, and having no other companion, learned to shut into his own heart all his thoughts and feelings, and keeping there a deep, pure spring of genius and warm feelings, appeared to others as a bashful, retiring lad, pronounced stupid by the neighboring farmers, and pitied as a broken-spirited boy by the women of the village.

When Harry was but thirteen years of age he fell in love. The reader may smile at the passion developed at so early an age, but it was a warm, pure love, brightening his whole dreary life. He was returning one morning from an errand to one of the farms on the outskirts of the village, when a sudden shower forced him to take shelter under a tree. He was standing there, dreaming as usual, watching the clouds as they gradually broke away, when he saw a girl nearly his own age coming toward the same tree, and setting down her basket and closing her umbrella, take a place directly behind him. She was very pretty, Harry saw that, and he

longed to speak to her. He cleared his throat, turned toward her, and then bashfulness gaining the day, colored, and began to count the eggs in her basket. His next effort was to try to touch her hand, and pushing his own gently along the trunk of the tree, he grasped—the umbrella. A sweet, silvery laugh from his companion served to break the ice, and overcoming his bashfulness, Harry started a conversation. Very improper, was it not, for two people to converse freely without an introduction? So it was, however. It did not take long for Harry to find out that Nellie was the only child of old Nathan Grant, and that she had just returned from boarding-school to preside in her father's house. She was a sensible girl, cheerful, and rather coquettish, but domestic and orderly; keeping her father's house neatly and well, and making all the boys of the village her firm friends and allies. Her father, who loved his darling fondly, only kept her at home one little year, and then sent her again to school to finish her education. It was taking the sunshine from poor Harry's life to part him from Nellie, but he submitted gracefully. A few months after Nellie left Milldale, farmer Fielding died, and in obedience to his last wish, Harry went to Philadelphia to seek his mother's only brother, a wealthy bachelor, who for the love of his sister adopted the orphan, and rather ashamed of his rustic manners and imperfect education, placed him in the best schools at once. We meet our hero again after a lapse of ten years.

"Oh, Dr. Fielding!" said a gay beauty, to a handsome, intellectual-looking man, who was seated beside her, "you must come to my *soirée* to-morrow, and I will introduce you to the most charming little piece of rusticity you ever saw. My cousin is coming to visit me. Papa, you know, sent me into the country last summer to restore my health, and I visited my uncle in Massachusetts. There I made a fast friend of my cousin, who, although educated in a very good school in some little town up there, is the most innocent, simple little rose-bud in the world. You will come?"

"With pleasure, Miss Eloise!"

"Eloise," said her mother, after the young man had left the room, "why did you ask Dr. Fielding to come to-morrow? I most particularly desired to keep him from meeting your cousin. I do not see why your father will insist upon our inviting her here. A new dress, or some other present, would have paid her for any civility she showed you last summer. It was too provoking for him to send you to that outlandish place, when at Saratoga you would

have met young Fielding constantly. Why, Eloise, he is the best *parti* in town since his uncle died and left him all his money. He would admire your cousin's face, I know; he raves about rustic beauty. How can we contrive to keep her out of the way?"

Eloise stood up before her mother erect and beautiful.

"Mother," she said, slightly smiling, "I do not fear the power of my cousin's charms. Look at me!"

"Dr. Fielding!" said a lovely girl, seating herself beside Eloise Grant—"Dr. Fielding, I wonder if —. What is his first name, Eloise?"

"Harry!"

"Harry Fielding. I knew a boy once, long years ago, whose name was Harry Fielding. Well! now for business. Eloise, I want you to tell me how I can earn my own living in this great city."

"Earn your own living, Nell! Are you crazy?"

"No! Papa is going to marry a girl of sixteen, next week. Don't stop me, it is true! I will not live with such a step-mother, and I told father that I should not come home again."

"Nellie! Have you spoken to papa?"

"Not yet. Do not fancy," she said, with a slight smile, "that I mean to be a burden upon uncle George. No, I can sew well, and my needle will support me."

"It is slow starvation!"

"Then I can teach French. I have studied it thoroughly. We will talk of this to-morrow. You must dress now, I suppose."

"Yes, and you too."

"No, I cannot come down! Excuse me to-night, cousin, I am fatigued. Come in when you are dressed, I want to see you."

When Eloise left the room, Nellie, unbraiding her long, glossy hair, and slipping on a white wrapper, drew up a large arm-chair, and curling her little figure in its large seat, began to muse. She was very lovely. Dark chesnut hair, falling in wavy masses almost to her feet, large, black eyes, a clear complexion and regular features, with a very pretty *petite* figure, made her almost a match for her brilliant cousin.

"Nellie, are you asleep?"

"No. Oh, you have come to let me see your dress. Oh, Eloise, how lovely you are!"

Eloise, a tall, brilliant brunette, dressed in a rich black lace, trimmed with scarlet, presented quite a contrast to the little white robed figure standing beside her.

Creeping back to her chair, Nellie, listening at times to the music or laughter in the rooms below, at last fell fast asleep. When she awoke

it was very late, and her throat was parched and dry with thirst.

"I wonder now," soliloquized Nellie, as she sat up in her chair—"I wonder if I could steal down to the water cooler in the pantry, and get a glass of water without meeting any one?"

Peeping over the banisters, she saw that the supper was over, the room deserted, and she quickly passed down. Hardly had she gained the room when voices on the stairs alarmed her, and she ran into the pantry and hid behind the door.

"A ghost, boys, a ghost!" cried a young man, coming into the dining-room. "I saw it fly! Flowing hair, white shroud, all in character. Ah! here she is!" and poor Nellie found herself dragged from her hiding-place, and surrounded by a group of five or six young men.

"Who are you?" said one.

"Mrs. Grant's new nursery-maid," said another.

"Gentlemen," said Nellie, breaking from the first speaker, and drawing up her little figure, "you will be kind enough to let me pass. I am a visitor here, and thought the guests had all left the house, or I should not have ventured down stairs."

"Surely, surely, I know that voice and face," said one of the group, who had not spoken before. "Who is it? Let her pass, boys! Allow me to see you to your door," he continued, offering her his arm. "I am sure these gentlemen will all join with me in apologizing for the fright we have caused you."

"Certainly," was the reply of all, and accepting the arm offered her, Nellie bowed gracefully to all, and left the room.

"Eloise," said her mother, the next morning, "what do you think of Nellie's talent for acting? I never heard of a more successful trap than she contrived last night. She knew that in full dress in a gay party she would be eclipsed by you, but in that white flowing dress with her hair falling to her feet, she made quite a sensation. I did not care much for the other gentlemen, but when Dr. Fielding came to me to inquire who that lovely girl was, I was vexed enough to be short with him."

"Poor little Nell! I do not think there was any acting about it, mamma."

"Nonsense, Eloise! Well, I am in despair; your father insists upon our keeping Nellie here, because her father is going to marry a chit of a girl. Old simpleton! Be careful, Eloise, don't trust too much to your own beauty, let me help you to catch the doctor."

"Mamma!" Eloise spoke rapidly, and her

cheeks flushed, "I have never made an undutiful reply to you before, but I say now that I loathe and despise this mania for intrigue and husband catching. I care nothing for Dr. Fielding, except as a very good friend, but if I loved him, I would not raise my hand to gain his love unless he sought me first. We will not speak of this again."

Nellie was contented, but not happy in her new home. Through the influence of her uncle and cousin, she soon had a full class of scholars in French, and was able to feel perfectly independent. But though her uncle and cousin were very fond of her, and tried by every means in their power to make her home pleasant, she knew that her aunt did not love her, and she felt like an intruder. She had once spoken to Eloise of changing her home, but the proposal met with such opposition both from Mr. Grant and his daughter, that she abandoned the idea. After her first meeting with Harry Fielding, her aunt scrupled not to accuse her of having dressed and acted a part on purpose to attract him, and she had not again seen him. Whenever he was in the house, some sneering remark from her aunt, about her preference for him, would make her cheeks burn, and she studiously avoided him.

One morning she was at the house of a pupil, listening to the wearying repetition of verbs and phrases, when to her surprise Dr. Fielding entered the room. Nellie turned her face from him, and continued the lesson apparently unconscious of his presence. He showed no intention of complying with her inward wish, that he would leave the room again, but taking his place at the piano, began to hum over some opera airs, evidently waiting for the lesson to be finished. Nellie's pupil whispered, "It was Dr. Fielding come to see sister Kate, who was out, and would not come in for ever so long."

The lesson was finished, and Nellie stood before the glass tying on her bonnet.

"Oh, Miss Grant, if you will wait here one minute, I will go up for the exercise I wrote yesterday," and her little pupil ran away.

"Miss Nellie," said the doctor, leaving his music, and coming to her side, "do you think you treat an old friend fairly? I have actually haunted your uncle's house to see again the fair vision——"

An arch smile interrupted him.

"A truce to compliment," he said. "Frankly, I have taken it as most unkind that you were so obstinately invisible whenever I have called upon Miss Eloise. I am very glad to find you here to-day."

To Mrs. Grant's horror, Dr. Fielding came home with Nellie, the next day he drove her out, and in the evening took her out to the opera.

Eloise, with a most astonishing indifference to the loss of the best *parti* in town, encouraged

his visits, was continually finding excuses to leave them alone together, and finally, told her mother that she wanted her advice about a new dress, for that her father was going to give Nellie a splendid wedding, and she had elected herself first bridesmaid.

THE VOICE OF WINTER.

BY MARIAN GUINN.

Oh, I come like death through a festive throng,
With a bier for life, and a hush for song;
I have still'd the voice of the pouring floods,
And the night bird's lay in the Summer woods
Will gush no more thro' the starry gloom,
For I bring ye a death unto light and bloom.

Oh, the earth was bright that the wind blew o'er,
And the blue waves broke on the sodgy shore,
And the sky was soft with the Summer lights,
And the mists were blue on the sunny heights,
And the moss tufts deep where the waters glide,
And the fisher's song by the lake's blue tide.

I passed where the primrose open'd first,
And the green larch buds in the May winds burst,
And the wild ferns grew in the sunless shade,

And violets bloom'd in the dewy glade,
And the air was sweet with their scented breath,
But they heard my call and drooped in death.

In the sky I have hush'd each voice of glee,
And the bark drifts loose on the stormy sea;
For the time of flowers and song is o'er,
And the vesper's chant on the sunny shore;
For the waves are mute on the green earth's breast,
And the blue streams sleep in their icy rest.

Oh, I come with gloom to the darken'd earth,
But the fire shines warm on the household hearth,
And the airs of Winter sweet are grown
With the kindly sound of each greeting tone,
And the time of dear fire-side dreams hath come,
And low twilight songs for the hearth of home.

STANZAS.

BY M. D. WILLIAMS.

WEARY one, on life's rough sea,
When the storm beats heavily,
When the stars are veiled from sight,
And the moon gives not her light;
When the tempest wildly raves,
God will calm the ocean waves.
Lo! His voice the winds can still,
Trust Him, yield thou to His will.

Toller on the shores of Time,
Tho' a darksome path is thine,
Tho' from childhood's vernal hour
Thou hast culled no thornless flower,

Tho' the balmy breath of Spring
Unto thee no joy doth bring;
Cast on God thy every care,
He will give thee strength to bear.

Sad one, with the brow of care,
God is near thee, everywhere;
In the storm His voice I hear,
In the gushing streamlet clear,
In the winds that wildly blow,
In the zephyr soft and low;
God is present everywhere,
And o'er all extends His care.

THEY ARE GONE.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

THEY are gone, all gone, the birds and flowers,
That gemmed the gardens and gladdened the bowers,
And through field and forest all leafless and lone,
The sad winds whisper, they are gone, all gone.

They are gone from many a once glad home,
To the silent chambers of the tomb,
The loving heart and the gentle tone
Are gone from earth, forever gone.

There is gone from many a human heart
Some hope that formed life's brightest part,

And cold Endurance dwells alone
In the soul from whence its light has gone.

Gone from the eyes that once were bright,
No more to rekindle their beaming light,
Dimmed by the mists of weary years,
Or quenched in sorrow's burning tears.

Gone are the dreams that our childhood knew,
That lent to the future its roscate hue,
And we sigh 'mid our sorrows, cares and tears,
For the budding hopes of those by-gone years.

STRICTLY TRUE.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

SHE was a wild, little piece, with her pretty, dimpled face full of mischief, always saying extravagant things and giving people wrong impressions, and yet she bore the important title of—Mrs. Dudley Rivington. Her husband, who was decidedly grave and sedate, thought she did not support his name with sufficient dignity, and he sometimes undertook to lecture her on what he considered her “little failing,” but with some mischievous reply she was always sure to put to flight his gravity.

Every one wondered how two people so totally unlike as Dudley Rivington and Lizzie Rising had ever been drawn together, but it is a true saying that people like their opposites, and Mr. Rivington, who was at first shocked, then amused by Lizzie's pranks, at length found himself in love with the little hoyden. While Lizzie, who had stood in considerable awe of this gentleman, gradually found her respect deepening into a different feeling. And so they were married, and, different though they were, no word of discord ever marred their happiness. He bore good-naturedly with her mischievous disposition, but at times he would cast about in his own mind for some way to cure her.

“My dear,” said Mr. Rivington, one day, as he entered the apartment where his bride was sitting, “I have heard something very strange.”

“What was it?” asked Lizzie.

“I heard that your parents were very much opposed to our union, and that we were obliged to elope at night by jumping out of a back window, and that then we had gone immediately to the clergyman, and had been married without the knowledge of your parents, who, in consequence, had disinherited you, and had refused to have anything more to do with you.”

“How very strange!” exclaimed Lizzie, “how could such a report have originated?”

“Have you not said something in fun which might have given rise to it?”

“No,” said Lizzie, thoughtfully, and then she added, “Oh, now I do remember, the other day, when Sally Brewster was here—you know she has such a perfect horror of old gentlemen. She asked me, in her innocent way, how I came to marry a person so much older than myself? ‘For my own part,’ said she, ‘I never should wish to marry an old man, and pa and ma

wouldn't let me if I did.’ She is such an honest little creature, and always takes everything so literally that I wished to astonish her, so I replied, ‘I sprang out of a back window at night, when my parents were asleep, and I was married quite early the next morning’ I suppose that must have been the way the story originated, and it has gained, of course, by circulation.”

“But, Lizzie, what did possess you to say such a thing?” continued Mr. Rivington.

“Only for mischief, I meant to have undeceived her before she left me, but I forgot it.”

“Do you think it right to say what is not true, even in fun, Lizzie?” asked her husband, with a grave look.

“But it really was strictly true, Dudley; for do you not recollect my telling you that the night before we were married, I became alarmed by a cry of fire next door, and I sprang out of the window which was near the ground, and as soon as the first feeling of fear was over, I returned to waken my father and mother.”

“What you said then was true in the letter, but was it so in the spirit?” asked Mr. Rivington, as he gazed earnestly into his wife's face.

“Now, grandpa,” said Lizzie, as she stroked down his whiskers, “please don't preach me a sermon, for I was only in fun when I said it, and I think people might understand me; every one is so dreadfully matter-of-fact.”

“But when you make your assertions with so grave a face, you must expect people to think that you mean what you say.”

Lizzie laughed, and wondered what made her husband so very sober, and wished that he was a little more playful; while he, in his turn, wished that his wife was not quite so full of spirits. But he had still considerable annoyance to go through with, before Lizzie gave up this little propensity.

It was all in vain that he talked to her about dignity. Her eyes would dance with mischief as she listened to him, and the next minute she would call to him from the top of a load of hay, or fly past him on a spirited horse without saddle, or just escape falling into a pond, so that her husband lived in continual fear of her killing herself.

One day he went up to his wife as she was

looking out of the window, and, putting his arm around her, inquired why she was looking out so wistfully?"

"I was searching for some blue sky, or sunshine, for I am perfectly crazy to go out a little way this afternoon."

"That is sad," said her husband, with an air of mock solemnity, "for I believe there is no lunatic asylum very near here."

"Now, Mr. Solomon, do be quiet! there is no comfort in telling one's troubles to you; I suppose you would have me say that I should rather like to go, wouldn't you?"

"You might express it rather more strongly than that, Lizzie, without being quite so extravagant; you will certainly get yourself into trouble if you continue to talk in this style, saying things you do not mean. It was only this morning I heard that I had failed, and my wife was teaching school; do you know how the report originated?"

"No, I am sure I do not."

"Are you certain that it was not some of your mischief? Think."

Lizzie blushed as she replied evasively, "I suppose it might have been through Mrs. Minus, she is such a gossip."

"But what should give her the idea?"

"Why, it was probably from a remark of mine. I had forgotten about it until you spoke, really she is so prying she provokes me."

"But what was your remark?" asked her husband, smiling.

"It was something I said, the other day, when she came in and found me seated in the midst of a number of the neighbors' children, who had come in for the purpose of learning to crochet a mat. She looked astonished at seeing such a circle of little people; and I said, laughingly, 'I have turned teacher,' whereupon she asked, in a surprised tone, 'Have you?' And when I saw that she believed me to be in earnest, I said very gravely, 'Yes.' Then she inquired if my husband had failed? and as I recollected that it was only that very morning that you had failed in your attempts to get on your new coat, which was too small for you, I answered her in the affirmative. I quite enjoyed the good lady's look of eager curiosity, as she received this piece of information, and she soon after took her departure, but I never thought of her telling it around."

"That was certainly a very good foundation for the report, she could not have wished for a better," said Mr. Rivington, calmly.

"What I said was all perfectly true, Dudley; but it was really very ridiculous of the woman to take me so literally."

"I am afraid, my dear, that your fun will give me considerable trouble."

"I am very sorry," said Lizzie, and she raised her sweet, childish face to his.

As he bent down to imprint a kiss on those rosy lips, he felt half tempted to give up the plan which he had formed for preventing further mischief, but he recollected the many times that her love of fun had drawn them into trouble, and with an effort he resolved to carry it through.

"I shall have to leave you for a few days, my dear."

"Leave me!" she exclaimed, "for what?"

"I am obliged to go to A—— to-morrow morning, on business, but I will make my stay as short as possible."

It was with a heavy heart that Lizzie retired that night. She could not bear the thought of being separated from her husband even for a few days, and her ever active imagination conjured up all sorts of dreadful things which might happen to one or the other of them before they should meet again. But it was necessary for him to go, and the next morning she followed him to the door, and received his parting kiss, and then returned to her room to cry. But her spirits were not easily depressed for a long time, and she soon dried her tears, and busied herself around the house, thinking all the time how pleasant it would be to have him return when the few days had expired.

In the afternoon the bright sun seemed to invite her out for a walk, and she accordingly went. She met a number of her friends, but some bowed coldly, while others passed her by with a scornful look. At one time she discovered two ladies conversing together and looking at her. What could it mean? Then she caught the words,

"Very strange, is it not?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but then they were so unsuited to each other, that one can scarcely wonder at it."

"That is true," continued the first, "he is so very grave, and she so full of mischief."

As Lizzie walked quickly on, wondering what they could mean, and if it was possible that they referred to her, she lost the remainder of their conversation. Then the words reached her from another direction,

"I should not think she would like to be seen out so soon."

And again—"I reckon it was her extravagance that drove him off."

Lizzie returned to her home feeling sick at heart, and earnestly longing for her husband to come back to her. What she had heard

puzzled her: she felt sure that some false report had been circulated, but how she could not tell. While she was musing on this subject the door opened, and Mrs. A—— was announced. Lizzie rose to receive her visitor, who remarked in a commiserating tone,

"You poor little creature! I have come in on purpose to console with you"

"Thank you," said Lizzie, mistaking her meaning, "I almost think I need condolence, being left alone in this great house with only the servants."

"Yes," continued Mrs. A——, "but you may be sure that every one will take your part, for people always do sympathize with the ladies, you know. I think he was a perfect wretch to leave you, and so soon too."

Her meaning began to break upon Lizzie's mind, and she exclaimed almost fiercely, "Of whom are you speaking?"

"Mr. Rivington," replied Mrs. A——, in some surprise at Lizzie's excited manner, "I heard that he had quarreled with you, and that was the reason of the separation; and knowing that you must feel lonely, I hastened to offer my sympathy, trusting that you would excuse the intrusion."

Our heroine drew herself up with considerable dignity, as she replied, "Allow me to say that you have been quite misinformed; this is the first that I have heard of any quarrel, and the separation was caused by some business which has called my husband away for a few days."

Mrs. A—— hastened to apologize, and soon after left the house. Then came honest little Sally Brewster, who threw her arms around Lizzie's neck, and exclaimed in a tone of sincere sympathy,

"My poor, dear Mrs. Rivington! how sorry I do feel for you!"

"Why do you feel sorry for me, Sally?" asked Lizzie, in a calm tone.

"Oh, because—because—you know why," said Sally, hesitatingly.

"I know of nothing about me to excite sympathy, except that I have been left alone for a few days, in consequence of my husband having been called away on business."

Sally replied in a tone of surprise, "Why! I was informed—that—that——"

"That my husband and I had quarreled and separated," said Lizzie.

"You have heard of the report then, and it is not true?"

"Oh, yes, I have heard of it, and I have also been consoled with, but I cannot imagine what gave rise to such an idea."

Sally did not hurry away as Mrs. A—— had done, and Lizzie found it a comfort to have a friend with her. She was obliged to receive visits of condolence all the afternoon, and in the evening her gentlemen friends came "to offer their sympathies," as they said, but Lizzie thought it was rather to satisfy their curiosity, and she wished herself anywhere rather than in a country village. Every one expressed such deep sorrow for her, that she almost began to think she must be a very unhappy being, and she became quite wrought up to a state of wretchedness; she did not dare to venture out, and at length excused herself positively to all visitors.

This state of affairs continued until the return of Mr. Rivington, which took place rather sooner than his wife had anticipated. Lizzie ran to meet him, and throwing herself into his arms, burst into tears.

"What ails my pet?" he asked, as he kissed her affectionately.

"Oh, Dudley!" sobbed Lizzie, "there has been such a strange report circulated throughout the whole place—they said that you and I had quarreled, and that was the reason that you had gone away and left me."

A quizzical look came over Dudley's face as he replied,

"What very strange reports, my dear, gain credence! How could this have arisen, do you know?"

His wife replied,

"I have not the slightest idea; I am sure it could not have been from anything that I said, this time."

Dudley passed his hand thoughtfully across his face as he observed slowly, "Could it have been from a remark that I made on the morning I left you? I recollect now meeting one of the neighbors who inquired how you were? I replied that you were very well when I last saw you, but that we had had a few words together and separated. I noticed that he looked rather surprised at my answer."

"Oh, Dudley! how could you?" exclaimed Lizzie.

"Why, my dear, I was only in fun, and then besides it was strictly true; but people are so very matter-of-fact—any one might know that I would not leave you, no matter for how short a time, without having a few parting words with you."

"But it has placed me in so very strange a position, I did not think that of you, Dudley."

Mr. Rivington folded his little wife in his arms, and asked to be forgiven. Lizzie had generosity

enough to see how much trouble she had often been the cause of bringing upon him in a similar way, and now, in her turn, she laughed heartily over the mortification she had suffered.

Her husband's remedy proved a most effectual one, and from that time she was more careful to preserve truth in the spirit, as well as in the letter, of what she said.

THE SHELL AND PEBBLE.

BY N. F. CARTER.

A SHELL and Pebble, side by side,
Were lying on the ocean strand,
Beyond the pulsings of the tide,
The kisses of the waves denied,
Alone they nestled on the sand.

The Shell with many a pleasant song
Caught from the Summer waves at play
Beguiled the Pebble all day long,
Nor thought it bold, nor thought it wrong
To smile its loneliness away!

The Pebble, happy with its friend,
Enraptured with its murmuring song,
Asked for no higher good than spend
In such communion to the end,
The life uncheered, unblest so long!

The Shell was beautiful and rare,
The shining gift of Summer seas;
The Pebble from a home as fair,
So rough and so unsightly there,
Had seemingly no charm to please.

But soon a bright-eyed laughing boy
In passing bore away the Shell,
Then sad the Pebble's lone employ,
Uncared for, robbed of all its joy,
Life's music seemed its funeral knell!

The Shell with all its beauty rare,
Had gone to grace a rich man's home,
But 'mid the costly treasures there
It seemed, alas! not half so fair
As sprinkled with the ocean foam!

Still on the sand the Pebble lay
Unheeded by the passers by,
Until a girl, one stormy day,
In tattered garments chanced that way,
A tear within her sad, blue eye!

She was a widow's only child,
Too frail life's hardships to endure,
On her a father ne'er had smiled,
A mother's love alone beguiled
Her toil and kept her young heart pure.

Hungry she was—she needed rest;
Oh, weary of her life felt she;
Her long day's toil had been unblest,
The beach, her little feet had pressed,
For once all pitiless seemed to be!

No moes had added to her store
Wherewith to purchase that day's bread,
Her hands had gathered all before;
The waves, alas! had brought no more
Through her young heart a joy to shed.

But sorrow not to-night, sad one,
Though eating not thy hungering,
Thy ill-paid sea-side toil is done;
Joy waits thee with the morrow's sun;
The gathered Pebble good shall bring!

That uncouth Pebble from the strand,
Had still a value all its own.
It brought her houses—brought her land—
Brought all she wished at her command—
A diamond slumbered in the stone!

So with the world wherever we go,
Where rich and poor dwell side by side;
There is a power in outward show,
An influence in external glow,
To lowly worth, alas! denied!

The humble garb, the homely face,
How often noticed with a frown!
When nobler riches never grace
The spirit's inner dwelling-place,
Than wins for them a Heaven renown!

I'LL SING THE PAST.

BY J. H. M'NAUGHTON.

I'll sing the past—those happy hours!—
Now gone forever by—
When we were 'mong youth's rosy bowers,
And Love sat smiling nigh.
When roved we o'er the sunlit hills
And tript the meadows gay,
Or wandered by the moonlit rills
And made November—May!
Oh, happy hours! Oh, joyous hours!—
Now gone forever by—
When we were 'mong youth's rosy bowers,
And Love sat smiling nigh.

Oh, come again ye joys of youth,
With shout and merry song,
With eye of mirth, and lips of truth,
And pleasant smiles among;
Come youth again; and, friend, come thou,
Together let us rove;
We'll plight again our broken vow,
And yield once more to Love!
Oh, happy hours! Oh, joyous hours!—
Now gone forever by—
When we were 'mong youth's rosy bowers,
And Love sat smiling nigh.

THE MYSTERIOUS BURDEN.

BY MELITABLE HOLYOKE.

It was early in a frosty evening. People in Boston were hurrying home to their suppers. A car of the horse-railroad, in which I had found room, was crowded to nearly the last standing place, and we were speeding swiftly down the slope of Tremont street, when a voice shouted, "Stop!"

The brake was applied to the wheels, the conductor, standing on tip-toe, peered among the crowds of heads to locate the "one place more," which every public conveyance is known to keep in reserve. The passengers looked at each other, and smiled.

"It is of no use," remarked a gentleman with a genial face, who had already resigned his seat in favor of a lady.

"Not any room? There's a woman, or I would not ask, and it's a cold night, sir!"

"You are right, we will do our best for her. Friends, if you all rest one foot above the other, it will make a surprising difference in standing room."

"But establish a dangerous precedent," retorted a little man, who was almost smothered already, standing amidst so many taller brethren.

"Why do we wait? It is all nonsense, this crowding!" growled a dyspeptic-looking individual in a corner.

A lively altercation was passing at the door; the horses pranced, the driver looked back impatiently, and still we waited.

"What's the trouble now?" asked he of the genial countenance.

"Why, a woman wants, as all women do, to have her way. You might as well blow against the wind as talk reason to them," said the conductor, pettishly. "She will crowd into this full car, with a great sack of meal, or meat in her arms; and I can't understand her gibberish any more than she understands me."

"Then she's a foreigner? A Frenchwoman, I should think, from her gestures. Let us see if I can make peace between you."

All willingly made place for the speaker: there is no crowd so dense but good nature will find a way through it, as easily as sunshine finds its way through the woods.

Upon hearing words in her native tongue, the

woman clasped her hands in ecstasy about the offending sack, and commenced a story in which the peacemaker was evidently interested, accompanying her words by animated gestures and frequent appeals to the man who stood beside her, apparently her husband.

She pointed indignantly at the conductor, her black eyes flashing; she patted and caressed the sack, and the sparks of anger in her eyes were quenched in tears; she looked up in her hearer's face with a coquettish, appealing glance, which might have found its way to a harder heart, and which evidently won his heart, if it had not been won already.

He turned to the growling individual in the corner, "The poor woman has a very heavy burden; can you not spare this seat for a short time?"

"No, sir!" testily, "if women want seats, let them go to the stand as I went."

"Was it yesterday that the death occurred?" said Benevolence, using his own tongue, as if by accident.

"Ah, *hier*!" responded the Frenchwoman, patting her sack.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed in undertone, a school-girl, with arms full of books, "it is dead—a dead child! I do not understand the language well; but am sure now that once or twice I heard her call the burden in her arms, 'dear child,' and 'poor lost one.'"

"A dead child. The woman has a dead child in her sack—murdered no doubt!" was whispered through the car.

"And he," pointing to Geniality, "he is the accomplice, I'll swear!" growled Growler, turning pale and starting from his seat. One end of the sack had worked its way into the door, and had remained in close proximity to Growler's cheek.

"Fine exercise, this standing in the car," observed the little smothered man, consolingly; "you know there's nothing so good for dyspepsia as exercise."

"I know there's nothing so good for villany as a police-officer," was Growler's acknowledgment, "I'll stop the car, I'll have the woman, bag, husband, protector and all, lodged in jail before another hour."

"Oh, take care, take care!" said Little-man, in affright, "Geniality is a director on the road—a large stockholder—a very influential man; he may sue you for slander."

"Then I'll sue him for sanctioning a nuisance; that woman crowding her horrid dead child under my nose, when she might have known I have the night-mare already so fearfully that I dread to fall asleep. Pretty visions I shall have in the next twelve hours: a dance of dead babies around my pillow all night long!" and Growler rubbed his long fingers, nervously.

Meantime, the woman, unconscious of her peril, had taken Growler's seat. The fat lady next, and the fidgety lady next to her, had followed Growler's example and decamped: ditto and ditto the fat-lady's husband and the fidgety-lady's son. It was marvelous to see how much room revealed itself where none had been before. The conductor pulled the strap to admit another passenger, and Geniality took the empty seat beside his new found acquaintance and her bag.

All conjecture and curiosity were the passengers, who stood packed in the other three-quarters of the car, feet piled upon feet, Little-man peeping out between their elbows, and Growler looking as wild as if the dance of dead babies in his brain had already begun.

"Clink!" went the bell, "Stop, conductor!" Forth went the sack, the woman and the husband, and the car sped on.

"There, there!" whispered Little-man, "they have stopped at this street; they will throw the sack in the water to which it leads."

"I'll have it dragged to-morrow!" Growler growled.

Geniality turned to me. His open, gentlemanly manner was introduction enough. "Ladies are said to be curious," he observed, laughing lines running all about his mouth. "Have you any wish to hear that woman's story?"

I assented. The car was all ears, you could have heard a cob-web break, it was so hushed within.

"You saw how tenaciously she clung to her sack? that she would not even trust it in her husband's charge—that she would rather walk than leave it on the platform, as the conductor wished? Did you form any conjecture as to its contents?"

"Several, I must own. Was it a coffin?"

"You are near; but a coffin would have betrayed itself by its shape."

"A — child?"

"What a fancy! and what guessers women are! Your brains are full of 'magic-music.'"

"You evade my question."

"The little thing has been drooping for months, medical aid was called without avail, and yesterday it died."

"Poor woman! Was it her own?"

"Yes, her own Belle; her dear, precious, lovely little dog: that she brought all the way from France, and has tended on a pillow these six weeks. She fairly laughed in her triumph while praising his beauty and accomplishments, and then the tears came in her bright eyes as she told of his long, hopeless sickness; how he died, and how she laid him out with a necklace of flowers, and how her heart sank when she brought him away for burial, and how it would break when she went back to her home and saw his empty bed, and heard the children crying for Belle. It was with difficulty that I could prevent her from opening the sack to display her favorite's charms."

"It might have prevented suspicion."

Geniality laughed. "No one would be ridiculous enough to suspect a person so — well known as myself."

"But how will these people find a fit place for burial? The streets are paved, the water is frozen fast."

"I asked that same question, and the little woman assured me that she had taken a journey hither earlier in the day: she could not have the heart to bring Belle upon uncertainties. And such a providence occurred—while she looked up and down the plain of blank ice—not one small, small crevice, through which poor Belle might be consigned to his grave—some skaters darted past in a frolic, chased each other, whirled and whirled about in the ice, and at length, ah, it was so fortunate! the surface quite gave way, and there was an opening."

"But the skaters?"

"Poor young men! they could not pause so near the brink, and one, two, three, slid fairly into the water, and were dragged out, drenched and shivering. I had heard of the incident already, and observed: 'Then you were the good woman who called for help, and wrapped one of the young men in your shawl?' 'Probably,' she said, 'I saw no other person near, except the man whom I summoned; and ah,'—with a sigh—'when they shivered and shuddered, from the cold, didn't I think of poor precious little Belle—that so soon I would bring him to a like cruel fate?'"

On my next meeting with Geniality, I found that he had made a pilgrimage to the home of Belle, and ascertained the Frenchwoman's story to be true in all particulars. By an ordering of Providence that seemed better attested than the

one which prepared Belle's grave, he went at a season of real distress, when the good man of the house sat idle for want of bread, and the mother had just brought her mind to confess that now her children wanted bread—it was well the poor little dog slept peacefully in his grave.

And Geniality took from his pocket a roll of exquisite embroidery, which the little woman had wrought for sale, and in the excess of her gratitude had sent to his wife: "To-morrow," he said, "we shall take it in town, to the Seamen's Fair, and I hope, before very long, to return it in the shape of a roll of bills."

Little-man went home and read his newspapers, and laid him down to sleep and dreamed a dream: Growler had sued him for slander, and Geniality and the Frenchwoman, when he had been condemned and was just embarking for

Botany Bay, had rescued and brought him home safely inside of the mysterious sack.

And Growler, what a Walpurgis night it was in his brain! How the slaughtered innocents joined hands, and danced, and shrieked, and whined about his pillow! How they tramped on his heart with their cold feet, and stroked his forehead with their small, dead hands!

Reader, it is old-fashioned to write stories with a moral; but don't we meet Littleman, Geniality and Growler every day, and is it not worthy of thought, that while we fit our neighbors with characteristic titles, they are bestowing the same attention on us? The stranger, the artist, the school-girl, the beggar-child, that meet you each morning; what are you to their mind—Growler, or Geniality? A shadow or a sunbeam in their path?

THE EXPECTED MESSENGER.

BY HELEN M. EARLE.

THROUGH all the long and weary day;
Till eve came in and stole the light;
Till twilight ushered in the night.
The Messenger was on his way.

Restraining all our gushing woe,
We sat within our darkened room—
Sat waiting until he should come,
And nought was heard save breathings low.

Our blue-eyed baby lay asleep,
And we were watching over her;
For, oh! the expected Messenger
Would claim her ere the morning's peep.

Anon I clasped her to my heart,
And gently smoothed the golden hair;
And softly kissed the brow so fair;
The chiselled lips, set half apart.

And one whose hand was clasping mine,
Was sitting watching there with me;
With deep, convulsive agony
Upon his brow in every line.

The weary night slow wore away,

"Perhaps He will not come till morn,"
Said both our hearts, with anguish torn;
"He may not come till break of day."

But list! a stirring of the air—
There was no sound of opening door,
Nor fall of footsteps on the floor,
And yet the Messenger was there.

Oh, agony! we saw how on
Our baby's heart he laid his hand;
And snatched apart life's quivering strand,
And then the Messenger was gone.

We clasped the empty casket now,
We wildly kissed the precious clay,
And wiped the scalding tears away,
That fell upon the pure, white brow.

Since then, have passed, oh! many years,
Yet often do we speak of her,
And that expected Messenger,
With bitter tears—with bitter tears.

EVENING REVERIE.

BY MAGGIE STEWART.

I AM sitting in the twilight,
Listening to the streamlet's flow;
Watching now the glancing motion
As the wavelets come and go;
Listening to the music-murmur
That the wind makes 'mong the leaves;
Now the moonlight gently stealeth
And a silver tracery weaves.
And the holy stars are shining—
Are they homes where angels sing?

Now my thoughts are mounting upward,
On sweet fancy's airy wing.
And I see among the angels
Those beloved—"gone before,"
Who have left us broken-hearted
On the dark and stormy shore.
By the evening breezes wafted
To my ear, a sweet refrain—
"Weep not thus for the departed;
For in Heaven you'll meet again."

THE MISS BOGGLES' PIC-NIC.

BY GABRIEL LEE.

"Oh, my! Oh, dear me!" groaned Miss Mattie Boggles, "it is so dull and stupid out here, I shall certainly expire, stagnate to death, unless we do something to enliven ourselves."

The Boggles lived in a small gothic dwelling, just sufficient distance out of town to secure all disagreeables of the country, without any conveniences of the city. Mr. Boggles had said: "It's confoundedly expensive living in the city, I'll move a little out of town, and see if we can't get along at a cheaper rate. Besides," continued he, in a fit of unwonted eloquence, "it is so delightful, so soul-expanding, after the toils of the day, to exchange the dust and smoke of the city, for the rural breezes of the country, and the delights of nature. Then," added Mr. Boggles, with a robust descent into the regions of the practical, "I must look out for a house with ground enough attached to admit of the cultivation of a potato patch."

So, notwithstanding the moaning of the afflicted Boggles family, they found themselves, not long afterward, established in the aforesaid little gothic edifice, which was so small as to provoke an observation from the usually meek Mrs. Boggles, to the effect that, "what with the smells from the kitchen, and there being only one parlor, and the roof sloping down so, she bumped her head whenever she went into one of the upper chambers, it was very little better than living in one room." Mr. Boggles listened to these complaints in silence, triumphantly looking forward to the balance in his favor, which his exchequer would be sure to reveal at the end of the year. But at the conclusion of that time, Mr. Boggles found to his astonishment, that it cost him nearly half as much again as living in town. In addition to this there were numerous inconveniences to which the unhappy Boggles were obliged to submit. They were without gas, and Mrs. Boggles having declared with a hysteric sob, that "she wouldn't use oil, that it was dirty and greasy and got over everything," it became the object of Mr. Boggles' life to procure some substitute for the obnoxious article. So he bought patent lamps, which, as the advertisement said, "gave a clear and brilliant light at an expense so trifling it wasn't worth mentioning." Mr. Boggles, upon

trial, found just the contrary; they gave no light worth speaking of, and were very dear. Camphene wouldn't answer, the children would be sure to get blown up. Mr. Boggles was therefore finally compelled to resort to the old-fashioned fluid lamps. The latter, after being trimmed and re-trimmed, and pushed and poked at constantly, gave enough light to permit the family to pursue their ordinary avocations, that is, if they didn't go out suddenly, an accident by no means unfrequent. There was also another grievance which excited Mr. Boggles' indignation. Having taken the advice of a friend, and purchased a cow, Mr. Boggles found his purchase continually disappearing from the field of action, and was consequently compelled to advertise its loss again and again in the newspapers, besides paying a reward of not less than three dollars, every time the missing animal was returned. Mr. Boggles' temper becoming soured by this repeated disaster, he arrived at the misanthropical conclusion, that his property was spirited away for the express purpose of robbing him of his money in the shape of rewards. Accordingly, he sold "poor Moolie," as the children entitled her, determining to depend in future upon the milkman. It was some consolation, however, to Mr. Boggles, to take whatever visitors chanced to call, to gaze upon the beauties of his potato patch. And as an unusual favor, he would draw forth a potato from the ground, remarking, with an air of benevolent expansion, "Take this home to your family, will you? And show them what we can do in the way of raising vegetables out of town." It is painful to mention, that the articles in question, being somewhat smaller than those seen in the market, were apt to be received with a suppressed titter, which Mr. Boggles innocently attributed to delight at the present.

But to return to Miss Boggles, with whom we commenced:

Her sister, Miss Antonia Boggles, commonly called "Tonic," laid down her book, and said, with an air of quiet triumph, "Let us get up a pic-nic."

Mattie danced about with delight at the proposition. "The very thing," said the young lady, as soon as her agitation had subsided

somewhat, "Let us get ready immediately, and go round among our friends."

"The very first thing," said Miss Mattie, with *emphasis*, on their way to the cars, "will be to obtain plenty of gentlemen to accompany us, and for that purpose we shall be obliged to depend upon the other ladies; for since we have moved here, way out of the world, all our masculine acquaintances have deserted us."

"Except," added Miss Mattie, *sotto voce*, "in cherry time, when they occasionally remember our existence, and are inspired with a sudden anxiety for our welfare."

Tonie here suggested they should first call on the two Miss McNutts, who, being young ladies of a lively, dashing turn of mind, would be likely to furnish plenty of beaux. So, upon their arrival in town, the two heroines repaired to the residence of the Miss McNutts, who were, as they said, "charmed, delighted, enchanted," at the idea. But upon becoming casually acquainted with the fact that a couple of young ladies by the name of Potts, who had in some way incurred their dislike, were to be of the party, straightway became exceedingly dubious about bestowing their presence. And it required half an hour's coaxing, together with observations to the effect, that the pic-nic could be nothing without them, etc., before their objections could be overcome. "Now, be sure," said Mattie, as they took their leave, "to bring plenty of gentlemen with you."

"Oh, dear, yes," replied Miss Medera McNutts, tossing her ringleted head, and remarking with young ladyish elegance, "there'll be no difficulty about that, we know lots of fellows."

Our friends, Mattie and Tonie, spent the remainder of the day in calling among their acquaintances, finding some ready to join heartily in their scheme, while others grumbled, said pic-nics were "humbugs," and required a deal of persuasion before they could be induced to promise their presence. At length, Mattie and Tonie finished their labors, and having duly impressed upon all, they were by no means to come without gentlemen, returned home quite worn out with fatigue. This was Monday, the pic-nic was to come off Thursday, and during the intervening time, the Boggles' household was kept in a constant state of agitation in reference to the weather. Finally the day arrived, and to the horror of the young ladies, proved to be cloudy, with every prospect of rain. In spite of this, however, they set forth for the ferry, where the party were to meet, cross the river, and thence take a Hudson river boat, which was to drop them at some desirable place for pic-nic-

ing, on its way up. On arriving at the ferry, Miss Mattie and her sister found eight or nine of the party assembled, to their great horror, accompanied by only one gentleman, Mr. Carlyle Flutes.

"What, all these ladies under your care?" exclaimed Miss Mattie.

Mr. Flutes, who was a short, dark gentleman, with spectacles, surveyed his charges with the air of a man who was trying to make a good joke of a doleful necessity, and failed of success, then stammered forth something about feeling much honored.

The feelings of the Miss Boggles were here somewhat relieved by the appearance of the Miss McNutts, with three masculine appendages in their train. One, a tall, thin gentleman, with a faint, frouzy attempt at a moustache adorning his face, just such a man as ladies are wont to call "interesting looking," and who was triumphantly introduced to the company by Miss Medera McNutts, as Mr. Conrad Corkery. Of the remaining two, one was fat, rosy visaged, and seemed involved in a continual struggle with his vest, which persisted in turning up continually, as is sometimes apt to be the case with fleshy gentlemen. The third was black-bearded, with mischievous eyes, and was introduced as Mr. Wagstaff.

The Miss Boggles looked in vain for their escort, who was to meet them at the ferry, and who had also promised to bring his clarionet, with which to favor the company. As time passed on without his appearance, Mr. Flutes was dispatched in search of him, while the rest proceeded on their way. Upon reaching the dock on the other side, the Miss Boggles espied Mr. Flutes standing in a melancholy attitude upon the plank laid between the boat and the wharf.

"Wouldn't he come?" simultaneously called out the party, referring to the youth of the clarionet.

"No, couldn't find him, and got myself into a profuse perspiration all for nothin'," rejoined Mr. Flutes, shortly, at the same time surveying his damp wristbands, and savagely grasping his drooping shirt collar. At length, the boat getting under way, and the party being comfortably settled on deck, they prepared to enjoy themselves.

"Well, I do think, only four gentlemen to escort all this party of ladies!" exclaimed Miss Medera McNutts, who delighted in being surrounded by any number of individuals of the opposite sex, upon whom she could play off her various airs and graces. The young lady's

observations were here interrupted, and the whole party startled by the sudden cry of alarm and wrath; and Mr. Carlyle Flutes was seen rushing hatless toward one end of the boat, the rest simultaneously followed him.

"What's the matter?" cried all.

Mr. Flutes, with an anguished expression of countenance, pointed to a white object floating upon the waves, "My best Panama, gave five dollars and a half for it this very morning."

But nothing could be done, the hat had now floated out of sight, and its unfortunate owner returned disconsolate and crest-fallen to his seat. Various measures were proposed, and at length, Mr. Flutes, fearful of catching cold, the air being damp and chilly, consented to have a large red and orange-colored handkerchief tied over his head, which office was performed for him by the fair hands of Miss Mattie Boggles, for whom he was supposed to entertain an especial prepossession.

After a sail of about an hour and a half, Fort Pansypatch, the place of destination, was reached. As the party landed, the singular appearance presented by Mr. Flutes attracted the unanimous attention of certain ragged urchins congregated about the landing, and he was assailed with cries of "Say, Spectacles, where's your 'at?" "Ow much did you give for that bandanna, Mister?" And one malicious little rascal sang out, "'Ere's the last new style of bonnet, fresh from Par-ee!" Poor Mr. Flutes contented himself with glaring angrily upon the offenders, while Miss Mattie Boggles declared it was a "perfect shame," and became exceedingly offended with the Miss McNutts, who persisted in keeping up a suppressed giggling.

The party now set out for a grove which invited them from the distance; but had not gone far before the rosy-faced, fleshy gentleman previously spoken of, Mr. Timothy Chubbs by name, came to a dead stop, and solemnly declared it was raining. "Nonsense," was the universal cry, "it's doing nothing of the kind." Mr. Chubbs resolutely averred he had felt the drops on his nose. Some one suggested it might have been perspiration. This Mr. Chubbs emphatically denied, and presently his first assertion was reluctantly confirmed by several others of the party. Yes! there was no use in denying the fact, it was incontrovertibly raining. Fortunately, there was attached to a hotel which stood near by, a large summer-house, in which our unhappy pic-nickers took refuge, determining to make the best they could of the matter, and enjoy themselves in spite of the weather. The ladies removed their bonnets and shawls; while

brushes and combs, together with various pieces of looking-glass, were produced from pockets and reticules; and a general renovation commenced: Miss Medera McNutts taking occasion to play off numerous little coquettish airs for Mr. Corkery's benefit, as she brushed out her chestnut curls, and twisted them around her white fingers, inquiring "If he didn't think she looked like a fright?" Upon which he replied, she "Looked like an angel under any circumstances." This remark eliciting a giggle from Miss Medera, accompanied by an "Oh, la! ain't you ashamed;" the other ladies whispered among themselves, "How silly!"

After some time spent in getting up various games, which somehow did not appear "to go," there was a universal desire expressed for dinner. A general movement was now made toward the basket, and various edibles produced therefrom, which being set upon the table in as tasteful a manner as could be arrived at under the circumstances, the party took their seats and proceeded to dispatch the pies and cakes in great good-humor. During this the Miss McNutts made various whispered remarks, to the effect that "somebody's cake was made of brown sugar, which was awful," and that "somebody had sweetened their pumpkin pies with molasses, which was miserable;" but it was nevertheless observable, that both of these young ladies, Miss Medera especially, disposed of incredible quantities of either. Dinner being over, it was proposed by the black-bearded mischievous gentleman, Mr. Wagstaff, that Mr. Chubbs should make a speech, which he at first modestly declined doing, but being pressed thereto by the company, at length arose and proceeded to say in an agitated manner, "Ladies and gentlemen, being here assembled upon this suspicious occasion, hem! auspicious occasion I would say; being here assembled——" At this point a faint titter from Miss Medera reached the ear of Mr. Chubbs; he stopped, his rosy face grew redder, and he in vain attempted to proceed. "Hear, hear," encouragingly called out the mischievous gentleman. "Being here assembled," repeated Mr. Chubbs, glaring wildly around, and opening his mouth without a word proceeding from it. Miss Medera's titter now became an audible laugh, in which the rest could not refrain from joining; and Mr. Chubbs dropped into his seat, looking piteously upon the company, while he wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a large, red bandanna.

The tables were now cleared away, and general preparations made for enjoyment. It was observed, that, about this time, the gentlemen

mysteriously disappeared in the direction of the hotel; and upon their return, there was an unmistakable odor of whiskey discernible in the air, in consequence of which one indiscreet young lady observed, that "she wished she had punch to drink," but was immediately hushed by sundry punches of another kind from her companions.

At length our mischievous friend, Mr. Wagstaff, proposed dancing. There was a unanimous cry of "No music." But Mr. Wagstaff was a man of expediences, and seizing upon a tin pan, he called the Miss Boggles to his assistance. With the aid of their voice, and a stick with which he exercised upon his impromptu instrument, this indefatigable gentleman succeeded in performing, very much to his own satisfaction at least, "Yankee Doodle," and other national airs, to which the rest danced cotillions and jigs with considerable spirit.

It now became time to return, and various dubious glances were cast in the direction of the landing, the road to which was by this time composed of miniature ponds and mud-banks.

Mr. Corkery, in particular, looked ruefully upon his patent-leather pumps, which, together with his fanciful red-ribbed stockings, displayed a not uncomely foot to considerable advantage. Some of the ladies had been prudent enough to bring rubbers with them, and these were made to do double duty. Their owners first wearing them down to the boat, when they were sent back for the use of those less fortunate. Mr. Corkery seemed to be the favored messenger for this purpose, in consequence of which, as he confidentially informed Miss Medera, his "patent-leathers would never be good for anything again."

Without meeting with further disasters, our pic-nickers returned to their respective homes. Everybody told everybody else that they had enjoyed themselves beyond everything. But unfortunate Mr. Flutes, notwithstanding the protection of the handkerchief, had neuralgia for a week afterward; and the Miss Boggles were heard to declare in the most emphatic manner, that they would never, as long as they lived, get up a pic-nic again.

MIDNIGHT.

BY HELEN M. EARLE.

On my window pane
The ceaseless weeping rain
Is pouring, pouring;
And the wind the old trees rocking,
'Gainst the house their bare arms knocking,
Like some mendicant imploring
For a shelter from the rain,
The sad wind-spirit's moaning,
In its dreariness well is toning
With my own,
As I sit within my chamber
By my fire all alone,
And list the wind's sad moan.

On my walls and curtains white
The dim, dim firelight
Weaves such strange, fantastic shadows,
They are hiding in the gloom,
In the corners of the room,
Or then phantom forms are passing,
O'er the walls each other chasing,
Till a flame from out the fire
Mounteth higher still, and higher,
And they vanish from my sight,
But the flame doth flicker, flicker,
And the shades are falling thicker
O'er curtain, floor, and ceiling—
The old church clock is pealing,
And its dreary tones are telling
'Tis the deepest hour of night.

Now in midst of deep heart sadness
Comes a thought of quiet gladness,
But 'tis as the ocean's breast

Stilleth, when the storm's wild madness

Hath been hushed and gone to rest;
And busy thought is calling,
While the shades are round me falling,
Up sad phantoms—strange, appalling;
And down in the embers gazing
I see—oh! sight amazing,
In the flame and embers strife
A picture of my life.

Can it be imagination?
Is this only thought's creation?
Nay! the picture is not bright
In the fire's dull, fitful light,
But deep shades the embers borrow
To depict a life of sorrow;
'Tis all like a troubled dream,
Far down Time's flowing stream
I see Care's darkening shadows,
And its banks are thickly strewn
With the graves of hopes long flown,
And I see, with bitter tears,
How into the vale of years
It is swiftly flowing on.

Father! Thy stricken one,
I meekly bow before Thy righteous will,
And oh! rebellious thoughts be still,
I even need, I know, Thy chastening rod,
I own, adore Thee as my Lord, my God,
And I would bear alone
These weighty sorrows, but my spirit's song
Is ever "Father! Oh! how long—how long!"

APPRECIATION VERSUS CONGENIALITY.

A SEQUEL TO "THE SCARBOROUGHES."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L—S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

ROSIE WALLACE was a new, out-of-town pupil at B— Academy. She came to board at her uncle, Capt. Endicott's. And, before she came, Laura Endicott described her eagerly amongst all her young friends, telling them what a splendid girl her cousin Rosie was; how she was quite a great poetess, now, at twenty; how she had had poetry published in the "Essex Banner," in the "Newburyport Herald," and even in one of the New York papers; she forgot what one. The editor of the paper had praised her, and said something beautiful about her *nom de plume*, "Hessie Cassie Hefland."

"Congenial" and "congeniality" were great words with Rosie, Laura said. She never saw one who had so much to say about congeniality. She never liked anybody who wasn't congenial—not if they had everything else to recommend them, but congeniality.

Now "the Scarborough girls"—as the cousins Patience and Antoinette were often called—listened with the rest; only Patience diversified her attention by playing silently at bo-peep with a little girl who had large, shining tears in her eyes because her mamma stayed so long away.

"Patience Scarborough! do stop!" cried Antoinette, hurrying, on the way home, to come up with her cousin; catching impatiently at her shawl, as soon as by putting her arm out at its full length, she could reach it, "I wanted to ask you what you think of this Rosie Wallace."

"Oh, indeed, I don't know. I hardly, as yet, think anything about her."

"I don't see how you can help it. She must be a splendid girl. Writes poetry, you know. Hair curls all round her head, Laura says; and she says her teeth are beautiful. She says a great many have thought that she is the handsomest girl in Boxford. I dare say she's a proud thing, though. You know Laura said that she won't have anything to do with one who isn't congenial. I wonder if I shall be congenial?"

Patience laughed in the contented, musical way peculiar to her, and was sure she could not tell.

Antoinette mused as she walked, now and
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then speaking a thought, or a wish, as she went. She wished she could write poetry, she said. But she did not believe she could; unless it was easier than prose; for her compositions half killed her. She supposed Rosie dressed elegantly, she said; she wished that she could have something new and splendid before Rosie came; but her father was so stingy! grew stingier every day he lived.

Wasn't her name real genteel? and her fictitious name, wasn't that beautiful?

Ah, she did wish she knew whether she would be congenial! She didn't suppose she would be; for she hadn't a bit of talent for anything; not for writing poetry, nor anything. Of course she wouldn't be congenial.

But she was. Here was egotism, a self-complacent, strong-willed, most exacting sentimentalist, as it were; sitting forever in her own place, to wait for devotees and *devoirs*; having none of the high, comprehensive, genial faculty of appreciation by which another's gold should be seen to be equal to her own, however unlike in shape and finish. She said to all who came near her, "Be like me. Be exactly what I am. Love the same things, the same pursuits that I love. Let every other thing go, and come with me into the favorite paths; and we will walk closely, arm-in-arm, thought to thought; and no uncongenial thing, or person shall come near us."

Rosie and Antoinette heard her and came. Egotism saw them most constant and assiduous of all, in their adhesion; saw them coming to her, sitting at her feet, as if there were no other shrine, no other duty, or pleasure for them on earth, but coming, throwing off all other companions and friends, who would join them for love, or service, as they came; saw them repelling them all—Rosie, who had tact and delicacy, by going straight-forward, with lifted head, albeit with drooping lids, seeing no one, hearing no one but Antoinette—Antoinette, by averting her head and tossing it upon the sinewy cords, by curling her lip, by saying outright to the tenacious ones, to the mischievous, or the heavy ones, who, in spite of stiller demonstrations,

kept alongside—"Go away now. Rose and I want to be alone. We've got something that we want to say to each other."

So they walked on alone, having sentiment enough of it, having of real, loving kindness, very little; gathering here and there a wild lupine, or a wild spiraea, making remarks meanwhile about their "passion" for flowers; picking berries from the bushes on the way-side, saying how "delicious" they were, how nice it was to have them growing beside one's very path; but having no appreciation for the beauty, the high immortal qualities in the human flowers they every day and hour put coldly aside, or for the fruits of human goodness hanging disregarded by them, in the dark places and in the light, wherever they moved. They said sometimes, or, at least, Rosie one day said, with the dew of sentiment in her eyes, "I like God for giving us fruit and flowers, don't you?"

Yes, Antoinette did, she said, speaking in indifferent tones. She then asked, brightening as she spoke,

"Guess who I saw standing in the piazza of the Merrimac House, as I came along? Did I tell you?"

"No; but I can guess," replied Rosie, smiling.

"Who?"

"Esquire Paul."

"Oh, yes!" laughing and clinging to Rosie's arm. "What made you guess?"

Rosie told her, still smiling, that she knew by her looks. And then she asked Antoinette if he "was looking at her; if he saw her."

"Oh, yes! that was what made her think so much of it—his watching her, and looking after her, until she was away on past the hotel. She laughed," she said, "and couldn't help it, peeping sidewise through the fringe of her parasol, to see how his eyes followed her. Ha! ha! he!"

And they had a lively time, Rosie smiling, Antoinette laughing, over it.

Rosie asked Antoinette whether she would accept him, if he offered himself to her.

Ah, Antoinette, shaking her head, smiling broadly, didn't know. She would be tempted to, he was so rich; he had such a nice, large house; he kept such a beautiful, easy-going carriage—she had rode in it once, she and the squire. (And her cousin Patience, she might have said, but, for some reason, did not.) It was the easiest, most elegant carriage in town, she said.

"Yes; but was he one who would be a congenial companion to her?" Rosie asked. "Did he like books, flowers, nature? Had he a good share of romance to soften and cover his practical

qualities? Would he love to sit with her, or to walk with her, on the moonlight nights that they two, Rosie and Antoinette, liked so well? Had she made sure, Rosie asked, with increasing solemnity in her tones, that he would love these things?"

No, she hadn't, Antoinette replied, an expression of annoyance settling upon her features. She was afraid he wouldn't care for such things. She was afraid he wouldn't be congenial. But she would find out. And if he wasn't, nothing on earth should tempt her to marry him, she said, her fervor kindling at every word. Not if he begged and plead, on his knees before her; not if, marrying him, she never need put her hands into water, except to wash them! not if he would spread a buffalo robe over the path, every time she got into a sleigh in the winter, as she had heard that Esquire Haren, of H——, did for his young wife! Not for all these things; for, what would her life be to her, if she must spend day and night with a husband that wasn't congenial? Oh!

Rosie too said, "Oh!" adding that she hoped they would both be saved from that, whatever else came. Give her poverty, she said, give her toil, with the man who was like her, a man intellectual and with beautiful tastes, rather than all the wealth in the world and a man whom she could never understand, who could never understand her. Oh! there was no fate on earth she could so ill bear. She would die, and would want to, if she had such a husband.

"So would she," Antoinette said; but she was not a little provoked to see nice large house and easy-going carriage all tumbling to pieces before her. Rosie comforted her, telling her that she did not yet know what his tastes really were; she had not yet tried him.

"True! that was true!" she said; inwardly determined that she would manage to find out. She would call at his sister's that very evening; for she had seen, of late, that he was in there almost every evening, after tea.

CHAPTER II.

"SEE, Mrs. Vesey! see what a beautiful bouquet I have brought in for you! I cut all but the dahlias in our own garden and yard. We've got dahlias; but they are later than those. Mrs. Perkins gave me these. Ain't they perfectly beautiful?"

"Perfectly; she was much obliged," Mrs. Vesey said, looking the bouquet over; finding one acquaintance after another.

Esquire Paul, meantime, sitting at a table

where the newspapers were, turned his paper over, as if hunting for a paragraph now and then, without looking up, still turning his paper, making some remark to Antoinette, about the weather, or the evening.

Antoinette waited awhile, watched awhile, then with nervous movements, such as picking nimbly the tassel of her mit and gathering up her mantilla, she said,

"Do you like flowers, Esquire Paul?"

"I?" said he, starting a little, then running his eye over the page, showing that he was still paragraph-hunting."

"Yes; do you like flowers?" She watched him closely, hardly breathing.

"Well, I don't know much about them. I never pay any attention to them, when I see them growing. Or, that is, I pay them very little attention. I don't know one flower from another."

"Oh, why did he say that?" thought Antoinette. Her whole form was drooping with disappointment. "You must think that they are pretty, though?" she said, her eyes on the vase that Mrs. Vesey was moving this way and that, to find the middle of the mantle-piece. "Don't you?"

He supposed they were, laughing a little, throwing his paper aside, then, in a moment, resuming it. He supposed they must be, said all the women said so.

Antoinette laughed, thinking that, after all, he might be only joking. Then, hardly daring to look up, she asked if he wasn't fond of nature.

"Nature?"

"Yes," coloring, looking down on the tassel she was picking and pulling. "That is, I mean—I mean, that is, you like scenery?"

"Oh, when it is good I do. Although I never mind much about it."

"No," interposed his sister, bringing a colchis into closer neighborhood with a forget-me-not, showing that she, at least, had taste in flowers, a love for them. "No, Antoinette, he don't. He don't even know the meaning of the words 'scenery' and 'nature;' you see he don't. I love the sea. I long to see it in this hot weather, so that I don't know what to do. And I've tried, there's no end to the teasing I've done, to get him to go with me. For Mr. Vesey can't leave. But he won't stir an inch!" turning round, looking with a good-natured smile at her brother, although she gesticulated and spoke earnestly. "He wouldn't go off there into one of those great hotels, he said, where one must sleep in a coop and go sweating about." She had been working upon her flowers again, altering some more of

Antoinette's arrangements; but, as she finished speaking, she once more turned round, this time to laugh heartily at her brother. "He did say, 'sweating,'" she continued, still laughing, her eyes still on her brother's face. "That was his very word—'sweating—sweating about.' He knows how to talk, if he don't know anything about flowers, or nature, or scenery, don't he, Antoinette?"

Esquire Paul's smile had been growing broader and broader. Now he laughed; not a loud, but a good, hearty laugh, that shook his sides well, and made his by no means handsome face, a glowing, genial sight to see.

Antoinette tried to laugh; tried to get at the humor of the thing, if she could, if there was any; so she told Rosie afterward; but she couldn't find it. She was glad when the Belcher girls came in and began to talk about the picnic. She didn't hear a word, hardly, that they said about it, though, she was so vexed to think what a fool Esquire Paul was, with all his money. She knew he liked her, she said; for she had heard of his saying that she was the finest-looking girl at B—. And he was always looking at her. She never watched him anywhere, at meeting, or anywhere, that she didn't see this. And then he had taken her to ride with him—once. And—and—why, there were a great many things to make her know that he was thinking of her, and had been for a long time.

"Yes," Rosie kept saying, her eyes on Antoinette's face, signifying both by the monosyllable and the slow, deep nod accompanying it, that she heard.

CHAPTER III.

THERE was a pic-nic at Beechwood, a fine grove just out of B—; and while Esquire Paul stood slipping a leaf back and forth through his fingers, watching with a smile that ever and anon expanded into laughter, the swift gambols of some wild young girls, Rosie Wallace came round sauntering, looking upward, looking downward, looking all ways but straight before, there by the tree, where Esquire Paul was standing, a little apart from his sister and others. Rosie was a little startled, a little surprised—so it appeared—when she found herself close to him, when he looked round, so that his quick glance met hers.

"Oh," said she, with a pretty look of modesty, "is it you, Esquire Paul? I thought it was uncle Endicott. A lovely day."

"A fine day, Miss Wallace," speaking in his brisk way, a way in strong contrast with her

lipping, affected drawl. Finding that she did not go on, that she began to occupy herself with picking the leaves off a fern at her side, he added, "Those girls are lively witches."

"Yes. Childhood is the happiest time, don't you think so, Esquire Paul?"

"Oh, no. Or, it was not with me, at any rate. I am as happy now, as I ever was. I used to suffer as much because my mother wouldn't let me wade in the river and live in it like a fish, as I ever shall. There is simply a difference in kind, not in degree. And, in fact, I don't believe I ever took quite so much comfort at play, myself, as I get now-a-days seeing others play—those girls, for instance"—laughing to see them go.

Perhaps he was constituted different from her in one respect, Rosie said. She suffered so much if things weren't congenial, and as she liked to have them. She suffered more and more in that way.

What would she do then, by-and-by, if she found herself married to one who turned out a regular clod-hopper? Esquire Paul asked, laughing.

Why she would die! Rosie said. And tears filled her eyes and checked her speech.

"Oh, all humbug!" said Esquire Paul, throwing away the leaf he had been shifting back and forth, in his fingers. Then, getting another leaf, he added, "I don't mean that it isn't of the first importance that married persons should be able, by little study and effort, or great study and effort as needs be, to harmonize. But, for every woman to require that her husband should be like her in delicacy and prettiness of taste, and so on; for, every man to look for vigor and clearness like his own, and identity of thought, this is the mistake. This is the way so many married lives go to wreck. I must go and see what is going on over Susy Stillingfleet's way. I hope you haven't misunderstood me, Miss Wallace?" hastening, and turning back a little after he had begun to move away. "Congeniality, this congeniality that there is so much talk about these days, is excellent. But it needs appreciation, after all. Appreciation is better without congeniality (or what is meant among you young ladies for congeniality—identity of tastes) than congeniality without appreciation. I hope you think the same?" Rosie was quite confused about it, she said; but she must still think she couldn't get along without congeniality.

"But if it happens, Miss Wallace, that you must get along without it, if you wake up in a month or a year, or in ten years after you are married, to see that your husband has congeni-

ality neither in your sense of identity of tastes, nor in mine of harmony, don't make up your mind upon that, that you and happiness must part company outright; that you and a wretched creature with a haggard face, called 'Domestic Misery,' must fight out the rest of life elbow to elbow."

He saw that Rosie closed her eyes upon his picture, shuddering. He spoke to her in gentler tones therefore, saying, "For there, close by you, standing with a contented bright face, is Appreciation, best handmaid of domestic life. If you put your hand into hers then, in your strait, she will lead you quietly, showing you that there is comfort left, if you will find it. If you say to her that your husband is intolerable," he was smiling now; but Rosie watched with thirsty looks to know what his words would be—"that he is a good, industrious, patient man, but humdrum in all his tastes, not knowing the difference between a daisy and a sunflower, she will tell you—speaking in better tones and words than any I can find, Miss Wallace—that a man is very noble, when he keeps his integrity here in this world, when he works patiently for his home, and is straight-forward and manly; that he may be very noble and good in God's sight, if he even misses it sometimes, and does what seems to you imprudent and wrong; for there are many bad influences here, in this lower world, Miss Wallace, pulling mightily sometimes to draw us away from what is good for us. Appreciation will make you understand—or she will try to, for she is strenuous here—that if your husband does what seems to you wrong, what is wrong, there was some temptation, some inducement within him, in his organization, or without him, in the besetting circumstances, sufficient to lead him into the action; that the Holiest sees this, keeping His love and mercy for him all the same: that you who are so often missing it, in your way, after your manner, may well keep your love and be very patient, very hopeful, and very kind. Appreciation is of the mind, and so am I too, I confess, that a woman is but a poor egotist, a selfish, unhappy sort of creature, so long as she sits watching and waiting to see all life conform itself to her and her notions, falling into distress so often as she is able to detect a lack of this conformity. But she's a splendid creature the moment she rises to her feet, and turns herself to a clear understanding of life, of motive and action; to a sweet sympathy for all shades and degrees of goodness, or of struggle to attain goodness; in one word, to Appreciation."

When Rosie looked away to see where the kindling eyes, the kindling smile rested, she saw

Patience Scarborough standing with a face of light, talking with facetious, grey-headed, Mr. Mosely, and weaving garlands for the children, out of the leaves and wild-flowers they were bringing.

"Let's go out Susy Stillingfleet's way," he said, after a silence.

Now Susy Stillingfleet's way was Patience Scarborough's way also. The old pine tree, its top laid waste by time, against which Susy leaned, was parent of the lowering sapling that gave its shade to Patience, to the grey-haired old man and the merry group of children. Susy was so near Patience, that when Mr. Page, Editor Chase, Co-Editor Bullard, Judge Harvey, or Professor Davis said anything in politics, literature, philosophy or theology, that she did not, could not, would not believe, she tossed a bit of bark off the trunk of the old tree, over to Patience, to call her attention; and when Patience lifted, or turned round her bright face, she bent forward, still leaning against the tree, called out in a voice distinct and penetrating enough for the forum, at the same time, roundly modulated and mellow enough for the parlor, telling Patience what a monstrous argument had just been used, asking her if she believed a word of it, averring that she herself did not. Whether Patience believed, or doubted, or did not clearly understand, she expressed herself with grace so direct and child-like, and with sense so excellent, that the gentlemen were all charmed: to say nothing of Susy, who was always charmed, who always had been, as she told the gentlemen, with whatever Patience Scarborough said or did. When Esquire Paul and Mosie came up, she continued her eulogiums, after the greetings were over, and managed that the others should continue theirs. She appealed to Esquire Paul; for, as yet, she had never been able, with all her appeals, to get one word expressive of his opinion of Patience, out of his head. Of Antoinette, whom Susy liked so little—but against whom she was never heard by Esquire Paul or any one, to speak a word—he was always ready to say, when he was asked what he thought of her, "Miss Antoinette? She's a very fine girl; very fine. She's a very handsome girl." So the story went about, that Esquire Paul, the rich old bachelor, was wonderfully smitten with Nette Scarborough's face; and would probably marry her. Susy Stillingfleet made no remarks, when the story came to her; but, the next time she found herself standing by Esquire Paul, she tried him first with some praises of Patience, who was talking on the other side of the room, of her mind, her excellent understanding, keeping her

eyes on her face as she commented, observing that he did not keep his eyes on Patience at all, as she commented; that, on the contrary, he kept them bent low on the thumbs he was sedulously twirling. Then, upon an outbreak of Antoinette's obtrusive laughter, she tried him, asking him directly, "Did he not think Patience in every way superior to Antoinette?"

"He could not judge," he said, speaking with studied caution. Then, looking up into Antoinette's laughing, glowing face, he added, "Antoinette is certainly a spirited, fine girl."

Susy sighed a little, stifled sigh; and with a certain degree of heart-ache answered, "Yes, yes, any one can see that Antoinette is a spirited girl."

Antoinette called him that moment, to tell him what ridiculous thing his sister, Mrs. Vesey, had been saying to Tom Beleher about him; about Esquire Paul, that was. He went with alacrity; and Susy, looking after him, drew a sigh that was not in the least stifled or curtailed. Mrs. Foster, seated at her right elbow, heard it; and, after watching her a moment with the friendly sort of interest that almost every lady felt for the homely, soberly dressed, but very talented, very friendly girl, she drew her attention by offering her fan.

"Oh, no!" laughed Susy, with a little start putting aside the glittering, down-tipped beauty. "Thank you; but you have no idea how ashamed I would be of myself, using a fan like that."

Mrs. Foster laughed, saying that, "Yes; of course, Susy's fan, like her gowns and her bonnets, must be perfect in its drab-coloring, and all its quaker-like endowments."

"Except neatness," Susy said, laughing; but with a little redness in her eyes, "I don't believe that anybody else in this world tries so hard as I do to keep fan, gown and bonnet clear of all spots and disfigurements. But, somehow, and when I don't know anything about it, perhaps, the tarnish and the wrinkle come."

"Used to, Susy, I don't think they do now. You did get yourself wretchedly out of tune when you were—oh, until you were sixteen or seventeen years old."

"Until I was twenty-two or three years old, Mrs. Foster."

"How old are you now?"

"Twenty-five."

"You are?" Mrs. Foster looked thoughtfully over Esquire Paul's way, looked thoughtfully back to Susy, and then said, putting her face a little nearer Susy's, "I wish Esquire Paul would marry you, I sometimes think that he will; for

there is no lady, married or single, that he talks with half so freely, or appears to like half so well."

Susy did not say anything. She sat listening, with her eyes on Esquire Paul.

"Would you marry him, if he were to propose?" pursued Mrs. Foster.

"He will never propose," replied Susy, the redness coming again to her eyes. "He likes me, in a way; this I believe; but not as he will like the one he will take to his side and call wife. Did I even tell you, Mrs. Foster, of what two things I am surer than of almost anything else in this world?"

"One is that you will never marry anybody, I dare say."

"Yes. One is, that nothing short of heaven could make me so happy, as being the beloved and thoroughly appreciated wife of a man like Esquire Paul. The other is, that I am never to know anything about this happiness, from tasting it. I believe, that if so good a man were to offer himself, something would hold me back from accepting. I don't think I would let him take a woman who could so little honor his choice, or grace his life."

"That was queer!" Mrs. Foster told Susy, when not a lady at A—— had so many real, good friends, among both men and women, as she had.

"Yes, she knew," Susy said. But, looking to see how Antoinette Scarborough glowed and sparkled in her fresh, young life, her overpowering laughter, and her elaborately beautiful attire; how Esquire Paul's eyes were on every movement; how his smile was awakened by every mirthful sally. She knew that poor and shallow as Antoinette's life really was, vicious and self-tormenting as were her passions, she was more likely than any other to be the one chosen to preside in his beautiful rooms, at his glittering board, to sit beside him in his easy-going carriage, to be upon his arm at all places of high fashion and privilege. Mrs. Foster also knew the same, or thought she did, as she sat effiently watching Esquire Paul and Antoinette. She came out of her reverie, at length, drawing a long, audible sigh, saying, with all her being warming toward poor, homely Susy, "Well, Susy, it is one thing to be distinctly worthy the best man in the world and not get him, and another to get the best man in the world and be utterly unworthy. We both know which is best."

Susy answered, "Yes," with friendly eyes. And then they talked, with serious faces, of the growth that daily was becoming so severe, that

daily was teaching men the lesson they needed daily to learn, that man may plant, and wait, and hope, but that he can do nothing, is nothing, without God's blessing.

This was some time before the pic-nic; was at a party given by Mrs. Moses Scarborough; was while yet Antoinette's hope and liking ran high for Esquire Paul; while, as yet, she had applied no tests to try his congeniality, to find it, alas! utterly wanting.

CHAPTER IV.

At the pic-nic Antoinette would have nothing to do with Esquire Paul. This was what she said within herself, slipping away out of every group he approached—that she "would have nothing more to do with him!" When her mother saw what she was doing, when she came up to her ear to tell her that "she acted like a fool that afternoon," she said the same to her—that "she didn't care what Esquire Paul thought. For, for her part, she was done with him!"

"Did she remember," Maria asked, almost hissing the passionate words in her ear, "that he was the richest man in town? that there was no other such honor for any girl in town, as it would be to be his wife? Say, foolish girl?"

The girl said, "Umph!" shrugging her shoulders; and soon her mother, in keeping her eyes on her, saw her sitting apart from all the rest, with the new dentist at B——, Mr. Harvey Chisholm, "from the South." Mr. Chisholm was feeding Antoinette with almonds and raisins. They talked and laughed in a steady stream, as they ate their dear confections, and threw the shells and stems all about them.

"Oh, ho!" laughed Mr. Chisholm, hitting a tree with a handful of shells. "As if there were nobody else in the world who is rich!"

"Are you?" asked Antoinette, with eager looks on his face. "I hope you are. I would like to tell mother that Esquire Paul isn't the only rich man. She don't know it now. She thinks he is." They both laughed; and then Antoinette looked in his face again, waiting for his answer.

"Rich?" said he, starting briskly to his feet, briskly settling his pants upon their dainty straps. "My governor, as the English bucks say, has tin enough to pave all Main street. I'm his only boy." He was seating himself, still working upon his pants. "Only one girl, Caty. I've told you about her. She is married to a large planter."

Mr. Chisholm offered himself to Antoinette, in marriage, there, that day, as they sat eating, and scattering their shells about. And Antoi-

nette accepted. She told him she knew she could marry him; in the first place, because she would marry the one that pleased her. And, another thing, she thought her mother would make up her mind to like it, when she found out how rich his father was. As for Rosie, she knew (and she said this full of laughter) what Rosie's first inquiry would be, when she told her. Rosie would look up in her solemn way, she said, and ask her in her solemn voice, if he was congenial; if his tastes were congenial to her.

"And guess what I shall say!" laughed Antoinette.

"You'll say that they are; that I can eat confectious as long as you can."

"Ha, yes! then how concerned she'll look!" When Mr. Chisholm, with looks and voice a little constrained, asked Antoinette how it was likely to be with her father; whether he was likely to approve what they were doing, she answered, shrugging her shoulders, that he wouldn't say anything; that he never did, late years, when he found that she and her mother had "made up their minds;" that all he ever did, was to hold his head down and look, why, as if he were sorry, when anything was going on that he didn't like.

Mr. Chisholm breathed easier, and asked her whether her choice would be to board or keep house.

"Oh, to board! that would be so nice!"

So Mr. Chisholm thought. "Would she like to board at her father's or at the hotel?"

Antoinette hardly knew, until she remembered that when Judge Harvey's only daughter, Bella, married a gentleman from the South, they boarded at the judge's always, when at the North, and everybody seemed to think it a very genteel thing. Besides, she knew instinctively that however rich her lover's "governor" might be, her lover himself had no lavish abundance of the means of living; so she thought it would be "nice" to get their board and all her clothing and so on out of her father at present, until the rich, aristocratic, mighty old gentleman "took it into his head" to shower down some of his "tin" upon their heads and laps. She delighted to look forward and fancy him doing this, when she went to him; when her husband said to his father, "Behold, my father, the daughter I bring to you;" when the old gentleman (she fancied him sitting on a sort of throne) should look down on her, with eyes that softened every moment seeing her beauty, and should say to her, "Rise, daughter. Take this ring of diamonds and gold. Wear it as an earnest of what I will do for you, and for my son, for your sake."

When Antoinette hurried after Rosie, as they were preparing to leave the grounds, to make her guess what had happened between her and—oh, and Mr. Chisholm, Rosie guessed, but looked troubled; and asked Antoinette if she was sure he was a good man; if she knew enough about him to be sure of that.

Antoinette, vexed to hear her talking in so grave a manner, to see her going over straight to the grounds of goodness, simple goodness, when she was prepared to meet her only on that of congeniality, said, with one of her grossest shrugs, "Umph! all I know is that we are congenial. He likes exactly the same things that I do—pleasant walks, bouquets, (you should have seen the bouquet he made up in our yard to-day for the pic-nic! Perhaps you did notice it. It was the handsomest on the middle table! No! you ought. Not one gentleman in five hundred could make up a bouquet like that, even if he would have the gentleness and delicacy to try.) He likes poetry and stories; reads poetry beautifully, especially love-poetry. His voice is full of feeling when he reads this. He likes confectious too," trying to laugh, "and buys papers and papers of them. I like him for that. And I ain't ashamed to say it to anybody, if they put on ever so old-maidish a face about it." She concluded with an ugly flash in her eyes, with an ugly toss of her head. And, as Rosie saw them, she seemed to see also the bright, exalted married life and love to which her late conversation with Esquire Paul had opened glimpses, vanishing out of her friend's path forever. She saw herself implicated in the rashness, the blind egotism; and felt a sense of her utter folly, of the great wrong she had done the life of another, it might be of many others, settling heavily like lead upon her heart.

She hurried to her chamber as soon as she reached home, and wrote to Antoinette all that she felt and deprecated. Tears blotted the page. When Antoinette saw them, after she had read the note through—standing before her glass where she was when little Kate Endicott came running up with it, she said, "Fool!" (It was her mother's word when angry. The daughter had learned it of the mother.) She tore the note up in twenty pieces. Then, seeing her lover turn up to the gate, she made haste to smooth her features, a task not easy this evening to achieve, since each recurring thought of Rosie's note brought fresh anger to ruffle them.

CHAPTER V.

ANTOINETTE and Mr. Chisholm had been married six months, when the following conversation

passed between them. They were in their chamber; the wife crouched on a divan in the corner of the room, the husband sitting at a window, scraping his finger-nails, his chair tipped back, his feet crossed on the table before him.

The Wife.—You're just as different from what I thought you were when we were married, as black is from white.

The Husband.—You are just as different from what I expected to find you.

The Wife.—You make me different. You don't speak to me as you used to. Your voice isn't like the same voice, when you speak to me.

The Husband.—No more is yours when you speak to me.

The Wife.—But you don't care if it isn't. The way that you speak of it now, scraping away at your nails, (when you know how nervous it makes me,) and with your eyebrows lifted up in that manner, shows that the change in me, if you see any, don't grieve you, as the change in you does me. You used to love dearly to walk with me. Now, when I think of those old times and ask you to walk, to see if it will not seem as it used to, you say that you don't want to go; you call it a great bore, walking; but you go out in a little while, and then, if I watch, I see you and Ned Hodsden starting off together, with your walking-sticks and cigars. I've cried more than once when I saw you go.

The Husband.—That's foolish. You spoil your health and spirits in that way. And of course I shall stir sometimes!

The Wife.—But don't speak in that bitter, bitter way!

The Husband.—Well, well, leave off talking about it. A few more sobs like that and you'll be off in hysterics again. And I tell you, Antoinette, I shan't stand more than one more scene like that we had the other day. It is your own fault, any day, if you work yourself up into such a pitch; and I shan't bear any more such reproaches from your mother as those were. Not any more. As to moonlight rambles, bouquet-giving and reading love-poetry together as we used to, you are foolish to expect it. We're out of the way of that, as most couples are by the time they've been married six months. Especially—

The Wife.—Especially what, Harvey?

The Husband.—Oh, no matter what. Here's a letter from the old man—my governor, you know. (dragging a crumpled envelope out of his pocket.)

The Wife.—Will he let us go? I long so for a change! Mother gets so angry—

The Husband.—Not with you, though; so—

The Wife.—But it's all the same. And poor father looks so broken! I long to go. What does he—

The Husband.—He says his business is bad. The fact is, (throwing down the letter and starting to his feet,) there isn't but one so poor in the United States, as my father is, and that's his son, myself.

The Wife.—Oh, Harvey! You said he was a great planter.

The Husband.—And so he is. He's dropical and weighs two hundred. But his land—he hasn't much left—is sandy and a desert, so that they're ready to starve. The house is an old tumble-down concern, was when I came away, five years ago; not a room in it that the rain didn't make its way into like a flood, whenever it tried.

The Wife.—(Crouching lower and lower.)—We can't go then. We must stay where we are. And, Harvey, we must try to get along better; for, all together, we are killing father. I will govern my temper; you will—what will you do?

The Husband.—I don't know. What would you have me do?

The Wife.—All I can think of now, is, that I want you to try and—respect me more; as soon as I show you, that is, that I am trying to make myself better. You will try?—for father's sake. I want it more for his sake, than for anything else. I don't deserve much; but he does. You will try to think better of me, when you see me doing all I can?

The Husband.—I suspect, chit, that, when I see that, I shall think better of you without trying. I'm reckless enough; but I sometimes think, lately, that it is because I have always been under one shabby influence or another. For, when I am alone with your father, I find that his goodness takes hold of me.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning, Antoinette sang—albeit with unsteady voice—as she worked. When her work was done, she went to her chamber to write to Rosie, now Mrs. James Holmes, of Boxford, to ask her to send her a good, long letter, telling her just what she meant when she said, in one of her late letters to Patience, that her own appreciation of her husband's manly, excellent qualities, his appreciation of her endeavors to do right, to make him happy, made their home one of the brightest on earth. Had she done depending on congeniality then, for her enjoyment of married life? Antoinette asked. When she spoke of appreciation, did she mean—what

did she mean? Would she forget her (Antoinette's) old, ungenerous conduct toward her, and try to help her out of the mist in which she found herself. Did she think now that congeniality was worth much between husband and wife? that it was to be depended upon for happiness?

"Let me tell you my story, dear," wrote Rosie. "My husband, good man, offered himself to me before I went to B——. I liked him exceedingly; but my head was full of high, foolish notions of beauty, grace, of education and tastes like my own, and I refused him. Oh, I remember I told you all about this. You thought I was 'a real heroine.' Your very words, dear: and my thought was the same; although I find that I blush now as I write it. As I have reason to. I have reason to be ashamed that I was ever so foolish. I fear that, as young men are said to have their time for 'sowing their wild oats,' so young women have theirs of crude, romantic notions, when they are in great danger of ruining their lives by unwise marriages, or entanglements which go on and end in marriage. I am faint and afraid when I think what it would be to have daughters exposed to all the errors and dangers of that time. If I ever do have them, God give me His highest, best wisdom to understand and direct them; to instill into their minds true ideas of what constitutes the real beauty and dignity of life. I am thankful to have a husband who can sustain me with his calm strength and judgment in this and all my duties. I have no words, dear, to make you understand what my husband is to me; how beautiful, how dear my life is because shared with him. He hasn't one beautiful feature, but his expression is all that the heart of woman could wish. His voice is particularly nasal and twangy, unless one loves him, and knows how he never speaks but to utter words of kindness, justice and truth. Truth—this is so blessed a thing, dear, to know when you listen to your husband's voice, that every word he speaks, or ever will speak, is the living truth! My husband has neither a handsome form, nor pretty hands. (Think, dear, how foolish we used to be over pretty hands! I blush and I am glad I do, thinking of it.) He has worked too hard for this, bless him, laying a foundation for the prosperity on which he, and I, by his great love in choosing me, so securely rest. He works now, although not so hard, with his hands; but he has a great deal of absorbing care, with so many work-people, so much machinery. And when I look out of my windows and see how busy his steps are, going from this building to that building, from this

workman or this tenant, to that workman or would-be workman or tenant, I pity him sometimes that his steps must be so incessant, his cares so numerous; but I love him a thousand times more, that he is willing and glad to do so much for me and for our home; that his kindness and consideration toward me never, for one moment, fail. I say to myself, looking through my grateful tears, to keep my eyes on him, that my cup of blessedness is full, and that God is good.

"He does not read with me, dear, the books that I read. His table, on the contrary, is filled with his political and news papers, and scientific journals and reports. On these his eyes fall. These he takes into his hands with looks of comfort. They are for him, he is for them. He brings home for me, when he goes to Boston, some volume, or volumes of the sermons, biography, fiction or poetry, he has seen favorably noticed, or has heard me speak of with pleased anticipation. He looks happy when he puts them into my hands; but this is all the interest he has in them. Only, now and then, very often, indeed, of an evening, or a Sabbath day, I read some good or beautiful things aloud to him, and I can see that he loves them. But he does not, on account of this pleasure, leave his own wide, rich field of culture, where the corn and the grain are planted and do ripen, and come over to sit in my beautiful garden. Nor should he, if by turning my hand, I could bring him. He is noblest, manliest there on his own ground. This I feel. This is my 'appreciation' of him. Nor would he bring me over to him. He likes it best, seeing me contentedly sitting or wandering amidst the beauties his own generous hand has provided for me. And this is his appreciation of the tastes and pursuits so widely different from his own.

"You must come and see us, dear; and then you will understand just what reason I have for being the grateful, affectionate wife that I am.

"I hope you are happy. If you are not, now, I hope you will come round to happiness by the path right for you, under your own circumstances of life. Love all the good you can find. Set it up where your eye will often fall on it, seeing how precious it is. Have patience with all the evil, knowing that it comes legitimately out of some unfortunate conditions of training, or want of training, of health, or temperament. Be patient. Do what is right and noble yourself, always; and thus, by slow degrees, shall you see good coming to take the place of the fading evil.

"Have you read 'The Earnest Man,' 'The House by the Sea,' the last 'Westminster,' the

last 'Examiner' I have them all; will send any or all of them over to you if you would like to see them. Beyond this, I will keep you in my heart, with ten times the old affection. Think of me often; love me, and believe me, ever yours."

CHAPTER VII.

"I HAVE been vexed to-day, Harvey, with that peer, old, blundering washerwoman. I see that, as long as I am here in this world, my temper is to be a trouble to you and to myself; the greatest to myself, because you have learned to bear it so beautifully; because to me it is such a grief, that, try as I will to govern it, I must yet sometimes fail. But I hope that you will have patience with me."

"I! what am I that I should not have patience with you? especially as I can see how hard you try."

"You are very kind. When our baby was born, I held the innocent little creature close to my heart, and said that she should be between me and all sin. Especially between me and all anger. I thought most of this; for I don't think now that I miss it very far in any way, except in getting vexed and out of patience so easily."

"No; you are a prudent, careful wife. We are really laying up money."

"This is because you work so hard. Do you see how proud father is of you? He is proud of you because you show such business capacity; mother, because, as she says, people all over town are beginning to call you doctor—Dr. Chisholm, and because you 'grow so dignified.' All I am afraid of, is, that you will go on in business capacity and dignity, until I shall feel that I am no longer worthy to be called your wife. Unless I can, in some way, get over this fault. And I sometimes think I never shall get over it while I live. But I tell you, Harvey, one thing is certain; it will be over some day. I shall lie very still, very peaceful in my coffin, one of these days, one of these years, and then it will be over, if it never is, with all my trying, in this life. No, please let me say that I want you to think of this, when you see me vexed and unreasonable. Think that I long to govern myself; but that my mother's hot blood in my veins makes it, oh, so hard! Thinking of this, I know you can the more easily love me, in spite of all."

"No, Antoinette, my good, true wife. Again, I ask, who am I that I must look forward to this great sorrow, before I can learn to bear your little constitutional faults, and know how dear you are to me in spite of them?"

They were in the garden, picking ripe currants

for the supper table, as they talked." Within, in the large, cool dining-room, the Irish girl, trol-ling her "Irish Molly, oh," nimbly slipped the snow-white dishes upon the snow-white table-cover. To the sitting-room, where "grandma," as Maria was called, sat beside baby, diligently sewing her seam, grandpa came, making his way directly round where he could look down and see how it was with baby. When he saw that it was well, that she was perfectly beautiful in her quiet slumber, he looked up to see how it was with his wife. She met his inquiring look, and said, breaking a new thread from her spool, "They're in the garden, after currants."

"Yes, I was thinking that you look sober," out of his old habit, taking a paper into his hand before seating himself; but, out of his new habit, holding it open in his hands without reading; keeping his eyes on baby instead of reading.

"I feel sober," replied Maria; "for I've been thinking that this little creature came into this world to do us all good. You didn't need her to make you better; but to make your home happier, you certainly did. I needed her, for just what she has, as I hope, done—to make me a more prudent, reasonable, better-tempered woman. I was a miserable creature, six months ago."

"No, Maria, not so bad as that."

"Yes; just as bad as that. I will say it; for it is strange if I can't bear to confess what I could, so short time ago, bear to do. Rosie did me good, when she came to see us. She looked me calmly and with feeling, in the face, talking to me straight out of her heart, showing me what I was; putting new life into me by showing me what I could be. She's a woman worth having, here in this world, where there is so much that is wrong in so many lives. She has saved Antoinette. I shall never forget that I had nothing to do with it; that very foolish, wicked temper was every day making things worse, when she came to us like an angel of peace. Then this baby came"—baby was trying hard to wake now—"Ah, see, grandpa; there it is! now she gets her eyes open. Bless her!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"HE, Patience? he don't care any more for them than if they were bunches of herbs drying." Mrs. Vesey said this one day when she ran in to see Patience, now Mrs. Paul. Mrs. Vesey was at her old beloved work, abusing her brother.

"Oh, you don't know, Margaret," remonstrated Patience. "When he sees a forget-me-

not, or any of the delicate sky-blue flowers in the garden, he stops to look at it; and sometimes, as he starts to go on, says, 'That's a pretty flower.' And I think I like it better in him, a man, than I should if he had a great deal to say about them."

"But, if you take ever so much pains to make up a vase, he don't know that there's one in the room. He didn't see that"—pointing with her parasol at a large, beautiful bouquet upon the table—"when he was in; I'll bet you ever so much."

"Good! he did! He kept his eyes on it a long time, looking up from his reading; and when he began to read again, I knew he felt that the silent, unobtrusive flowers were a pleasure to him."

"Oh, you give him the credit of possessing every grace and goodness under heaven. I dare say you think he is beautiful."

"Most certainly I do! Don't you?"

"No, indeed. What will you do with his crooked nose?"

"It isn't very crooked. Not a bit too crooked to be suitable. If it is ever so crooked, it has delicacy and dignity; it is a Roman nose, the handsomest of all noses."

"You think so, pet, because you are in love

with him; more in love, I do believe, than you were the day you were married."

"Ten times more," blushing and laughing through rising tears, "I didn't know half his goodness then. I knew nothing about the love I would one day feel for him, because then I was more than half-afraid of him."

"Here he comes!" interrupted Mrs. Vesey, running to the door to meet her brother. "I'm going to tell him. Guess, Henry Paul, what pet says. She thinks you are handsome; she thinks you are an angel of goodness. She has just confessed that she loves you better than she did the day you and she were married."

Esquire Paul smiled to see how charmingly his wife blushed; then laughed; then, neither blushing, nor laughing, but in a glow of love and pride, let her small, soft hand lie in his hand, and kept her lovely eyes on his face.

"I passed Susy Stillingfleet, at Mrs. Foster's gate, as I came, pet," said Esquire Paul, as his sister left their door-steps. "She looks pale. She promised to come here to stay with you to tea."

"That's good. I am glad. I love Susy better and better."

"Yes; one must respect her more and more!" was the answer.

THE EVE BEFORE BATTLE.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

Fill high, fill high, with the blood red wine,
We'll drink the life of the generous vine,
And pledge our wives, oh! brother mine.
Fill high, fill high, there's wine to spare,
To-morrow's night we shall not need it.
Swell high, swell high the festal strain,
To-morrow night we shall not heed it.
Ha! more yet, more, a fragrant dew
The goblet from our lips shall kiss;
Death, may'st thou have to-morrow night,
As gay a feast as we have this.
Fill high, fill high, with the blood red wine,
We'll drink the life of the generous vine,
And pledge our wives, oh! brother mine.

Fill high, fill high the ruby flood,
No fear shall clog our blood's free course.
Fill high, nor thou our deadened ear
Shall hear the tramp of Death's pale-horse.
Oh! Death they say's a jolly knave,
With hands so lean, and brow so yellow,
Ha! Death, you'll have a goodly lot,
A bold recruit each stout, brave fellow.
Fill high, fill high, with the blood red wine,

We'll drink the life of the generous vine,
And pledge our wives, oh! brother mine.
Our bivouac fires are burning low,
The yew's dead branch should speed their burnings;
As the red embers flash and die
Our fiery hearts to dust are turning.
Fill high, shake hands, good comrades all,
A fiercer grasp awaits the morrow;
It falls, who'll grudge one stalworth tear,
Brave hearts are women in their sorrow.
Fill high, fill high, with the blood red wine,
We'll drink the life of the generous vine,
And pledge our wives, oh! brother mine.
There's lovely eyes for us are dim,
To-morrow night they shall be dimmer;
Fill quick, the morn upon us breaks,
The last eve star doth faintly glimmer.
Wives, sweethearts, all, one hearty pledge,
The vine's best blood we have been draining;
We'll pay it back, ho! sound the drums,
Night's dim life and our own is waning.
Fill high, fill high, with the blood red wine,
We'll drink the life of the generous vine,
And pledge our wives, oh, brother mine.

ONE DAY'S SHOPKEEPING.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

COUSIN Harry is as handsome a fellow as the most fastidious among my lady readers would wish to see, and that is saying a great deal for cousin Harry, when one takes into consideration the *recherche* taste of the nineteenth century.

Harry is a country shopkeeper—a grocery dealer, I mean; that is, he sells pork, beef, fish, oil, molasses, and such articles, upon one side of the store, and calicoes, de laines, sheetings, muslins, and a very few silks, upon the other side.

Harry's custom was very extensive—a handsome young man in a dry-goods store is, in himself, a sort of a sign; and a good-looking clerk is worth a hundred dollars a year more than an ugly one. It is a lamentable fact, and I am sorry to record it; but it is so.

Last summer, I was up at uncle John's n-visiting. Harry and my cousin Jennie were the chief attractions at uncle John's; but the fine strawberries and raspberries, with which the kitchen garden abounded, were not usually despised by me.

One morning, Harry received an urgent summons to attend the county court in a neighboring town, as a witness in an important case. He was obliged to go off in a hurry, and having no time to look up a substitute in his store, he appointed me to the dignity.

"You can't fail of doing right, Charley," said he, patronizingly; "the goods are all marked in plain figures—that is, the dry-goods; and then molasses sells for fifty cents per gallon—sugar ten to fourteen cents; butter is worth one shilling, store pay; and mind you, Charley, eggs are twenty cents a dozen, but don't take any unless they'll sink readily in cold water—they may be rotten, you know; and the butter, too, don't take any without putting in a fork into each ball to try it—it might be rancid; and above and over all, my boy, be polite to the pretty girls! Good-bye!"—and Henry put the big brass key of the store (my insignia of authority) into my hand, and leaped into the cab which was to take him to the depot.

I felt somewhat dignified—as it were promoted from the rank of a private to that of a captain—and I went up to my room, at uncle John's, for a survey of my toilet. I'm rather a good-looking

fellow myself, though some straight-laced people might think it vanity in me to mention it, but all the girls say so, and it is generally conceded that they are competent judges.

By way of enhancing my personal attractions, I added to my dress a pair of wrought wristbands. (don't laugh, unfeeling reader; they were embroidered and presented to me by a lady friend,) and giving a parting twist to my moustache, I sallied out.

The morning was fresh and fair—no grim clouds cast their boding shadows over the earth—and all promised fair for my success. I arranged myself behind the counter and waited for customers.

Customer No. 1 entered. She was a middle-aged woman, to buy *de bege* for her "darter's gownd."

I was all alacrity to fulfil her commands. I piled the counters with what I supposed to be *de bege*, a sort of thin, glossy, rattling stuff; and with all my eloquence I expatiated on its wonderful merits.

"There's silk in it, ain't there?" queried the old lady, putting on her spectacles for a closer examination, "Miss Moss, our dressmaker, said so!"

"Silk! to be sure there is!" said I, immediately taking my cue, (it doesn't do to contradict a lady,) "silk! why it's all silk, the real, fine Italian boiled silk—sewing silk, marm, imported expressly for your daughter's wear! It'll last an age!"

"Well, she'll want it wear a pretty good spell, I reckon; a body can't afford to buy a gownd every day, you know!"

"Of course not, marm; of course not! But this will look sweetly on your pretty daughter, no doubt she's pretty—resembles her mother, I dare say!" I had heard it said that a little judicious flattery never comes amiss with the ladies.

"Law bless your heart, sir, Sally ain't nowise handsome! she ain't nigh as good-looking as I was in my young days! her nose is too crooked, and her hair's red! but then Sam Jackson thinks she's splendoriferous! That's what he says, any way."

"No doubt, marm, but Mr. Jackson is a man of taste—probably a connection of Andrew Jackson,

the patriot and president! How many yards would you like?" and I flourished the yard-stick with a professional air, which would have done credit to cousin Harry himself.

"Oh, stop a minnit; I ain't decided about it yet. What's the price?"

Very true; there must be a price, I supposed, but I had forgotten such a contingency. However, there would be no difficulty about that, for Harry had said the goods were all marked in plain figures, so I turned complacently to the card attached to the cloth.

"Y. b. x. 2."

Very explicit. Like the Hebrew Bible to me, but I took a moment to consider. I'd put it low enough, I thought, to induce her to trade; and it wouldn't do to appear as if I didn't understand my business. I might lose *casts* with the old lady.

"Well," said I, "though it's a great sacrifice—really giving it away—I'll let you have it for one shilling per yard! Dirt cheap, but as it is for your pretty daughter, I'll put it down below cost! I wouldn't do it," said I, leaning down over the counter close to the old lady's green calash—"I wouldn't do it for another person in the world!"

My answer seemed to please the old lady. She turned the fabric over and over, felt of it upon both sides, tried the strength of its texture with her thumb and finger, and at last gave the order.

"Eight yards and a half, good measure! and silk to sew it up with."

I cut off the desired quantity, folded six skeins of sewing-silk inside it; the lady paid for it in odd ninepences and sixpences, and I bowed her out of the store.

Enter customer No. 2. A seedy-looking man, in a grey blouse, to get two cents' worth of black snuff.

I searched around awhile among the mysterious boxes and barrels, and at last pitched upon the strong-smelling article. Wrapped up a couple of ounces; delivered it to my customer, and received in return two coppers, which Noah might have coined in the Ark while waiting for dry weather.

Customers No. 3, were two pretty, red-cheeked girls—one with butter to sell, the other with a pail of eggs, destined for the same purpose as the butter. I remembered Harry's injunction about the eggs, butter, cold water, and fork-pricking; but for the life of me, I couldn't recollect which test was to be applied to the butter, or which to the eggs. However, I wanted to oblige the pretty girls, so I took both butter and eggs into the back store, determined to do something with them.

After a few moments' consideration, I procured a fork and pierced each and all of the eggs separately—and the result was astonishing! out of two dozen, six were positively in a state of decomposition; thirteen were occupied by remarkably well-grown juveniles of the fowl race; and the remaining five were smelling decidedly old.

The butter wouldn't sink in the water—do all I could, pop it would come up to the surface again; and I was obliged, though reluctantly, to decide that it wouldn't do to take either the butter or the eggs. So I returned to the front part of the store again, bearing the pail of mutilated eggs in one hand, and the butter in the other.

"I am sorry—ahem! that is, I regret that the eggs are too—too old for our purpose; and the butter—we don't take butter now!"

You should have seen the pretty young ladies' faces blaze up! The one with the eggs muttered something about "City greenhorn!" and the butter-girl exclaimed aloud,

"What better could have been expected from such a gosling!"

I was fain to conciliate them by the gift of three sticks of candy apiece, and telling them I broke the eggs by accident.

After the girls, came a hard-looking old gentleman in quest of pork.

He wanted the "home-made, native pork—none of yer Western hog cholera stuff!"

I made a tour of the suspicious-looking barrels in the cellar—gazed apprehensively at my wrought wristbands—found a barrel which smelt of pickle; and procuring a pair of long-handled pincers from the coal-bin, I made a plunge into the cask with them. Nothing whatever came up to reward my efforts; and I was making preparations for a second dive, when down came my hard-looking friend to see how I was getting on.

"Put yer hands in, ye abominable young dandy! What are ye afraid of, I wonder? In with yer hands!" My friend was a little out of patience with me.

I couldn't bear the appellation of dandy, so I plunged my hands and arms into the pickle, and brought up a whole layer of pork.

Instinctively I looked at my wristbands. Lucky that Isabel Richborn wasn't there to look also! I tore them off and flung them into the furnace, glad to escape a second sight of their fair (?) proportions.

"Served ye right!" said my hard-looking friend, with evident satisfaction, "a man has no business with such flumma-diddles—particularly if he goes pork-fishing!"

I seized the pork and held it ready for delivery.

"You'll have to trust me, I hain't got the money to spare, jest now!" said he, taking the purchase and making off.

"Stop, sir! stop!" I screamed after him, "none of that! we don't credit!"

The old man said nothing, but laid down the pork on a box, and went out. Directly he returned with Deacon Cutter and Squire Brown, with both of whom I was acquainted.

"Here's my bondsmen," said he, leading up the gentlemen; "Squire, what's my standin'?"

"Worth at the least calculation, Charley," said the squire, turning to me, "at the least calculation, two hundred thousand dollars!"

"And you wouldn't trust him for ten pounds of pork, eh, Charley!" laughed Deacon Cutter—"but that's too good! ha! ha! I declare!"

So much for appearances! Ever since then, I never see an old, ragged man, belonging in the country, without saying to myself, "There goes a man of property!"

After this, customers came in so fast that it would be impossible to particularize. I sold almost everything; from silk dresses down to clothes-pins and penny whistles. My success in drawing bargains was remarkable, and it was near sunset, and yet I had had no dinner for the day. The fact of it was, that at dinner time I was so full of customers that I didn't like to leave the store for fear of losing a trade, and now I found myself possessed of a singular longing for fragrant tea and hot biscuit. I knew my pretty cousin Jennie would be sure to have both ready for me.

I was just congratulating myself on my good luck for the day, and thinking how surprised Harry would be, when he returned, at finding so much of his summer stock disposed of—when in rushed the identical old lady who had bought the *de bege* in the early part of the day. She looked furious, and bore in her hand a bundle, which seemed suspiciously like the one she had carried away from the store that morning.

"Hand over my money! it's nothin' but four

pence cambric! Mrs. Moes, the dressmaker says so! you young cheat of a scamp! you deceived me! Hand over my money, I say!"

Before I could get breath to reply, the man who had purchased the two cents' worth of snuff made his appearance.

"Sir," said he, with dignity, "the snuff you sold me this morning is villanous black pepper, and my wife has nigh killed herself with taking it! Sir, her nose is nigh as large as a turkey's egg, and growing larger every moment."

"Give me my money!" cried the *de bege* woman.

"Give me my money!" cried the snuff man.

"Give me my money!" yelled a little urchin, climbing up on a crate of earthenware to make himself more conspicuous, "you sent daddy smokin' terbaecer instid of chawin', and marm copperas instid of saleratus, and Tom, and Polly, and the dog, is pised with it; and daddy's got the trembles all over with the terbaecer!"

"Sir, I called to get back my money!" said a fat man, in a yellow waistcoat, "you sold me indigo instead of blue vitriol."

"Give me my money!" cried the *de bege* woman.

"Hand over my money!" screamed the infuriated snuff man.

"Give me my—money—money—mon—ey!" roared the whole *posse* in chorus.

I sprang over the counter, nearly knocking down cousin Harry in the doorway, and never stopped until I was safe on the sofa by the side of sympathizing cousin Jennie.

Harry told me afterward that my day's shop-keeping cost him fifty dollars, beside losing forever the custom of the two pretty girls who had brought the butter; and highly offending the old *de bege* woman and her red-haired daughter, Sally, including the illustrious Sam Jackson.

As for me, I've been the happy husband of cousin Jennie for two months; and of course don't care a straw for all the pretty girls in America, because (in my own opinion) I am the proprietor of the best and prettiest wife in the whole world.

SPRING.

BY FREDERIC W. A. SHULTZ.

I LOVE the gentle Spring-time,
With its sweet-scented flowers;
I love to hear the carolling
Of birds among the bowers;
When all the earth is smiling
In blossoming array;
When Wintery blasts are over,
And all around is gay.

I love this pleasant season,
These deep romantic days,
With every sound proclaiming
Our great Creator's praise;
It to my dreamy nature
Doth golden fancies bring,
Of when we'll dwell beyond the grave,
In an eternal Spring.

HASTY WORDS ARE SOON REPENTED.

BY CLARENCE MELVIN.

"FATHER!"

The speaker was a boy not more than ten years of age. He spoke the word half tremblingly, and his eyes rested on the floor as he did so, while a deeper flush stole over his cheek.

"Well, Charley, what is it?" asked Mr. Bronson, looking up from his book.

"Come, speak out, if you have anything to say," he added, as the boy hesitated.

"Will you give me twenty-five cents to go to the concert this afternoon?"

"What concert is it?"

"Miss Dennison's class, at Chesnut Hall; Willie Smith is going, and John Payne, and Charley——"

"That will do," said the father, abruptly. "Have you got the lesson perfectly that I gave you last night?"

"Yes, sir," and Charley hurried off after his book. He returned in a moment, with his face radiant and smiling.

"That is very well," said Mr. Bronson, as the last word of the task was recited correctly. "And now, the next page will do for to-morrow."

"Yes, sir. And now, shall I go to the concert this afternoon, father?" asked the child again.

Mr. Bronson had forgotten the boy's first inquiry, and he raised his eyes from the book again at the question.

"You know what I have often told you."

"But, father, only this once. I will not ask you again."

"No more, I have told you often enough before. You cannot go."

"But, father——"

An angry stamp of the foot on the carpeted floor cut the sentence off abruptly, and the boy left the room slowly, while the tears gushed into his eyes, and his lips quivered with emotion.

Mr. Bronson was a member of the church, in regular standing, and he prided himself on an unblemished name among his neighbors, and the world generally. He was an upright man in business transactions, and the really needy never went from his door with bitter words upon their lips; for their necessary wants were always supplied. He was wealthy; but he was not a miser. But he was one of those who are not advocates of "woman's rights." He ruled his household

according to his own notions of right and propriety, and he never allowed his wife to break his resolutions, or to interfere with his commands. He governed his children with an iron hand. He never asked; but he commanded. He would have them as methodical as himself—moving, as it were, by clock-work.

Charley had not been gone long, when Mrs. Bronson entered. Her husband was deeply absorbed in his book, and did not notice her till she spoke.

"The package has not come which was promised last night, Henry," she said, pleasantly, "and father and mother will be here to-day."

"It should have been here last night," he said, carelessly, turning over the leaves of the book. "I ordered it sent directly."

"We must have it to-day."

"Charley can go after it. He can go with me to the store, and from there it is a short distance."

Mr. Bronson was an advocate of labor, whether among the rich or the poor. He did not hesitate to assign any task to his children which he knew they were capable of performing, although servants were always ready to do his bidding.

"But he will not have time," was the reply. "He wished to attend the concert, and I gave him my permission."

"Then you did very wrong," said her husband, interrupting her; "I have just told him that he cannot go."

"But surely there can be no harm in allowing him to go there."

"There can be no good in it; for you know that I have often refused to let him go to such places."

"Such places!" said Mrs. Bronson—who was a woman of spirit—emphasizing the last word. "Pray tell me what harm there is in allowing him to go there?"

"The information is not necessary," was the reply. "It is throwing aside my usual policy, if I do it, which I have not yet seen the necessity of changing."

"Such a policy is not a good one. You certainly cannot expect him to go through this daily routine without any change, and during vacation too."

"He has plenty of change; if not, let him come to the store; I will furnish him with variety enough there. It is not proper that he should go to a public resort alone."

"Then I will go with him, if that is your reason of refusal. You certainly can have no objection to that."

"I have already given him my refusal, and I do not often take back my words," said Mr. Bronson, hastily. "I think this is sufficient."

"Your words can be retracted without injury," was the reply; "but mine cannot. I gave him my promise, and if I break it——"

"Enough," said Mr. Bronson, sternly. "Then make no more such promises."

Mrs. Bronson's lip quivered, and the tears came to her eyes; but she forced them back, and without speaking a word turned and left the room. Her feelings were deeply wounded, and as soon as she gained the solitude of her own room, she gave vent to her emotions in a flood of tears.

Mr. Bronson regretted his last words. He saw the wound that he inflicted, when his wife turned to leave the room; but it was too late.

"Perhaps I ought not to have said that," he soliloquized. He was already repenting. "I am always too hasty," he added; "but she will soon forget it. It is my duty to regard my promises and commands;" and seeking to ease his uneasiness with thoughts like these, he took his hat and passed out into the street.

The day passed heavily with Mr. Bronson. He was accompanied to his office by Charley, who was dispatched for the package before mentioned. He occupied himself busily in his counting-room, but still he could not quiet his mind. His work was irksome, and time passed slowly.

At length the dinner hour came. He hurried up the street; but he dreaded to enter his own door. He knew his wife would greet him with the usual smile; but he dreaded that more than anything else. He would willingly have asked for forgiveness for his unkindness in the morning; but his pride would not allow him to do that.

In the parlor he found his father-in-law and mother-in-law awaiting him. The old gentleman looked as smiling and happy as usual, and they both rose to meet him.

"Why, father, how do you do?" was his exclamation, as he grasped his hand warmly. "I am very glad to see you. And you, too, mother; you look much better than when I saw you last."

"I am better," was the reply. "I am glad to find you all well as usual."

"All but Charley," said Mrs. Bronson. "He has been slightly ill since morning."

Mr. Bronson looked into his wife's face with surprise, and he noticed that her eyes were yet swollen. His eyes turned quickly to the floor as he recalled the incidents of the morning, and unpleasant thoughts passed through his mind.

"What is the matter with him?" he asked. "He was well when he left me."

"Oh, it is nothing serious," was the reply. "He complains of headache, and his cheeks are flushed. It will probably pass away after a good night's sleep."

The dinner hour passed away as usual; but Mr. Bronson's appetite was not as good as common. The conversation was very dull, and he felt relieved when the meal was finished.

He went to Charley's room as soon as convenient. His cheeks were flushed, and he seemed somewhat feverish. In a few moments Mrs. Bronson entered.

"How do you feel now, Charley?" she asked. "My head aches, mother," he replied. "Won't you give me some water?"

"Yes, my dear," and Mrs. Bronson poured some out into a goblet, which was eagerly quaffed by the sufferer.

"He is very feverish," said Mr. Bronson. "I think I will send up the doctor when I go down town."

"Perhaps there is no need of that; but you may do as you please, Henry. There will be no harm in it, and perhaps it will be for the best."

"Mother, won't you open the door?" asked Charley; "it is very warm here."

It was not long before an addition was made to the number in the room, by the entrance of the old folks. The good old lady who had always resided in the country, laid in treasures of herbs every autumn, to provide against sickness. She had but little faith in practitioners, but her belief in the efficacy of leaves and roots was unbounded, and she regarded them as infallible.

"Have you got any herbs, Julia?" she asked. "I think an application will relieve him; and you know I am so used to it."

"No, we have none," was the reply. "You know we cannot gather them here as you do in the country."

"But perhaps they can be obtained at the apothecary shop?"

"I think that we had better have the physician. Henry will send him up when he goes to the store."

The old lady did not make any objection,

although in her own mind she did not favor the proposition.

On his return at the close of the day, Mr. Bronson did not find Charley any better. On the contrary, the symptoms appeared more unfavorable. He complained less frequently of headache, but his fever had increased. His face was very much flushed, his lips were parched and dry, and he complained of alternate heat and cold. The doctor's report was not so favorable as he expected. The pulse was very much accelerated, and he feared he would not be able to arrest the threatened fever.

As Mr. Bronson entered the door he encountered the gaze of his wife, who was sitting at the bedside. The expression of her face was very sad. Her gaze rested upon his face as usual, but a thought of his harsh words in the morning darted through his mind, and he could not look her in the face. There was something in the stillness and solemnity of the room, too, that made an unusual impression on his mind. He was naturally very sensitive, and a little incident, sometimes trivial in its character, would often prey upon his feelings, till he became very unhappy. He felt that he had wronged her by his hastiness, and these thoughts, which perhaps another would have forgotten in an hour, rankled upon his spirit, and at each hour grew deeper and deeper. But his pride would not yet allow him to ask her forgiveness, for he felt that in so doing he acknowledged his own weakness. Her uniform kindness and attention, too, increased his misery. He felt as if each word was intended to inflict a wound, although he knew that it was spoken in earnestness, and that she had no intention of injuring his feelings.

"Charley is no better, Henry," she said, in a low voice. "I have been with him every moment since you went out. He grows more feverish and inquiet every moment."

"I am sorry to hear it," was the reply. "I would have staid with you, but my business would not allow me to leave the store."

"You could not have been of any use. I have done everything that is necessary to be done."

Mr. Bronson went to the bedside, and took Charley's hand in his own.

"Oh, father! I am so glad you have come," he said, looking up with a smile into his face.

A regret passed through Mr. Bronson's mind.

"It was but a simple request that he asked of me this morning," he said to himself, "and one that I could have granted with one little word; and yet, I refused him. I did wrong, for I repulsed him harshly; but now he has forgotten

it all, and speaks in the same endearing words as ever."

It was as much as he could do to restrain his emotions, but he forced back the tide of his feelings, and spoke in as calm a voice as usual. He brushed back the damp hair from the boy's forehead, and held his hand in his own, while Charley, who appreciated his kindness, turned his burning cheeks toward him, and closed his eyes as if in slumber.

"The doctor says he must be kept quiet," said Mrs. Bronson; "for quiet is of as much value as medicine. Therefore I choose to watch by him alone. Mother has been here most of the time, but she has become weary of sitting here in the stillness, and has gone to her own room."

"I fear that you are weary with staying so long," said her husband. "Let me stay with him while you endeavor to gain some rest."

"No, I prefer to remain," said Mrs. Bronson. "I am not tired, and besides, I shall feel better here than anywhere else."

"Then I will stay with you," was the reply.

Time passed away slowly with the occupants of the sick chamber. Charley tossed to and fro restlessly upon the bed. Occasionally he would sink into an unquiet slumber, but only to start up again suddenly, as from an unpleasant dream. The doctor came in again late in the evening, but he shook his head unfavorably, and pronounced his symptoms much worse. He said he would not be able to prevent the fever that was so threatening, and that all he could do was to lighten its force.

Mr. Bronson at length yielded to the solicitations of his wife, and sought his couch, but it was a long time before he sunk into sleep. The incidents of the day had worked upon his nervous temperament, till he felt very unhappy and miserable. He thought of his watching wife, and his conscience reproached him bitterly for the unkind words of the morning. And he thought, too, of Charley—how often he had restrained him with harsh judgments and stern commands; and as memory recalled his long injustice, he was surprised that he should have remained so long insensible to his own failings.

When he did sink into slumber, he was troubled with unpleasant dreams. Twice during the night he arose and went to Charley's chamber, but he was asleep, and Mrs. Bronson was too assiduous in her attentions to allow him to take her place.

Daylight came at length, lighting up the east with a rosy glow, and Mr. Bronson felt relieved when he saw the gradual change from darkness to light, and watched the objects in his room

become more and more distinct to his vision. Then, for the first time, his wife listened to his entreaties, and allowed him to watch by the bedside, while she sought the brief repose which she so much needed.

Charley's breathing had become short and quick, and he murmured incoherently in his dreams. The fever had settled upon him with its burning grasp, and he turned from one side of the couch to the other, without finding rest. At length he opened his eyes with a vacant stare, and gazed around the room.

"Where am I, father?" he asked "Won't you please give me some water?"

"Here we are, Charley—here at home. But you must lie quiet. How do you feel now?"

"I don't know; my head is burning—won't you please wet it with water."

Mr. Bronson bathed his forehead with the cooling liquid, and he soon sunk into another dreamy slumber, from which he did not awake to consciousness again till nearly noon.

Mr. Bronson spent most of the day at home, being absent as little time as possible. He gave brief directions to his clerks at the store, and resigned the business into their hands. His mind was unfitted to perform any labor, and the body sympathized with it, for he felt listless and inquiet. He spent most of the time at Charley's bedside, and when not there he wandered over the house—his mind filled with gloomy thoughts and vain regrets.

The physician came in several times during the day. Charley had gradually grown worse, and in the evening the doctor pronounced him dangerously ill. Mrs. Bronson's face was very sorrowful, and her eyes were inflamed and swollen. She had sat all day by the bedside, watching the progress of the insidious disease, and her true mother's heart feared the worst. She was too sad to talk, and her husband shared too much of her own sorrow and foreboding, to feel the influence of the genial flow of spirits that usually cheered him. He was no happier than he was the night before; for the memory of his stern language rankled upon his mind, and when he looked upon his wife's pale, sorrowful face, the sting entered still deeper into his heart, and the regret that came too late fell with two-fold force upon his spirit. Repentance had been busily at work, and the pride that had made him so obstinate and unbending was well nigh broken. He had battled sternly against it, but he now yielded to its power, and he would willingly acknowledge his error and ask forgiveness for the past. He only waited the proper moment to unburden his heart.

It came at length. It was far in the dim watches of the night, and they were sitting by the bedside; for Mrs. Bronson, with the deep tenderness of a mother's love, still kept watch beside the sufferer. Her frame might be weary, and her head dizzy, but sleep was a stranger to her when the hope of life hung by so frail a thread. The light burnt dimly, filling the room with fitful shadows, and the autumn wind awoke a plaintive tone in the branches of the trees without. Charley was buried in a troubled sleep, and his breathing was quick and heavy. The damp hair rested on his forehead, on which stood the perspiration in heavy drops, and his pulse was deep and unsteady.

"His sleep is not quiet," said Mrs. Bronson, with a sorrowful calmness. "If he could rest easier I should feel more courage and hope; but as it is, I can only fear the worst."

"Let us hope for the best," was the reply.

"We must rely upon that goodness, love, and mercy, that rules all things."

"But if he should die—"

The sentence was broken by her emotions, and a flood of tears brought relief to her spirit. Her husband took her hand in his own, and he felt that now was the time for him to ask that forgiveness for which he longed so much.

"He will be better in the morning, Julia," he said. "I feel this assurance in my own heart."

"God grant that it may be so."

"I have been very unkind to you, as well as him, Julia," said Mr. Bronson; "but I hope I have sincerely repented. Will you forgive me?"

"To what do you refer?" asked Mrs. Bronson, in a tone of surprise.

"To my hasty words of yesterday morning. I spoke without reflection, and I have regretted it since."

"I had forgotten it. I have nothing to forgive, Henry; you are always generous and self-sacrificing."

He pressed her hand warmly, and he felt that a weight was removed from his spirit. His heart was lighter than it had been for some time before.

"Thank you," he said. "I now feel free, and I will try hereafter to give no occasion for a regret, or make myself liable to the inquietude that I have just endured."

Another morning came, and another day passed away, and at length a week had gone by since Mr. Bronson made his new resolution. The crisis had passed, and Charley was slowly recovering. He was yet very weak, but the raging fever had left him, and it only required time for him to regain his former strength and

elasticity. Nature had triumphed over his disease, and health was slowly returning.

Mr. Bronson had become a wiser as well as a happier man. He found out that the secret of

true happiness is to have a regard for the happiness of others, and to preserve the temper unruffled. He found that "HASTY WORDS ARE SOON REPENTED."

TO FREDDY.

BY LENA LYLE.

BABY darling, how much joy
Thou dost bring thy mother, boy!
As I gaze in thy blue eyes,
Where the laugh half hidden lies,
As on thee my kisses shower,
Every moment, every hour,
Oft the thought comes to my heart,
Some time, baby, we must part!
Then ascends to Heav'n the prayer,
That we'll meet again up there.
But my Freddy, tho' we part,
Still I feel within my heart,
That I ever will be near thee,
Though thou canst not see or hear me;
Thou shalt feel my presence, boy,
By a sweet, but solemn joy
Thrilling thro' thine inmost soul,
With a power beyond control;
Thou wilt feel my love for thee,
In thy heart, though dead I be;
For the grave cannot sever
Hearts so linked as ours, no, never;
Ties so close, by Heaven given,
Cannot e'en by death be riven.
Once my mother bent o'er me,
Love, as I now bend o'er thee,
And her heart was filled with tears,
Hope's bright dreams, and joys and fears;

And she prayed to live for me,
As I pray to live for thee.
But her soul to Heaven is gone,
And her child is left alone.
Still, she lingers watching o'er me,
She has only "gone before" me,
When I die, she first will meet me,
She will be the first to greet me,
Bid me welcome to that "bourne,
Whence no traveller can return."
So, my boy, I'll watch o'er thee;
Ever near thee I will be;
My spirit hand upon thy brow,
I'll place as I am wont to now,
And thou wilt feel a sudden thrill,
And joy my darling's heart will fill;
Thou'lt know thy mother then is near,
But, sweet one, thou wilt feel no fear;
Up to Heaven I'll waft thy prayers,
Thou wilt know thy mother bears
Up, with fond maternal joy,
Each petition from her boy.
Darling, in thy boyhood's life,
And in manhood's bitter strife,
When thou art oppressed with cares,
Mother'll shield thee with her pray'rs.
Kiss me, baby, slumbers light,
Seal those blue eyes: sweet, good-night.

MY DARLING.

BY MISS CARRIE E. FAIRFIELD.

Oh! moon so cold and silent and dim,
Lookest thou down to-night on him?
My darling!
Do thy pale beams silver his bonny brown hair,
And light up the blue of his eyes so fair?
My darling!

Oh! faint, sad breeze that strayed alone,
Is thy voice the echo of his sad tone?
My darling!
Thinks he of me, 'mid the night's melodies?
Yearns his heart for mine, as mine for his?
My darling.

Oh! dim azure sky, far and silent as Heaven,
Into thy vault is his sad sigh given?
My darling!
Thinks he this midnight of another as calm
When my heart beat on his, 'neath the clasp of his arm?
My darling.

Ye answer me not, ye far-off skies!
The wind only echoes my low, sad sighs,
"My darling!"
And the moon sails on toward the Elysian shore,
With never a sigh to comfort me for
My darling!

Oh! say, dearest heart, art thou silent to-night?
Hast thou not a murmur to make my heart light,
My darling?
One whisper the night-wind can bear unto me,
Over the land, and over the sea,
My darling.

Oh! whisper "I love thee," just one little word,
Such as oft all my pulses with rapture has stirred,
My darling—
Oh! joy. I hear it!—it comes to me
In thine own loved tones, over land and sea,
"My darling!"

THE OUTCAST.

A ROMANCE OF THE BLUE RIDGE.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "INDIA," "VIVIAN,"
"THE DESERTED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," ETC.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by T. B. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 217.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

UNOBSERVED by him, I, after the first involuntary start, had fallen back upon my pillow.

The conflict was too unequal to last above a minute. It was a deadly, silent struggle. He evidently wished to secure without hurting her, or making the least noise. He quickly succeeded in mastering and bearing her out of the room.

Soon he came softly back. I was lying still; he evidently inferred that I was asleep; for, after throwing a quick, penetrating glance at me, and looking hurriedly around the chamber, he silently retired, cautiously closing the door after him.

You may judge that I slept no more that night. I scarcely knew with certainty at what point to separate my sinister dream from the mysterious reality; and doubts, and even anxious fears, agitated me. Who was that malign old hag? How came she in the dead hours of the night into my sleeping-room? What motive brought her there? How had Wolfgang known of her visit? Or, which had come first, and which had followed the other? Or, possibly, had they come together, and for what purpose? What meant that deadly struggle? What meant that look of agonized dread and terrible purpose upon the ghastly face of Wolfgang? The look of unutterable hatred and determined malignity upon the fiendish features of the beldame?

I am no coward, but I say that I turned ice cold with horror—not so much at what might have happened to either of the mortal foes, as at the passion silently raging in the bosoms of both.

All was dark and still in my room now. The lurid dull red glow of the smouldering coals on the hearth revealed nothing. Even the image on the wall was invisible in the deepening shadows of that darkest hour that precedes the dawn of day. I lay for an hour in the misery of an energetic, acutely anxious mind, fretting itself against the forced inactivity of the body.

At length the unknown sounds that usher in the earliest dawn of morning began to be heard.

I arose, drew on my dressing-gown, and taking some dry oak logs from a wood pile near the fireplace, threw them upon the smouldering coals, which soon kindled them into a cheerful and genial blaze. As, however, the room was yet too dusky, I went to the windows to open the shutters. I had some difficulty in hoisting the windows and in pushing open the shutters, for they were blockaded with snow and ice. When I did so, however, the frozen snow fell rattling down to the ground, and the sudden dazzling sunbeams flashing in, nearly blinded me with light.

When I could look out, however, I saw that the dark and heavy clouds of the preceding night had not fallen in a deluge of rain as had been predicted, but during the still and silent hours of the night had noiselessly descended in one of those tremendous falls of snow that furnish paragraphs for the marvelous department of the newspapers of the day, and make data in the history of a life-time. All around stretched fields of frozen snow, the great depth of which might be partly guessed at by the top of high gate-posts sticking a few inches above the surface, and marking the site of a buried line of fence—fields of crusted and sparkling snow, which flashed off in undulating radiance to the circle of mountains that shut in this white, cup-shaped dell, and whose icy peaks scintillated against the cold, blue horizon. This vast snow-cup, snow-pit, snow-dell—the flashing, sparkling, scintillating, dazzling, ice-clad earth, glanced brighter in the reflected rays of the morning sun than the winter sky above.

It was certain that we were immured in this snow-glen within the confines of these closely circling and ice-cumbered mountains for an indefinite number of days. There would be no fox-hunting that day, or that week. That was evident; that I did not regret. Not life without, but life within, the homestead, absorbed my thoughts, and I turned from the flashing fields of snow and glancing peaks of ice, to look upon the

beautiful portrait on the wall, that had so powerfully attracted me during the night. I wished to examine it, to test its powers of fascination by sober daylight. I turned and looked for it.

It was gone!

I gazed, doubting my own eyes! It was certainly gone! No sign of a picture ever having been there—no pin, screw, or nail, or even hole in the wall, was to be seen! I looked all around in an almost ludicrous state of bewilderment.

I half suspected the whole train of sinister events of the past night to be merely the phantasmagoria of a midnight dream, or the creation of a morbidly excited imagination, and I began to make my simple morning toilet.

I had not got half through, when a rap at the chamber door arrested my attention, and to my "Come in!" entered old John—who seemed to be factotum to the household—with hot water, towels, and offers of service. I gratefully accepted the hot water and the towels, and as gratefully declined his assistance at my dressing-table.

He then informed me that breakfast would be on the table in half an hour, and left the room.

A quarter of an hour afterward, having given the last and most graceful wave to my temple locks, in honor of my superb Queen of Egypt, I descended to the hall.

As I entered the old wainscoted apartment—heated, as upon the previous evening, by an immense fire of hickory wood—I saw Mr. Wallraven, Wolfgang, and old John, standing on the broad hearth in deep and earnest confidential conversation. "Secured"—"keep her own room"—were the broken words that fell upon my ear as I came in, when the trio suddenly separated at my approach, and Wolfgang came forward to meet me.

He was dreadfully pale and haggard. He appeared really very ill. After glancing at me furtively and keenly, he spoke to me very affectionately, saying something about regretting that the inclemency of the weather should oblige us to postpone our hunt.

I told him that there was no fear but we should be able to amuse ourselves for the few days during which the snow would confine us to the vale.

"As how, my dear Fairfield—trapping snow-birds and cracking hickory nuts; for that appears to be the only resource!"

"Books, music, conversation, tales of old times. Miss Wallraven——"

"Ah!" began Wolfgang; but before he could proceed with his threatened sarcasm, Old John appeared at the door, and announced breakfast.

I followed Wolfgang into the next room; and

there we found a good fire, and a fine Virginia breakfast.

Mr. Wallraven was there, and, beside the servants, no one else. He invited us to be seated at the table, and we took our places. I was helped to coffee, buckwheat cakes, broiled partridge; but my attention was divided between the savory viands before me, and the door at my right hand, through which I hoped and expected every instant to see my "wondrous Queen of Egypt" enter. I wished so much to see her by daylight. At length, I could bear the suspense no longer; and, turning to Mr. Wallraven, I asked,

"Are we not to have the happiness of Miss Wallraven's presence at breakfast, this morning?"

I was not answered immediately. I saw that both the old gentleman and Wolfgang changed color, and exchanged glances, as Wolfgang replied, in a low tone of voice,

"My sister left home this morning, for an absence of several weeks."

I bowed, as in politeness bound; but how Miss Wallraven could have left home, through the avalanches and icebergs that blockaded us that morning, was a mystery to me.

Without seeming to make any effort, both Mr. Wallraven and Wolfgang certainly exerted themselves to entertain me.

Thanks to their successful endeavors, the next week did not pass heavily, although we were confined almost entirely to the house and near grounds. A well-stored library; various musical instruments; backgammon, chess, cards, billiards; conversations with the old gentleman, who possessed a rich and highly cultivated mind, a profound tone of thought, exalted sentiments, and a brilliant style of conversing; spars with the wilful but fascinating Wolfgang—filled up the hours of the short days.

My growing friendship for the old gentleman deepened almost into love—my esteem for him at least amounted to veneration! So patriarchal, so reverend, seemed his tall figure, his snow white hair, and his clerical black suit—so full of Christian love and benediction seemed his serious smile and his sweet, grave tones. My reverence for the venerable father greatly augmented my respect, if it could not increase my affection, for the son; but—the mystery! the mystery! What was it? My mind sometimes naturally connected the midnight apparition of Wolfgang and the malign hag in my bed chamber with the terrible secret of the family; and at other times I entertained a rational doubt as to whether the dread apparition were a dream

or a reality. Since that first night, my sleep had been undisturbed.

The end of that week brought Christmas Eve, and also a considerable moderation of the cold and thaw of the snow, though the condition of the ground still precluded the possibility of a pleasant hunt.

Christmas day, we had a small party of gentlemen to dinner, and the long-talked-of hunt was appointed for the next week. After dinner, and when these men were about to take their leave, we were all invited to return the visits upon any day that we should fix, and I, as a stranger, was pressed to do so. I observed that Mr. Wallraven, with a strange blending of humility and pride, courteously declined these invitations. These gentlemen, I heard long afterward, were a company formed for some enterprise, and that they were trying to negotiate the loan of a very large sum of money from Mr. Wallraven—an arrangement they finally succeeded in completing, much to their satisfaction, however little it might have been to Mr. Wallraven's interests.

Sunday after Christmas, Mr. Wallraven and myself attended Divine service at the Episcopal church of St. Stephens.

Wolfgang remained at home.

After the sermon, Mr. Wallraven lingered until all the congregation had left the church, and then came out of his pew to meet the young minister, who was coming down the aisle to speak to him. They met as intimate friends who had a great respect for each other. Mr. Wallraven introduced him as the Rev. Mr. Davenport, and then they entered into a conversation for a few minutes. At parting, Mr. Wallraven pressed the minister to come over and dine with him the next day—an invitation that he accepted.

The next day, Mr. Davenport and his wife—who by-the-way was not included in the invitation extended to her husband—came over to Hickory Hall. Mr. Wallraven received the clergyman with much grave cordiality, and his amiable wife with scarcely concealed surprise and emotion. When we were once seated around the great fire in the old wainscoted hall, Mr. Davenport inquired with much interest for "Constance."

"My daughter is from home for a few weeks," replied the old gentleman.

Mr. Davenport expressed some regret at not being able to see her, and the conversation dropped, or rather changed. This day passed very pleasantly. The minister and Mr. Wallraven had a game of chess.

Mrs. Davenport—who was an amiable, intelligent, and interesting little lady—Wolfgang, and

myself, played and sang trios, or two of us duets. We dined early; and early in the afternoon our visitors departed, having very reluctantly drawn from Mr. Wallraven a promise to dine with them on New Year's Eve.

The next day, being Tuesday, was the day of our great hunt. Mr. Davenport of course did not join in it, from that irrational and very deleterious custom which debar ministers of the gospel from amusement considered lawful and beneficial to the lay members of their congregation—thus separating religion from innocent, cheerful, and healthful pleasure, greatly to the disparagement of the former.

The party of gentlemen assembled early in the morning, and the neighing and prancing of the hunters, and the cries of the hounds, made a gay and enlivening scene. We set out very early, and had a highly exciting hunt, and a rather fatiguing day. It was late in the afternoon before the brush was taken.

Wolfgang Wallraven took it.

We returned to a sumptuous dinner at Hickory Hall. After the dessert, the guests sat long over the wine, and it was late in the night before they separated and left the house.

We were later than usual at assembling to breakfast the next morning. After breakfast, we were reminded by a note from Mr. Davenport of our promise to dine at St. Stephens' parsonage upon some day of the current week, and invited for the next day.

Mr. Wallraven, after some considerable hesitation and evident reluctance, wrote to accept the invitation.

Accordingly the next morning we set out for the parsonage, distant some nine miles, and where we arrived about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. We found the excellent clergyman and his wife friendly and hospitable as ever, but not so lively—struggling in fact to keep up a cheerfulness, which was evidently maintained by great effort.

The conversation, after some variety, turned upon church affairs, in the course of which Mr. Davenport inadvertently let escape him a hint that his congregation, especially his vestry, were much dissatisfied with him, and that his stay among them was now unpleasant as well as doubtful.

Then old Mr. Wallraven arose, and laying his hand solemnly and affectionately upon the shoulder of the young clergyman, said, in a low voice,

"I have long feared this, my excellent young friend! I know too well their ground of objection! Come with me. I would talk with thee apart!" and, excusing himself, Mr. Davenport

arose, and they walked slowly away in earnest conversation together.

I caught these words—"My dear, disinterested young friend, you must not injure yourself by your indiscreet attachment to me. Already one dear, Christian friend has fallen a victim to his love for me and mine. This must not go on. Let me alone, 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that let him reap.' Thirty years of sufferance, that has whitened my hair like snow at fifty, has nevertheless accustomed me to my sorrow, and strengthened me to bear it! You must—"

The remainder of the speech died away, but at the distant bay window I still saw them in debate—the patriarchal old man, earnest, solemn, impressive; the tones and gestures of the young clergyman, energetic, denunciatory. I think that Mr. Wallraven convinced, at least, I know he silenced, the minister; for, on returning to the fire, the old gentleman appeared satisfied, while Mr. Davenport seemed melancholy, and even, perhaps, remorseful.

When we left in the evening, no invitations were given on either side, and the parting itself was grave and sad.

Storm clouds were again mustering in the northwest, and we had a very brisk ride through the cold and darkening twilight, in order to escape, if possible, the storm of wind, snow, and sleet, that, nevertheless, when we were within half a mile of Hickory Hall, broke out upon us in boisterous fury. We reached the homestead at last, where the severity of the weather confined us for a week. After it moderated, we had an occasional guest at dinner, but went out visiting no more during our short stay.

Our time was passed, however, more agreeably than before. We were blessed with one of those clear, mild, and dry spells of weather which sometimes visit us even in the dead of winter. We passed the remainder of our time—in the mornings, in sporting expeditions upon the mountains and in the forests, from which we would return laden with game; in exploring expeditions among the wild and picturesque or awful and majestic scenery of the Blue Ridge, or in sails upon the Shenandoah; and in the evenings in games of various kinds, in music, books, or conversation.

We had another great hunt upon the last day of our stay, and the next morning we left Hickory Hall for the North.

I need not say that during my stay, throughout all the external circumstances of my visit, my thoughts and feelings were intensely interested in the sinister mystery that enveloped the unfortunate Wallravens, which nothing

tended to elucidate, while everything helped to deepen.

It is not to be supposed that all I had read and heard at Hickory Hall had not greatly increased my anxiety upon my sister's account. Another cause for uneasiness I had also. During my residence at Hickory Hall—and in fact from the time of my having written to Regina of my proposed visit to Virginia—I had not once heard from her. Notwithstanding I had written two or three letters, I had received no answer. I fancied this proceeded from a feeling of resentment on her part, upon account of my visit; but I also feared that she might be ill or unhappy.

Upon reaching the University, however, I found one letter from her, bearing a recent date, awaiting me. She was well, had got all my letters, hoped I had enjoyed my visit to Virginia, coldly regretted that she had not had the pleasure of my society and that of my friend, Mr. Wallraven, at Christmas, but hoped to be compensated at the end of the ensuing term. That was the first time she had ever mentioned Wolfgang in any of her letters to me. I felt that she did so now only for the purpose of drawing me out. I felt it my duty to enlighten her as much as I was able, which you may judge was not much. I sat down and wrote her a long, long letter, filling six foolscap pages, and giving her a detailed account of all that had happened since my leave-taking of her—I mean especially all events in which Wolfgang was concerned. I folded and sealed this letter, and after leaving it in my desk all night, took it out, and—consigned it to the flames! By a change of opinion and feeling, irrational and erratic as any of Wolfgang's own, it appeared to me the work of a spy, to go into his domestic circle and expose all that I saw there to the worst construction, and that, too, to the woman whom he loved and esteemed above all others in the world. At least I determined to think again before I did this, and resolved never to do it unless circumstances strictly demanded it—unless, in fact, he should renew his suit to my sister, in the way of which I purposed to throw every sort of obstruction. I formed a resolution never again to go to Hickory Hall, and never again to invite Wallraven to Willow Hill. Do not suppose that I could determine upon this course without deep grief, for I dearly loved Wolfgang; and this very resolution, growing out of a sense of duty as it did, now served to deepen, as well as sadden, my affection for the strange fellow.

The current term was to be our last at the University. During the whole of this term,

Wallraven applied himself to study with unparalleled industry. It was predicted that he would take a very high degree; and when the end of the term came, their prediction was fulfilled in his highest success. He received marks of esteem from the most distinguished of the professors, and the warm congratulations of his companions. This eminent success had astonished even those who predicted great things for him, and I think, surprised Wallraven himself, and—with the honor of the distinguished, and the sympathy of the warm-hearted among his associates—combined to warm his stiff, cold, reserved nature.

Never had I seen him so nearly happy. He invited me to go with him to Hickory Hall, where he said he should spend some months, previous to going abroad. I declined. Then he gave me every opportunity of returning the civility, which I omitted to do. I do not know how long my resolution would have held out; for his eminent success, the honor paid him, and, more than all, his own happy elated mood, were conspiring to bring about a hopeful change in my sentiments—had not a circumstance occurred to put all choice out of the question—an event that decided for time, perhaps for all eternity, the fate of my ill-starred sister, and overwhelmed my life with sorrow. I had not heard from Regina for a month, and was beginning to feel very uneasy. I grew anxious for the day to come when I should set out on my journey homeward, to meet her again.

Upon leaving the University at the end of the term, Wallraven and myself had taken up our abode temporarily at a hotel, where we were mutually engaged in preparations for our respective journeys, and where I was turning over in my mind the question of inviting or not inviting Wolfgang to Willow Hill.

It was the third day of our sojourn there, that Wallraven and myself were sitting together in a private parlor that we occupied jointly, when, without any premonition whatever, the door was gently thrown open by a waiter, who announced Miss Fairfield; and, to my extreme astonishment, my sister Regina, weary and travel-stained, but fair and proud as ever, advanced into the room!

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

THE LOST PATRIMONY.

Thou may'st not enter thy fair mansion house,
Thou may'st not pull a sapling from thy hills,
Thou may'st not set thy foot within thy fields.—HOWITT.

“REGINA! my dearest sister! I am delighted and—astounded to see you! Whence come you? How come you? But here! before you reply,

take this easy chair, and—give me your bonnet! Place your feet upon this footstool! You look so weary! You rode all night! Who escorted you? Nay, do not answer! You look so exhausted! Have a glass of water, first, or—a cup of coffee? Wolfgang, my dear fellow!—but no! I will run!”

It was with something like this tirade of ejaculations of astonishment, joy, love, and solicitude, that I received my sister, placed her in the lounging chair, set a cushion under her feet, and ran off to order refreshments.

I was absent some fifteen minutes; and when I returned, followed by a waiter bringing in coffee, &c., and a chambermaid to take Miss Fairfield's things and receive her orders, I found Wolfgang standing by Regina's side, stooping over her with a countenance beaming with happiness, his left arm caressingly encircling her shoulders, his right hand clasping hers, and she no longer pale and weary, but blushing with pride and pleasure, as her radiant eyes were veiled beneath his ardent gaze. He drew off as we entered, and each resumed composure. Regina arose with her accustomed stately self-possession, and, attended by the chambermaid, retired from the room to refresh herself by a change of dress, saying to me, *en passant*, that I might countermand the waiter of refreshments, and, if we had not already breakfasted, she would join us at that meal. I said that we had not, and she left us.

Breakfast for three was served in our parlor, and in half an hour Regina entered, every vestige of fatigue and discomposure fled from her countenance and bearing, and she attired in a plain, but rich, morning dress of India muslin, looking beautiful and gracious as ever.

During breakfast, I made no inquiries concerning the motive of her extraordinary journey at this particular time, when she knew I was soon to return home. I rightly conjectured that she had a somewhat lengthy explanation to make; besides which, the waiter was in attendance, and we could have no confidential conversation in the presence of a servant.

When our meal was over, however, and when the waiter had removed the breakfast service, set the room in order, and retired, Regina seated herself in the easy chair, placed her feet upon the footstool, summoned Wallraven and myself to her side, and, in a calm voice, and with a composed manner, informed us that our agent, using the great power intrusted to him, had converted all our property into cash, and fled with it to the West Indies!—that, too, just when in a few weeks he knew he would be called upon to deliver up his trust! By this piece of unparalleled rascality, we were left—no, not “beggars,”

nor "penniless," quite. We might have between us, in pocket money, jewelry, and personal appointments, some five or six thousand dollars—that was all.

At first, I was too completely stunned by the news—not of our great loss, but of our attorney's great villany—to feel the real sharpness of our misfortune.

I turned in despair and looked at Wallraven. How would he receive the news of his friend's calamity? When I first turned my eyes full upon him, taking him, as it were, by surprise, he looked positively agog with joy! I had never seen any exhibition of triumph like that in him before! What did he mean? Before I had time to ask, his obstreperousness was reined in, and his features forced into an expression of gravity.

Regina further informed me that she had availed herself of the opportunity afforded by the journey of the Right Reverend Bishop L—, who was travelling north to the Convention, to join her brother; that she had written to warn me of her approach—a letter which, by the way, I never received.

Miss Fairfield then excused herself, and left us to seek needful repose.

As soon as she had gone, Wolfgang, who had, with difficulty, restrained his excitement all this time, impetuously threw himself down beside me, and, clasping me as if I had been his sweetheart, exclaimed, vehemently—

"My brother! my heart! command my utmost powers and resources—command me! Half my father's wealth is mine when I demand it—it is yours when you want it!"

"Thank you, thank you, thank you. I am not overwhelmed by this misfortune, dear Wolfgang, though I am in danger of being so by your whole-hearted goodness."

"And will you let me serve you?"

"Not to the fanatical extent, or in the manner that you propose, my dear Wallraven! You are excited by this news even more than I am. My dear, generous fellow, be quiet. As you perceive, neither my sister nor myself is driven mad by this misfortune. I shall execute now, a plan that I have often thought of, even in my days of independence, and in doing so, enter a line of life for which I have at times had a very strong inclination.

"And what is that?"

"The Christian ministry! I shall immediately curtail every unnecessary expense, reduce my living to the severest economy, convert all my personal effects that can possibly be dispensed with into cash, and commence a course of theological reading."

"Fairfield, you constrain my admiration! Have you, then, no painful regrets for the past—no gnawing anxiety for the future?"

"None for myself."

"You astonish me!"

"But——"

"Well?"

"For another——"

"Well? 'For another'—for whom, Fairfield? Have you been falling in love? though that could scarcely happen without my knowledge, as we have been so inseparable—but yet, is it so?"

"No, I have not fallen in love. Of course you know that; and you should know also that I speak of my sister!" said I, seriously.

"Your sister!" he exclaimed, in what I thought a very unnatural surprise. "Your sister!"

"Certainly—my sister."

"And why, pray?"

"Is it so strange that I should feel anxiety for the future of Regina after this serious reverse?"

"No, certainly not—assuredly not! Excuse me! I—my thoughts fly occasionally, and I spake, perhaps, rather in reference to my own phase of mind, and from my own point of view, than from yours. Go on, dear Fairfield! Believe me, though my thoughts fly, they only circle round and round you and your interests, my brother. Go on, I pray you! Tell me all your causes of anxiety."

"Regina then! I could very well support my sister in a small way; or, at a moderate outlay, I could establish her at the head of a new female academy—but——"

"Well, my dear friend?"

"Her haughtiness of heart unfits her alike for dependence upon me, or servitude of others. This lofty pride troubles me the more, that I have no sort of sympathy with it—cannot understand it fully; and, as far as I do, utterly condemn it. Human pride is folly, or insanity. The Saviour of the world was not proud——"

"Come, Ferdinand, my reverend friend! don't anticipate the privilege of the vestments! For myself, I adore the 'lofty pride' of Miss Fairfield. It is indissolubly entwined with the most exalted virtues, which could not exist without it!"

"You speak like a lover!"

"I speak the truth. Her 'lofty pride' sustains the highest sentiments of truth, courage, generosity, fortitude!"

"I have never seen her 'fortitude' tested yet. It is that which I dread!"

"You 'have never seen her fortitude tested!' not even in this sudden and severe reverse of fortune?"

"No, only her courage is tested here. She met, but has not yet borne, the evils of this misfortune! Courage only meets calamity bravely; it takes fortitude to endure it strongly and patiently. Courage dares misfortune—fortitude sustains it; courage——"

"Courage is acute fortitude, and fortitude is chronic courage! you mean, medically speaking!"

"Fudge!"

"Certainly! I beg your pardon, Fairfield, for cutting short, both your sermon on pride, and your ethical and metaphysical essay on courage and fortitude, because the former was ill-timed, the latter essentially unphilosophical, and both would have run to, I know not what length! Now, then, let us return to the more attractive subject of Miss Fairfield. You were saying——"

"I was saying that I have no sympathy with my sister's pride! I do not understand it, and it troubles me for her future."

"And I repeat most emphatically, that I adore that pride!"

"You are an enthusiast!"

"I worship that pride—that lofty spirit, which is not assumption, nor arrogance, but a calm, majestic, unconscious assertion of her own inestimable worth! of her own essential, unalienable royalty! the triune royalty of transcendent beauty, goodness, and genius!"

"Oh! you are mad!"

"Honor to whom honor is due!"

"Yes! but that is not to the haughty! He who spake those words, said also, 'The humble shall be exalted, and the proud shall be brought low'—'He that exalteth himself shall be abased;' and 'The meek shall inherit the earth,'—'Pride goeth before a fall, and a haughty temper before destruction.' You doubtless will give me more contempt for what you will consider weakness, than credit for the fear of God; but I confess that these things trouble me for my dearest sister! It seems to me that her severe discipline has already begun! I do hope——"

"Pshaw! hush! Nonsense! Don't preach! You're not in the holy orders yet!" exclaimed Wolfgang, interrupting me, in a husky voice and with an agitated manner.

I looked at him in surprise.

He shuddered twice or thrice in his old way, got up and walked to the window, and said,

"It seems to me you are croaking this evening, Fairfield! to say nothing of a very unbrotherly severity to a trait of character in your only sister, which I for one cannot consider a fault, but must look upon with high respect, even when——"

He stopped abruptly.

"When carried to excess?"

"Yes! something of that sort!" he said, with an involuntary writhe of his beautiful lips.

A twinge of remorse wrung me for an instant. I felt that I had been severe with the foible of my dear Regina, and that it was not only ungenerous, but unjust, to speak of her fault in her absence; so I hastened to say,

"You know that I have no fraternal insensibility to my sister's noble character, Wolfgang!"

"Ah! you have! You do not see, do not acknowledge that it is pride keeps that high, pure character so spotless from even conventional little meannesses!"

"Yes, I do! but I see also that that 'pride' makes Regina sternly uncompromising, terribly intolerant of the little social and conventional meannesses and falsehoods of others!"

The effect of my words upon him was as fearful as unexpected! He blanched suddenly, dropped into a chair, and glared luridly from under the shade of his long black lashes at me, as if I had wilfully and wantonly outraged him.

I was about done with surprise at any eccentric motion of Wallraven; and fate, or something, impelled me to go on. "What is neither always reasonable nor Christian, her high-toned sense of honor, is morbid, even to mania. Deception; no matter how well, how logically defended, finds no tolerance with her. It would disgust her in a mere acquaintance; it would alienate her forever from a friend; and in one she loved pre-eminently, it would kill or madden her! I know and feel it. It is this that has terrified me for my sister! It is this that makes me shudder when I recall the fearful words, the thunder words—'Pride goeth before a fall, and a haughty temper before destruction!'" I suddenly felt a strong grasp upon my shoulder, and the husky, inaudible words,

"For God's sake, hush!" and Wallraven rushed out of the room.

"I have something to say to you, dear Ferdinand," said my sister Regina, laying her fair hand affectionately on my shoulder, and sinking softly into a chair by my side.

She looked so fair, so proud, so joyous, yet—so charmingly embarrassed.

"Why, how beautiful you are, Regina! Queen Blanch! Fair one with golden locks!" exclaimed I, in involuntary admiration and fondness. And she was! Dazzlingly beautiful! She had arisen, restored by her long morning sleep, refreshed by her cold bath, and dressed for dinner. She wore a very light blue silk, with fine lace falls to the short sleeves, and low corsage. Her splendid

pale gold hair was rolled back from her snowy forehead and temples in shining bandeaus, and woven in a large knot behind. She had floated in and sunk down by me softly, lightly, gracefully, as a sun-gilded azure cloud, a vision of celestial beauty!

"I have something to say to you, dear Ferdinand," she repeated, without deigning to notice my admiration.

"I listen, dear Regina," said I, seriously.

"Brother, I am engaged to be married to Wolfgang Wallraven."

I started to my feet, throwing off her hand by my violence, and exclaiming vehemently,

"No!"

"Are you so surprised?" she serenely inquired.

"No, Regina! No!" I exclaimed, emphatically, without replying to her last observation.

"Yes, then, if I must repeat my declaration."

"No, it is not! it must not! it shall not be so!"

"Why?" she asked, calmly, with scarcely a perceptible inflection of surprise and contempt in her tone.

"You must not—shall not—cannot marry Wallraven!"

"Will you endeavor to make yourself intelligible, Ferdinand?" she demanded, coldly.

"Wallraven cannot in honor marry you, and he knows it!"

Her snowy brow grew purple; she drew her proud crest haughtily up, and was preparing silently to rise and leave the room; when I laid my hand upon her with an imploring gesture, and, rising, went and turned the key in the door, sat down by her side, and beseeching her by our fraternal love to listen to me with some little

toleration, I began, and gave her a minute, detailed account of my whole confidential connection with Wallraven; commencing from our earliest school days; passing through our life at the preparatory school; through our college friendship; including our joint visit to Willow Hill, with the extraordinary scene in his chamber; and, lastly, my recent visit to Hickory Hall, with the frightful occurrence in my chamber in the dead of the first night of my arrival. I ended with imploring my sister, as she valued her happiness, not to risk it by a marriage with him. For any other good purpose than that of doing my own duty and exonerating my own conscience, I might just as well have been silent.

Regina heard me through; though, as my story progressed, I saw her lip curl, and curl, with a slowly gathering contempt; and when I finished, she arose with flashing eyes, and answered me with a blasting, consuming scorn, anger, and defiance—accusing me of degrading suspicions—degrading to myself and to no one else—of treachery to my friend—of—I know not what beside; and expressing, with the air of an empress, her highest trust in Wolfgang Wallraven's unimpeachable purity and honor. In short, she replied to me as any other haughty, high-spirited woman would reply to aspersions so cast upon the man she deigned to accept.

I attempted a rejoinder; but resuming her sovereign self-possession, with a gesture full of high command, she silently indicated her will to leave the room; and I went to the door, unlocked, and held it open while she swept majestically through.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A VOICE FROM THE PAST.

BY O. L. THOMPSON.

From the magical caverns of time,
From the dim sounding aisles of the past,
Comes a voice with an echo sublime,
That joins with a musical chime,
In the moan of this winter-night's blast.
It speaks of the flowers that bloomed
On islands now lost in the sea;
It speaks of a dim time entombed,
When nations and cities were doomed
To make way for the nations to be.
And it says, "As bloomed the gay flowers,
And as waves washed the islands away,
So beauty may bloom in the bowers
Of youth, and be gladdened by showers
Of love, during life's Summer day.
But the waves and cold winds of the years,
Will drown the green island of youth—
Will sweep away love, and leave tears

And hopes alternating with fears,
And a long, unfought battle for truth."

And it says, "As the nations of God
Were merged in oblivion's sea,
So you must leave time's sandy shore;
Be ready, when life's dream is o'er,
For an endless existence, to be."

But listen! in cadences clear,
A reply to the voice of the past,
In musical notes on my ear,
The voices of angels I hear,
Chiming sweet with the musical blast.

"Let youth's flowers fall and decay,
And time with his years sweep on;
The beauty of soul will ne'er pass away
In Heaven. 'Twill bloom in immortal day,
When time shall have palsted the sun."

SIGNOR ROCCO COCCO.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

MISS ISORA B— was a young lady of sixteen, unaffected, good-hearted, and, better still, pretty. It must be confessed that she was also somewhat empty-headed, and vain, but as she shared these qualities with a very large proportion of her sisterhood, they were not particularly noticeable. She possessed, besides, another trait, which used to be tolerated in the young, but which has, of late, gone quite out of date, along with the old-fashioned virtues—she was romantic.

I know not how to account for this circumstance, except by connecting it with the apparently incongruous fact of her having been educated in a nunnery.

From these "cloistered walls," the poor child, who was an orphan, had just emerged to begin her little career in the world, and to take the head of her old bachelor uncle's establishment.

That worthy gentleman, though shrewd enough in his way, had about as much idea of the internal structure of a girl's heart, as I have of the process by which flowers are introduced, or made to grow, in the middle of those curious glass balls one sees everywhere; (tormenting, little problems that they are—they always perplex me as the apples in the pudding did poor King George—I must still be wondering how they were got in!)

In one respect Isora's education had been much neglected. Until she was sixteen years old, and had left school, she had never entered a theatre.

In consequence of this culpable neglect of inoculation during childhood, when exposed to histrionic infection, she took the theatric fever with uncommon virulence. Indeed, in this disorder, as in all the others incident to childhood, the disease manifests itself much more alarmingly when delayed beyond the natural time of its appearance.

When Signor Rocco Cocco, the famous tenor, first broke on Isora's sight in a bandit's costume, (which is well known to consist of loose leather boots—a red sash garnished with pistols and daggers, and a velvet cap with a bobbing black plume,) she felt that, for the first time in her life, she was in the presence of a hero. Her eager eyes were bent upon him, and her heart almost stopped beating.

Signor Rocco Cocco took two steps forward, and stopped with a jerk, and by repeating this manœuvre several times, advanced to the front of the stage.

Isora's heart beat quickly again, and a flush of excitement rose to her cheek.

"He realizes my ideal!" she murmured.

After rather an awkward pause on the part of the bandit, during which the orchestra got through with the prelude, he executed a sentimental aria, in a melancholy way, with first one hand, and then the other, alternately pressed to his heart, and sawing the air.

Isora heard the mournful strain with deep emotion. "To think he should be unhappy!" she sighed, and the brimming tears were in her eyes. All was reality to her, silly child!

The whole evening was one of intense excitement and novel sensations to Isora; and the worst of it was, that at this dangerous crisis, she had not even the safety-valve of a confidante. Neither sister, mother, nor "dearest friend," was at hand, and when the poor, lonely child, in search of sympathy with her emotions during a very trying scene, glanced round timidly at her uncle, she was shocked to perceive that worthy personage sound asleep. She woke him instantly, that he might not lose the treat.

Though the fact I have mentioned would tend to prove that the uncle did not enjoy opera-going much for its own sake, he delighted to give pleasure to his niece, nor did he see anything amiss or suspicious in her vehement entreaties to be taken every night—every night, while the opera lasted.

He therefore went and slept, and Isora went and felt—or thought she felt—which answers as well—sometimes.

The season was a long one, and things went on, and on, till the silly little thing, carried away by all sorts of sentimentalities and delusions, was firmly convinced her heart was lost beyond recall.

This topic filled her head so completely, that having, as I have said, no female confidante, she one day, in utter inability to keep such a secret pent up any longer, hinted the state of the case to her uncle himself.

The good man was aghast. Such a contingency had never presented itself to his imagination.

"In love with Signor Rocco Cocco, indeed!" he exclaimed, half amused, and half enraged.

"Yes, indeed, uncle. So much in love—that—that I don't know what to do."

"In love! pah! Do you know what will cure you?"

"No, uncle."

"An ounce of sense!" And thoroughly vexed and annoyed, the uncle left the niece alone, to ponder on his prescription.

As to whether this remedy was applied or not, uncle and niece differ; at all events, it was not successful.

Isora began to "peek and pine." All her merry ways, her girlish gayety, deserted her. She moped—grew sallow—almost ugly; a very common effect of moping, gentle reader, believe me, though novel writers never mention it.

This state of things forced itself on the attention of the uncle, who might otherwise have never again recurged to the absurd confession of his niece. As it was, he was constantly reminded of it.

He missed the life and gayety which had swept, like a breeze of spring, through his musty old house, when Isora first entered it. He hated to see a pale, lackadaisical girl, poking languidly about, instead of the fresh, lively, saucy thing who had amused him a few weeks before. He was one of the gentlest and kindest of men, but he was a man after all, and, therefore, it is probable Isora might have fretted herself to death without opposition, if she could have done so, without diminishing his comfort or enjoyment; but, as the case was, he felt the necessity of effort, and he bent his vigorous and practical mind to a removal of the difficulty.

The result of much intense study and deliberation, was an invitation to Signor Rocco Cocco to dine with him.

Isora was informed of this arrangement, and, after thanking her uncle from the very depth of her fluttering little heart, for his great and delicate kindness, ran off to choose, betimes, the dress in which to array herself on the momentous occasion.

The day and hour came. (Isora began to think they never would.) She had been running all morning from her mirror to the kitchen and back again, and was now dressed with simple elegance, walking up and down the drawing-room with her uncle, awaiting the arrival of her distinguished guest.

In her innocent delight she could not help telling her only confidant how handsome and interesting she thought the Signor, and her opinion that all the world must see his very great resem-

blance to the noble and chivalric Sir Walter Raleigh.

To all this the wily uncle said little or nothing; though his shoulders would shrug a little, and a mysterious grunt, which puzzled Isora, now and then escaped him.

A ring at the bell.

Isora dragged her uncle to the door to listen, and then back to the farthest corner of the room, as she heard the step of the visitor approaching.

A moment more, and she was in the presence of her hero. He was shaking hands with her uncle—her uncle was introducing him to her; without finding courage to raise her eyes, she could only blush deeply and bow her head before him.

For the first few minutes she desired nothing more. It was enough to know herself in the presence. To know that the cherished object of her girlish adoration—her hero—her ideal, was near her—in the same room. But as it is a law of the human heart, always to make an attained happiness the step by which to mount to another higher yet, Isora, in time, overcame her timidity; she raised her eyes, and saw—a middle-aged gentleman, red-faced, and fat.

It was our heroine's instantaneous conviction that an impudent hoax was attempted to be played off on her.

That the elegant lover! the chivalric hero! the brave soldier, with whose appearance she was so familiar, from her seat in the boxes! No, she could not, would not, believe it! It was only through her uncle's somewhat ostentatious iteration of the name of "Rocco Cocco," that she could, in any way, connect the impostor before her with the princely person she had heretofore known under that title.

The belief that her uncle was attempting to play off a trick upon her, grew at dinner-time, as she observed the guest's half-bred manners, and voracious appetite. It ripened into certainty during a conversation she had with him, after they had returned to the drawing-room.

Her uncle had been called away for a short time by a business visitant, and in the short *tele-a-tele* during his absence, the Signor became so confidential as to inform Isora, in broken English, that he had probably broken more hearts than any man living, and, at the present time, nearly twenty young ladies were doomed victims to his dangerous attractions.

Perfectly disgusted with his overweening vanity, and embarrassed by a confidence so unsolicited and undesired, Isora was thankful for the reappearance of her uncle in time to obviate

the necessity of a reply which she knew not how to frame.

Ere long the guest departed, and the uncle immediately demanded,

"Well, Isy, what do you think of your Signor Rocco Cocco now?"

"Ah, uncle," answered Isora, smiling reproachfully, as she patted his cheek with her fan, "do you think I don't see through you and your plans?"

The uncle changed countenance visibly, and with rather a conscience-stricken look, asked what she meant.

"Why, of course, uncle, I'm only a silly girl, and not hard to outwit, I dare say; but your trick is rather too palpable to impose even upon me. That red-faced man Signor Rocco Cocco, indeed! He was more like Daniel Lambert!"

The uncle suddenly recovered his spirits.

"Oh! that is the view you take of it, my little darling, is it?" he cried, rubbing his hands gleefully. "Then I'm all right, for, I can tell you, on my word of honor, that our visitor was Signor Rocco Cocco, himself, in *propria persona*, as sure as I'm the best of uncles."

But Isora was still unconvinced. She could not doubt her uncle's word; but neither could

she realize any identification of the two widely different individuals claiming the same name. She had still the impression that some deception was being practiced upon her.

Her uncle, perceiving her doubts, wisely proposed another visit to the opera, assuring his niece, that though she could not discern Signor Rocco Cocco in their guest, she would not find it so difficult to trace their guest in Signor Rocco Cocco.

To her amazement Isora found this prediction true. The next night, in spite of disguise, paint, and stage illusions, their fat guest of the day before, stood constantly before her.

She was cured.

Some years afterward, Isora married a plain, sensible man, with nothing of the hero about him, except a noble, loving heart, but whom she managed to love devotedly, notwithstanding.

Her uncle made one of her household, and exercised a great influence over her; for it was observable, that whenever anything did not go as he approved, or his niece was about to act in any way he considered foolish, he had but to pronounce the mysterious words, "Rocco Cocco!" to reduce her to instant obedience to his wishes.

THE DEPARTURE.

BY J. H. M'NAUGHTON.

You turned and left me, I was sad.

I, weeping, sat upon this stone,
And gazed (a broken-hearted maid)
Along the way that you had gone.

You turned and left me. Long I wept.

Sick, sick at heart, forsaken I;
And through my brain a demon crept,
And left but dreams and misery!

You turned and left me. Not a word

You spoke—not even a kind "good-bye;"
And I was left like wounded bird,
In grief to pine, and agony.

You turned and left me. All was dark—

Ay, all was dark, but 'twas not night;
The flame you kindled by a spark,
You now set foot upon the light!

You turned and left me. I am wild.

They tell me crazed is my brain—
By them reviled, by you beguiled,
And will you never come again?

My way is darkling. I am sad.

I nightly sit upon this stone,
And gaze (a broken-hearted maid)
Along the way that you have gone.

THE FUNERAL—A FACT.

BY DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

And this is all! The long procession's pride,
The plumed hearse, the hatchment, and the pall,
One tear of sorrow doth outweigh them all—
One drop o'erflowing from affliction's tide.

Such hath been here. The last of a long line
In the dim chamber of the tomb was laid;
The seeming of regret had been displayed,

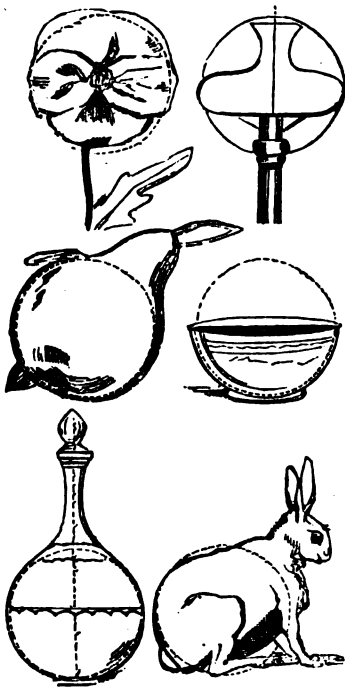
Coldly—most coldly o'er his burial-place
The mourners passed and smiled; but one was there—
Her pale face in her mantle almost hid,
And her heart swelling with a voiceless care;
She dropped a flower upon his coffin-lid.
Thus, the true sorrow o'er that stately dead
Was that young orphan's, whom his bounty fed.

AMUSEMENTS IN ART.

BY H. J. VERNON.

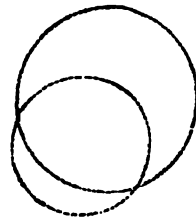
AN evening may be spent very pleasantly, as well as progress made in the art of drawing, by the following exercises. In former articles, we described how, by taking a square for a fundamental shape, many things might be drawn with great ease and accuracy. In fact, a few simple shapes, like the square, the circle, &c., are the basis of all art. Take the circle, for example. With a pair of compasses, make, on paper, or on a slate, six circles, as follows: or if a pair of

are to be met with around us—having the circle or the sphere for their basis. And it will be no mean result of these papers, if any number of our younger readers are led thereby to a habit of observation, whereby they will not fail to notice that nearly all natural objects have the curved line for a basis, if they are not actually distinguishable thereby from those that are artificial.

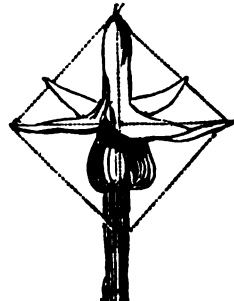


compasses is not at hand, take a coin, or any other round object. On these circles draw a flower, a lamp-shade, a pear, a bowl, a scented bottle and a hare, as in the ensuing diagrams. You will be astonished to find how easily, as well as how gracefully, the feat will be performed.

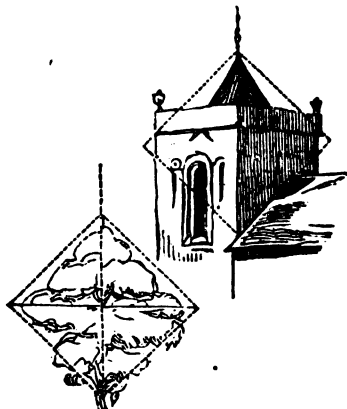
We have given these six figures merely as suggestions, the circle forming an important part of their figure. Your mind will immediately revert to other objects—thousands such



The figure of the turkey, above, is drawn upon two circles in combination with each other. The dotted lines of the plan will be readily perceived; but lest there should be any difficulty, they have been drawn separately. With this duplex figure little skill will be required to present the lord of the farm-yard.



The two next outlines are based upon the square turned diamond-wise, and will need no further remark: examples upon this plan may be multiplied easily. Those given will serve as hints in the several directions of flowers, foliage, and landscapes generally.



THE CANARY BIRD. NO. II.

BY W. KIDD.

WE cannot help thinking, and we wish to be very emphatic on the point, that no persons should ever attempt to keep birds, or allow their children to do so, unless they are naturally "fond" of them, and, at the same time, themselves of a kindly disposition. To trust birds to the care of a thoughtless child, a callous servant, or an indifferent person, in one's absence from home, unless under very particular circumstances, is to yield them up to almost certain destruction. Hard-hearted servants either cram their troughs full of food (sufficient to last a week) with a view to save trouble, or, by never changing their water, they allow it to become corrupt. In the former case, the hull of the seed which is eaten, falling on the top of the residue, prevents the birds obtaining a fresh supply; whilst in the latter, the birds become poisoned by putridity.

We are sorry to say, adults are frequently quite as much in fault as children, in this matter; too often more so—for birds are not unfrequently killed by children through an excess of attention, having many things ministered unto them quite unsuited to their animal economy. They are also taken out of their cages to be nursed and "petted"—a horrible practice; when the heat of the hand and undue pressure on their body cause their death. Why, let us ask, should we be thus thoughtlessly, and continually cruel,

when five minutes of our time every morning would, in many cases, be amply sufficient to make our favorites both comfortable and happy?

These little creatures, if we would narrowly watch them, possess the most singular attractions, exhibit the most romantic attachments. Not a movement of their master or their mistress escapes their observation. They may be taught, easily taught, by affectionate care, to come out of their cages when called for; or to sit on the finger, and sing when requested. A simple movement of the head, or expression of the eye, will accomplish this; whilst the reward of a bit of hard-boiled egg, or a morsel of loaf sugar, will speedily cement an intimacy terminable only by death; the attachment of some birds knows no other limit.

As a rule—to keep your birds in continual song, hang them up in situations where they cannot by possibility get a sight of each other. We have often heard people express surprise at their canaries not singing; and we have frequently been consulted as to the cause. It has arisen, in nearly every instance, from the manner in which their cages have been suspended in the room. Immediately after the arrangement has been altered, and the birds have been kept out of each other's sight, they have commenced singing in all the joyousness of their nature. The reason is obvious. Their attention,

when thus separated, is not diverted from their song; and a spirit of rivalry induces them to do their utmost not to be surpassed.

If you particularly wish your birds to sing by candle-light, darken their cages in the day time, so as to prevent their over luxuriance in song. Also, keep them scantily supplied with food. When the candles are lighted, when the fire is seen to blaze upon the hearth, and when the cups and saucers are heard to rattle on the table—then you will be treated to something worth listening to. The whole household, too, will feel happy.

If you feel inclined to humor him in his little visits to you on the table, provide him regularly every morning with a square china bath, half filled with water; first placing it within a deep

basin, to prevent damage to your furniture by his splashing. An invite of this nature is irresistible, and he will soon be seen immersed to his very throat. On his return from the bath, his appearance will be found ludicrously comic. His sly look of self-satisfaction and assumption of importance, whilst nearly drenched, and in a state of utter helplessness withal—are “as good as a play.” Touch him—if you dare! With extended wings and unrestrained fury, he will resent the indignity by pecking fiercely at you with his open beak; and he will often give you, in addition, striking proofs of his anger. These “airs of state” are very frequently practiced. We merely throw out a hint for our readers to improve upon, for you may teach these majestic birds anything.

BEDSTEADS FOR COTTAGES.

BY H. J. VERNON.

WHEN rooms are small, it is desirable to have them as little encumbered with furniture as possible, and if there be a recess, as there almost always is, it may be fitted up as a bedstead, without at all encroaching on the space of the apartment. The plan is frequently adopted in Paris; sometimes you see in one corner of a room, a large looking-glass, six or seven feet high, and three feet wide, enclosed in a polished wood or gilt frame, and seeming to be a part of the wall, as shown at figure 1. This looks ex-

can be made all in one length, with only a single joint near the head; it is therefore much firmer than where there are two or three joints, as must be the case when it is made to fold to fit into a low carcase. A recess nine inches deep, and three feet wide, will be quite large enough to contain a bedstead for a single person. The legs need not be more than four inches long, and a thin mattress and bed-clothes will fill up the other four, the whole, as shown in figure 2,

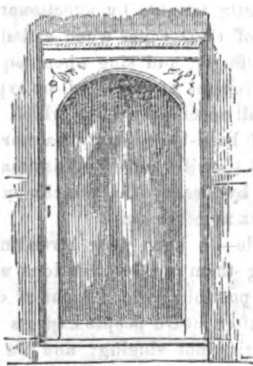


Figure 1.

tremely handsome and ornamental, but in many cases it is nothing more than a door which conceals a turn-up bedstead. At night the door is opened, the bedstead let down, and thus in a short time the latter is ready for use. There is one advantage in this contrivance; the bedstead

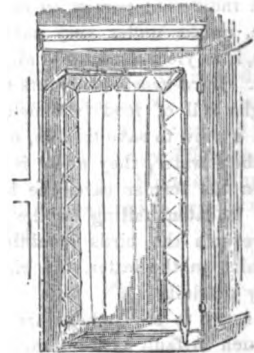


Figure 2.

being made to turn up at once. Whenever possible, it is best to have turn-up bedsteads made of iron as they are lighter, and less clumsy than wood, and will fit in a smaller space.

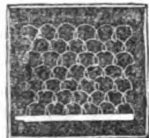
Should a sacking be used instead of hoop-iron for the bottom, it is strained by passing the cord round the sides, as may be seen in the cut.

OUR DICTIONARY OF NEEDLEWORK.

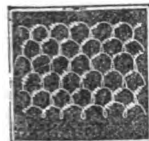
NO. IV.—LACES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

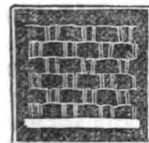
We continue our article on laces. These are all used for forming flowers, arabesques, &c., or filling up spaces.



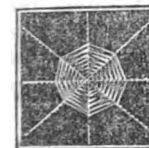
BRUSSELS LACE.—A succession of rows of Brussels edge, worked on each other, and backward and forward.



VENETIAN LACE.—This is a series of rows of Venetian edging, but as it is inconvenient to pass round the needle constantly, and it can only be worked from left to right, it is usual to alternate the Venetian, worked in that direction, with Brussels done in the opposite.

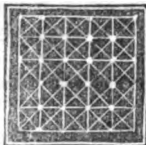


SORRENTO LACE.—The same stitch as Sorrento edging; it can be worked only in one direction, therefore it is necessary to fasten off at the end of every row. The short stitches of one row are worked on the long ones of the previous.

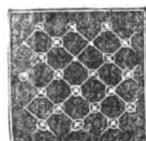


ENGLISH ROSETTES.—These resemble, as nearly as possible, a spider's web. They are worked on six, eight, or ten threads, according to the space to be filled in. Take twisted threads across the space to be filled, at regular distances. Let them all cross in the middle, and after the first; slip the needle under in the single thread, and over when twisting it back again, thus uniting them as you proceed. In twisting the last thread stop in the centre, and make a tight buttonhole stitch to secure it. Now work the spot, passing the needle first under two threads, x then under the last of the two, and the next, so that the thread goes round one bar, and under two: repeat from the cross, until the spot is large enough, when finish twisting the incomplete bar, and fasten off.

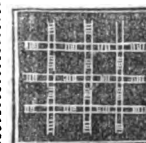
OPEN ENGLISH LACE.—Made on double the number of bars. The diagonal are single threads, and must be made first; the upright



and horizontal lines are of twisted threads, and the spots are worked when forming the latter, just as described in English lace. Great accuracy of distance is required between these threads, otherwise they will not all cross in the same places; and it will be impossible to form the spots.

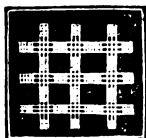


ENGLISH LACE.—Fill up a given space with twisted threads evenly placed about the eighth of an inch apart, diagonally, and all in the same direction. In crossing each one of these, you make the spots belonging to that particular line thus: pass your needle completely under the line of threads, and in an opposite slanting direction. (See cut.) Fasten it by a tight buttonhole stitch on the braid, and twist back on the single thread till you come to where it crosses. Cross over this twisted thread and pass the needle under the single thread on the other side of it. Again cross, and slip your needle under the twisted part of the new bar. Continue thus, always putting your needle under the new bar, and over the old, until your spot is large enough. Then twist on the single thread until you come to another crossing, when make the spot as before. Every line is thus completed. Be careful to twist the threads perfectly in this and the next stitch.



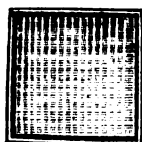
HENRIQUEZ LACE.—Make two parallel lines, darning spots at intervals, across the two, very near each other, of twisted thread. Miss about three times the space that is between the two, and do another pair, and be sure the spots are on a line with the others. Repeat until in one direction you have filled the space. Begin to make the bars in the opposite direction. Do one, with the needle under those you cross in going, and over in returning, taking the space between the spots; and be sure to make one twist between the two close bars, which will keep them at proper distances from each

other. In making the second pair of cross bars, darn the space between the pairs, to correspond. The entire of all should be filled by the darned dot.

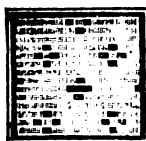


CORDOVAN LACE.—Very similar to the preceding; but on three bars, and therefore, considerably easier to darn. Both these laces must be done with very fine thread. Evans' boar's head crochet cotton, No. 150, is particularly suitable for the purpose.

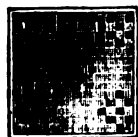
VALENCIENNES LACE.—Simply darning; done very finely and closely.



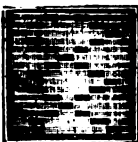
FOUNDATION STITCH.—The ordinary buttonhole stitch, worked over a bar of thread, taken from right to left. The stitches are to be as close to each other as possible. The stitches of one row are taken each between two of the preceding.



CLOSE DIAMOND.—In this and the following patterns, the design is produced by leaving at regular intervals a long stitch; that is, instead of taking a stitch after every one of the previous row, to miss two, which forms a hole. Be careful to miss the spaces evenly.



OPEN DIAMOND.—Just like the preceding, but that the diamond has nine holes instead of four.



ANTWERP LACE.—The holes are so arranged as to form a succession of diamonds. It requires six rows to make one pattern. 1st—Do 4 stitches, leave space for 4; do 11, leave space for 4. 2nd—Leave the space over 4, work 4 on the loop, 10 over the 11, and 4 more on the next loop. 3rd—Like 1st, with 11 on centre 12 of 18. 4th—Seven stitches, miss space of 4; 4 over the centre of 11; miss the space of 4; do 4 on the loop, this, being succeeded by 7, makes 11. 5th—Eleven stitches; miss the space over 4, 7 more stitches. 6th—Like 4. This makes a perfect diamond.

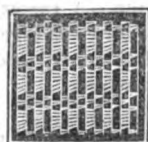


OPEN ANTWERP.—1st row—Eight close stitches, leave a loose loop over the space of 5. End with 8. 2nd—Five close over centre of 8, and 2 on centre of loop. 3rd—Two on

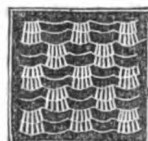
centre of 5, 5 over 2, and the loop at each side of it. 4th—Begin with 2 stitches on the loop before the 5; 4 on 5, and 2 more on next loop. 5th—Two on loop, 5 on centre of 8. 6th—Two on centre of 5; 5 over 2.



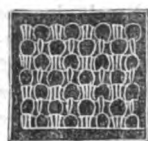
ESCALIER STITCH.—In this, the holes fall progressively. Do 9 close stitches, and miss the space of 8. In the next row, do 6, miss the space of 8, and afterward do 9, beginning on loop. In the third, begin with three; and so on. In all these three last stitches there is no bar across.



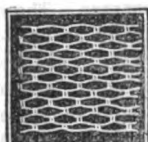
CADIZ LACE.—In the first row work six close stitches, miss the space of two; do two, and again miss the space of two. In the second row work two on each loop, and miss the two rows, worked alternately, form the stitch.



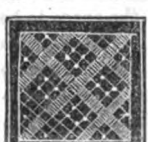
FAN LACE.—First row—Six stitches and miss the space of 6. 2nd—5 stitches on six, miss the same space as before. 3rd row—Miss the stitches, and do 6 stitches on the bar. 4th row—like 2nd.



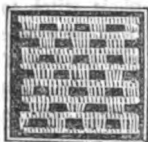
BARCELONA LACE.—The 1st row is like Sorrento edging. In the second there are four stitches on the long space, and the short is missed. These two rows are alternated.



SPOTTED LACE.—Work two close stitches, miss the space of four. In the second and following rows, work the two on the centre of the loop.



VENETIAN SPOTTED LACE.—A series of diamonds of Venetian bars, in each of which there are four spots of English lace.



FLORENTINE LACE.—Nine close stitches, miss for four; repeat this, and it makes a foundation. 1st row of pattern—(working back)—Four stitches on loop, leave a loop across the 9. 2nd—9 on loop, leave loop of 4. 3rd—(working back)—Do 4 stitches on loop, and four more on the centre of 9. 4th—Three stitches on the small loop, three more on four, three more on next loop, and leave a loop over

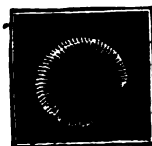
the four stitches. These four rows comprise the pattern.



ROMAN LACE.—Begin with 5 stitches close together, leave space for 4. Next row—4 in the loop, and 4 on the 5. 3rd—Leave a loop over 3 centre of 5 in first row, do 5. 4th—4 on 5, and 4 more on loop. 5th—Like 3rd, but the loop is to be over 5 of 3rd row, so that the holes do not fall in the same place. The alternate rows are always alike. The repetition of these, with the 3rd and 5th, form the pattern.



MECHLIN WHEELS.—Work Venetian bars, at equal distances, in one direction of the space to be filled. In crossing them with other bars, form wheels: you must cover the thread with buttonhole stitch to the outer line of the wheel; then carry a thread round, passing the needle through the bars equi-distant from the cross, and hold the round so formed in its place, with a needle, while covering it with buttonhole stitch. The wheels sometimes have spots, like dotted Venetian; sometimes Raleigh dots.



SPANISH ROSE POINT.
—The very thick and heavy raised work which



characterizes the most valuable lace. It is used to edge flowers, leaves, and arabesques; and is never of the same thickness throughout; while the thicker and heavier it is in the centre, the richer it is thought. Moravian cotton, No. 70,

is used for it. Take six lengths, and sew them down at the beginning of the edge you wish to finish, by taking stitches across the cotton; after a few stitches, add three or four lengths more cotton; after a few stitches, add some more cotton, so as gradually to increase the thickness to the centre, when in the same way, diminish the thickness. Having thus prepared the foundation, cover it closely with buttonhole stitch, (always done with Mecklenburgh thread, as no other material gives the requisite shiny appearance.) In doing this, add Raleigh dots, or fancy loops, at intervals, to finish the edge.

THE MATERIALS.—For point lace have, for the most part, been made on purpose for it. A complete set comprises Nos. 40, 50, 70, 90, 100, 120, and 150; Moravian, No. 70; and Mecklenburgh, Nos. 1, 80, 100, 120, 140, 160.

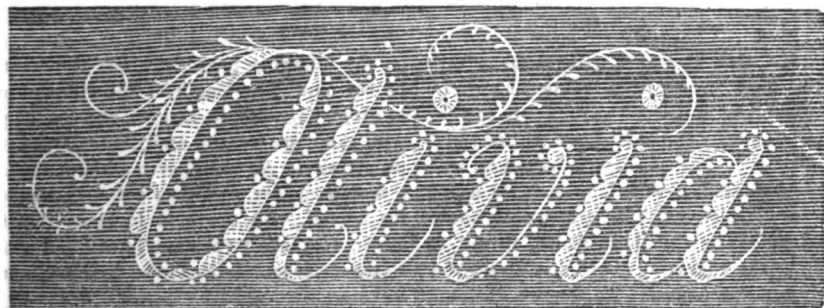
Besides threads there are various braids used. The French white cotton braid, of different widths; the Italian and Maltese. The last are in fact linen laces, made on a pillow, about a quarter of an inch wide. The Maltese has a dotted edge; the Italian, a straight one.

Some lace has no foundation but a thread. This is the case with all Spanish Point. The outlines are then made in Mecklenburgh, No. 1. The patterns may be drawn on colored paper, under which linen is pasted.

French braid is put on, unless very wide, by running it along the centre; but Italian and Maltese must be sewed on at both edges.

A knowledge of the stitches we have given will enable a lady not only to make new lace, but so perfectly to repair and alter the old, that she may make handsome articles of dress out of what would appear mere scraps.

NAME FOR MARKING.



BALL OR PARTY DRESS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, a pattern for a very beautiful dress, either for a ball or for a party. The material is of silk of any color to suit the wearer. The body and sleeves are trimmed with Limerick lace. The sleeves are looped up with two bows of ribbon, with long ends, to match the dress in color. The skirt is double, and is covered with Limerick lace, which, it will be seen from the engraving above, has a very rich and elegant appearance. We annex a diagram,

on the following page, by which the dress may be cut out. The length of the different pieces is given, as usual, in inches; and the diagram, with these guides, can easily be enlarged to the proper size. Any lady, even without the aid of a mantua-maker, can thus cut out such a dress for herself. We are glad to learn that thousands, who take "Peterson," are availing themselves of our instructions to be their own mantua-makers.

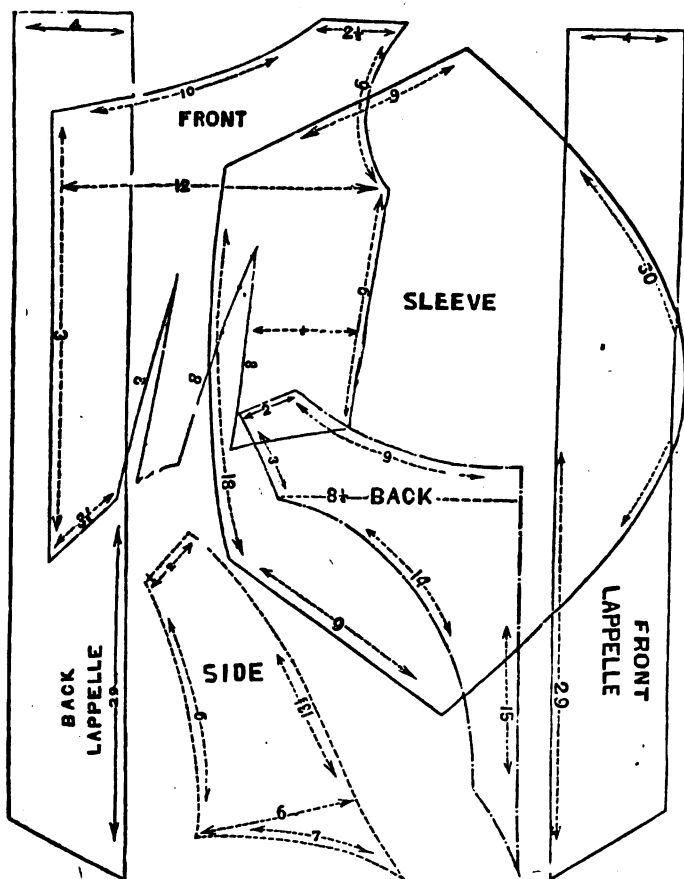


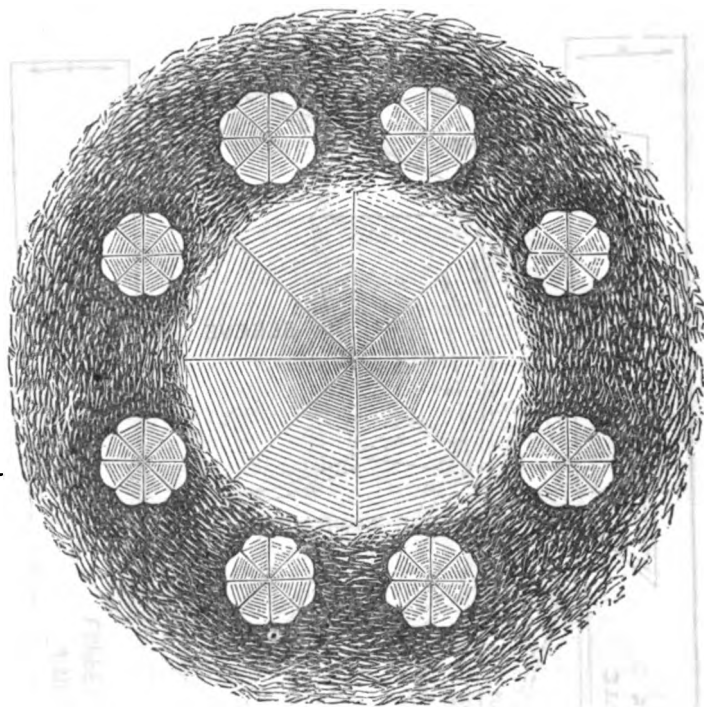
DIAGRAM OF BALL OR PARTY DRESS.

TO MAKE MOSS MATS WITH FLOWERS.

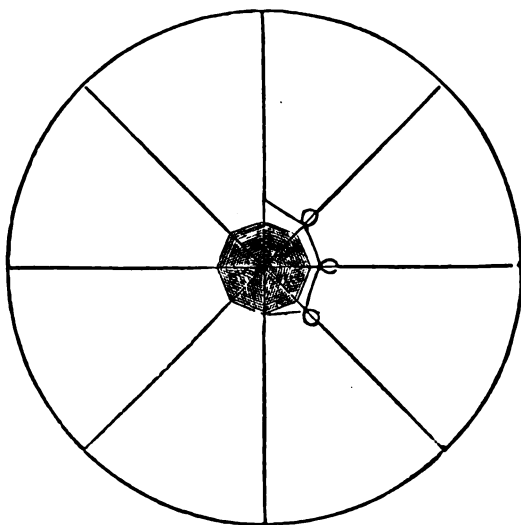
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—One oz. of shaded green zephyr, one oz. of shaded brown zephyr. Several skeins of pink, red, &c., any bright colors for the flowers. A pair of fine steel knitting-needles.

FOR THE MOSS.—Double the green zephyr and cast on seventeen stitches. Knit in plain garter stitch three or four inches. Tie on the brown zephyr (doubled) and knit the same. In this way shade in the green and brown, knitting a piece two yards in length. Make quite damp and iron dry with a hot iron, placing something over the work that the iron may not discolor it. Cast off one edge entirely, the whole length of the work. Unravel the knitting, leaving three stitches as a heading to the fringe, which has the appearance of curling moss. Lay this aside and make the flowers and foundation for the mat. Take a piece of paste-board seven inches in diameter, cut a perfect circle, divide it off in sections (as seen by the lines in the diagram) with strong patent thread, beginning in the centre of the circle, carrying the thread through the paste-board at the distance of two inches from the outside of the circle, back again to the



centre. Repeat until it is divided as seen in the diagram. With the white zephyr or a light shade of the color of the flower to be made, shading to the fancy, begin in the centre, carry the zephyr over one of the threads, (marking the sections,) bringing it out under, again over the next thread, under, &c. Repeat this until about two-thirds of the space marked off is filled up. (Observe in working to place each row close upon the other, making the work compact.) Then cut the patent thread at each point at the outside of the circle, and draw the work off the paste-board. Drop the threads which were under the paste-board, tie the eight together. Then



tie together every two of the upper threads which hold the zephyr. This will fasten the work and complete the flower. The foundation of the mat is made precisely as the flower—with the exception—not to separate the work from the paste-board. Cover the under side with silk, and dispose the moss already made around the edge, arranging it that the knitted stitches may not be seen, and that the colors may be prettily disposed. Put in the flowers according to taste. Eight are enough to look well. Let them be bright and prettily shaded, and the mat is complete. It may be made any size desirable by increasing the size of paste-board used for flowers, &c.

STRAW WORK BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of this number we give the pattern for a new style of Work-Basket, which may be made of various sizes, according to the taste of the lady, or as she may have pieces of silk or satin, which may thus advantageously be put to use. Having determined on the size, take a square of strong brown cartridge paper of the appropriate dimensions. This is merely to give regularity to the straw, which must be tacked down at the edges at equal distances and plaited in and out, so as to form an openwork frame or square. This being done, the edges are to be cut even all round, leaving the outer stripe of straw smooth and regular. Having withdrawn the foundation paper, a strong wire is now to be sewn all round the edge. An open framework of straw will now appear in regular diamond divisions.

This being done, take two squares of colored satin, either ruby-colored or blue look remarkably well; lay a square of the best cotton wadding between them, and quilt them in diamonds as evenly as possible. The beauty of this work depends upon its regularity; therefore, a few words on the best mode of doing it may not be unacceptable. Before laying the squares of satin over the wadding, take one of them, and with a

smoothing iron not over-hot, and yet sufficiently warm, press the satin into regular folds, first across one way and then the other, so as to mark the diamonds for running with the needle. In doing this, precaution must be used to press the iron only on the edge of the fold, as going beyond would necessarily erase the previous marks.

There is another thing which must on no account be forgotten. It is that every line of running must be the cross way of the web. When these are done with the web, the whole beauty of the raising up of the diamond pattern is quite lost.

The quilting of the satin being completed, it is to be laid in the inside of the straw shape, fastened round, cut even at the edge, bound round and bent into the right shape. A pretty chased gilt ring is to be attached to the two corners which turn up, a handsome tassel to each of those which turn down. A quilting of satin ribbon is then carried all round, both inside and out, a cord and tassel passed through the two rings, and this really tasteful article will be found complete.

A square of about ten inches on every side makes a pretty basket.

CROCHET NECK-RIBBON IN COLORED WOOL.

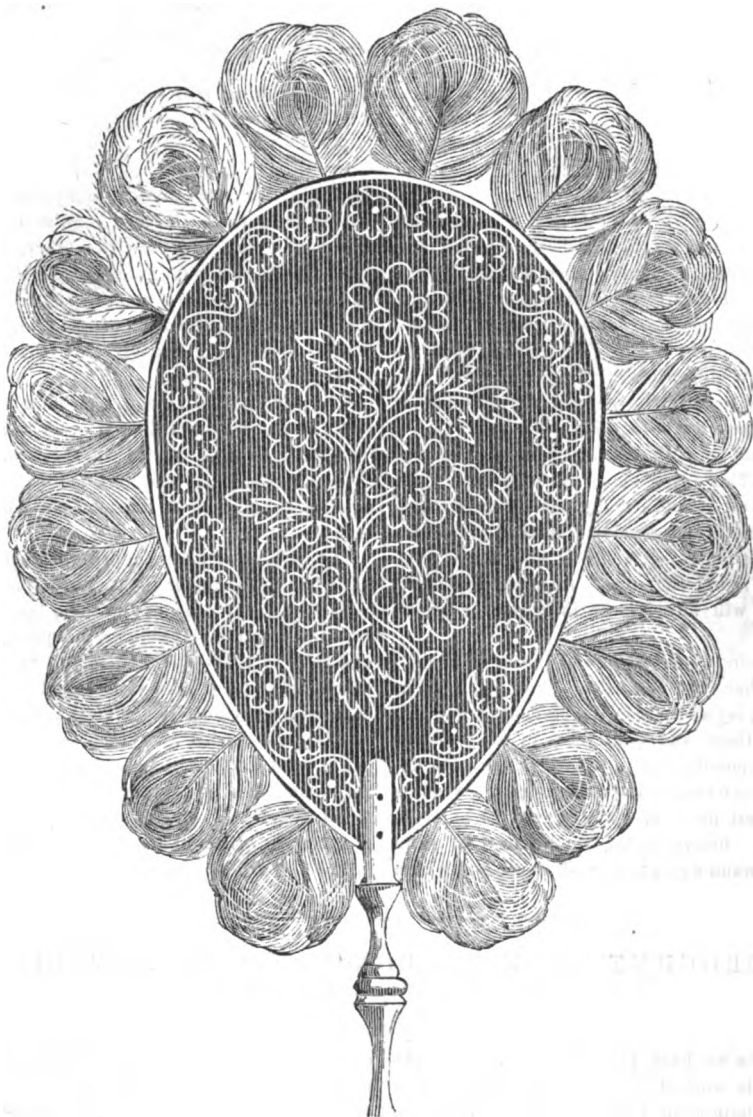
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE one we have given, in the front of the number, is worked in scarlet and white wool. Make a chain about three-quarters of a yard in length, on which crochet one chain and one long loop on every loop of the first row, work these stitches on both sides of the first chain all round both ends, and then work over every loop two long stitches. This row is done with the white wool; but as the white is too delicate for the outside edge, a single loop is worked through

every stitch of the last row. These rows complete the ribbon. The color can, of course, be changed according to taste, but as scarlet has claimed the throne of fashion this season, a degree of allegiance is necessarily paid to this color, so we now have, not only scarlet petticoats, but scarlet stockings with black clocks, and scarlet under-sleeves and scarves to match. Brightness of color, therefore, is the prevailing taste.

THE FRENCH FEATHER FAN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



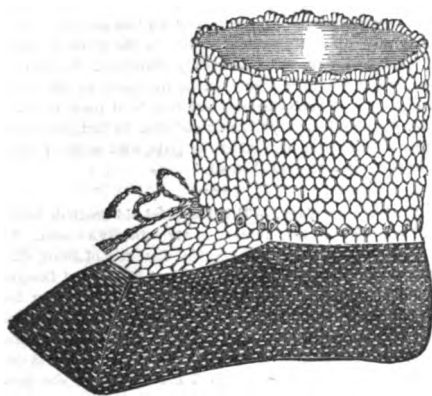
Among the beautiful novelties, just introduced at Paris, is the French Feather Fan. It is made of white watered silk, braided in gold thread, according to our design. It consists of two pieces, back and front, and when these are thus prepared they must be stretched over two pieces of cardboard cut to the form with as much neatness and regularity as possible. The front may be tacked down with stitches round the edge, the gold thread being carried round to cover them. The back requires a lining, which need not be of the silk, as it does not appear to the

eye. This can be sewn round the edge, so that the tacking threads, which have been put in as for patchwork, may in the same way be taken out. A row of small gold beads over this sewing makes an excellent finish and hides all the stitches. This being done, a row of small Marabeau feathers is to be laid all round the back of the Fan, their stalks being fastened down on to the lining. This requires to be done with regu-

larity, so that their outer margin should possess a perfect sweep. After this, the front of the Fan, which has already been prepared, must be laid on, which, fitting the back exactly, all the stems of the feathers are completely hid and secured. We have said white for this Fan, but it is equally elegant in pink or pale blue, in which cases the Marabeau feathers must be tipped with either of the colors.

TO CROCHET A BABY'S SOCK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Eight skeins of white zephyr, sixteen skeins colored, fine bone crochet hook.

Make a ch (with the white wool) of thirty-six stitches, join the ch, and work seven rows in dc stitch, observing always to make one ch between every dc stitch. Fasten off the thread by drawing it entirely through the last loop.

Now tie the white wool, between the sixth and seventh dc stitch on the seventh row, and work six dc stitches.

2nd row.—Work backward five dc over the six just done.

3rd row.—Work four dc over the five in second row.

4th row.—Work three dc over the four in third row.

This narrows one every row, and completes the stocking part of the sock.

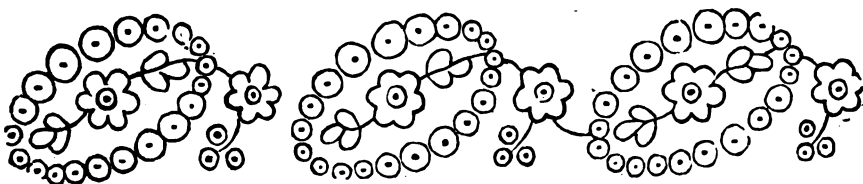
Fold the work directly in half and tie the colored wool there.

Take up every loop and work twelve rows in sc stitch, widening one stitch every row at the points of the toe.

Again fold the work, bringing the points of the toe opposite each other, and sew the sole of the sock together, beginning half an inch from the heel and sewing within half an inch of the stitches widened at the toe.

Find the middle stitch between the points of the toe, pin it to the point just sewed, and shape the toe by sewing right and left from this place, drawing in the corners slightly, not to make the toe too square. Gather up the stitches (unsewed at the heel) into one stitch, and fasten off the thread. Turn the sock and finish the top by one row of shell stitch; which is done by working one sc, three dc, one sc—all in one loop, then one ch stitch in next loop. Repeat the five stitches and ch to the end of the row. Complete with cord and tassels.

INSERTION.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

TO MAKE PICTURES OF BIRDS WITH THEIR NATURAL FEATHERS.—A fair correspondent writes to us, that one of her friends has brought home from England, some beautiful pictures of birds made with their natural feathers; and asks us if we can inform her how they are done. As her letter came too late to insert the description of this lady-like kind of work in the part of the number usually devoted to such purposes, we give it here. You must first take a thin board or panel of deal or wainscot, well seasoned that it may not shrink; then smoothly paste on it white paper, and let it dry, and if the wood casts its color through, paste on it another paper till perfectly white; and let it stand till quite dry. Then get any bird you would represent, and draw its figure as exactly as possible on the papered panel (middle-sized birds are the best for the purpose); then paint what tree or ground-work you intend to set your bird upon, also its bill and legs, leaving the rest of the body to be covered with its own feathers. You must next prepare that part to be feathered by laying on thick gum-arabic, dissolved in water; lay it on with a large hair pencil, and let it dry; then lay a second coat of the gum-arabic, and let it dry, and a third, and oftener, if you find that when dry it does not form a good body on the paper, at the very least, to the thickness of a shilling: let it dry quite hard.

When your piece is thus prepared, take the feathers off the bird as you use them, beginning at the tail and points of the wings, and working upward to the head, observing to cover that part of your draught with the feathers taken from the same part of the bird, letting them fall over one another in the natural order. You must prepare your feathers by cutting off the downy parts that are about their stems, and the large feathers must have the insides of their shafts shaved off with a sharp knife, to make them lie flat; the quills of the wings must have their inner webs clipped off, so that in laying them the gum may hold them by their shafts. When you begin to lay them, take a pair of steel pliers to hold the feathers in, and have some gum-water, not too thin, and a large pencil ready to moisten the ground-work by little and little, as you work it; then lay your feathers on the moistened parts, which must not be waterish, but *only clammy*, to hold the feathers. You must have prepared a great many sugar-loaf-shaped leaden weights, which you may form by casting the lead into sand, in which shapes or moulds for it have been made by means of a pointed stick prodded all over the surface, having small holes to receive the melted lead. These weights will be necessary to set on the feathers when you have merely laid them on, in order to press them into the gum till they are fixed; but you must be cautious lest the gum comes through the feathers, for it would not only smear them, but would stick to the bottoms of the little weights; and in taking them off you would bring the feathers also, which would quite disarrange your work; be cautious, therefore, not to have your coat of gum too moist or wet. When you have wholly covered your bird with its feathers, you must, with a little thick gum, stick on a piece of paper, cut round, of the size of an eye, which you must color the same as the eye of the bird, if you cannot procure a glass one of the kind; and when the whole is dry, you must dress the feathers all round the outline, (such as may have chance to start,) and rectify all defects in every other part; then lay on it a sheet of clean paper, and a heavy weight, such as a book, to press it; after which it may be preserved in a glass frame, such as are used for pieces of shell-work, &c.

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TO TEACH GIRLS TO WALK GRACEFULLY.—Oriental women, as well as other tropical ones, are celebrated for their erect and graceful carriage. This is the result of their carrying burdens on their heads, from early childhood, by which means they secure a free and springy, yet dignified gait. Why could not this fact give a hint to American mothers and teachers? By accustoming young girls, among other calisthenic exercises, to walk, while balancing burdens upon their heads, their carriage might be greatly improved. Nor would this be all. For the character of the exercise would develop the lungs, strengthen the muscles of the chest, and even increase the height of the instep. The burden need not be heavy. Indeed, one which was too heavy might injure the brain. A certain amount of bulk, however, would be required. It is the practice of carrying the body erect which is proposed to be gained by this exercise; and a light burden, if of proper bulk, is quite sufficient for this purpose. In no other way can the prevalent defect, in the physical beauty of American women, be so readily corrected. In no other way can the beauty of the sex be increased so effectually. A half hour of such exercise, at a free, bold pace, would do more than an hour with the dumb-bells. In fact, dumb-bells are too severe for a great many girls, who might practice this exercise with great benefit.

"OH! WALT, WALT."—This beautiful old Scottish ballad, which we give in this number, is undoubtedly ancient. The heroine was Lady Barbara Erskine, daughter of John, ninth Earl of Mar, and wife of James, second Marquis of Douglas. She was married A. D. 1670; but was divorced by her husband, after being first driven from his house, in consequence of some malignant scandals, which a former and disappointed lover, Lowrie of Blackwood, was base enough to put into circulation. Her father received her home, and she never again saw her husband. Her only son died, Earl of Angus, at the battle of Steinkirk. The exact date of the air is not known. It is admirably suited to the words, which are very pathetic; those of the last stanzas particularly.

OUR MARCH ENGRAVINGS.—The Philadelphia Press, one of our highest critical authorities, says that "The Old Homestead," the steel plate in our March number, was equal to the best engravings, in the best annuals, in the best days of those publications. We really think, that, in the whole seventeen years of our editorial life, we have never had such a succession of splendid engravings as we have had this year. The one, this month, quite maintains, also, the character of the series. It is taken from one of the most admired water-colors in the late exhibition of English art, in this city.

GET ALL THAT'S PROMISED.—The Granite State Register, noticing the March number, says: "One worthy feature in this publication is, that subscribers get all the publisher promises at the commencement of the volume; its excellence is maintained throughout the year. This is saying much, and is higher praise than we can accord to similar magazines of light literature."

THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S MARRIAGE.—The marriage of Queen Victoria's eldest daughter has created quite a stir in England. As many of our fair readers may be curious to know what things royal weddings are, our "Fashion Editor" has prepared, from English journals, a description of the dresses, jewelry, &c. We print the article a few pages on.

"THE BELLES."—We find the following parody in one of the city papers, where it appears anonymously. It is on Poe's famous poem, "The Bells." Our fair readers will judge for themselves how far "The Belles" excel the original:

What uncomfortable feelings their merriment compels!
How I shiver, shiver, shiver,
Lest my collar isn't right,
And my nerves begin to quiver,
Lest my waistcoat they *diskiver*
Isn't scrupulously white;
And they laugh, laugh, laugh,
As I fidget with my scarf,
For I dread the cachinnation that so muscally swells
From the belles, belles, belles, belles,
Belles, belles, belles—
From the witty and the pretty cruel belles.

Hear the very learned belles,
Azure belles!
What vast erudition their conversation tells!
Through the quiet hours of night
How laboriously they write;
With their pretty-colored ink
And golden pen!
How all manly spirits shrink
In their estimation; how inferior they think
Stupid men!
From the publishers' dark cells
What a lot of commonplace voluminously wells!
How it swells!
But never sells,
For the Future rings its knells;
Then what is it that impels
To the writing and inditing
Of the belles, belles, belles, belles,
Belles, belles, belles—
To the rhyming waste-of-time of the belles!

Hear the loud, amusing belles—
Brazen belles!
What a tale of impudence their turbulency tells:
Their characters are strong,
If you ask them for a song,
You only have to speak,
And they shriek, shriek, shriek,
Out of tune.
Now in clamorous appealing to Apollo's golden lyre,
Now in lamentation mournful for Erin's broken lyre,
Singing higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to reach or never,
Of the Nassau balloon.
The pitch
Oh, the belles, belles, belles,
What a jar their trouble tells
On the ear!
How the music-stool they seize!
How they clang and clash the keys!
In despair.
You give up all enjoyment, for you certainly are right
In concluding that you'll be compelled to listen all the night
To the singing and the playing of the belles—
Of the belles—
Of the belles, belles, belles, belles, belles,
Belles, belles, belles,
To the clamor and the clangor of the belles!

SEKING BY CANDLE-LIGHT.—Many women, with weak sight, wonder how they have injured the eye, saying, "I used to see so well, too." Dr. Chalmers, physician of St. Mary's Hospital, England, has pointed out a frequent cause of injured eye-sight. He says—"Needlewomen's eyes very often suffer in the way that our great countryman Milton did—from *gutta serena*; that is, a loss of sensibility in the optic nerve, from overstrained use in feeble persons. Now, on inquiry you will find that nine out of ten of these persons trace their complaint to working in black by candle-light. I need not tell my present audience how painful that is—what a warning nature gives against it. Then why is it done? Simply because there is a rule at all great milliner's establishments that light-colored work shall not be done after dark. They find that from the bad ventilation, the draughtiness and closeness of the rooms and ignorant mode of illumination, the fire-places, candles or gas will smoke, smuts fly about and spoil the fabrics. A light dress would

of course be injured by this dirt; but instead of trying to remove it by better ventilation and better lighting, the employers insist upon those dark colors alone being exposed to it where no great harm is done by a little stain. I believe the whole of the special injury to milliners' eyes from their work might be prevented by the application of the simplest rules of ventilation and lighting, which would enable light-tinted work to be done by night. Mind, I do not here allude to too protracted work. That is injurious to all by abridging the hours of rest and animal relaxation, but brings not the special injuries which I am now speaking of. No doubt it has fallen lately with peculiar force upon milliners and needlewomen. And why?—For the simple reason that they are doing the work of machines. It is not the skilled, reasonable, educated women who suffer so much from low profits and long work, as the mere mechanical stitchers, who are doing that which a combination of inanimate wheels and springs is doing better. The question of overwork is one too long for me to enter into now; but you must distinguish between that and unhealthy sorts of work. I may remark, that some nations whom we are accustomed to look down upon as behind us in civilization, take much better care of their workwomen's eyes. In the north of China, those who produce the exquisite embroidery, which you may remember in the Chinese Exhibition, always have their rooms painted green, and have blinds of that color to their windows."

This, though written for needlewomen by profession, applies, with equal force, to all females who sew by candle-light. We know more than one excellent housewife, quite above the necessity of such work, who has injured, or is injuring her eyes, in one or other of the ways mentioned by Dr. Chalmers.

ARTICLES FOR THE SULTAN.—There is now being exhibited, in Paris, at the famous jeweler's, M. Mignet, several costly articles ordered by the Sultan. Among them are a head-dress of roses and lilies in diamonds; four bouquets of pinks and narcissi, the natural size, in rubies and brilliants; twelve cups in massive gold set with diamond flowers; a magnificent gold service of plate, a full-length mirror, with a solid silver frame; and an infinity of other objects equally costly and splendid.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Debit and Credit. Translated from the German of *Gustave Freytaz.* With a Preface by *Christian Charles Bunsen.* 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We believe that there is but one opinion as to the merits of this book. The Westminster Review pronounces it the best novel of the season; and in that judgment we heartily concur. The characters are admirably drawn; the incidents artistically managed; and the pictures of social life in Germany reliable and graphic. The two heroines, Sabine and Lenore, are both somewhat out of the beaten track, but especially the latter, who is original, piquant and unconventional. Herr Von Fluk, a sort of good-hearted scape-grace; Schroter, the merchant; and Anton, the principal hero, have all more than the average naturalness of fictitious characters. The book has a merit apart from the story, as an exposition of the mercantile classes of eastern Prussia, and their relations to the feudal class above them and the operative class below. The Chevalier Bunsen, in a well-written preface, recommends the volume strongly on this account.

The Belle of Washington. By Mrs. N. P. Lawelle. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This popular novel, of which we have here a second and improved edition, is issued in the best style of Peterson & Brothers. On every hand we hear the book highly praised.

Oriental and Western Siberia. A Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, The Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Turkhya, and part of Central Asia. By Thomas Willaw Atkinson. With a Map and numerous Illustrations. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Within the last year more valuable additions have been made to our books of travels than for half a decade preceding. Nothing has appeared, in this generation, for example, to equal Anderson's, Barth's, or Atkinson's explorations. Of Siberia, indeed, and the countries which this last enterprising traveller visited, we know scarcely as much as of Africa; while the interest felt in them by intelligent persons is even greater. The volume before us is one, therefore, of the highest value, because it fully supplies this want. It is printed in excellent style, and illustrated by numerous engravings. Many of the incidents have the novelty and raciness of first-rate fiction. It is the freshest book of the season.

The English Language in its Elements and Forms. With a History of its Origin and Development. Abridged from the Octavo Edition. Designed for general use in Schools and Families. By William C. Fowler. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this work, late professor of Rhetoric in Amherst College, has produced, in the volume before us, what surpasses, in its way, anything yet published. For sound views, skillful arrangement, condensation and simplicity, it stands, head and shoulders, above any book of English grammar extant. The octavo edition has already made its reputation. This, which is an abridgment, is, for general use, even better. The volume is stoutly bound in sheep, with marbled edges.

Kenilworth. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This makes the twenty-third and twenty-fourth volumes of the American "Household Edition of Scott's Novels." The series, in every respect, comes up to the promises, which the publishers made in their advertisement accompanying the specimen, "Waverley;" and this can be said, we believe, of but two other similar enterprises, of which one was T. B. Peterson's duodecimo edition of Dickens. No library, private or public, can be considered complete without this edition of Scott.

The World of Mind. An Elementary Book. By Isaac Taylor. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—As in his "Wesley and Methodism," his "Loyola and Jesuitism," and his "Natural History of Enthusiasm," so in this, Mr. Taylor exhibits a powerful, well-balanced mind, whose thoughts compel their reader to think in turn. The work is intended for more than the whiling away of an idle hour, but we should pay a poor compliment to our readers, or even to the sex in general, if we supposed, on that account, it would be less interesting to them.

Leisure Labors; or, Miscellanies, Historical, Literary and Political. By Joseph B. Cobb. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The author of these papers is a scholar and a gentleman. It is not the first time he has appeared in print, however; for a former volume of sketches, by him, was published, many years ago, by Carey and Hart; and he contributed one or two powerfully written tales to the earlier volumes of this Magazine. Of the articles, in the book before us, that on Jefferson is the most labored; but all are excellent.

The Pirate. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—These two volumes form the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth of the "Household Edition of Scott's Novels;" and the series is now just half completed. This would be a good opportunity, for those who wish a fine edition of these standard fictions, to begin to buy the work. A volume weekly, or a novel fortnightly, would place them in possession of the entire set, simultaneously with the publication of the last of the series.

Scenes of Clerical Life. By George Eliot. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—To readers of "Blackwood's Magazine" these stories will be familiar, for they originally appeared in that periodical. They are three in number, "Janet's Repentance," "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," and "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton;" and are all excellent. They are reprinted in cheap style, double column octavo, and are well worth the low price asked for them.

European Acquaintance. Being Sketches of People in Europe. By J. W. De Forest. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very agreeable book. The author, instead of giving us a dry, continuous narrative, has selected a few salient scenes, a decided improvement on old-fashioned volumes of travel. Mr. De Forest writes in an easy, unaffected style, which is not the least of his merits.

Peterson's Philadelphia Counterfeit Detector. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Though in only its fourth monthly number, this "Detector" has already established itself on a permanent basis. With Drexel & Co. as editors, and Peterson & Brothers as publishers, it is sure to surpass, in circulation, before long, any similar work in the United States.

The Works of Tacitus. The Oxford Translation Revised. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—These two neat volumes form part of "Harper's Classical Library," and bring that capital series nearly to a close. Valuable notes accompany the text, which has been revised from the celebrated Oxford translation.

Hide and Seek. By Wilkie Collins. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A cheap edition of what ought to be a good novel; but as we have not read it, we cannot positively say so. "The Dead Secret," by Mr. Collins, was a work of real power.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

BY OUR "FASHION EDITOR."

THE dress of the bride was of rich *moire antique*, with three deep flounces of Honiton lace. The design of the lace consists of bouquets in open-work of the rose, the shamrock and the thistle in medallions. At the top of each flounce, on either side of the front of the dress, were large bouquets of orange flowers and myrtle. The body was also trimmed with a Honiton lace berthe, with a large *bouquet de corsage* of orange flowers and myrtle. The train of the dress (worn over the skirt just designated) was of white *moire antique*, and three yards in length. It was lined with white satin, and trimmed with a quilling of white satin ribbon, two rows of Honiton lace, and a wreath of orange flowers and myrtle. The head-dress was a wreath of orange flowers and myrtle, with a superb veil of Honiton lace of the same design as the flounces of the dress. A diamond necklace, ear-rings and brooch were worn by the bride. The Princess Royal, like her mother at her own marriage, patronized the lace-weavers of her own country, rather than those of France or Germany.

Eight noble bridesmaids followed the bride, holding up her train, four on each side. The design of the dresses, (all precisely alike,) was furnished by the Princess Royal herself. They consisted of white glace skirts, entirely covered with six deep tulle flounces, over which fell a tunic of tulle, trimmed with puffings of tulle, and looped up on one side with pink roses and white Scotch heather. The bodies were trimmed with draperies of tulle, with hanging sleeves of the same material, trimmed with puffings. A bouquet of the same flowers was worn in the girdle and upon each shoulder. These dresses were an excellent artistic combination, and curious readers will be interested to know that the heather was modelled from a sprig gathered by her Royal Highness in her parting walk on the mountains of Balmoral. The

head-dresses were wreaths composed of the same flowers as those ornamenting the dress.

The train and body of the Queen's dress was composed of red lilac velvet, trimmed with three rows of lace; the front of the body ornamented with diamonds, and the celebrated Koh-i-noor as a brooch; the petticoat or skirt was of lilac and *moire antique*, trimmed with a deep flounce of Honiton lace; the head-dress, a Royal diadem of diamonds and pearls.

The Princess of Prussia, mother-in-law of the bride, wore a white silk dress with silver worked flounces, a diadem of diamonds, feathers, and a lace veil; the train of blue *moire antique*, shot with silver, and embroidered in silver; necklace, pink topaz and diamonds.

The Princesses Alice, Helena and Louise, the young sisters of the bride, wore dresses of white lace over rich pink satin, trimmed with corn flowers and daisies. The wreaths for the head were of the same flowers.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, grandmother of the bride, wore a petticoat of white *moire antique*, brocaded with violet, trimmed with ermine; the stomacher, violet velvet, with ornaments of diamonds and amethysts. The head-dress was formed of white ostrich feathers, diamonds, amethysts, and point lace. The materials of the dress and train were of Spitalfields manufacture.

The Duchess of Cambridge, aunt of the Queen, wore a lilac silk dress, with a double skirt, both skirts trimmed with puffs of tulle and Honiton lace; the train, lilac *moire antique*, trimmed with ermine; a stomacher of diamonds and pearls; a necklace of diamonds. Her Royal Highness' head-dress was composed of a tiara of large pearls and white feathers, with a veil of Honiton lace pendent from the back of the head.

The Princess Mary of Cambridge, cousin of the bride, wore a double skirt of blue crepe over a glaze silk petticoat, ornamented with blush roses and puffs of crepe and blue satin ribbon, with two very deep flounces of Brussels lace; the train, blue *moire* trimmed with Mechlin lace, blush roses, and ruffles of tulle to match the dress; the body trimmed to correspond with the train; diamond and pearl stomacher, a diamond necklace. The Princess' head-dress was formed of a diadem of diamonds, white feathers, lappets of Brussels lace, and diamond ornaments.

The carpet for the boudoir, at Windsor Castle, is Royal Wilton velvet; and the design orange-blossom in trellis pattern, on a crimson ground; the border being formed by bouquets of orange-blossom tied with white ribbon. It is a remarkably beautiful and elegant work.

The presents to the bride form a collection of the value of many thousands of pounds. Conspicuous among them in its light blue velvet casket was the magnificent pearl necklace presented by the bridegroom, consisting of thirty-three magnificent pearls, and of the value of about twenty-five thousand dollars. Her Majesty gave a magnificent brilliant necklace with ear-drops, also three magnificent studs, formed of brilliants, surrounding an immense pearl set in the centre of each stud. There were also three magnificent candelabra, ornamented with subjects of the chase, which were the gift of her Majesty. The present of the Prince Consort consists of a charming bracelet, with brooch and pendant, of diamonds and large emeralds. The Prince of Wales presented his sister with a beautiful opal and diamond necklace, brooch, and ear-rings, the whole forming a complete suit of jewels. From her sister, the Princess Alice, the bride received a charming brooch, formed of diamonds and pearls, tastefully set upon a ground of light blue enamel. Her three younger sisters, the Princesses Helena, Louise and Beatrice, presented her with three large studs; one formed of a pearl surrounded by rubies; a second, a pearl surrounded by emeralds; and a third a pearl surrounded with amethysts. The present of the King and Queen of Prussia, consists of a magnificent tiara of brilliants; from the Prince of Prussia, a necklace formed of diamonds and turquoise.

The King of the Belgians presented some most exquisite specimens of Brussels lace. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg, a gold bracelet, with an enamel miniature portrait of his Serene Highness, and the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg a similar bracelet, with portrait of the donor. From the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, the Princess received a beautiful gold bracelet, adorned with emeralds and rubies. The bride's aunt, the Duchess of Cambridge, presents a magnificent gold bracelet, ornamented with diamonds and rubies. Her cousin, the Princess Mary, presents a portrait of herself, beautifully enamelled, an excellent portrait. The Duke of Cambridge has given a beautiful gold bracelet, ornamented with opal and diamonds, on a ground of dark blue enamel. From her grandmother, the Duchess of Kent, the bride receives a magnificent writing-case, and a dressing-case, by West, is from the Duchess of Buccleuch. Viscountess Palmerston presents a gold bracelet adorned with emeralds and rubies; the Marquis of Breadalbane, an inkstand formed of cairngorm and polished Scotch pebbles; Lord Shaftesbury contributes a magnificently bound bible, in red morocco and gold ornaments; the Marchioness of Breadalbane an oval hand-mirror, set in gold, with handle of cairngorm, and bordered with Scotch pearls. The various gentlemen of the Queen's household, have contributed an elegant bracelet, ornamented with diamonds and emeralds; and from the Maharajah Dhuleep Sing, the bride receives a beautifully mounted opera-glass, tastefully gilt, and engraved with the eagle and crown of Prussia.

The presents sent by the Emperor and Empress of France consist of most valuable paintings, portraits of the Queen and the Prince Consort, painted Sevres porcelain, a *corbeille de mariage* made of Sevres porcelain, and filled with the choicest gems of Paris workmanship. The Princess also received a beautiful robe of point d'Alencon, and another of point de Bruxelles; also, two albums containing the tapestry designs which are being executed at Gobelins for the Princess' rooms at her new home in Berlin.

There was also a Bible "presented by upwards of six thousand of the maidens of the United Kingdom." It is bound in the richest dark purple morocco, mounted with beautifully chased clasps and corner-pieces of the purest gold, bearing the national rose, shamrock, and thistle, and the arms of her Royal Highness as Princess Royal of England. At the beginning and end there is a double flyleaf of vellum, illuminated in the finest style, these designs being composed also of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, with her Royal Highness' arms. At the beginning is brilliantly illuminated "To her Royal Highness Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, Princess Royal; with the loyal, loving, and prayerful wishes of the maidens of the United Kingdom, on the occasion of her Royal Highness' marriage, 25th January, MDCCCLVIII." And on a scroll below the date the words of the blessing—"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace." The edges of the leaves are brilliantly illuminated, the ornamentation being relieved by the introduction of the following sentences:—On the top—"Thy word is truth;" and "Seek the Lord;" on the side, "God is love," and "God is light;" and on the lower edges, "Pray always," and "Watch and pray." Several of these texts were also engraved on the clasps. The Bible is contained in a casket of British oak, which is elegantly carved, the devices being principally roses and their leaves. On the top a large "V." is richly gilt, and the words, "Search the Scriptures," painted in enamel; and on the sides and ends are escutcheons, bearing the initial "V." and the arms of the Princess Royal.

We have mentioned but comparatively few of the presents received by the bride, and we had almost forgotten one of especial interest; that is a riding-whip, the stalk of which is formed from the bone of a favorite saddle horse that had died. The bone is very highly polished and entwined with

Jewels. The handle of the whip is made of the hoof of the pet horse, highly polished. It is in the shape of a horse's foot; the shoe is formed of diamonds, and the nails represented by rubies.

The wedding outfit consisted of twelve dozen of every article, such as night-dresses, stockings, &c. Among the shoes were several pairs of heavy leather walking boots with hob-nails in the heels, such as the young princess had roamed about Balmoral in. Ladies of America, who think anything thicker than paper soles vulgar, profit by the example!

PARLOR GAMES.

COMPAGNON DE LA MAJOLAINE is a French game. One of the ladies in the company is chosen to represent the captive Princess; she is covered with a sheet or tablecloth, large enough to envelope her from head to foot, and a handkerchief is then tied round her waist over the cloth, so as to keep her closely veiled. Four others are then chosen to represent the guards, each holding the handkerchief with one hand; they must each wear a large paper star pinned upon their breasts. Another of the company represents the Prince, and the others his soldiers; they must all wear a plume, or something of the sort, upon their heads. All being ready, the guards sing in chorus:

Who passes by this road so late?

Compagnon de la Majolaine.

Who passes by this road so late?

Always gay.

The Prince and his followers reply:

The King's son, of all knights the flower,

Compagnon de la Majolaine.

The King's son, of all knights the flower,

Always gay.

The dialogue continues thus; each line accompanied by the refrain of "Compagnon de la Majolaine," &c., as above:

Guards.—What seeks the King's son in this tower?

Prince.—I come to seek a fair Princess.

Guards.—The moat is deep, the boat is gone.

Prince.—But I will swim across the moat!

Guards.—The walls are high, the gates are locked.

Prince.—I'll burst the gates, I'll climb the wall!

Guards.—Our swords are sharp, our arms are strong!

Prince.—My arm's as strong, my sword's as sharp!

At the end of the song, the Prince and three of his followers advance, and attempt to snatch the stars on the breasts of the guards, who must not quit their hold of the handkerchief about the Princess' waist. They, while defending themselves, endeavor to seize the plumes of their assailants, who then pay their forfeits and retire, while another takes the place of the conquered person. If the guards are conquered, they retire and pay six forfeits. A guard must not be attacked by two persons at a time; but if one guard has an opportunity of assisting his comrade, he is at liberty to do so. When either side is vanquished, the Princess is unmuffled, and she then presides over the redemption of the forfeits in the usual manner. When all the forfeits are called, the Princess is then required to name in the right order the persons conquered in the combat. Every one correctly named becomes the slave of the Princess, and must perform some task which she enjoins before being restored to liberty; but when the Princess is mistaken, she must pay a forfeit, which she may either redeem herself, or cause one of her slaves to do so.

ORIGINAL TABLE RECEIPTS.

Chicken Fricassee.—To serve up a good dish, you must take two large chickens, cut them up, and lay them in salt and water for one hour; then take them out, laying them

over a sifter. After they have become sufficiently dry, place them on a dish, and sprinkle them with a small quantity of pepper, salt and flour. Have ready a pan containing a little lard, made quite hot, and place your chickens in it, to brown. After this, take them from out the lard, and put them either in a stew-pan, or a pot, and stew them over a slow fire. You must then add to them a little fine parsley, about six or eight cloves, a small portion of mace, and a little onion; add as much water as will cover the chickens well. When ready to serve them up, beat the yolks of two eggs very light, adding enough lemon juice, whilst beating, to make them taste decidedly of the juice, and then add the egg to your fricassees, but do not let it boil. If you wish to make it a brown fricassees, brown a little sugar, and stir it into the stew; you will find it taste delightfully, by adding a small lump of butter, and salt and pepper according to your taste. In order to make it a white fricassees, you must pour into the stew a pint of rich cream, instead of the browned sugar.

Scalloped Oysters.—Have ready a pan or dish, nicely buttered, and line the bottom with a layer of crumbs of bread, a small portion of butter, and some salt; take your oysters out of their own liquor with a fork, and place a layer of them upon the crumbs of bread, &c. Alternate the layers until your dish is full, and then bake the whole about fifteen minutes. A layer of bread, &c., must be the last placed in the dish.

Pickled Shad, or Herring.—After washing and cleansing them from blood, rub them with salt, cayenne pepper, pounded allspice, and cloves. Cut the fish in pieces, and lay them in a jar, and just cover them with vinegar. Set the jar in a pot of water, to boil; let them steam about an hour or two. The jar must be tied tightly to preserve the flavor of the spices.

Cocoa Nut Pudding.—A Delightful Receipt.—Take one good sized cocoa nut, pare off the rind carefully, grate the nut, and stir it into one quart of milk flavored with one tablespoonful of rose-water, and two tablespoonfuls of fine, white sugar, and the inside of a small loaf of stale baker's bread, grated fine. Bake the pudding half an hour in a moderate oven, and when nearly cool, serve it with good cream.

Maccaroni.—Boil your maccaroni until it becomes soft, and then pour over it a mixture, previously prepared, composed of three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of stale bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, two ounces of butter, and half a teacupful of cream; afterwards bake the maccaroni half an hour.

Slip.—To one quart of milk add one tablespoonful of rennet. Serve it with powdered sugar, and cream. To prepare the rennet, dry it, cut it into small pieces, and put them into three pints of wine; it will be fit for use in about two weeks.

Potato Pudding.—Rub two pounds of potatoes through a sieve after they are boiled, and then add to them half a pound of butter, six eggs, half a pound of sugar, one wine-glassful of brandy, and some nutmeg.

ORIGINAL CAKE RECEIPTS.

Ginger Snaps.—Mix four ounces of lard and four ounces of butter, melted, with four ounces of brown sugar, a pint of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, and a quart of flour. Strain two teaspoonfuls of soda, dissolved in a wineglassful of milk, and add it to the above with sufficient flour for rolling the cakes out thin. Cut the dough into small cakes, and bake them in a slow oven.

Cocoa Nut Cake.—Pare a good sized cocoa nut, grate it, and add to it an equal quantity of sugar, with the white of one egg, well beaten. First mix thoroughly together the cocoa nut and sugar, and afterward add the egg. Drop the cakes upon—buttered—white unglazed paper, and bake them in a moderate oven.

Another Receipt for Cocoa Nut Cake.—Beat together—as for a pound cake—one pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, and six eggs. Have ready two cocoa nuts, grated, and stir them into the batter after it is thoroughly mixed; then roll it out, cut it into cakes, and bake them in a moderate oven.

Ginger Crackers.—The necessary ingredients are:—One quart of molasses, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one teacupful of sugar, six cents worth of ground cinnamon, two cents worth of ground cloves, and as much flour as added to the above named articles will form a good dough.

Ginger Pound Cake.—Mix together six cupful of flour, two cupful of molasses, one cupful of sugar, two cupful of sour milk, one cupful of butter, four eggs, two tablespoonful of saleratus, and two teaspoonful of cinnamon.

Light Ginger Bread.—Work together one quart of molasses, half a pint of lard, two tablespoonful of ginger, half a pint of sour milk, three tablespoonful of saleratus, and enough flour to form a tolerably thick batter.

Snow Balls.—Mix together one pound of sugar, and the whites of ten eggs, well beaten. Drop the cakes on paper, and bake them in a moderate oven.

ORIGINAL PUDDING RECEIPTS.

Tapioca Pudding.—Put a teacupful of tapioca into some cold water, and let it soak about six hours, or until it becomes soft; then put it into a tin dish, and pour a little more than a pint of hot water over it, and let it boil for about twenty minutes. While boiling add a little salt, and as much sugar as is agreeable to you. Pare some tart apples, dig out the cores, and fill the openings with brown sugar and pieces of lemon peel—or, instead of this, add essence of lemon to the tapioca. Put the apples into your pudding dish, and pour the tapioca over them. Bake the whole for an hour, or until the apples are thoroughly baked. Serve the pudding cold, with rich cream for sauce.

Cottage Pudding.—Beat together one teacupful of sugar, and two and a half tablespoonful of butter; add an egg after it is beaten lightly; also, one pint of flour, two teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in a cupful of milk, and add it to the other ingredients. Flavor the pudding with brandy; and bake it half an hour.

Corn Pudding.—(An excellent dish for Supper.)—Score and cut off the grains from one dozen ears of corn; add to the corn one quart of milk, a small quantity of salt, a piece of butter the size of an ordinary walnut, the yolks of three eggs, and enough flour to make a thin batter. Bake the whole in a pudding dish for half an hour.

Apple Pudding.—Put one pound of butter into three pints of stewed apples, well mashed; mix in the butter whilst the apples are hot. Beat ten eggs into two pounds of sugar; then mix the ingredients all together, adding whatever essence you prefer. Bake the pudding in good paste.

Baked Batter Pudding.—Mix together one pint of milk, a little salt, three or four eggs, and enough flour to make a batter thin enough to run out of a spoon. Bake the pudding about an hour. Some sugar, butter, and cream stirred together are suitable for sauce.

Another Apple Pudding.—The ingredients are two pounds and a half of stewed apples, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, seven eggs, and two lemons. Bake in paste.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR DYEING.

To Dye Woolens Green.—Procure two quarts of hickory bark, and two quarts of black oak bark. The latter must be ground, but the former need not be if it is green: boil them briskly for one hour, in ten or twelve gallons of water,

and then take out the chips; add half a pound of alum to the dye; when it is dissolved, wet your goods well with soft water; then put them all at once into the dye, having previously added to it two tablespoonful of chymic. If the dye is not sufficiently dark, add more chymic. Rinse the goods in soft water, hang them up awhile in the open air, and press them whilst they are still wet. One pound of fustic will answer for the hickory.

To Dye Woolens Orange.—Dissolve—in as much boiling soft water as will cover your material—one ounce of Anetta; after this throw in half an ounce of potash. When the ingredients are thoroughly dissolved, wet your goods well, and put them in the dye. When sufficiently colored, take them out, and wash them well in suds: air them a little, and press them when wet.

To Dye Woolens Sky Blue.—Boil one gallon of water, then add one tablespoonful of chymic, put in your goods, and let them remain until they have acquired a proper color. Rinse them in soap-suds and water.

To Dye Woolens Chymic.—Chymic is formed by the combination of four ounces of vitriol, and one ounce of pulverized Spanish float indigo. Stir these articles together with the stem of a pipe for one hour. In twenty-four hours it will be ready for use.

To Dye Woolens Black.—The necessary ingredients are two and a half pounds of logwood, a quarter of a pound of copperas, two ounces of blue stone. Observe the same rules—as were previously stated—for wetting the goods, &c.

To Dye Yarn Red.—For two and a half pounds of yarn, take one pound of madder, one pound of alum, and six buckets of soft water.

ORIGINAL PICKLE RECEIPTS.

Tomato Catsup.—Cut the tomatoes into slices, salt them, and after leaving them stand over night, strain them. To every quart of juice a quarter of an ounce of ground cinnamon, a quarter of an ounce of cloves, and a quarter of an ounce of mace. To every gallon of juice add one-eighth of an ounce of cayenne pepper. Boil away one half of the juice. The spices are not to be added until a few minutes before the catsup is done. Secure the catsup in bottles, air tight. Another method is to add to one peck of tomatoes, one pint of vinegar, one tablespoonful of cloves and allspice, one tablespoonful black pepper, two pods of green pepper—cut in small pieces, and as much salt as is agreeable to you. Let the catsup boil at least three-quarters of an hour.

Pickling Vinegar.—Add one pound of sliced, dried ginger, one pound of horse-radish, scraped and dried, one pound of mustard seed, one ounce of long pepper, one ounce of mace, and one ounce of finely powdered nutmegs to two gallons of strong vinegar; let it stand twelve months, stirring it frequently. After you have used this vinegar for pickling purposes, you can renew it by pouring two more gallons of vinegar over the ingredients remaining in your jug or cask, adding some more mace and nutmegs—let this vinegar stand for another year. When the prepared vinegar is poured from off the ingredients, do it very carefully, so that it may be quite clear.

Sweet Pickled Cantelopes.—Take eight cantelopes—ripe, but firm—pare and seed them, half or quarter them, and then lay them in cold vinegar for twenty-four hours. Next take one quart of vinegar to two pounds of sugar, with mace, cinnamon, and a few cloves; boil these ingredients, add them to the fruit, and let it boil for ten or fifteen minutes. Then put them into a jar, and pour the syrup over them.

Green Pickles.—Wrap the pickles in grape leaves, put them in weak boiling vinegar, and let them boil about fifteen minutes. Afterward add some cold vinegar, two or three red peppers to the gallon, also some allspice, horse-radish, mustard and cinnamon.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—RIDING-HABIT for a gentleman.

FIG. II.—RIDING-HABIT FOR A LADY OF DARK GREEN CLOTH.—The skirt should contain three widths of cloth, and for a medium sized lady be a yard and a half long. The corsage closes up to the throat. The sleeves are nearly tight to the elbow; below that they widen a little. White linen collar and full under-sleeves. Black boater hat and plume.

FIG. III.—A HOUSE DRESS OF BLUE SILK.—Over the full, plain skirt is worn a basque of white mull, trimmed with rich needlework, and ornamented with bows of ribbon.

FIG. IV.—A MORNING DRESS OF PEARL COLORED CASHMERE, trimmed down the front and the sleeves with a checked silk of gay colors. We give this style, not for what we think its beauty, but because it is the latest novelty. The front of the body fits closely to the figure, but at the back the dress is in one piece, and hangs loosely, like the trains of the Princess Royal of France, which always hung from the shoulders. The sleeves are in the Venetian style.

FIG. V.—BONNET OF WHITE CRAPE.

FIG. VI.—BONNET OF RICE STRAW, trimmed with blonde and flowers.

FIG. VII.—STRAW CAP FOR A VERY SMALL BOY, ornamented with a white feather, and heavy white ribbon.

FIG. VIII.—FICHU OF WHITE TULLE.—The three frills, in which is hemmed a narrow pink ribbon, meet in a point at the waist behind: the front is crossed by narrow quillings of tulle, with a pink ribbon in the centre; the same trimming is down the centre of front, the ends of the fichu crossing at the waist; they are trimmed with two frills.

FIG. IX.—BERTHE CAPE OF TULLE, trimmed with blonde lace and bows of ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Flounces still continue popular, and will be very much so for thin, summer dresses. Double skirts will be much worn, however, as well as those trimmed down the sides.

BASQUES are still in favor, though some bodies are made without them. These latter usually have a sharp point in front. Low-necked bodies have a point both before and behind. The Raphael corsage is very much worn. This is cut square across the front, with straps across the shoulders. If the corsage is low, it is cut square across the back of the neck also.

SLEEVES are made according to the fancy of the wearer. They are all wide at the bottom, however.

UNDER-SLEEVES ARE VERY FULL AND PUFFED.—They nearly all have a colored wristband, with a row of lace on each side.

COLLARS are again made of insertion, trimmed with fine Valenciennes.

THE MARIE-ANTOINETTE FICHUS, though no longer a novelty, are still much worn. Some are made puffed all over in tulle with squares of narrow velvet or ribbons. The ground of these fichus is covered with small bows. The sleeves to match are made of the same spotted tulle and trimmed with

lace. At the edge of the sleeve, a ribbon is run in the puffing to form a transparent under the lace. The same small bows are stuck about the puffs, and a large bow of ribbon is put on one side of each sleeve. Others are composed of large balloons of muslin intersected by rows of pearl with narrow velvets run in it.

A slight change of form is apparent in some of the new evening dresses. It consists in the skirt being shorter in front than behind—just sufficiently short to show the feet; whilst at the back it is rather long. One of the dresses made with a skirt of the form just mentioned is composed of cerulean blue velvet, and with it are to be worn shoes of blue moire antique, with rosettes and small heels. The corsage of the dress is high and pointed, and has a small basque. The trimming consists of brandeburge, formed of twists of blue velvet. The sleeves are double, the under ones being long and plain, the upper ones in puffs, reaching mid-way down the arm.

SHAWLS, and MANTILLAS of the shawl shape will be very much worn this spring.

BONNETS have not altered very much in style. The face still continues round, with a full under-trimming. Some few of the *Marie Stuart* shape, that is pointed and flat on the top, and very "flaring" at the sides, have appeared, but they are by no means general. An elegant wedding order, just completed, includes a bonnet of plain white satin, trimmed with bouquets of white hyacinth. To this bonnet is attached a veil of rich white blonde. This seems something like a revival of past fashions.

BROOCHES mounted in the stomacher style are being again worn. In plain style of costume no ornaments are more appropriate, or indeed more fashionable than those composed of hair. Hair jewelry may be said to have now arrived at perfection. We have just seen a bracelet, the band of which is formed of a plait of light, silky hair, and the clasp, which is of blue enamel, is set with fine pearls in a most tasteful and elaborate design. Another clasp, destined for a bracelet of dark hair, is of ruby enamel, set with small diamonds. A bracelet, intended for mourning, is composed of silver medallions, with beautiful designs in black enamel. The hair is set in the centre of each medallion. On the clasp the cipher is wrought in enamel and hair, and a ground of silver. A beautiful *reliquaire* has recently been made for the Empress Eugenie. It is a locket, in the form of a heart, and it contains the hair of the Emperor and of Queen Hortense, the Emperor's mother. The locket is richly set with sapphires and pearls.

FANS are becoming quite an expensive item of dress. We lately noticed the newly-introduced mode of having the fan in harmony with the color of the dress. This fashion has called for the introduction of some exquisite fans, of various showy colors. They are spangled with gold or silver, in a vast variety of elegant designs. Some of these colored fans have carved sandal-wood mountings.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

How to REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the names of your post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Pennsylvania, New York or New England bills preferred. If the sum is large, buy a draft, if possible, on Philadelphia or New York, deducting the exchange.

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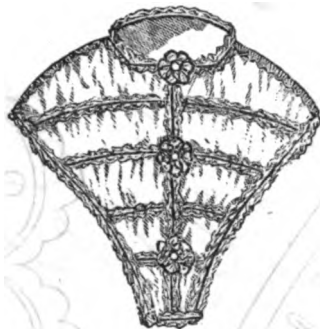
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HEAD-DRESS.



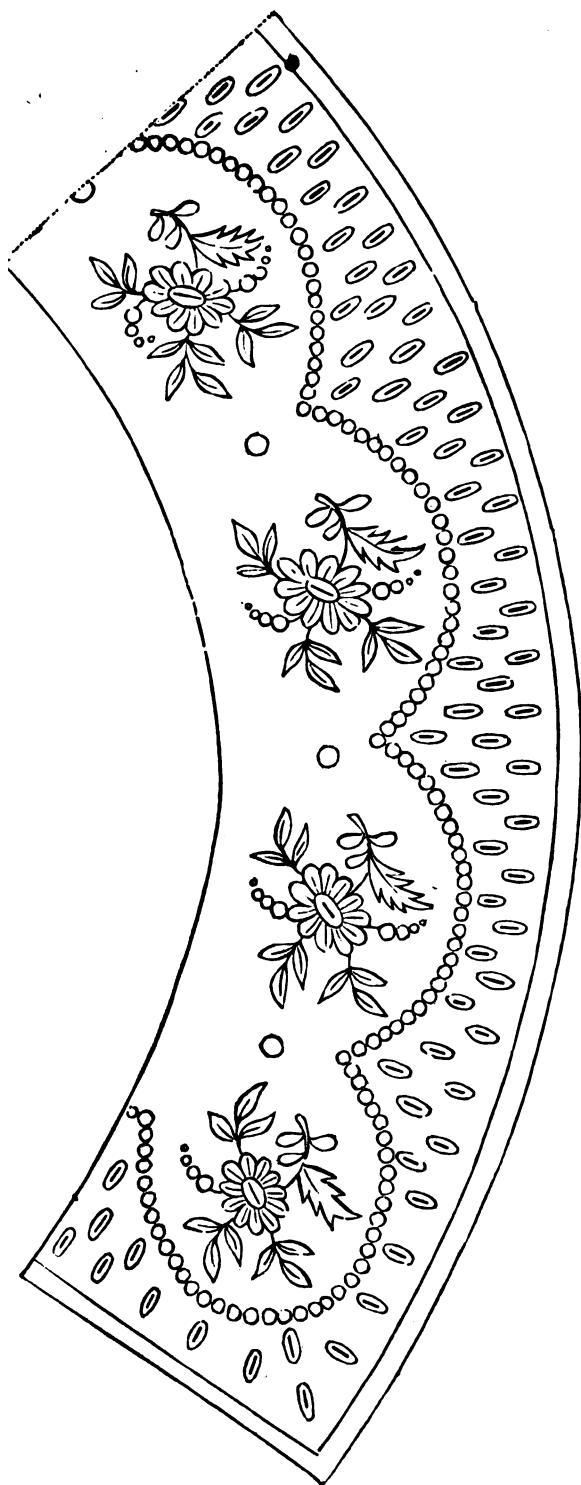
CAPE.



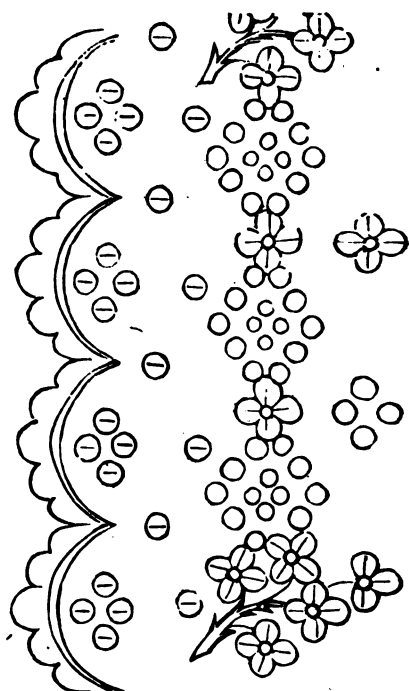
HEAD-DRESS.



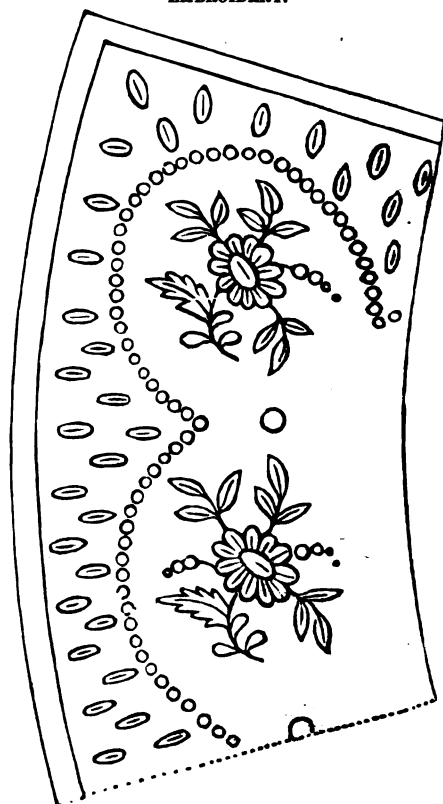
NEW STYLE DRESS.



COLLAR.



EMBROIDERY.



CUFF.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER AND BORDER.

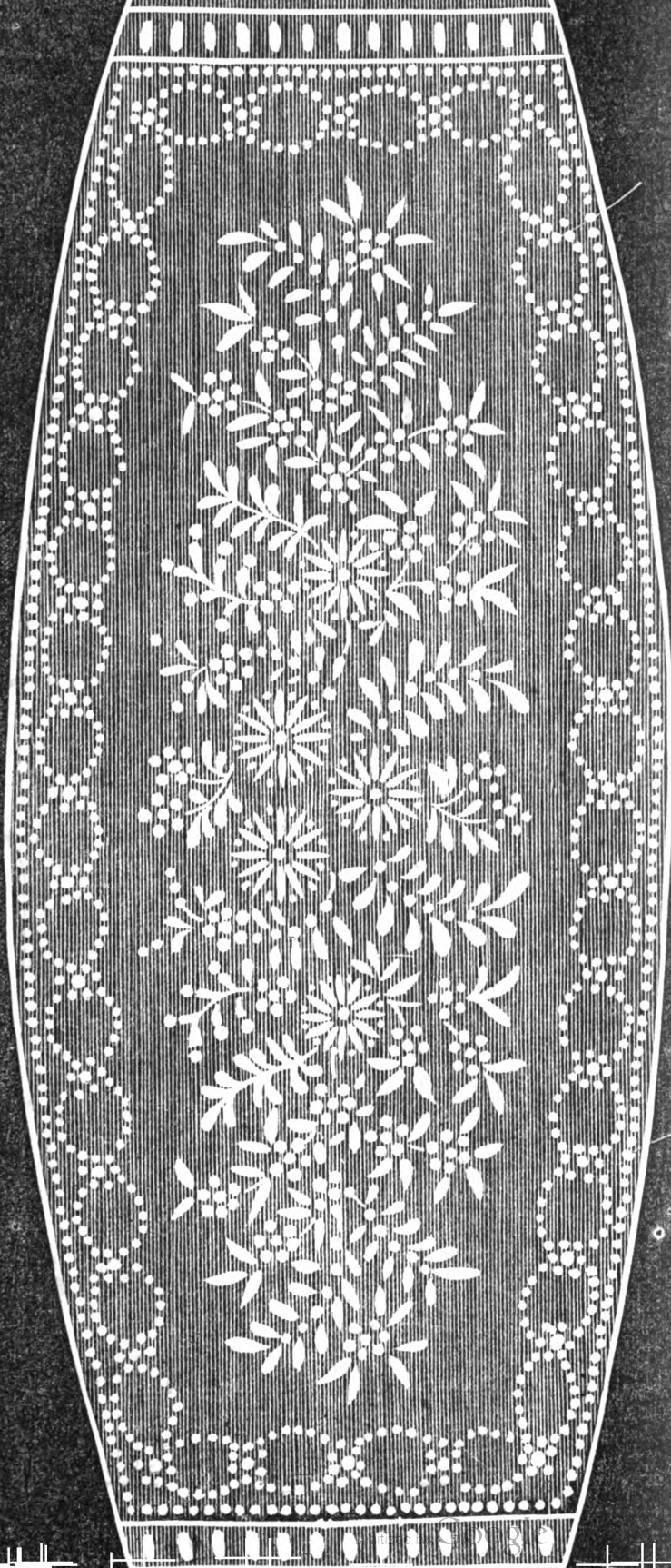


EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL, TO BE DONE IN SILK.



BRAIDING PATTERN.

PART OF BABY'S FRENCH EMBROIDERED CAP.



O Leave her to her Grief!

POETRY BY CHARLES MACKEY.

AIR, "THE WILLOW TREE."

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY FRANK MORI.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked "Andante. p". The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "O leave her to her grief, Nor urge her to for - get: All". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like "p" (piano).

rall.

art is vain soothe her pain; She mourns her loved one yet, She mourns her loved one

colla voce.

yet.

tempo.

Repeat to *S.* for 2d,
3d, and 4th verses.

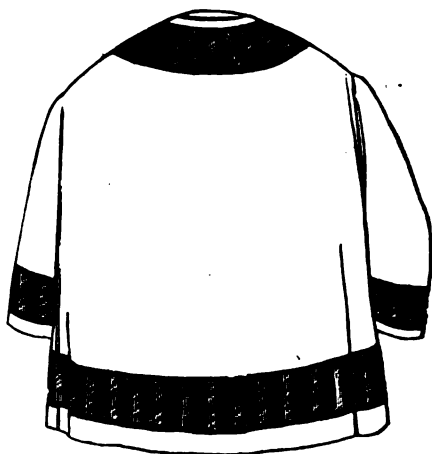
For ending.

1.
O leave her to her grief,
Ner urge her to forget;
All art is vain to soothe her pain;
She loves her mourned one yet.

2.
The storm will run its course;
And not till clouds have burst
Shall light appear, serene and clear,
And glorious as at first.

3.
O leave her till she weep;
And when the tear-drops flow,
Let Pity's word, soft-stealing heard,
Be music to her woe.

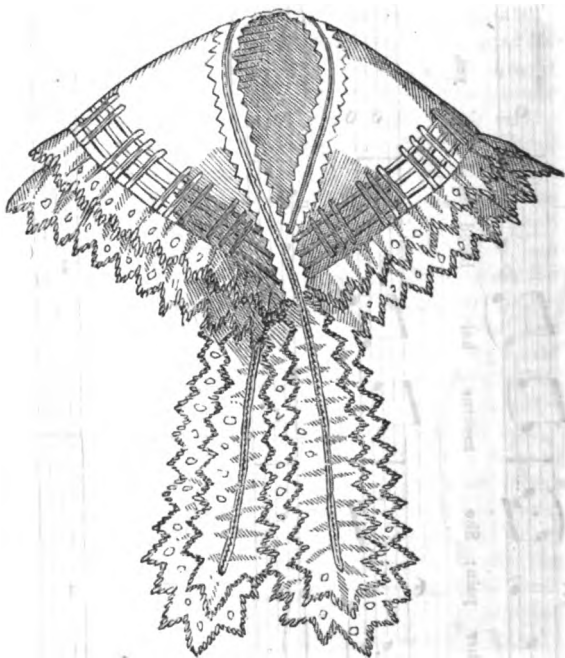
4.
And water'd by those tears,
A little flower shall bloom;
A blossom fair for love to wear,
A hope beyond the tomb.



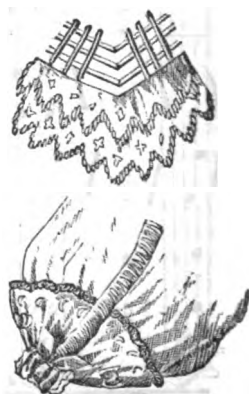
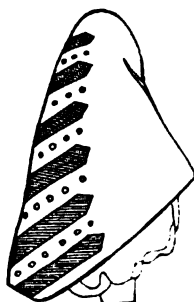
LITTLE BOY'S SACK COAT.



HEAD-DRESS.



FICHU.



PATTERNS FOR SLEEVES.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1858.

No. 5.

"NOT AT HOME."

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Mrs. GRANGER, Mrs. Dr. West, and Mrs. Lee, all happened to meet at the residence of Lawyer Grand, one morning. They were fashionable women, and of course making fashionable calls.

Mrs. Grand's first impulse was to be "not at home," as she felt somewhat indisposed, but on second thought she contrived to infuse a little animation into her pretty features, and crept down stairs. The ladies, however, were so cordial and so chatty, that Mrs. Lawyer Grand did not regret having made the effort.

Conversation for once took an unexpected turn, and instead of wasting exclamations upon that Mrs. Upham's extravagant bonnet, or Miss Smith, the little flirt's new *moire antique*, the theme was, "Not at home."

Mrs. Granger declared she could see no harm in such a very little white lie, for in one sense people were not at home—to company! She found it a most convenient thing for bores, and if she had a headache, or wanted a day for herself, she did not scruple to use it.

"I shall remember that!" said Mrs. Lee, laughing.

"Oh! to my intimate friends I am, of course, always at home," replied Mrs. Granger, blushing scarlet—"but now confess, you dear piece of propriety, that you use this subterfuge occasionally. You certainly cannot always see your immense circle of visitors at home."

"I certainly cannot; but I believe I never sent that message to the door but once, and for that once," she continued, a painful look crossing her sweet face, "I shall never forgive myself. It was more than three years ago, and when I told my servant that morning to say, 'Not at home' to whoever might call, except she knew it was some intimate friend, I felt my cheeks tingle, and the girl's look of surprise mortified me exceedingly. But she went about her duties, and I about mine, sometimes pleased that I had

adopted a convenient fashion by which I could secure more time to myself, sometimes painfully smitten with the reproaches of my conscience

"The day wore away, and when Mr. Lee came home, he startled me with the news that a very dear and intimate friend was dead.

"'It cannot be,' was my reply, 'for she exacted of me a solemn promise that I would, alone, sit by her dying pillow, as she had a secret of great importance to reveal to me. You must be misinformed; no one has been for me'—here suddenly a horrible suspicion crossed my mind. 'She sent for you, but you were not at home,' said Mr. Lee, innocently; then he continued, 'I am sorry for Charles, her husband; he thinks her distress was much aggravated by your absence, from the fact that she called your name piteously. He would have sought for you, but your servant said she did not know where you had gone. I am sorry. You must have been out longer than usual, for Charles sent his man over here three times.'

"Never in all my life did I experience such loathing of myself, such utter humiliation. My servant had gone further than I, in adding falsehood to falsehood, and I had placed it out of my power to reprove her by my own equivocation. I felt humbled to the very dust, and the next day I resolved over the cold clay of my friend, that I would never under any circumstances say, 'Not at home!'"

"But did you find out the secret?" asked Mrs. Granger.

"Never; it died with her. It was in relation to a little child in the family, and I have always felt a painful consciousness that I might have received information by which the poor little thing could be greatly benefited."

Mrs. Granger untied her delicate bonnet strings, and took to fanning herself with a lace handkerchief. Mrs. Grand immediately arose

and offered her a gorgeous Indian fan that lay on a little table near.

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Dr. West, "of a similar circumstance that occurred in my husband's practice. When we first moved into the city, we were very intimate with the family of Justice Allen. They lived in the suburbs in a beautiful mansion. The doctor called there quite often as a friend and acquaintance. Mrs. Allen had but one child, a son, some five years old, a little angel in appearance and disposition, and as complete an idol as ever shared the love of two devoted hearts. One day my husband rode by there, and as was his wont stopped a moment. A new servant who did not know him met him, and told him the mistress was not at home; so he rode off again. Some two hours after he came home, and was surprised when I told him that Judge Allen's man had been after him long ago; that Mrs. Allen was nearly crazy, and the child dying, having accidentally swallowed poison. He hurried back. The house was thronged with doctors, and little Eugene lay just breathing his last. He ascertained what time the accident occurred, and found that, had he not been misinformed at the period of his first visit, he could easily have saved his life. When Mrs. Allen learned that he actually stood before her door at the very moment she discovered that her child was ill, her reason forsook her, and she has never since fully recovered. She had given strict orders that morning that she was at home to no one; and, unfortunately, a physician could not be found till nearly an hour too late."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Granger, petulantly, "what can one do when one's visiting list is so large?" and she drew together the folds of a magnificent cashmere shawl. "One would not like to send down an excuse; for my part I don't see how you get along."

"I do very well without resorting to a falsehood."

"Oh! dear me; you can't call it a lie!" exclaimed Mrs. Granger, much mortified.

"Then what is it?"

The calm, quiet tone quite nonplused Mrs. Granger. She pulled at her glove uneasily—"Why! it is—why certainly—not exactly a lie!" and then she hesitated.

"What else can you call it? Suppose I should tell a friend, who might happen to ask me, that I had not visited Mrs. Grand to-day."

"Why! of course it would be false," Mrs. Granger was growing fidgety.

"Well, and where is the difference if Mrs. Grand had sent word that she was not at home? Certainly we should have felt bound to believe the correctness of the message."

Mrs. Grand made a nice little mental promise that perhaps she never would do so again.

"Besides," chimed in Mrs. Lee, "I think it leads to loss of confidence in one's friends. We cannot tell those who would wantonly deceive us, from others who for worlds would not give us a false impression."

"I must say!" exclaimed Mrs. West, resolutely buttoning her gloves, "it is an ugly way of displaying one's partiality. For instance, I take particular pains to call on Mrs. Granger to-day. She is 'not at home.' I regret it, leave my card, and to-morrow meet Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Grand, and understand from them that they spent a delightful hour with Mrs. Granger. At the very time that lady was not at home to me, they were chatting quite cosily in her parlor."

Mrs. Granger coughed slightly, and became very busy fingering her collar, twitching her bonnet strings, and manœuvring in various ways previous to retiring. I, meantime, a silent and unseen listener, jotted down the foregoing. Perhaps it will not be amiss to think of it.

NIGHT.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

The sun hath sent his fairy fleet
Across the azure sea;
And spectre-like, each sunbeam bright
Moves onward silently.

But lo! from out her maiden bower
The young moon cometh now,
Half shadowed, like the veil-like clouds
That float above her brow.

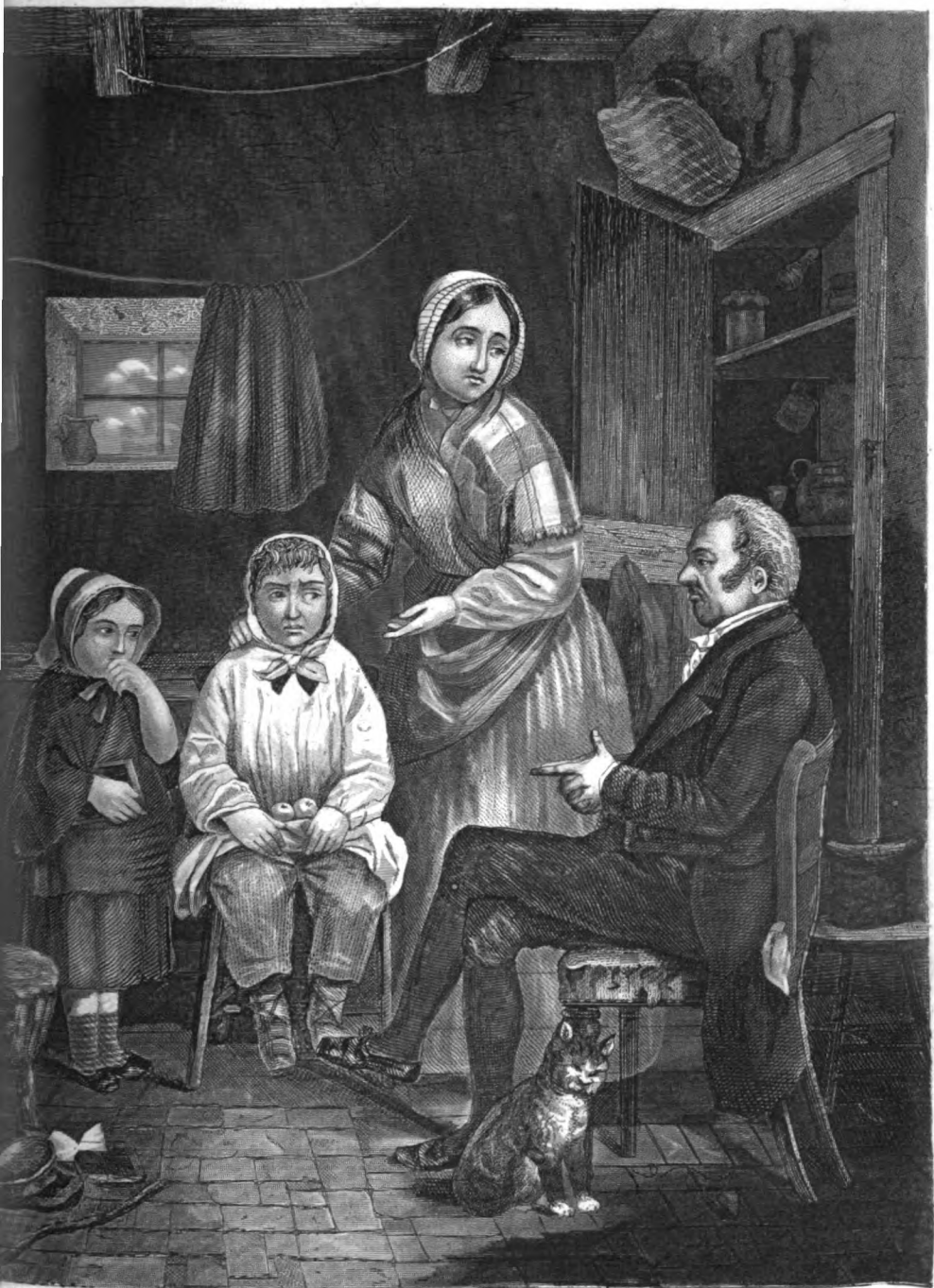
And see, 'neath her unsandaled feet,
Like golden blossoms, lie

The burning stars, those flowers that deck
God's garden ground on high.

Now in her nest each wild bird dreams,
With head beneath its wing,
Save only that dear bird, that through
The solemn night doth sing.

Say, dearest, on such eve as this,
So calm above, below;

If I did speak soft words to thee,
Say, would'st thou answer no?



THE TENTED TROANT.

Engraved expressly for Perin's Magazine.

THE MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

Mrs. CLEVER was what is called a sensible, managing woman. She had managed for herself in her youth—for her young family afterward, and now she was managing for her daughters. Everything was in excellent train. The matrimonial hook had been artfully set at all sorts of inviting angles, and at length her finest fish—her prize fish, which she had watched with longing eyes for months, had been allowed to bite, and was now dangling at the end of her line; that is to say, rich Mr. — had at length proposed for her eldest daughter.

But now—just at this very moment—the moment of triumph—must a most exasperating difficulty arise from a most unexpected quarter.

Miss Charlotte must needs be seized with a fit of sentiment, or perversity, and declared that she did not love Mr. —, and could not, or would not, marry him.

This rebellion in her own camp was most trying to Mrs. Clever; but she was too good a general to give up a battle half fought, or even to allow the enemy to perceive her annoyance.

Therefore, though her natural heart longed to ease itself by berating her daughter soundly for her absurdity, she by no means yielded to this temptation. On the contrary, she adopted the persuasive and reasoning style of coercion.

"Now, Lottie, my love, let us talk this matter over calmly and reasonably. Do not let us in things of such importance be swayed by prejudices, or whims. Now tell me candidly, dear, have you any real, important objections to urge against Mr. —? He is a man of strict honor and probity—not disagreeable personally in any way—he is a man of property, and what more you want, or expect, I can't imagine. Surely, my dear, your affections are not pre-engaged."

"No, mamma."

"What then, my love?"

Charlotte was silent. She knew from experience it was no use debating the matter with her mother, for this ground had been gone over often before, and she had always found herself outgeneraled.

"Speak freely, my dear," continued Mrs. Clever, with an air of fairness, "I should be glad to have your views, and any reasonable objections will have their weight with me, I assure you."

"He is so old," pouted Charlotte.

"Old, my dear? Did I understand you to say old? He cannot be more than thirty-five, and you are twenty. He only seems old to you because you are so young. That difficulty will decrease with every day you live. You would not consider a woman of thirty ill-mated with a man of forty-five, would you? That, my dear, I must consider a most trivial objection."

"I'd have him, if I were you, sister," pertinently remarked at this point Miss Emma, the second daughter, who inherited her mother's peculiar kind of talent, and had been listening to the conversation with keen interest.

"No, you wouldn't, Em, if you felt as I do," said Lottie, sadly. "You do not know how I long for love and sympathy—and to give up all hope of it! Besides, I have read—I am sure, that a marriage without love is something wicked, as well as dreadful. I cannot—cannot consent to it."

"Let us leave sentiment and come back, if you please, to common sense, and real objections to this match—if there are any," cried Mrs. Clever, rather sharply. "The only objection I have heard yet is, that Mr. — is excessively aged at thirty-five. Anything else, my dear?"

Lottie tried to think of something new to urge, for she was tired of going over old ground.

"I don't like his nose," she remarked, after mature deliberation.

"Oh, sister!" exclaimed pert Miss Em, "I think he has a delightful nose!"

"Very well then. marry him and his nose yourself, if you like them—I don't like either of them," rejoined Lottie, spitefully, for she was vexed that her sister should join forces with her mother against her.

"Unfortunately he don't want me, or I would in a minute," replied that spirited and matter-of-fact young lady. "Just think, sister! you will have an elegant house, and plenty of money to begin with, and in a few years I dare say you will keep your carriage."

"I do not wish to sell myself for houses and carriages," replied Lottie, coldly.

"And you could make the girls and me such elegant presents," suggested Emma, shrewdly.

Mrs. Clever thought it time to interfere.

"My dear child, there is no talk, or thought, of your 'selling yourself,' as you call it. You are to do just as you please in this matter. But it is right you should look at things as they really are. In making a contract of marriage the circumstance of a comfortable settlement for life is an important one, and may surely be considered as such, without suspicion of mercenary views. We are poor, as you well know; and with a large family to provide for, and three other daughters to settle, I am naturally disappointed that you should throw unnecessary difficulties in the way of a marriage in every way more advantageous than I hoped for, for you. You may think, most young girls do, that you will have plenty other chances. But I know more about such things than you do, and I tell you that very few girls have more than one such offer in their lives, unless they are rich, or possess uncommon attractions. But apart from considerations of your own welfare, my dear, you should think a little also, of the interests of your sisters. Emma is now nearly nineteen, and old enough to be married——"

"Yes, mamma," chimed in that ever ready young person.

"And with the younger girls coming on—it certainly would be for their advantage that you should be settled out of the way."

"Oh, dear mamma! are you and they so anxious to get rid of me?" cried Lottie, her eyes filling with tears.

"Not at all, my dear," returned the mother. "I do not call it getting rid of you, to have you settled comfortably right close by us. As I have said before, it is absolutely necessary to look at this affair in a common sense, and practical point of view. You know your father's salary is small, and only by great management are we able to make both ends meet. With great difficulty we have brought you up—given you a good education, and allowed you to see something of the world, expecting, of course, that when opportunity offered you would marry, and so provide for yourself. Thus, my child, we have done our duty by you, and can do no more. Your sisters have equal rights, and now come in for their claims. Therefore, if you choose willfully and foolishly to reject this advantageous offer, for no better reason than that you don't like the shape of the man's nose, I shall consider it my duty to seek some situation for you as governess or companion, and expect you henceforth to support yourself."

This *coup d'état*, which petrified Emma, was much less effective on Lottie than Mrs. Clever

hoped. Still it was not without its weight. The idea of going alone among strangers as a dependent, was anything but alluring; she began to consider whether it might not be even more disagreeable than to be mistress of a splendid establishment, even if she were not in love with the master of it.

In short, the affair ended, as the reader might have guessed from the first.

Lottie, young, pretty, full of sentiment, as well as feeling, consented to make a "marriage of convenience."

During the courtship, which Mrs. Clever took care should be very short, her mind misgave her often, but the wary mother watched her carefully, and was always at hand to say just the right thing, at the right moment; and so she was kept up to the work till the wedding day came, and she was actually married.

Then Mrs. Clever took a long breath. The first she had enjoyed for two months.

Her troubles were over, those of poor Lottie just begun.

I doubt if a more unhappy creature existed on the whole face of the creation, than Lottie during the first year of her marriage.

She was, as I have remarked, a girl of feeling and—not sentimentality—but sentiment. She was deeply, cruelly disappointed in the realization of all those tender, youthful longings, which lie in a woman's heart, like the perfume in the cup of a flower. She felt alone utterly.

She could not complain of her husband—he was kind to her—loved her. But he was fifteen years her senior, and had been married before—that is to say, the bloom was gone from his sentiment—the freshness from his heart. "Love's young dream," which surely comes once to all, and often but once, he had already dreamed out, and she had not been its object.

Besides that, Mr. — was deeply immersed in business, and Lottie found herself in her splendid house more lonely than Robinson Crusoe on his island. The excitement which was afforded the latter in the fear of the cannibal, was supplied to her in the shape of the nervous dread she felt of her husband. She trembled and turned pale at his footsteps, and many a time she felt, and sometimes yielded to the temptation to fly and hide herself from him.

Meantime, she augmented the distress of her situation by yielding to a morbid way of dwelling upon it. Far from trying to look on the brightest side of things and make the best of them, she found a melancholy pleasure in making the most of her troubles.

It was not till after the birth of her first child

that she began to regard things differently. It was impossible but that this event should effect a revolution in her state of mind.

The heart which had lain like a cold and dead thing in her breast, was now alive and active. It was beating and throbbing with such a force of maternal love, that its active vitality revived her whole being. Hitherto she had coldly said to herself, "Mr. — is the man to whom I owe allegiance—but not love—which I have never professed," but it was impossible to regard the father of her child in that light. On one point at least they now sympathized deeply and strongly together. It touched her to see the father's tenderness and fondness for the little one. She smiled with pleasure as she watched with what clumsy gentleness he adapted his rude forces to the fragile claimant for his care. She declared that to see him carrying the baby, made her think of a locomotive trying to adapt itself to the task of drawing a butterfly—it was impossible to put on little enough power.

In short, for the first time, her heart pulsed healthfully and warmly toward him. It was but a thimble full of heaven—in the first place, but heaven is a wonderful thing, and in this, as in many other cases, it sufficed to leaven the whole lump. She was saved.

The germ of sincere affection then planted grew and thrived, for it had a rich soil in Lottie's really warm and loving heart, and she had the immense advantage of a well-founded esteem for her husband to start from. As years rolled on, and her disappointment in regard to the non-fulfilment of certain youthful misgivings grew less keen, she came at last from little to little to think her husband the first and best of men, and would not have exchanged him for Gen. Washington himself. But that is always the way with women, they never know moderation.

I am afraid from the way my moral seems to point, that the reader may think I am an advocate for marriages of convenience. Not at all. I give my voice decidedly against them. I think my heroine ran a terrible risk—one I should by no means advise you to run, fair reader—that is, at least, if you know yourself to be a woman of feeling. If constituted like Miss Emma and thousands of others, don't distress yourself with any anxieties about yourself. They are uncalled for. I will warrant you not to die of a broken heart under any circumstances whatever; I assure you that you may safely risk even the trials of a marriage of convenience, without fear of tragical consequences.

THE FAIRY'S VISIT.

BY L. DAME.

TINKLING footsteps 'mid the flowers

On my ear at twilight fell,
Making music soft as echoes,
From a sweet-toned silver bell;
And I paused awhile to listen,
Filled with wonder and delight,
Knowing it to be the fairy
Who oft visits me at night.

She had folded up the blossoms,
Ere the chilly night-dews fell,
Hushed the bee to quiet slumber
In his honey-laden cell;
She had set the birds a dreaming
In their nests upon the tree,
Heard the crickets say their vespers,
And now came to talk with me.

I was seated 'neath the woodbine,
And the tiny leaves o'erhead
Clapped their little hands with pleasure
At each word the fairy said;
For she told me such sweet stories,
All about a bright green isle
Sleeping on the moonlight ocean,
That I scarcely breathed the while.

There, she said, I have sweet sisters,

Sporting by the crystal springs,
Flitting o'er the blooming grasses,
On their rainbow-tinted wings,
Gathering dew-drops from the rose leaves,
Where they lay like shining pearls,
And with little snowy fingers
Weathing them amid their curls.

In my island home dark tempests
Never sweep the azure skies,
But a bright eternal Summer
On its bloom forever lies;
And the crimson robes of sunset,
Trailing o'er the sleeping sea,
Seem to wake its dreamy ripples,
Till they dance in ecstasy.

But the shades of twilight deepened
Into shadows of the night,
As this cunning little fairy
Plumed her shining wings for flight;
Yet the artless tale she told me,
Lingers still within my heart,
Like a dream of happy childhood
When the joys of life depart.

AUNT RACHEL.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

THE first time I ever saw aunt Rachel was under painful circumstances. My mother was taken violently ill with lung fever, and my father sent for aunt Rachel to come and mind her.

She arrived at Hawthorne late in the evening of a bleak November day, bringing comfort, and almost happiness. I remember her now, just as she stood within the dimly lighted parlor, the crimson folds of her shawl falling around her tall, elegant form; and the single white feather turning gracefully over her bonnet of plain drab. Everything that pertained to aunt Rachel possessed a living, distinct grace—a grace like nothing else in life.

I was sitting, half hidden by the drapery of a window, weeping bitterly; for they told me that my mother had but a little while to live; and with all a young child's outgushing affection, I was nigh heart-broken.

Aunt Rachel came towards me, and drew me gently to her side.

"Mary's own image," she said, in her low, melodious tones; "my child, I am your mother's only sister—your aunt Rachel. Are you glad that I have come?"

She looked down into my eyes with a smile peculiarly her own; I could only throw my arms around her neck, and murmur over the name which I had scarcely learned, but which, from the very first, had seemed so very sweet to me.

"Aunt Rachel! Dear aunt Rachel!"

She kissed me very softly, and then glided away up stairs to my mother's chamber. I saw her no more until the next morning, at breakfast, and her sad, sweet image daguerrectyped itself upon my memory forever.

Aunt Rachel was not old—she could not have been more than twenty-seven. In form, she was slightly above the medium height of women, slender and graceful. Her complexion was clear, almost transparent, and a shadow of suffering lay darkly upon her forehead, and lingered far back in the depths of her soft, hazel eyes. Her hair was wreathed around her head in glossy waves of brown, and a few stray locks which had escaped from their confinement, fell over her neck in shining curls.

She remained with us until my mother, con-

trary to the expectations of us all, rallied, and grew better. Then, when all danger was over, aunt Rachel went away to her own home, where other duties called her, promising, however, to come again for a visit in early summer.

Sitting one day in my mother's chamber, I said, somewhat abruptly,

"Mother, what makes aunt Rachel so pale and quiet? Did she never have any one to love her?"

My mother smiled—a sad smile—and passing her hand lightly over my hair, she asked,

"How came you to think of these things—so far beyond your age, my child? Aunt Rachel is not a gloomy woman!"

"Gloomy? Oh, no, mother; but there is something very far off in her dear, soft eyes; and then, when she speaks, her voice is like the summer wind in the low pines—at least it seems so to me."

"Mildred, you have strange fancies, much like poor Rachel," she added, musingly. "Your aunt Rachel has known sorrow, but it is all over now, and she is a very happy, holy woman—just such a woman as I would wish my own little daughter to become, should it please God to spare her life so long."

My mother turned away to hide the gathering moisture in her eyes, and I went down stairs, and out upon the snowy walk, thinking very solemnly of aunt Rachel.

Six years went by with all their varied changes, and in that time I had grown to a tall girl of fifteen. I had seen aunt Rachel but once in the interval—her mother was dead, and my grandfather's health needed her undivided attention.

Ever, in her love-missions to my mother, there came for me some little token of remembrance, and these things were held by me in a sacred corner of my heart, to be looked at only when oppressed by those vague, uncertain fits of sadness, which have been my portion from earliest youth.

At length there came a letter with a mourning border and a black seal! My mother opened it with trembling hands, and, after reading it tearfully to the end, she bowed her head on her folded arms and wept unrestrainedly. I stole softly up to her, and asked her why she grieved.

"Your grandfather is dead, Mildred! My poor father, dead and buried, and his eldest child not there. But in my sorrow I am unmindful of my suffering sister. Mildred, aunt Rachel wishes you to go to her and remain a few months. The great house is very lonely now, she says. Will you go?"

"Go? to be sure I will! But mother, can you spare me so long?"

Two days after the reception of aunt Rachel's letter, I was on my way to her residence. It was a long journey for me to undertake, but my young heart was brave, when I thought of the comfort I should be to my bereaved relative.

At the end of four days' travelling by steam-boat and rail, I was set down in a grand old country village, evidently once the abode of riches and taste.

A cab took me from the depot to "The Firs," the name of aunt Rachel's estate. Everything along the way was very fine and attractive, but I scarcely noticed it, so absorbed was I in the wish of seeing, for the first time, my mother's birth-place.

We ascended a steep hill, crowned with sturdy maples, and low in the valley before us, the driver pointed out The Firs. It was, even as my fancy had pictured it, a place lovely enough for the abode of enchantment! A broad, bright river swept the base of the hill, and over it was thrown a rude bridge of white stone; crossing this bridge, and we were upon the domain of my ancestors. Looming up dark and sombre in the approaching twilight, the old house formed a magnificent contrast with the background of blue hills, steeped now in the last golden glow of sunset! The fir trees, from which the place took its name, were very numerous, and almost gigantic in their growth of a century.

At the extremity of a long, shaded path, the carriage stopped, and from its dingy window I saw the great hall door unclosed, and the form of aunt Rachel appeared. At sight of my eager face, she came rapidly down the walk, and in a moment I was folded in her arms. I do not remember what she said to me, it was not much in words, but a volume in tenderness.

Into the old house she took me, and then in the ruddy fire-light, I saw how much she had changed. Her face was almost corpse-like in its extreme pallor, and yet it might have been partially the effect of the deep mourning which she wore.

But she had the same true, loving heart, I knew, and so I passed silently over her altered looks, and thought much of the secret grief of which my mother had spoken.

I had spent several weeks with aunt Rachel—weeks of sweet communion with her gifted, refined nature—when she was taken sick of (the physicians said slow consumption, but I knew that it was only the heavy pressure of sorrow) a lingering disease, which gradually wasted away her life. Through all the long, bright summer, she sat by the low windows of her home, and looked out on the green meadows, golden with early buttercups and red lilies, thinking, it seemed to me, of the far off land where the noontide of glory is never shadowed! She would not permit me to leave her, and, indeed, I did not wish to. She had devoted servants who loved her deeply, but their care could not be reckoned by the side of the love and respect I felt for her.

My mother's manifold duties at home completely precluded the idea of her visiting aunt Rachel, even for a brief period; and my aunt, ever unmindful of self, would not allow me, in my letters to my mother, to speak of her as being very ill.

Autumn, with its hazy skies, and gorgeous Indian summer, brought not healing to my aunt Rachel. Very slowly she faded, like the withering of a leaf—the dying away of a star before the coming day. I could not think her near the dim portals; but her vision—sharpened as it approached nearer the shores of eternity—ere long discerned the Unknown, rising in the void future! No, not unknown to her, who waited but the bidding of her Divine Father, to enter into the fold of everlasting rest.

Once, in the moonlight midnight, she called me to her bedside.

"Sit down, Mildred," she said, "and I will tell you the history of a blighted heart. You have often wondered why I have never married. I will tell you why. It is but a brief little story, but its learning has cost me much of what men call sorrow, and suffering! The last act in the drama is at hand, and the curtain will fall, to rise in another world! The morning light which enters these windows, Mildred, will shine upon a corpse! But there is an hereafter! A blessed futurity! Sweet Christ! thy servant is almost there!"

For a moment, aunt Rachel seemed to lose herself in a sort of silent ecstasy, then dropping her eyes from their fixed gaze upon the purple sky of night, and taking my trembling hand in hers, so cold and nerveless, she continued,

"Early in my life I was betrothed to one noble and good—one before whom my whole being bowed down in homage. Ernest Harcourt was of a proud family; but I was wealthy, and

his parents did not oppose the choice of their son. In a dream of bliss our lives fled on. We were too happy to break the charm by assuming even a dearer relationship, and we had been engaged four years without once talking seriously of marriage.

"One day a servant brought me a card, bearing the name of my friend, Isabella Courtney. I sprang eagerly down the stairs, and was locked in the embrace of my dearest Isabel. Mildred, I loved that girl, as I have loved but few; at school she was my room-mate, my *confidante*, my best friend; in after years she had made me blessed with her warm, true love.

"We talked together, as all girls will, of old friends, old associations and vanished joys; and after a time, we spoke of the present. Isabel's father, she said, had heard so much of the salubrity of our air, that he had been induced to come to our village for a brief sojourn, and allow Isabel to visit her old friend. In the course of our conversation she inquired for Ernest Harcourt, and I learned, for the first time, that he was a friend of hers, a college-mate of her only brother. She blushed when she spoke his name, but I scarcely noticed it. Ernest was above suspicion.

"I exerted all my powers of persuasion, and at last succeeded in inducing Isabel to promise that she would make her home at 'The First' while she remained in town, and immediately I dispatched a servant to bring up her baggage, and inform Mr. Courtney of the change.

"Too soon! alas! too soon! I discerned a fatal secret! With the whole energy and strength of her life, Isabel Courtney loved Ernest Harcourt. Every faculty of her being was absorbed into one desire—that of winning his love. Well I knew that a disappointment would be the death warrant of my friend's reason; for hereditary in her family was the fearful curse of insanity! Experienced physicians, who had examined Isabel's mental organization in her youth, had

declared her free from the taint; but bade her parents, as they valued her happiness, to subject her to no disappointment, or excitement, which could possibly be avoided. My resolve was taken. My own happiness was sacrificed to that of my friend!

"I told it all to Ernest, and he fought against fate with a vain, rebellious strength. It was a terrible struggle, but I conquered him, and gained his promise to the sacrifice.

"They were married. I stood quietly by his side, and heard him pronounce the words which bound him to another! The assurance that I was doing what I deemed my duty, upheld me. Isabel was made happy, and my young, strong life battled on. I triumphed over my grief. I put it far away from me, and in active works I sought to forget even its memory. Partially I succeeded.

"Four years had Ernest been gone away from me—for directly after his marriage he had taken his bride abroad—and one afternoon, as I was sitting at my work in the sunlight, a shadow fell over me. I raised my eyes, and the form of Ernest Harcourt stood before me! I stifled the shriek that came to my lips, and rising from my seat, stood up beside him. 'Rachel, I have come to you to die!' he said, brokenly. 'And Isabel?' I asked, breathlessly. 'Has slept under the sod of Italy seven months.' He died here, in this very chamber, Mildred, where my own life is waning. In my arms he rested, and my kisses closed his eyes in their eternal sleep!"

With the early morning blush, aunt Rachel passed away. We stood by her bedside, I, and her sorrowing servants and neighbors, and watched her while her spirit crossed the dark waters. She died even as she said, "The morning light shone upon a corpse!" but in the air which stole so softly through the faded woodbine over the lattice, I fancied I could almost hear the angels chanting the new song, over a soul borne from earth's trials to rest forever in Paradise!

ZELIGA.

BY LEONA LAYSON.

Oh! heavy hangs the long, the dreary day,
The lone, lone silence droopeth like a pall,
Since my sweet baby-girl hath passed away—
Since I hear not her voice's silver call.

No more when rosy day and toils are o'er,
With her warm, downy cheek pressed to my own,
I'll in her ear soft baby-music pour,
Or woo kind slumber with low lulling tone.

Or when the dim night's sable train comes on,
From wand'ring dreams I'll rouse, ah! bitter pain!
Far in the small star-watches still and lone
She'll not be with me—oh! I'll miss her then.

But I will strive this anguished grief to quell,
And say, "Thy will, oh! Mighty God be done;"
In fairer climes, where bright-browed seraphs dwell,
Ere long I'll join the gentle spirit one.

CATHARINE LINCOLN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

An autumn day—cold, leaden and full of mist! The hills concealed in floating vapors—the hollows choked up with fog! An old mansion house on the slope of a steep ascent, surrounded by great trees, whose branches swayed to and fro with a dreary motion as the wind swept through them, scattering the withered leaves over the shorn turf. Through the mist was visible a stream of water creeping sluggishly around a curve of the hill, and forming a small cascade at the lower end of the grounds.

This was the out-door scene! On a pleasant day it might have been beautiful, for the dwelling, from its elevated position, commanded an extended view of the surrounding country, with its long sweep of level plain, through which the river wound its sinuous course, a small village nestled in among the trees on the opposite bank—beyond, a broad extent of cultivated fields and pasture lands, with the old-fashioned farm houses peering out here and there at the angles of the road. But on that day the mist hid those objects from view, leaving nothing visible but the little creek, which cut through the grounds and emptied into the river below.

Within doors all was oppressively quiet—that old house seemed deserted, so profound was the stillness. But occasionally in the lower rooms a servant stole noiselessly about occupied with some household duty, or crept through the long halls chilled to sluggish movement by their gloom.

In an apartment on the upper floor was seated a single occupant. That chamber, usually so cheerful, looked dismal enough in the grey light. The draperies had fallen partially over the windows, giving a ghostly aspect to the whole room, which was heightened by hangings and decorations of the same pale sea-green. The very pictures on the walls—mostly Italian landscapes and tropical scenes—seemed faded and pale in the gloom, and a painting over the mantle of some enthusiastic martyr, had taken an expression of absolute despair.

In a low seat, by the smouldering fire, sat a woman either pallid from physical illness, or worn out by some protracted mental anxiety.

She was not beautiful—even in houses of cheerfulness or gayety she could not have been so termed; but as she crouched down in that chair, her face heavy from thought, her mouth compressed by suffering, and the lashes of her downcast eyes resting like shadows upon the white cheeks, she looked absolutely plain. She was young, but there was nothing of the light-heartedness of girlhood in her countenance—there seemed never to have been—no lasting emotion of joy had ever given its sunshine to those features, and her life, if not one of sorrow, had been spent in waiting for the realization of dreams which had found no fulfillment.

A close observer read that in her face—perhaps it was less perceptible in other moments, but during the lonely watch she was keeping, it grew so visible that it seemed the natural expression of her features. But there was power and strength in that face—intellect in the broad forehead, from which the pale brown hair was folded heavily back—those large, sad eyes could lighten with the fire of lofty thought, and that melancholy mouth soften with a smile which kindled the whole countenance into a wonderful loveliness far above mere beauty.

She had been alone all day in that cheerless room, hardly once moving from her despondent attitude, oppressed by dim forebodings of some coming evil, harder to bear than real suffering, and which in her soul were prophetic intuitions, if that fore-knowledge which seems such is not always the growth of observations so minute that they appear as nothing. But at times there swept across her features a change difficult to understand, a faint shudder would creep through her whole frame, and she seemed to shrink into her chair like one who seeks to escape the recurrence of some bitter reflection or unpleasant memory.

Looking closely upon that woman, you saw that her thoughts were going back into the past, back to the spring of childish years and the era of girlhood, which she had not yet left very far behind. Those early memories possessed, perhaps, nothing painful, but there was no brightness in them, only a repose grown wearisome from its monotony. If strong emotions had

stirred at that heart, they had been forced back into the cold silence of her soul, leaving no trace upon her outward life. But they had not all passed without casting some shadows over her inner being, for again that nameless expression shot over her face, and she looked almost wildly around like one seeking to escape the presence of some abhorrent object.

The afternoon wore slowly on—the fog settled heavily down like the shadows of approaching night, save when a sudden gust of wind swept from the hills above and lifted it in eddying masses, giving a momentary lightness to the landscape, till the clouds spread down thicker than before, leaving an added obscurity, and casting a leaden twilight through the room, that gave every object an appearance almost supernatural.

Still she sat there, heedless of the lapse of time, awed by the foreshadowing of ills that she felt were rapidly approaching, and which seemed in some mysterious way connected with that ever recurring thought, which with each return brought deeper pain. No one interrupted her lonely vigil, for the domestics never ventured to intrude upon her privacy, and the other inmates of the house were absent. The hour of their return drew near—there was no time-piece in the chamber to warn her that the moment approached, but the sudden chill which went to her heart like the presence of an icy hand upon its slow pulses, warned her more audibly than a human voice could have done. Yet there should seem to have been nothing of dread in that arrival of the nearest inmates of her household, after a temporary absence unconnected with any event of importance, nothing to arouse those fears, or bring any feeling but one of serene joy.

The sound of carriage wheels in the avenue leading to the house rang harshly through the quiet chamber. She did not move or make any effort to go forward and meet those whom she knew had arrived. The tread of feet—the murmur of voices in the hall below—all sounded distinctly upon her ear, but still she sat there, neither trembling or afraid, only certain that with the opening of that door, she must stand face to face with the visible confirmation of her dread.

A step sounded upon the stairs, heavy and firm, but she did not rise, hardly looked up. In a moment the door was flung open, and a tall, stern-looking man entered the chamber. Before she could make a movement, he had crossed the room and stood before her in silence. With the strong self-control, which was one of her chief characteristics, she left her chair and approached

him with her hand extended, a few words of welcome upon her lips.

"I was expecting you," she continued, when he returned no answer to her greeting, "but I had forgotten that it was so late."

He did not speak, but stood surveying her with the same stern look.

"Are you unwell, Mr. Lincoln?" she asked, while the chill which had struck so heavily upon her heart a few moments before returned, and seemed congealing her very veins to ice. "Is anything the matter?"

"Sit down again," he said, and his voice sounded as if it came from a form of stone; "I have a few words to say to you, and then——"

"Mr. Lincoln," she interrupted, with cold haughtiness, "this tone and manner should admit of some explanation."

"You shall have it, madam, never fear!" The words appeared to choke him, and he paused, looking into her face all the while, clenching and unclenching his hands with a nervous violence of which he was unconscious.

"I await it, sir," she replied, coldly as before, and sitting down in her chair, returned his gaze with a look which was too passionless for disdain, and too composed for fear.

"Do you know why I have returned to this house? Do you know what my errand is here?"

She made no answer to his fierce interrogations, but her eyes never once wandered from his face, and the gesture with which she motioned him to proceed was a command.

"You are a false, miserable woman in body and soul—I wonder how you dare here with that face—but I should have known you were utterly shameless!"

"Mr. Lincoln!" She was standing before him now—the dread which she had felt subdued by the storm of indignation which rose in her soul. "Explain all this at once—what is the meaning of this language?—do you address me—me?"

"You, you!" he exclaimed, passionately. "Do not attempt these tragedy airs, they would be wasted; do not answer me, but listen, and if you have a human feeling left in you, blush at your own infamy."

"Are you mad, Mr. Lincoln? Is——"

"Mad!" he interrupted, "not yet, not yet! You would be glad to drive me so, I do not doubt, but I have the use of my senses still. I have brought with me the proofs of your guilt! Did you think to dupe me?—oh, madam, you mistook the man—you had no blind, dotting husband to deal with! I have here—here in my possession proofs of your shame—proofs which will disgrace you forever!"

She looked at him for an instant unable to believe that she had heard aright, in doubt if she had gone suddenly mad, if that man, livid with rage and burning passion, were some phantom of her own diseased brain, or in truth her husband.

"Say that again," she gasped—"say that again!"

"Isn't it clear enough? Can you not comprehend? I tell you that you are an infamous, abandoned woman, unworthy to live—I tell you that I have in my possession the proofs of your faithlessness with another—of your love for him—your falsehood to me—now are you answered, madam? now can you understand?"

"Mr. Lincoln, you have lied!" She had not stirred, made no movement then, but no gesture could have portrayed the depth of scorn which pervaded her whole person as she spoke. "I do not know what you mean—I do not know if you be mad, or a cowardly, despicable villain, seeking to rid himself of a wife grown tiresome; but what you have said is a base calumny—a miserable falsehood, too contemptible even to deserve refutation."

"And you say this to me when I hold written evidence of your treachery? Do you suppose that I am to be duped by arts like these?"

"If you have evidence, produce it—let me hear your accusation, but I will listen no longer to this language. I am innocent of any charge that you can bring—heaven and my own conscience acquits me of any sin except that of bestowing a single kindly feeling upon a man so cowardly."

"I wonder the heaven you call upon does not strike you dead! I cannot understand how you dare—"

"I have already said that I will not hear such language—accuse me before an open court, and in the sight of all who choose to witness the outrage, but you shall never again have the power to insult me thus—Mr. Lincoln, farewell!"

She moved toward the door without casting another glance upon him, very pale, but composed and cold, growing almost beautiful in her stern indignation, with a power and majesty in face and mien beyond the might of words to describe. Even the tumult raging in that man's breast was stilled for a moment as he looked upon her.

"Stop," he said, in a changed tone, "do not go yet—we must have farther explanation."

"No more is necessary," she replied, "do what you will, but at least I can protect myself from farther insult."

He threw himself between her and the entrance,

his passion reviving fiercer and more terrible than before.

"You shall not go till you have heard all—then wear that look if you can."

"Let me pass, Mr. Lincoln!"

He caught her arm with a muttered curse and drew from his coat a letter.

"Read that!" he exclaimed, thrusting it before her eyes, "and explain it if you can."

She released herself from his grasp, and her arm fell almost helpless to her side from the violence with which he had seized it, but she uttered no sound of complaint, and gave no evidence of suffering. She unfolded the paper and glanced over its contents—it was a letter in her own handwriting, and signed with the playful name that her husband had once given her.

"My God!" broke from her white lips—the paper fell from her nerveless hand and rustled to the floor—she followed it with her wild eyes, but uttered no other word.

"Are you satisfied now, madam? Did I not say I had proof—proof! Look at this, and if you can, deny that it is yours," he said, with a hoarse laugh, snatching up the paper and striking it with his clenched hand. "You are silenced at last—will you reject this evidence?"

"I never saw that letter before, so help me heaven!"

"Fool! And the writing—the signature—bah!"

"True, true!" she muttered, "my God, help me, for I believe I am going mad." She put her hand to her head and staggered to a seat—a thousand voices seemed to echo her husband's frenzied laugh. "Believe me, oh, do believe me—that letter is not mine!"

"Not yours!" exclaimed the husband, stamping the letter under his feet, and looking fiercely around as if in search of something. "Nor this, nor these perhaps!"

He strode toward a table in one corner of the room, on which a small writing-desk was placed, still locked as its owner had brought it from her town house.

"You will disavow doubtless that this is yours, or that it contains darker proofs of your guilt. That key upon your chatelaine, madam—it was not tortured into a charm for nothing—you were wise to keep it chained to your person! Take off your watch, madam, I want that key!"

The lady started to her feet lost in wonder—gazing upon him with her wild, questioning eyes.

"The desk—my key," she said, striving to unlock her chatelaine with both hands, but they trembled so violently that she could only drop them helplessly down again. "It is—it is a

master-key—a little golden trinket that you gave me on my birthday."

The haughty man stamped with rage!

"But this lock, give me something that will open this lock, or I will wrench it to atoms," he cried, seizing the little ebony desk and dashing it down upon the table once or twice, and then actually tearing it open with his hands.

A quantity of papers fell out, pretty tinted notes, seals and rings, that rolled flashing over the carpet. Amid this bright litter was a package of letters, at which the lady looked in mute surprise. These the enraged husband seized, tore away the band of blue ribbon which bound them together and began to read. She looked on in silence, terrified by the pallor of rage which settled about his mouth.

"There, madam," he hissed out, dashing some of the letters to her feet, "read them again, then look in my face if you dare and repeat that infamous denial! How came these in your desk? This is your name on the envelope—the handwriting is that of a man, a crafty man, who gives a name false as your own soul! How came these letters there, and that one lying upon the floor of your own room?"

"I do not know—my brain is so dizzy I cannot think. They were placed there—some enemy—great heavens! I do not know, but I am innocent."

"Some enemy! We are not acting a play—people in real life don't have enemies who find means to put letters into their writing-desks in order to ruin them."

She stood for a moment in despairing silence, striving in vain to collect her thoughts.

"Do you refuse to believe me?" she said, almost in a whisper, "do you think me guilty?"

"Think!" he repeated, with sudden fury, then springing to her side he whispered a single word in her ear. She pushed him away and rose to her feet—all her strength came back, and with it her scorn.

"Where is my sister?" she said; "we will leave your house."

"Go when you please, but the child stays with me—you have seen her for the last time."

"You cannot do this—oh, no, thank heaven, that is beyond your power—you cannot separate me from my sister."

"When I married you I became that child's guardian—I promised your father to adopt her—I have done so—you cannot touch her. Are you a fit protector for an innocent creature like her? Go forth to the sin and misery you have wrought for yourself, but do not think to drag her with you."

"Man, man, give me my sister—you cannot—you shall not take her from me."

"She is gone already—child as she is she abhors you!"

"No, no, not that, not that! My child—my sister could never believe me guilty—I will see her—she shall go with me."

"She is beyond your reach, woman, relinquish that hope at once."

"My accuser—bring him to me."

"These letters are a damning accusation, I have sought no other! I had suspected you for some time—your sudden visit to the city last week, all, all told against you. The servant found this letter, without address, in the hall where you had dropped it—it was given to me last night—do you see how you have betrayed yourself?"

"Enough—let me go—that you could suspect me thus shows your baseness! It is false—false—but give me my sister, then do your worst."

"Never—you are separated for time and eternity!"

She rushed wildly from the chamber, shrieking the child's name with insane energy,

"May, little May!"

There was no response, but when her voice aroused the servants with its frenzied tone, the housekeeper met her in the lower hall and told her that the little girl had not returned. The woman spoke quickly, for already a confused suspicion of something wrong had gone through the house.

"Not here," she moaned, "not here! May, little May!"

"She was left in the city," interposed one of the women.

"Where, where?" she questioned, frantically; "May—my sister!"

"I couldn't say, ma'am, but she hasn't come back, and I'm very certain she was left there."

"You don't know that," said the housekeeper, angrily, "but any way she isn't here—if madam would question Mr. Lincoln, it is nothing that concerns the servants."

The lady did not heed the covert insult offered by her menial—she heard nothing—comprehended nothing, only that her sister was gone! She hurried past the wondering group up to her own chamber, incapable of thought or reflection, her white lips murmuring still,

"May, little May!"

Pausing only to catch up a mantle and throw it about her form, she rushed again through the long passages, her lips moving yet in a faint attempt to ejaculate that name which died

unuttered in a moan. There was no effort made to stay her, for her husband had not stirred from the chamber which witnessed their interview, and she rushed out of the house, disappearing rapidly down the broad avenue grown dismal with the coming night.

Mr. Lincoln stood motionless in that silent room, holding one of the fatal letters crushed in his hand. It had become so dark that he could distinguish nothing, save when the embers of the expiring fire sent up a lurid gleam and crumbled into reddened ashes upon the hearth. At length he roused himself, took a lamp from the table and lighted it by the coals. His face grew even more livid when he saw the shattered writing-desk lying upon the floor, with its contents strewn in confusion over the room, where he had scattered them in his passion. He stooped, collected everything, even to the most minute bauble or scrap of paper, and seating himself began to examine them one by one.

There were only the pretty trinkets which he had himself presented to his wife—two or three brief notes in his own handwriting—a few cards of invitation—one or two scraps of poetry—but nothing to excite suspicion save that little packet of letters which he had previously discovered. He read them all, setting his lips firmly together, but evincing no emotion, and perusing slowly those burning words which seemed to establish the guilt of the woman to whom they were addressed. He scrutinized the handwriting, but it afforded no clue—the name attached appeared only an appellation of fondness, which the woman herself had bestowed upon the writer.

He rose after a time and began a rigid inspection of everything in the room, but there was nothing to corroborate the terrible evidence of those letters—even the fragmentary journal which he found in a drawer, was made up of the small details which composed her daily life.

Even passion like that man's must know a change, and upon its lowering tide swept in doubts and reflections which filled him with terrible depression. If she were not guilty? But that was impossible—he could not be blind enough to credit, for a single moment, her innocence. He walked hurriedly up and down the room, striving to recall every event of their married life, seeking for some one moment an object upon which to fix suspicion—nothing! Her manner at all times, and to all persons, had been the same—rather shunning society—fond of solitude! All was darkness and confusion—he looked again at the letters, for the instant they seemed only an added perplexity and doubt.

Suddenly he opened the door and called her name—"Mrs. Lincoln!"

He started as if the word had already grown unfamiliar, but there was no answer. Then a change came over him—a quick fear of something terrible as her pale face rose before his sight. He rang the bell.

"Your mistress?" he said, to the servant, who obeyed in frightened haste the imperious summons "Quick—where is she?"

"Gone, sir!"

"Gone, where?"

The man could not tell—she had left the house, that was all he knew. Mr. Lincoln pushed him violently away, bounded down the stairs and rushed bare-headed out of doors.

A hard, driving rain had come up, which drenched him in an instant, but frantic with that sudden terror, he flew down the path which she had taken, while the wind which chilled him to the heart seemed uttering an audible confirmation of his undefined fears. He rushed wildly through the dense night and pelting rain, but there was no trace—the gates leading from the grounds to the highway were open and he went through, on down the silent road, but finding no trace of her he sought, conscious of his folly in choosing that method for search, yet unable to pause or turn back.

An hour after, the servants were collected in wondering groups in the great hall, when the door was pushed open and their master entered. The sight of them recalled him somewhat to himself, and he uttered an angry command for them to leave the passage. When there was no one left but the old housekeeper, he gasped,

"You have not seen her?"

When she shook her head in denial, he strove to speak, but the words died in his throat—he pressed his hands suddenly to his head—strove to command himself, fell heavily forward and lay motionless upon the floor.

CHAPTER II.

It was a lofty apartment, fitted up for a library with a severe simplicity, which betokened it the retirement of a student or professional man. Massive book-cases lined the walls, and upon the tables and desks were arranged with scrupulous care heaps of papers and pamphlets.

The wind and rain beat against the closed shutters, but the loomed curtains and cheerful fire gave an air of comfort to the room, which the sound of the storm without only heightened.

At a table in the centre of the room was seated a man engaged in writing. His pen moved

swiftly across the paper, but in spite of his haste every character was formed with the utmost precision, and a rare delicacy almost equal to copper-plate. He seemed hardly to have reached middle age, and his face was of that type which scarcely changed for long years—indeed those calm, cold features might have been a mask, they betrayed so little of what passed within his nature. A lofty, commanding forehead, with heavy brows shading the piercing eyes, which had great power in their unwavering glance, and a mouth which revealed by the compressed lips the indomitable will and resolution of his character.

He was a man difficult to describe, more difficult to understand. The quiet of his manner was unchanging—the same urbanity for friend and foe—and if fiery passions slept beneath that placid exterior they were never roused to utterance. It was impossible to tell whether this unvarying self-control was natural, or the result of long years of care and dissimulation. Wealth and talent had given him a high position, and if rumors of early years spent in idle wanderings were breathed, there was so little foundation for the report, that they sounded like the whispers which slander is ever ready to rouse against the fortunate and great. Whatever his past had been there was no revealing in those features!

It was late when he paused in his occupation and laid down his pen. He sat for a time with his eyes fixed upon the closely-written pages, but his thoughts had evidently wandered to some other theme. At length he took up the papers, and folding them carefully placed them in a drawer of the table. As he raised his eyes, they fell upon a small box of some foreign-looking wood curiously wrought in an antique pattern, and with a half smile, which gave his face an almost sinister expression, he drew it toward him. He pressed his finger upon a secret spring, and the lid flew open with a quick sound, giving to view several packages of old letters and a pile of manuscript, written in a hurried, impetuous hand, very unlike the writing which he had just put away. With the same unpleasant smile he turned over the pages for a moment, then restored them to their place.

"All very well," he said, in an undertone.

He closed the lid, took up the box and crossed the room to an old cabinet, in which he placed the casket.

"It is better there," he added, locking the cabinet and taking out the key, "we have no use for it now—lie quiet, little fellow!"

As he turned away there was a knock at the door, and before he could speak it opened suddenly, and a young man entered, exclaiming,

"I beg your pardon—the servant told me he thought you were not in, and I had better wait for you here."

"I am very happy to see you at all times," he replied, taking the youth's extended hand.

"But rather surprised to see me just now, Mr. Jeffrys?"

"You know I am never surprised at anything, but it certainly is an unexpected pleasure."

"I was not well, and obtained permission to leave college for a week or so—naturally my first visit was to you."

"Your indisposition is nothing serious, I hope."

"Oh, no, I am tired, that's all—a little rest will set me up again."

Mr. Jeffrys courteously motioned him to a seat by the fire, and resumed the chair he had left just before the entrance of his visitor. The boy—for he seemed little else—threw himself into the seat, brushing his long hair back from his forehead with an impatient movement like that of a wilful child.

"You are not looking well, Seaford," said Mr. Jeffrys, giving him a rapid, searching glance, "have you had advice?"

"Oh, I hate all sorts of advice—except yours—*but especially doctors!*"

"In what can mine be of service to you?" he asked, with his winning politeness, and the same air of interest which he would have assumed to the most indifferent stranger.

"Indeed I hardly know—I believe I did have something to ask you, but I am so tired that it has quite gone out of my head," returned Seaford, laughing, and yet with a little hesitation, while his face flushed, and then paled again as it did with every change of feeling.

"Can I offer you anything—supper—a glass of wine?"

"Nothing at all, thank you—I dined late."

"You poetical young gentlemen never do eat, now I think of it," returned his companion, with quiet railery, which was too dignified to have the slightest approach to familiarity.

"But I am not poetical——"

"Though you do write poetry!"

"Who told you that, Mr. Jeffrys?"

"As if I should not recognize your printed thoughts at once—a lawyer is not necessarily quite a mole."

The youth colored again at this discovery of his carefully treasured secret—there is nothing in life more painfully sweet than the poet's first consciousness that those about him have recognized his gift.

"I didn't know you ever read Magazines, or light literature of any kind."

"See, you have betrayed yourself at once—you will make a poor lawyer, sir, if you are so easily thrown off your guard."

"A lawyer! Why I'd rather be a doctor, Mr. Jeffrys; and—begging your pardon—a tinker sooner than either."

"You would doubtless find even that a more profitable avocation than verse-making, my young friend."

"Then you don't approve of it, sir?"

"I think I did not say so," he returned, with his smiling impassability, "you jump at your own conclusions to-night."

The youth was silent for a moment, wondering how it happened that he was conversing so freely with a man whose presence usually made him shrink into himself with an inexplicable reserve, which he found it difficult to overcome.

"I am tiring you," he said, "I should not have called at this hour, I had forgotten it was so late."

"I beg you will not go yet unless you feel in need of rest, this is especially the time when I am disengaged, besides you have something to say to me, you know."

Walter Seaford was silent again—his face took a worn, troubled look, which made him appear much older than before—his lips grew tremulous, and his eyes gathered a misty sadness, half eager, half desponding. Mr. Jeffrys was apparently occupied in folding and directing letters, but his keen glance watched every movement of his guest, and noted each change in his mobile countenance.

It was a handsome face, though the features were delicate almost to effeminacy, varying so rapidly in their expression that one seemed never to grow familiar with them; at times there came over them a tired, hopeless look, painful in one so young, but a merry word or laugh would chase it so rapidly away that it appeared only a shadow, and the almost childish sweetness returned until it brightened as if radiant with sunshine.

"You are pre-occupied to-night, Walter," Mr. Jeffrys said, at length, pushing the table back and turning toward him.

Seaford roused himself with a start, and the restraint which that man's very smiling affability so frequently caused him, all came back.

"I beg your pardon, sir——"

"You have done so once or twice already, it will serve when there is occasion."

The boy laughed outright with the impulsiveness which characterized him.

"I am very stupid! I felt to-night as if I wanted to talk with you, for you take more

interest in me than anybody else; but after all I had nothing to say."

"You are nervous and excited with hard study—if you don't leave your books for awhile we shall have you ill."

"I am never that, but I believe I do want rest——"

"You mean change—your life tires you"

"I have not complained, sir."

"There is no necessity, the thing is quite evident."

Seaford looked into the fire again, eager, wild, yet what he desired he could not have told, even to himself he could have given no explanation of his wishes. His was a nature which had gone beyond its years—he needed excitement, work—longed to plunge into the world in search of some unseen aim—to battle and strive until the burning want in his soul was subdued by action.

"How old are you now?" Mr. Jeffrys asked, after a time, almost abruptly—no, not that, for there was never any approach to abruptness in his voice or manner—but more quickly than he often spoke, "how old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"Yes," he repeated, as if soliloquizing, "you must be that—seventeen!"

His tone was low, like that of one recalling a memory—perhaps visions of his own lost youth were awakened by the word—but no one could have told, that face would have been a mystery to the most scrutinizing observer.

"It is nine years since my mother died," said the youth, suddenly, "I should have been entirely alone in the world except for you."

"You would be certain to make friends any where," returned he—the tone was kind, but there was no affection to satisfy the cravings of a heart like that of the listener.

"It seems so long ago, and yet but yesterday," continued Seaford, impelled to unwonted utterance by the power of memory. "Had you known my mother long?"

It was the first time he ever asked that question. Mr. Jeffrys looked at him calmly.

"I knew her many years since, but we were too far apart for the acquaintance to be kept up."

"And my father—you knew my father?"

Mr. Jeffrys drew farther back from the fire and shaded his eyes with his hand.

"Did you know him?" persisted Walter.

"I had seen him," he replied quietly.

"I cannot remember him at all—if I only could," said Walter, sadly. "I never heard my mother speak of you until just before her death, then she said that a gentleman would come for

me and be my friend through life, she hoped—for her sake."

"She honored me by the trust," he replied—did that voice never change?—its smooth equanimity grew fairly oppressive.

"And you have fulfilled it—I thank you, sir!" Seaford rose from his seat and grasped Mr. Jeffrys' hand with affectionate warmth.

"Your excitable nature runs away with you," he replied, smiling and unmoved; "I have done what appeared right."

"But I am growing up now; I must think of the future—I shall soon cease to be a boy."

"You are glad doubtless—the dignity of manhood is highly prized by the young."

Seaford flushed beneath the pleasant sarcasm—it annoyed and irritated him always when that man employed it, and its perfect good breeding only rendered it the more unpleasant.

"I am in no hurry to claim it," he replied, almost haughtily; "but it is not strange that I should think of all these things—I have my way to make in the world—much to do—a name and position to acquire."

"Gently, gently," interposed Mr. Jeffrys, when he had paused in his rapid speech; "you are not going to set about it to-night, so there is no necessity for excitement."

Walter pushed the fender impatiently with his foot; another person would have received a curt, hasty response, but in that presence he restrained himself, not from fear, but Mr. Jeffrys' manner was so at variance with anything of the kind that he could not have so spoken even if no grateful feelings had checked the impulse.

"There is time enough for all those things—let us take them in their season. At present you have not finished your studies."

"But I graduate so soon now."

"I am happy to hear it—you have done yourself infinite credit."

Walter rose from his seat—there was something in every word and look which irritated him beyond endurance. He was in that mood when the heart craves sympathy—some kindred

soul to whom it can reveal freely every hope and aspiration, but certainly he could have found little inducement to choose his host for a confidant.

"You are not going?"

"It is long after midnight, sir. I am keeping you up."

"Not at all, I——"

He was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who came in hurriedly.

"Excuse me, sir, but Mr. Lincoln's man is here and says he must see you."

Mr. Jeffrys rose immediately, and walked toward the door.

"Let him come up, Martin."

"What brings you here so late, James?" Mr. Jeffrys asked.

"Mr. Lincoln has burst a blood-vessel, sir; when he came to be asked for you, and I started right off."

It looked almost like a smile that flitted over the mouth of the listener, but it was gone too quickly for observation.

"Order the carriage, Martin, I will go at once. You will excuse me, Seaford—I shall see you again, soon."

"Very soon. Good night, sir."

When he had left the room, Mr. Jeffrys turned again to the man.

"Is your master very ill?"

"They say he can't live more than a day or two, and Mrs. Lincoln is gone."

"How very unfortunate! Have they sent for her?"

"They can't find her, sir—she left in a very strange way."

"Never mind!" The man left the library in obedience to his gesture. Mr. Jeffrys stood for a moment and the same peculiar expression crossed his face.

"We shall see!" he said aloud, and putting on his hat and cloak he went down the stairs, and in a few minutes was driving rapidly away through the storm.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"BEAR UP STILL."

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

If fortune glooms, if seas run mountain high,
The timbers gape, the land be far away,
And the wild rack reveal no welcome ray—
Be stout of heart! To falter is to die.
If bloodhound slander opens on thy name;
If all the world desert thee; still alone
Go forth to face the wolf. Nor want, nor shame,

Nor treason daunt thee! Fall without a groan;
Martyrs have sung hosanna in the flame.
Where'er the path is rugged, think of Him
Who toiled beneath the cross—His eye-sight dim
With drops of bloody sweat—on Calvary's hill.
Oh! though the cup be bitter to the brim,
Endure—for thee He suffered—bear up still.

FOREST FOLKS, & C.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

It is curious, during a residence of some twenty years more or less in a Western neighborhood, to observe the gradual development of mental culture. I do not refer to a Yankee settlement, where the schoolmaster and newspaper are pioneers in the country, but to a feverish and ague-shaken, midland state, chiefly filled by poor emigrants from Europe. As few of these, on their arrival, are well-lettered or well-clad, those able to write their own names in full take rank as scholars among them. As their families, for generations, have had a life-long struggle with poverty, downright destitution often, on the poor, thin soils which fall to the share of the class to which they belong; in their native homes, affection in every form seems to have folded its wings in despair above the arid sand-hills of their lives, and left them almost as callous with regard to all the finer portions of the human being, as the wealthier owners of the soil above them are formed for their possession. The idea of education, when presented to them by others, they either receive with stupid amazement or ridicule, and ask of what use such things can be; others regard it as the inlet of all manner of evil.

Said one, "My boys have all left me now; how do you suppose your farm will be tilled when yours are of age?" "I think I can manage to keep mine with me—you educate yours too much." "No," said the other, "it is just the contrary; because I cannot educate them, they must go out into the world and learn to do business on their own account." After the first few years, during which every energy is laid on with the axe at the root of the trees, and the little ones with brown, bare feet and hands, toddle about in the clearings, "picking brush," matters generally begin to assume a more cheerful appearance.

Comforts gather, gradually, about the log-house, which, in its turn, by good plastering within, and neat weather-boarding and painting without, is converted into a pleasant-looking cottage. Flowers sometimes peep in at the open window. The scanty dress of heavy, uncomfortable home-made linen cloth, is changed for calico or gingham. Vegetables grow in abundance in the neatly fenced garden; and, after

awhile, he scarcely knows how, or why, exactly, the proprietor of so much wealth begins to find himself losing caste among his neighbors if he refuses, longer, to send the little ones to the log school-house. As to the amount of "larnin'" or "edication" acquired in these institutions, it is rather difficult to guess. Frequently the choice of a teacher is left to chance: oftener to the wealth or political influence of those applying to the trustees, without much regard to other matters. But certain it is, however, or whatever else is acquired, a new spirit of emulation is thus aroused among the young foresters, and few of this generation will be found contented with a mark for a signature. As the wealth of the soil is developed, enterprising men from other of the middle states step in, and take the place of the more thriftless or unfortunate.

These ridicule the backward state of improvement in the neighborhood, until, from vexation, a determination is awakened to show these people that the sons of old settlers can do as much as others.

Now political offices are sought and gained, and well filled, too, sometimes. Improvements in agriculture and mechanics are adopted, until the whole face of the country wears a different character; and when they travel through many portions of the older states, less bountifully cared for by nature, a feeling of contempt is all that is excited, while they turn with pride to the more smiling fields of their own tillage. With abundance grows a spirit of greater liberality and kindness—they lose "caste" if the appearance, at least, of this is not in their families; and cultivating the appearance the reality often comes. Newspapers, those great educators, are eagerly read. A stray magazine finds its way to the post-office. One, more enterprising than usual, subscribes amid showers of ridicule at the fashion-plates. When it comes, others press forward to borrow, but, "No," says No. 1, "I cannot afford to have my book ruined. I like to laugh over the funny yarns with my family of a winter's night, and when I take my grain to the river, I mean to get the numbers bound in a book!"

Pride is awakened; "I guess if he can afford it I can!" A club is formed, and what was a

venture, a risk and ridicule, becomes very soon a necessity. Others are taken, five, six, or seven, frequently by one family in the village—for after the pointed rebuke at first there is no more borrowing. Each shelters under the first example, and refuses his or her books—"they must all be bound." Nor are the Sunday-school and the colporteurs, where introduced, without effect, or backward in producing good. A softer and finer style of manners creeps into the contracted settlement; more attention is paid to dress and needlework by the women, and to reading and conversation by the men.

Music is next cultivated—and while employed with these, times of recreation are certainly saved from the evils springing from idleness. Much remains to be done, however, and the magazines and newspapers of America have a

large share of the responsibility of the doing. In all the contraction produced by lack of "learning," it is grateful to meet with a certain neighborliness of feeling, greater in some than in others, produced by early lessons retained in the memory, of maxims from the Bible. "When I deal with speculators," said one, "I make the most of my crops, but neighbors I charge but twenty-five cents for these potatoes." These "neighbors," newly arrived emigrants, who had been hitherto considered fair sheep for fleecing, by most of the community, as possessing ready money and being entire strangers. When piling up the measure of grain, on being reminded that it was not usual.

"No," said he, "but the good Book says, as I measure to others, it will be measured to me again; I lose nothing."

MY OLD GLAD HOME.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWN.

Oh! I long for a romp on the green hill side,
A floating laugh in my girlish pride,
A quaint old song by the orchard bridge,
A laugh and a leap on the mountain ridge;
A song and a smile where the wild bees roam,
And the wind-harps meet 'round my old, glad home.

Oh! I long for a shout on the smooth, broad plain,
A skip and a dance down the green old lane—
A laughing gush of this wayward heart—
Where the shadows meet, and the echoes part;
A skip and a roam where the tall trees loom,
And the sunshine steals to my old, glad home.

Oh! I long for a peep at my father's trees,
The soft, green turfs of the meadow-lands,
The gushing swell of the wild bird's lay,

The huntsman's song at the break of day:
The brooklet's laugh and the zephyrs' rove,
And the rural sounds of the home I love.

Oh! I long for a chat with the friends I love,
A race and a hunt for the wild fox-glove,
A springing step where the maple buds,
And the leaflets swell in the old, gay woods;
A wander and hunt 'neath the maples' dome,
A chat with the loved in my old, glad home.

Oh! I'm weary of wishing the livelong day,
For a gleeful chase and a wildwood stray,
For a tuneful gush of my spirit-harp—
An echo and swell of this wayward heart—
A ramble and chat where my loved ones roam,
And their vespers steal to my old, glad home.

TO ———.

BY CLARA MORETON.

I HAD a dream for thee when thou wast young;
For e'er thy boyhood's years were scarcely told,
I marked thy worth, and felt my pulses thrill
With thoughts of what thy future might reveal.
Press on, and make that vision of my mind
Complete! Press on, and scale those battlements,
Wherefrom the conqueror looks forth on fields
Unstained with blood, elate with victory—
Such as crowned emperors, who spent their days
In carnage, never knew. Elate, and yet
As humble as a child. No fruitless tears
Like those that Alexander shed of old
For other worlds to win; for whose takes
That wondrous citadel, can from its walls
Count tier on tier of battlements to scale,

Or e'er their eager eyes shall scan the broad
Arcana of great Nature's laws. And thus
The conqueror grows a child, and wears with grace
The garments of Humility. 'Tis those,
And only those, who in dark trenches, make
Faint passes with a play-time sword, nor reach
Beyond, who boast their prowess. Take thou heed!
Sleep not upon thy post, so thou would'st prove
Thyself a warrior worthy of the cause!
God give thee armor, proof against assault
In whatsoever guise it come to thee:
Rounding thy life with every joy that makes
Complete the days of man; and grant that when
Thou layest down thy helmet and thy steel,
'Twill be to take up worthier boyhood!

HOW HE ESCAPED.

BY MEHITABLE HOLYOKE.

Yes, my dear Miss Mehitable, I was a married man once, and now am a happy bachelor.

I talk enigmas, do I? You shall hear my story then, if you have patience.

And how I escaped from my wife? Most assuredly; that is the culminating point of interest, the denouement to my romance.

As you may remember, I had lived along from year to year, and was far past boyhood before it seemed convenient to take the blessing of a wife.

What was there to prevent? Oh, there were countless things. I had a small fortune to be sure, but every year brought some new drain upon my income; now, I had joined a military company; now, wished to purchase a yacht; and now, a farm. I liked hunting, and guns and ammunition have their price; I read Izaak Walton, and that year all my surplus fund went for fishing-poles, artificial flies and excursions into the country. I was fond of horses too—indeed I had a hundred sensible tastes.

And why were these not sufficient? Why wasn't the first man satisfied with all the roses and grapes of Eden, but he must go meddling with the one tree of forbidden fruit?

So ladies did not smile upon me? I beg your pardon, Miss Mehitable! When once my mind was made up to select a wife, the trouble was, that all the young and old maidens of my acquaintance were ready to fall into my arms. They smiled too readily. The fisherman would not enjoy his trout if he could bale them up by the net-full at once, like alewives.

Meantime, I must make ready for the change of lot. My indiscretions and misfortunes began. I sold my beautiful farm for a little estate in the suburbs of the city; my yacht and hunter went for a family carriage and span. It was spend, spend! for furniture, curtains, silver, porcelain—

And the lady? Oh, I had not found her yet. In truth, the preparations cost me so much, that I began to be tired of the fancy. I looked about at my married acquaintances; their happiness, if they could boast any, seemed of a foolish sort. And some had slatternly wives, some had sickly or scolding ones, and some had a swarm of children, homely children. When I saw these un-

fortunates, I could but think how idle it were to walk into the same predicament.

Only one among all my friends did I envy. He was the best marksman—the most adroit angler that I ever met, and had the sweetest-tempered wife. Poor fellow! he suffered wretchedly from the lingering effects of a rheumatic fever, and his young wife gave up all her own pleasures in order to nurse and amuse him. They were both of a lively, hopeful disposition; and then they had no children—those domestic pests. I can see their parlor now, with the bright blazing fire, and Lester's sofa drawn into the warmest place beside it; and the wife near, with her pretty face, and her neat, tasteful dress. Ah! why were they ever separated?

He died from the fever? No, thank fortune! Lester did not die from the fever; but his business suffered from lazy inattention; debts began to accumulate; I advanced money until my poor friend was ashamed to ask for more; and his wife came to me in secret, asking temporary help, giving her word that the obligation should be cancelled by her own hands, if need were. I was not sorry of an excuse to defer the subject of matrimony; I made the Lesters occupy my house as it stood, their tact and taste could take from its interior the new look which annoyed me. I left the pipes of my patent steam-furnace to freeze, and opened good, broad fire-places, that we might have the accustomed blaze.

Then I went to live with them? Yes, at their request. And I never saw such touching devotion and such perfect happiness as seemed to exist between those two. Many a time, while appearing to sleep in my chair, I would sit listening to their low conversation.

Dishonorable! Pray do not imagine that they were talking secrets; or that they hadn't lived long enough, and seen the prose-side of life thoroughly enough, to be past the foolish prattle of lovers. No, Miss Mehitable, the young wife would relate to her invalid husband all her sweet, earnest thoughts in life and duty, and the substance of the books which she found time to read.

You can imagine the scene? Would it had ended there! Would we had then and there fallen asleep like the fairy prince, and known nought of the trouble to come!

Lester's physician advised a change of climate, and circumstances pointed to California as his goal. He was young, full of enterprize.

He sailed, he sent letters home with great regularity, his health improved—broke down—down; he was gaining again—sent money home—his letters were full of hope, and then there came a blank silence. Vessel after vessel arrived, and no letter for us; the only trace we could gain lay in a rumor which might be true or false: some one had seen him on his way to the mines, had heard of his illness there from contact with a poisonous weed, and no more.

And I married the widow? Restrain your impatience a little. How badly these novelists have confused our sense of propriety—that we calculate with such frightful coolness upon the events which follow death itself—the young heart's woful desolation!

It is hard when trouble comes as it came to Mrs. Lester. There was no one dark hour, no terrible shock and storm of grief, and then the blessed calm that follows storm. It was like a long, long season of cloudy weather—of cold moist that no sun could penetrate. The wildest storm were a blessing in comparison.

I thought the poor girl would never smile again; she reproached herself constantly for not having accompanied her husband as he wished, she might at least have closed his eyes; it was so hard to die forsaken!

Besides Mrs. Lester's bereavement, she allowed herself to be harassed with the thought of her pecuniary debt to me; and withal, her health began to fail. It was sad to see the worn and listless expression of that face, which amid care and poverty in other days, had retained its bright, young, joyous look.

And I became anxious to restore that look? You may have it so if you wish. We were married! After three years of hope deferred on her part, of silent pity and respect on mine, we were married; and ah, what a life she led me!

Yes, she! It's astonishing how long you can live with a woman and not find her out! It is astonishing how many sides there are to a woman's character, how like she is to that strange image in the Book of Daniel, that had one face of a woman, and one of a lion, and one of a sheep, or some such combination.

She didn't turn upon me the lion's face? No, but the sheep's. She was for following, following—every invention of her neighbors; just as when one sheep goes over a stile, the whole ridiculous flock must go after him. How tired, disgusted, angry I grew with "improvements," that was her word: she improved all the com-

fort out of my house, all the money out of my pocket, all the peace out of my days!

In what manner? I must begin at the beginning; that's my way. I flattered myself that there could be no more quiet and easy method of marriage, than this which had fallen to me. I had grown accustomed to providing for a house, to seeing Mrs. Lester at the head of my table, to asking her advice with regard to my affairs. We had driven for years in the family carriage, occupied the same pew at church, read the same books, entertained the same guests.

But on the morning of our marriage day, a terrible foreboding came over me—a sudden vision swept past—in two scenes, of Benedict free, and Benedict the married man!

I rushed into the parlor where Mrs. Lester sat at work: she looked up, so radiant and yet so peaceful; she removed the papers from the chair beside her—all in her quiet way—without a word, and I took the seat, and listened while she talked in her gentle voice—and forgot my wise foreboding. Oh, these women are syrens, Miss Mehitable!

You think I am trying to work up a plot, that there was nothing so wretched, after all? I wish you had seen my house—seen me at the end of a year! I wish you had seen the new hangings of shabby paper in every room; because the old papers were of a quiet tone—to display my pictures better, and Mrs. Lester thought gay colors conducive to health and animation. I wish you had seen our handsome carpets packed away in summer for moths to eat, with such a dust and stir! and their place supplied by poverty-stricken mattings. And the furniture all stowed into upholsterer's carts, to have brass truckles which would roll, removed for wooden truckles that creaked and refused to stir! Why she took my fishing-tackle and guns from the wall, and tumbled them into a hogshead! Even the family portraits were sacrificed: and the family group that my mother prized so much, with myself, the youngest, holding a china orange, they must all go into the attic, and I and Mrs. Lester must be done in crockey crayons.

But I hated the crayons, with their great, shadowy eyes; it always seemed as if those in my wife's picture were staring about in search of a new invention.

Then she was not quarrelsome? Bless you, she was always mild as a dove; she didn't threaten, she didn't tease—but had the most provoking way of carrying out her designs, inveigling one into assisting her.

I returned one day and found that a man had brought to the house a new sort of picture var-

nish; of course my dear must try it; and instead of placing it on the crayons, which were her especial property, she must suffer the fellow to daub over my beautiful 'Aurora,' my Cenci, Magdalene—all! I said little, I had grown accustomed to trial; the varnish seemed thin, and I hoped it might not prove injurious. By spring the eyes of the Cenci were shrinking in her head; the brow of Aurora, the locks of Magdalene were curling from the canvas. I sent my paintings to a "restorer," and he completed their ruin.

Three times my house was torn apart from attic to basement—once to admit speaking tubes—could have hired a dozen pages for the sum it cost; once for gas; once for a telegraph to announce the entrance of thieves.

As for food, our meat was smoked, mangled, or burnt to a crisp, in revolving ovens and patent gridirons; our vegetables were water-soaked between patent kettles and stoves. As for sleep, I lay awake at night on the patent spring mattress which replaced my good old-fashioned feather-bed, and contracted the toothache that haunts to me this day, by sleeping, or trying to sleep for a month under—guess what?—two newspapers.

She had her fancies too concerning ventilation—would prate about the proper combination of gases; and then in the coldest day open came a door to admit oxygen and the rheumatism—

And how long did I endure this? Until Providence relieved me. One summer evening we were walking on our piazza, my spouse unfolding to me some new scheme; I, feebly resisting still—although I had made up my mind to consent—when a familiar form approached us—a greeting in the cheery voice of old—a faint scream, and Mrs. Lester was in the arms of—

Yes, her husband! His letters had miscarried, so had ours. He had been very ill and poor; had been piqued by our silence and ceased to write. Then his health had improved, he had found friends, struck a rich vein at the mines,

and returned with sufficient wealth to gratify our every wish.

So he said; but his money could not gratify my wish since I had grown so accustomed to Mrs. Lester, that with all her faults I was unwilling to resign her to another; and as for gratifying her wishes, the Bank of England did not hold money enough for that!

So we had a law suit? No, a few words explained and settled all. Lester was grieved, indignant, glad and grateful, all at once.

And she? Oh, she looked up in his face, and laid her hand on his arm without a word, and fascinated him as a woman so well knows how. And he forgave before he had thought of blaming her; and the next I knew, they both had fallen to thanking and blessing me!

And what then? We cried together and kissed each other like three children. I was divorced: they were married; but not until they had accompanied me to the steamer in which I set sail for Europe.

Once on the other side of the water, I could realize my new gained privilege. Here was I, a gay bachelor! My will was law again; and mine was mine! I travelled or paused as I chose, I hunted among the Pyrenees, and angled in Arno; I revelled in my liberty and wealth. I purchased copies of the Cenci and Madonna, better than those which were spoiled; and entrusting them to a private vessel, turned my face toward the East.

There I climbed the pyramids, and sighed amid the ruins of Palmyra, lost under a woman's rule! and floated down Nile and Jordan, and mused on Olivet, and bathed my brow "in cool Siloa's shady rill."

Did my head ache with excess of happiness? No, nor my heart, Miss Mehitable!

—He is a sad, prim, old bachelor—but as he turned away there were tears in his eyes; and a look of sorrow as gentle and hopeless as that in the eyes of Guido's "Cenci."

TO AMARANTHA.

BY J. S. M'EWEN.

AMARANTHA, why cast down,
Wearing sorrow's silent frown?
Why that gloom upon thy brow—
Hast no friends around thee now?
Cheer thee, cheer thee,
Friends are near thee—
Bound in friendship's fondest vow.

Lilies bloom and bow their head,
Not with blighted mien, nor dead!
Roses, too, in fullest bloom,
Blush with fragrance o'er their tomb;
Fondly, gladly,
And not sadly,
Thus disrobe thee of thy gloom.

THAT BABY.

BY MRS. J. V. DE FOREST.

CHAPTER I.

A CARRIAGE stopped at the village inn. A spruce-looking young gentleman, a lady, and a very pretty nursery-maid, bearing an infant in her arms, alighted, were welcomed by the landlord and landlady, and were soon lodged in their respective apartments. Meantime the carriage drove off; and the worthy couple who managed the affairs of the establishment, congratulated themselves on the acquisition of such a number of guests, who apparently had come to pass at least a considerable portion of the summer in their house.

Every possible attention was paid to their comfort. The gentleman had a separate apartment. He seemed not to be the lady's husband, and in the course of the evening, the landlady had occasion to observe that there seemed to be a very good understanding between him and the nursery-maid.

Late in the evening, when all in the house had retired to rest, the nursery-maid knocked at the landlady's chamber door, and called out that her mistress was taken suddenly very ill. The landlady hurried to the room, and found the poor lady suffering the most dreadful spasms, while the infant lay screaming by her side in the bed. The nursery-maid took the child in her arms and soon quieted it, while the landlady busied herself in endeavoring to relieve the mother. The servants were now roused. The hostler went for a doctor, and the cook ran over to the house of Joe Johnson, the market gardener, on the opposite side of the street, to call in the aid of Joe's wife, Sally, who was always so good and helpful in cases of sickness.

Mrs. Johnson hurried over to the inn, and entered the apartment of the rich lady. She was lying silent and motionless, and one glance at her face assured the experienced Mrs. Johnson that her spirit had departed to the other world. As she looked round upon the terror-stricken group, her eye fell upon the poor, little baby in the nursery-maid's arms, and with a mother's instinct she took it in her own, and began to caress and soothe it as mothers are wont to do.

The doctor soon after arrived, and pronounced the disease, of which the lady, apparently well

an hour before, had died, to be disease of the heart. The gentleman who had accompanied the lady, on hearing this opinion, left the apartment.

Good Mrs. Johnson meantime had satisfied herself that the nursery-maid had very little experience in the care of infants, and that the mother must have depended on herself wholly in the charge of it. She told the landlady that she could not bear to leave the poor, little thing in such hands; and as the landlady's cares were many and pressing, it was finally arranged that she should take the child home with her. Mrs. Johnson departed, delighted with her acquisition. The dark, imploring eyes of the little girl, but a few weeks old, left so forlorn among strangers, had fairly won poor Sally's heart.

Watchers were placed in the room where the corpse had been laid out. The remaining denizens of the inn had again retired to rest, and all was once more quiet.

CHAPTER II.

A TOTALLY different scene presented itself in the morning. When the landlord went to the gentleman's apartment to inquire about certain arrangements for the funeral, that individual was not in it. His carpet-bag, the only luggage brought into his room the evening before, was missing. The nursery-maid was now sought for; but alas! equally in vain. She had taken her sparkling black eyes and her travelling-bag to parts unknown.

It is not easy to imagine, much less to describe the astonishment, dismay, excitement, and, above all, the gossip occasioned in the hitherto quiet little village of Tutervale, by this strange concatenation of events. There were scarce twenty houses in the whole place, which was in an out-of-the-way nook, secluded from the great thoroughfares of travel. Everybody, of course, took an interest in the affair, and had an opinion to offer. After consulting Squire Jones, the lawyer, the landlord, Mr. Irvins, opened the trunks of the deceased, and found a handsome provision of clothes for herself and the infant, but no letters, cards or address, by which the residence of the deceased could be learnt. Some of the clothes

were marked E. S. Everything about the trunks and their contents went to prove that the deceased was respectable and wealthy. In the lady's reticule was a portemonnaie containing some thirty dollars in gold.

Squire Jones, Mr. Markham, the minister of the parish, and Mr. Irwins, held a long conference as to what was to be done. A variety of measures were proposed for arriving at a solution of the mystery. Nobody seemed willing to incur the responsibility and expense of an active pursuit of the fugitives. Nor, in fact, did it seem probable that it would prove successful. In their wisdom, the council at length decided that the proper course was to advertise the facts in the village newspaper; to use the money in giving the deceased a decent burial, and to let the trunks and their contents remain in possession of the landlord, till the rightful owner should appear and claim them. As the subscription list of the newspaper amounted to exactly two hundred and fifty-five, and the editor neglected to request other editors to copy the advertisement, that part of the wise and vigorous proceedings of the council produced no result; but the funeral drew out the whole population of the village, and was considered by the landlord, his lady, and the undertaker, quite a brilliant success.

CHAPTER III.

BUT, in the meantime, our readers will naturally inquire, "What became of that baby?" We have by no means lost sight of her. She had fallen into excellent hands and was well cared for. If there was any pursuit or employment in which Sally Johnson took more delight than in all others, it was in the tending, caressing, and taking care of babies. She had six little boys and girls of her own, all lively and healthy, and the youngest had just transcended the utmost boundaries of babyhood, and gone into jacket and trousers. So far from feeling that, according to popular phrase, "his nose was put out of joint," little Johnny gave as hearty a welcome to the new-comer, as did all the rest of this humble, but loving and united family.

When Mrs. Johnson first brought the baby home, it was her secret determination to keep it if possible. She was not a little gratified, therefore, at Joe's quiet remark, when he first saw it, "What a beauty! Don't you wish it was ours, Sally?"

"It is a little darling, Joe," replied Sally, "and my heart was ready to break when I saw the poor little thing in the arms of that fat-look-

ing nursery-maid, who cared no more for it than if it had been a kitten. I will take care of it till its own people come after it, any how."

Of course the grand council made no objection to this arrangement; and thus, coldly enough, the pet, no doubt, of some grand and wealthy family, became a permanent resident in the dwelling of the market gardener. Indeed, it might be considered his adopted child, as Joe made no objection to Sally's proposition to call the baby Emily Johnson, and to treat it in all respects as a child of their own.

These worthy people, however, by this disinterested act, took upon themselves no inconsiderable addition to their usual labors and privations; for they were by no means rich in this world's goods. Joe had a nice garden, and some fields of potatoes, corn and cabbages, and by selling their produce in a neighboring city, he, with hard labor and strict economy, was enabled to maintain his numerous family comfortably; but there could be no approach to luxury among them. The children were decently clad; Tom and Jerry, the oldest boys, worked in the garden in the summer, and went to the village school in winter; Sally, Jane and Mary, were brought up in excellent habits of domestic usefulness by their mother, and they got more schooling than the boys; but they had all seen hard times; bad crops and low prices had, more than once, straightened their means of support, and taught each one of them the knowledge of the occasional inestimable value of a cent.

The people of the village were by no means sparing in their censures of the Johnsons for what they called their folly and imprudence in taking "that baby." "What was the baby to them? What did they want of it? Why didn't they let it go to the poor-house? Had not they children enough of their own? It seems as if some people never would learn wisdom. The Johnsons had had a great deal of hard luck in their time, could they be prudent for once? Well, we shall see what will come of it."

Such were the comments which the villagers made, while the Johnsons kept "the noiseless tenor of their way," and found the exceeding great reward for their disinterestedness in the affection they felt for the "dear little Emily."

Of all the worldly wise-acres of the village, none was quite so wise as widow Grummidge. She was rich, had never been blessed with a child of her own, and truth to say, found it utterly impossible to divine the motive of the strange conduct of Joe and Sally. Her mind was greatly exercised on that subject, and as her farm was contiguous to Joe's little piece of

ground, and she had much idle time on her hands, she determined to make Mrs. Johnson a visit, and, to use her own phrase, "give her a piece of her mind."

She was received with due courtesy by Sally, and immediately entered upon the subject which had occasioned her neighborly call.

"What upon earth, Mrs. Johnson, could possess you to take that baby?"

"I could not help it, Mrs. Grummidge, I could not bear to see the poor little thing left so, all of a sudden, without any mother to take care of it, and no living creature to love it but me. I loved it with all my heart, the first minute I saw it and ever since. I don't think it is anything so very remarkable—my taking it home with me. I dare say you would have done the same thing if you had been there."

"Not I. I ain't such a—I was going to say, fool; but you are no fool, and I am really surprised at your doing such a very unwise thing. Why, you can't afford to keep it. You have a hard time to get along and support your own child, much more to keep that baby. It will bring you to rack and ruin. You ought to send it right off to the almshouse."

"I can't do such a hard-hearted thing, Mrs. Grummidge, and I don't believe the Lord would prosper me if I did. We shan't be any the poorer for keeping the child, I feel quite sure of it."

"Well, have your own way. We shall see what will come of it."

"Yes, marm, we shall see what will come of it." And so the conference ended.

CHAPTER IV.

So the baby remained in the family of the Johnsons. The mystery attending its parentage occupied the attention of the village gossips for a certain time, and then was comparatively unnoticed, and almost forgotten. Curiously enough, it so fell out, that from this time forth the prosperity of the Johnsons was continually on the increase. Garden vegetables took an extraordinary rise the very autumn after the adoption of the baby. Next spring, the garden was considerably enlarged, and Joe employed a "hired man."

Mrs. Grummidge was greatly disappointed and "put out." She was really quite unhappy, to think that the Johnsons had not been ruined forthwith by keeping "that baby."

Another year saw the addition of some acres to Joe's land, and the hiring of more hands. Mrs. Grummidge was still more unhappy, and

ceased to visit the Johnsons altogether. She considered it obstinate and unfeeling in them not to verify her predictions. But the prosperity of the Johnsons increased year after year.

Meantime, the baby was growing up a very beautiful girl. She was of a sweet disposition, always obedient and affectionate, and her adopted mother, who had no younger children, declared that she was one of the chief comforts of her life. She went to school with the little Johnsons, and showed uncommon aptitude for learning. At home, Sally taught in a very plain, but very efficient and profitable way, the secrets of house-keeping and domestic economy. At eighteen, she was grown up a very beautiful girl, with features very delicately cut, a clear complexion, dark-brown, softly expressive eyes, a trim figure, and above all, an inexhaustible fund of good humor.

The country beaux were wild about her. Several of them paid her the most marked attention, doubtless with "ulterior views" in the way of matrimony. But, not finding any of them exactly to her taste, she continued to evade their advances without giving offence to any.

While this was going forward, there was a certain young gentleman in the village who was observing the movements of Emily Johnson with an uncommon degree of interest. He had no farm, poor fellow! no store full of groceries or dry goods, no money to buy gold watches and diamond breast-pins, or give his friends rides about the country in a dashing gig. He could not even dance at the country merry-makings, for he was studying with Mr. Markham, the village pastor. Mr. Woodibank, for that was his name, had, nevertheless, his secret aspirations. Some slight intercourse with Emily at the Sunday-school where she was first a scholar, and then a teacher, had led him to form a very favorable estimate of her mental as well as her moral and religious character. He saw that she was a person of real sterling worth—not intoxicated with vanity at the attention which her remarkable beauty brought forth; but real humble and disinterested, always thinking more of others than herself. Being himself a teacher in the Sunday-school, he had instructed her in composition, and was greatly surprised at the talent she displayed in her written exercises. This part of instruction was still continued; so, it will be perceived, Mr. Woodibank was not entirely without opportunities for making gradual approaches. He had other advantages; for he was a splendid-looking fellow, with a fine intellectual countenance and good store of classical learning. Emily had accustomed herself to look

up to him with a degree of reverence, and to defer implicitly to his superior knowledge and fine taste in literature. She had no suspicion of his regarding her in any other light than that of a tolerably clever pupil.

CHAPTER V.

THUS matters stood, when the great freshet came, which was the talk of the village for years after. It carried away a great many houses, mills and bridges on the neighboring river, and swelled all the little rivulets of the village into raging torrents. When the storm which occasioned it had passed away, Mr. Woodibank took a walk in the neighboring fields to look at its ravages.

As he approached one of the swollen rivulets, he observed a female figure enveloped in cloak and hood, endeavoring to cross it on a single plank, which, though usually above the surface of the water, was now just level with it. She seemed a little embarrassed with her cloak, her footing was unsteady and insecure. He ran forward to assist her, but before he could reach the bridge she had fallen off and was borne away by the rapid stream.

In an instant he plunged in and swam toward her. She sunk twice out of sight, but at length he reached, and being strong and accustomed to athletic exercises, he found no difficulty in bringing her to the shore. A glance at her countenance showed that it was Emily—apparently quite insensible—possibly dead. Overcome with emotion, he exclaimed, "Oh! my God. It is Emily!—and to lose her thus!"

But no time was to be lost in vain lamentations. He bore her in his arms, as rapidly as he could, to the nearest house, where the usual means of restoration were successfully employed, and she was soon sufficiently recovered to return to her home.

But Emily had not been quite insensible when her lover uttered those impassioned words, and she had heard them. Her altered demeanor toward Mr. Woodibank soon revealed this circumstance to him. Emily, with her newly acquired knowledge of his feelings, had discovered that he was a man to love as well as to reverence. An explanation followed, and they soon came to a very good understanding—Emily not a little astonished, all the while, that so learned and refined a gentleman should have chosen "poor me"—and Woodibank devoutly thankful for his unexpected happiness.

But there were certain worldly matters to claim the attention of the lovers. Joe Johnson

had to be consulted, and, sooth to say, Joe was not greatly delighted at the prospect of his pet marrying a poor parson. He shook his head. Joe had become quite rich; and he remarked to Sally, when the matter came to be discussed by themselves, that Emily might have married the smartest and richest of the young men in the village. Sally, on the other hand, favored the match. She had a great reverence for the clergy; and could not but esteem the proposed alliance an honor to the family. "Besides," she said, "we know Mr. Woodibank is a real good man; and that is the main thing, rich or poor."

Mrs. Grummidge was quite elated when she heard of the contemplated match, and the different views entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. "I always knew," she said, "that 'that baby' would be the plague of the family. Joe and his wife, I dare say, quarrel and fight about her every day. I hope she will marry that young parson, and settle in a bleak country town on three hundred dollars a-year, and have an interesting family of ten children."

Such were the charitable wishes of the respectable Mrs. Grummidge; and thus matters stood when the great freshet finally subsided.

CHAPTER VI.

IN June, just when the bobolinks were in full song, there came on an anniversary exhibition of the Sunday-school at Tutervale. This was always a pet festival with the good people of the village; and the audience was sure to be large and attentive. Emily and Mr. Woodibank were both present in the capacity of teachers. Mr. Markham presided, and other clergymen and a large number of ladies and gentlemen, not only from Tutervale, but from the neighboring villages, were present. Among the rest was a middle-aged gentleman, a college mate of Mr. Markham's, and at present his guest at the parsonage. He was observed to pay unusual attention to the exercises for a layman; and but for the Parisian cut of his dress, and a certain foreign air, might have been taken for a clergyman.

Toward the close of the performances, certain written exercises were handed round among the audience. They were composed by the pupils, but the teachers lent their aid in passing them round to the company. It so happened that one of them was passed to the stranger by Emily. As he took it in his hand, he was observed to look her very steadily in the face and instantly to change color. He was a man of strikingly intellectual countenance, with an eye that spoke

command. Emily was slightly embarrassed, blushed, looked down, pretended to adjust a ribbon about her neck, and in so doing accidentally drew from her bosom a locket, to which was attached a miniature of her mother, which had been found among her clothes. On seeing it, the gentleman seemed to have entirely forgotten the audience, and addressing Emily in a suppressed tone, he said, "Excuse me, Miss, but may I inquire how you become possessed of that miniature?"

"It is a likeness of my mother," she replied, much confused.

"And is your mother alive?" the gentleman almost shouted, so great was his agitation. The attention of the whole company was, of course, riveted on the pair.

"Alas! no," replied Emily, "she died when I was an infant."

"You are her living image, and blessed be God for all his mercies, you are my daughter."

The embraces, the agitation of the relatives thus providentially brought together, and the astonishment and eager curiosity of the assembled audience, "can be better imagined than described." The closing exercises were speedily hurried through; the people dispersed, and Mr. Markham as quickly as possible withdrew his guest from public observation, and took him, with his recovered prize, to the parsonage, where they might make explanations at their leisure.

CHAPTER VII.

FOR the next two or three hours, after this occurrence, there was considerable "talk" in the domiciles, taverns, and shops of Tutervale. "Who was that gentleman?" "Where did he come from?" "How came Mr. Markham to carry him off to the parsonage before the whole upshot of the matter was let out?" "What a pity!" "What a shame!" "Mr. Markham is having all the cream of the matter to himself." "No, there is young Woodibank. He stays at the parsonage." "He'll get posted up, any how." "And who has a better right? He is going to marry the girl, you know." "Perhaps. We shall see by-and-by. There may be two words to that bargain now."

Such were some of the "notes and queries" of the good people.

Mrs. Grummidge did not assist on the occasion of the exhibition. She had an idea that such things as Sunday-schools were "kind of vulgar." She thought they were well enough for common people and poor folks. So she sent her principal hired man, Nathan Varney.

Nathan heard, in the village on his way home, a great many "interesting particulars," which he did not fail to report verbatim to his mistress, after he had described the scene in the meeting-house, which he had witnessed from a fine position in the front gallery. "The gentleman," he said, "was a great friend of Mr. Markham, a very old acquaintance—had been a great deal in foreign parts. Some said he had sailed round the world, like Capt. Cook and Robinson Crusoe. He was 'powerful rich.' Most as rich as John Jacob Astor. Hadn't a chick or child of his own in the world, except Emily Johnson. So she would have all his money."

"What is his name, Nathan?"

"Common name enough, marm. Nothing but Smith."

"That will do, Nathan." Nathan retired.

"Well, if ever!" soliloquized Mrs. Grummidge, as the door closed after him. "That baby is the plague of my life! Why, I vow and declare, if half of what Nathan says should come true, she will be able to buy out all Tutervale, stock and lock. Things are coming to a pretty pass, I do think. But she won't have it all her own way, any how. She'll lose her handsome sweetheart. The old man, with such a power of money, will turn him off in no time; and that baby will have such crying spells. There is some comfort in knowing that, any how." Thus communing with herself, this excellent and exemplary old lady fanned herself with great vehemence, and walked about the room to cool off a little.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE gentleman's name was Smith sure enough. Nathan had obtained correct information on that head; and he was not very wide of the mark in some other particulars. He had been a merchant of high standing in New York, and when the incidents related in our first chapter took place he was in Europe, on business for the firm to which he belonged. Mrs. Smith, having made arrangements for passing the summer with her parents, in a remote town pleasantly situated on the Canada border, had been accompanied in her journey thither by one of the principal clerks of the firm, who had been detached for this duty on account of the trust reposed in his discretion, his reputed high moral character, and the implicit confidence reposed in him by Mr. Smith's partners and friends.

But this man, Mr. Schamp, was a sanctimonious villain, who had long been on the watch for an opportunity to rob his employers, as well as some other persons. He had valuable and

easily convertible paper, notes, drafts, bills of exchange, &c., in his possession at the time when he was hurriedly summoned to attend Mrs. Smith on her journey, and, as if by accident, he took those papers and some cash with him at his departure. As there were no telegraphs in those days, worthy Mr. Schamp could not be apprised of his little oversight on his journey. His intention probably was to abscond into Canada, when he should have left Mrs. Smith at the residence of her parents; but if so, this part of his scheme was disconcerted by her sudden death. Still he persisted in his main design; and finding the nursery-maid, with whom he had long been on quite a familiar footing, ready to join him in his flight, he left Tutervale in the manner we have described, taking her with him. He had no difficulty in disposing of the property in his hands, and leaving the country before his defalcation was discovered.

The sum he had thus stolen was not so large as to derange the finances of the firm; and the exertions of the friends of Mrs. Smith to discover her retreat (for her death was unknown to them) were soon relaxed, from an apprehension that she might have left the country in company with Mr. Schamp.

This apprehension was scouted by Mr. Smith, on his return from Europe some weeks after. He believed that his wife had been murdered; and instantly resolved to commence a search for the murderer, which, in fact, might be said to have continued for the eighteen years which had since elapsed. He sold out his interest in the firm, and invested the large amount received in real estate, and had actually been traveling over Europe, and residing in different cities and towns in Great Britain and the continent during all this period, quietly but steadily pursuing his inquiries after Schamp. Recently he had found him at

Trieste; but he was in a dying state and unable to speak. He had long before spent his ill-gotten money, and parted with his companion, and was now in extreme destitution.

Mr. Smith, after this incident, returned to New York, where he found that the rise in real estate had made him immensely rich; and now Providence had unexpectedly restored to him his daughter, and cleared from every shadow of imputation the fair fame of his wife. He was now happy, too happy to be fastidious about his daughter's choice of a husband, even if he had not approved it, which he cordially did, when he became acquainted, through his old friend Mr. Markham's representations, with Woodbank's sterling merit.

You should have been at Tutervale to witness the "grand doings" at the wedding, which took place there not long after.

Emily's desire to be married from the house of her adopted parents was gratified by Mr. Smith. Mr. Markham, of course, officiated, and everybody of note in the village was invited to attend the splendid ball which took place in the evening, after the newly-married couple had set off on their marriage tour. A magnificent silver service used at the supper, was observed by the guests to be marked "J. Johnson. Presented by E. Smith." It was observed also, that in after years these Johnson boys and girls got on wonderfully in the way of worldly promotion, as if aided by some secret but powerful influence.

Mrs. Grummidge was not present at the wedding ball. In fact, the sanction of Emily's choice of a husband by her father, seemed to act unpleasantly on that worthy lady's nerves. She actually sold out her property in Tutervale soon after the wedding, and moved out West, so, she said, that she might be out of sight and hearing of

"THAT BABY."

SLEEP, LOVED ONE, SLEEP.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH MILLER.

SLEEP, loved one, sleep,
The fair Spring flowers are growing,
The soft South wind is blowing
Above thy resting-place;
And all the air is ringing
With sound of sweet birds' singing,
The Spring abroad is flinging
The gifts of light and grace.
Sleep, loved one, sleep!
For life is just as dreary,
As when thy feet grew weary,
And turned aside to rest.

Still, those who love must sever,
And hopes still fade forever,
Life's full of vain endeavor,
And sorrows unconfessed!
Sleep, loved one, sleep!
Till morn shall break in gladness,
And bring surcease of sadness,
To those who wake and weep!
That morn shall be unclouded,
With life and brightness crowded,
There lie no dead, enshrouded
Where Heaven's glories keep.

THE MANIAC'S CONFESSION.

BY BELLA ROSE FLORENCE.

A few years ago, I visited an insane asylum in one of the New England States. The woman in charge conducted us through various apartments, giving us all the information in regard to the occupants she was able, and kindly answering all the questions, until we came to a room where one of the patients had lately died, and now lay awaiting the disposal of her friends who had been apprized of her decease. We entered, and gazed reverently upon the face of the sleeper. She was a woman in the prime of life, and bore traces of great beauty. What great sorrow had bereft this beautiful creature of her reason? and by what relative, and for what motive, had she been incarcerated in this living tomb? were queries which were in my mind as I gazed upon her lifeless remains.

My eyes involuntarily wandered over the apartment. A little table stood in the corner, beneath the grated window. A Bible lay upon it, and as I took it up a paper slid from between the leaves and fell at my feet. I raised it. It was a closely written sheet, and a glance convinced me that it was some sort of a revelation which had been written there during the last hours of the life that had fled.

"What is this?" I asked, as I held up the paper.

"Oh, that is probably some of Aggy's scribbling. She used to call for pen and paper, and as she would be very quiet with them, I used to give them to her. She would write over several sheets, and then destroy them. That is probably one of them—of no consequence I presume," said the woman.

I asked if I might retain it.

"Why, yes, if you wish to," she replied.

I hid it away in my bosom, and we soon left the premises.

"What could you possibly want of that crazy woman's scribbling?" my companion asked, as we left the building.

"I fancy there is something here worth preserving," I replied. "Let us examine it."

As we rode homeward, I read it aloud to my friend. It was written in a trembling hand, and read as follows:

"I was the only and idolized daughter of wealthy parents. I possessed a haughty and

imperious temper, which was never subdued or restrained. My parents were not religious, and no care was taken to impress upon my mind religious truths. Consequently, I grew up unprincipled and extremely passionate. While every pains was taken with my education and accomplishments, my heart was left to run wild, overgrown, and choked by the briars and thorns of selfishness and love of tyranny; yet, I was passionately attached to my friends, and as long as they did not cross my imperious will I got on nicely with them.

"Thus I grew to womanhood. Chance threw me into the society of a young lawyer of distinguished abilities, who had begun what was predicted to be a brilliant career. I soon learned to love him with all the depth of my passionate and impulsive nature; and was wild with joy, when one day he came to me, and in eloquent language, told me how long and devotedly he had loved me, and asked me to be his wife.

"We were married. If I occasionally felt a twinge of distrust of my own qualifications for a wife, I soon silenced it with the argument that my love was strong enough to make up for all deficiencies.

"My husband was all that was good, and noble, and generous. I was often passionate and unreasonable. But he would take me to his bosom, kiss me so tenderly, and say so gently, 'You must subdue this unhappy temper, Aggy. It is making you miserable.'

"Then when he was gone, I would fly to my chamber, lock the door, and give myself up to an uncontrollable fit of weeping for very shame.

"We had been married about a year. One evening (would God I could blot from the record of time that fatal night! but it lives like a hissing fiery serpent in my memory, and has doomed me to utter despair in this world, and I fear for the next!) my husband did not return at the usual hour. I watched long at my accustomed place, at the parlor window. His slippers and dressing-gown were warming by the grate, and everything was in readiness for him; but he did not come. Twilight deepened into darkness, and I began to grow uneasy. All my selfish feelings were roused, and I felt myself sorely grieved.

An hour more, yet he came not. I paced up and down the floor in a fit of impatience. A ring at the door. I waited to hear his step upon the stair; but it was a lighter step than his, accompanied by the rustling of silk. Nellie B—, an intimate friend, bounded in. She was dressed for the opera. She said their carriage waited at the door for myself and Ernest. I told her Ernest had not yet returned from his office, and I could not go. She looked disappointed. A sudden thought seized me. Would it not be capital revenge for his neglect of me, to find the parlor deserted when he came? I went to the opera. We were scarcely seated in our box when a party entered a box opposite. The blood rushed back to my heart, and my pulse stood still as I recognized Ernest, my Ernest, my husband, and leaning upon his arm one of the most beautiful young creatures my eyes ever beheld. This was my first impression, for there quickly followed so deadly and jealous a hatred as made her look positively ugly. I quickly drew down my veil that my husband might not discover me, and from my concealment I watched them with glaring eyes. I heard nothing, saw nothing else; and once when rallied by my companions, I replied that I was not well, and begged to be left to myself.

"Then with the fierceness of a tiger fearful of losing his prey, I turned my eyes toward my husband and his 'guilty paramour.' She seemed to be enjoying the performance intensely, but he seemed to see nothing but her. His head was bowed toward her, and she would occasionally lift her eyes to his face. Then I saw him smile, (just as he had smiled upon me a thousand times) while he bent still lower over her with renewed devotion.

"Each movement was like a red hot dagger piercing my heart. I know not what demon possessed me, I think I must have been mad when I vowed a terrible revenge. 'Twere better I reasoned that he should die while yet there existed in his heart a spark of love for me, than to see him little by little drawn away by this syren, till perhaps I should be utterly deserted, and left with all my blind love eating away my heart-strings like a consuming fire.

"At my request we left the opera at an early hour, and with a terrible purpose I entered my home. But what was that home now to me? The love that had brightened it was no longer mine. Some demon furnished me with resolution to execute my desperate purpose.

"It had been our custom to sometimes drink a glass of sweet wine of an evening when we were alone. I drew the table to the fire, brought

the decanter and the glasses. Then with trembling hands I brought a deadly opiate, the nature of which I well knew. The first effect it produced was a deep sleep, which in a few hours terminated in the still slumber of death. I filled the glasses, and into one I dropped the drug. All was done with rapidity, lest my resolution should fail me.

"When all was ready I paced up and down the room, nursing the fires which raged within my bosom, by recounting to myself the wrong I had suffered. I pictured to myself my idolized husband lying still and cold before me, and I fell into a passionate fit of weeping. Then I drew another picture, I saw him drawn from me giving his love to another. I thought of all the agony I had suffered that night, and imagined how much deeper would be my wrong if I spared him. At that moment I heard his night-key in the latch, and he soon entered the room. I stood in the recess of the window, where he did not at first observe me. The wine first attracted his attention, the fatal glass. I saw him lift it to his lips, drain its contents, and I fell fainting to the floor.

"I knew no more for several hours. When I rallied I was lying upon the sofa; the lamp was burning dimly—an easy-chair was wheeled to my side, and in it I saw the form of my husband. I sprang quickly up. The drug was doing its work. He was in a heavy slumber, and already his breath came thicker and shorter, and his pulse beat but faintly.

"My anger had passed away, and all that wild, worshipping love which I had cherished toward my husband came rushing back upon my heart. I chafed his hands, I kissed his lips, I strove to rouse him, but all in vain. Again I paced up and down the floor, but oh! what different emotions possessed me now.

"A little folded paper which I had not before noticed, and lying upon the table caught my eye. Scarcely knowing or caring what I did, I took it up and opened it. I saw it was in the handwriting of my husband, and I eagerly read its contents. Great God of heaven! What had I done? It was a note which Ernest had sent me, and which did not arrive till after I had gone out. It ran as follows:

"Excuse me, Aggy dear, from coming home to tea. My sister, of whom I spoke to you this morning, has come home, and has sent for me to come to her. If she is not too weary, I will take you both to the opera this evening, and will call for you at eight. Your loving HUSBAND."

"Now, for the first time, I remembered that he had told me in the morning that an only sister

of his, who had been absent several years, was expected home that day. His parents resided in another part of the city. 'He would call for me at eight.' I had gone out earlier, and probably by some carelessness of the carrier, the note had not arrived before that time. I afterward learned that he did call for me, and being told that I had gone to the opera with some friends, and probably had not received his note, he proceeded to that place with his sister, hoping to find me there.

"A wild hope that he might yet be roused seized me, and I sprang to his side. But alas! too late! He had ceased to breathe!

"Oh! heaven of heavens! what evil had my blind, passionate temper wrought me and mine. Again I became insensible.

"I opened my eyes. Loving, tear-stained faces bent over me. A soft hand was gently stroking my temples, and I gazed into the face of that gentle sister, whom I had never seen save upon that fatal night. She kissed me and whispered,

"Dear Aggy, you are the greatest sufferer of us all."

"I was told that I was found in the morning by the servant, lying upon the floor insensible; and my husband reclined in his chair, dead!

"It seemed that suspicion had not rested upon myself. The coroner was called, and his verdict, 'Died by the visitation of God,' was rendered.

"Heaven only knows how I loathed and hated myself. I longed to confess the truth, but for the sake of others, forbore to reveal what would have brought upon the family deep disgrace and additional grief. A long illness followed, and my reason reeled. I was carried back to my parents. I could not remain in the house which had been the scene of my sin and my punishment.

"Years passed. I grew no better, but was still trembling upon the verge of insanity, yet retaining sufficient reason to distinctly remember my sorrow, and to understand what was passing around me. What was perhaps strange, I was conscious of my mental condition.

"Years passed, and my parents both died. I was placed in the care of an uncle, who was my only natural guardian. From him I had inherited the selfish passion which had been my ruin.

"For a time I lived in his house, but he found

me too great a trouble, and under pretence of solicitude for my recovery, he placed me in the insane asylum. I knew that it was only to get me out of his way, that he might have no hindrance to possessing himself of my large fortune. But I did not object. I felt I deserved all.

"Twelve years have I spent in this retreat. Every one has been extremely kind to me. During that time I have never seen my uncle. It is almost over, I feel that I shall soon follow to that dark bourne where in my frenzy I sent my noble husband nearly twenty years ago. I have read my Bible, I have tried to pray.

"They will take my cold remains, and with great show of grief bury me. But they will lay me by the side of my too deeply idolized Ernest, and that is all I ask.

"Several times have I written out this history, and as often destroyed it. Should this find its way to the world, let others be admonished by what I have suffered to beware of imitating my faults. Let parents teach their children to control their passions.

"I have never heard from my husband's relatives since I went home to my parents. If they should live to hear my confession, will they not pity while they justly condemn me?"

I folded the paper, and changing our course we drove back to the asylum. The uncle had arrived, and was preparing to remove the body to his home. As his niece had predicted he was making a great show of grief.

I asked where she was to be buried?

"By the side of her husband, madam, in — Cemetery," he replied. "She has not had her reason since his sudden death twenty years ago."

A few months since I visited — Cemetery. I found their graves. A costly monument marks the spot. The uncle is living in possession of his niece's wealth, and is seemingly prosperous. I have never made known to any one the existence of the paper in my possession. I have learned that the family of Ernest are all dead.

The dear friend who shared with me the knowledge of Aggy's confession, also lies "beneath the sod of the valley."

Hoping that it may serve as a warning to some who may read it, I give this history to the world.

JENNIE.

BY REV. S. HERBERT LANCEY.

CALL her not back!
We know that she is singing
Where anthems loud are ringing,

To God the king of kings!
There our dear Jennie sings,
Call her not back!

THE OUTCAST.
A ROMANCE OF THE BLUE RIDGE.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "INDIA," "VIVIA,"
"THE DESERTED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," ETC.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by T. B. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 306.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

I FELT myself relieved of a most disagreeable duty, which had been pressing upon me for some time, though certainly placed in a very unpleasant position. Loving Wolfgang and Regina almost with equal affection, and loving none others in the world but them, I wished their happiness above all things. Could their union have seemed likely to secure their felicity, I should have desired it more than any other event. But, from all I had seen and heard, I feared that it would end in misery to both; therefore I had sought to serve them best by attempting to break it off, and I had attained no better end than to deeply offend both my friend and sister. One lesson I learned, that it is useless and absurd to interfere between lovers who really love each other. I determined, however, to tell Wolfgang all I had said to Regina. I could not conceal this from him, for I could not have anything approximating toward a treachery upon my conscience.

The dinner bell rang in the midst of my painful cogitations, and mechanically, as a matter of habit, I sauntered down into the dining-room, and took my seat at the table.

Soon the door opened, and Wallraven entered with Regina on his arm, and they took their places, which were first and second above mine, Regina sitting between me and Wolfgang.

By nothing on Regina's fair, frosty brow, or in her usually calm, cold manner, could I perceive whether she were still angry with me.

Wolfgang looked black as the muzzle of a loaded cannon; but whether with anger, gloom, or both, I could not tell.

After dinner, a pair of horses were brought around, and Wallraven invited Regina to ride, to which she assented, and I was left to my own unpleasant company and thoughts for the rest of the afternoon.

Very late in the afternoon they returned. Regina went to her chamber to change her riding-habit, and Wallraven came into our parlor, where

I was still sitting. He rang the bell, and, throwing his whip, cap, gloves, &c., to the waiter who entered, directed him to bring wine. I approached him.

"Wallraven!"

"Well!"

"I have something offensive to say to you!"

"Out with it, man!"

"You will be angry!"

"If I am, I shall knock you down first and forgive you afterward."

"That will be Christian, but dangerous. You are engaged to my sister."

"How do you know that?"

"She told me."

"Well, what then? you told me to win her if I could."

"Yes; but——"

"Well!"

"Circumstances have transpired since then——"

"You made no allowance for circumstances."

"I was wrong—hasty—very indiscreet!"

"Ah! well! 'circumstances have transpired!' To what 'circumstances' do you allude?"

"Among other things—the events of a night at Hickory Hall!"

Wallraven grew very pale, but commanded himself.

"Will you relate to me those events?" he asked, in a constrained voice.

"Certainly," replied I, and detailed to him the occurrences of my first night at Hickory Hall. To my surprise, he looked infinitely relieved, though the laugh was unnatural with which he said,

"You cannot believe it possible that the turtle soup and deviled partridges gave you a horrible nightmare, can you?"

"No, truly, I cannot. What I saw was real!"

"Fairfield, when next you visit Hickory Hall, look into the library, and on the third shelf in the second arch, on the right hand of the chimney-piece, you will find Sir Walter Scott's complete works. Select from among them his volume

on Demonology, and read it with attention. I think it will do you good," said he, with a calm, deliberate manner.

"What I was about to say to you, Wolfgang, was this: I felt it to be my duty to my sister to inform her of all I know of your history, as well as to hint to her all I suspect!" And I looked, expecting him to explode. He was quiet as a bombshell untouched.

"Ah! you told her?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Well, Wallraven, I implored her, as she valued her happiness, not to risk it by marrying you. I used every argument and entreaty in my power to enforce or persuade her to break with you——"

"And the result——"

"Was utterly unsuccessful."

"No more than that?"

"Yes! much more! I was totally defeated, routed, blasted by the lightning of her angry scorn, and I wonder that a bit of me is left to tell the tale!"

"Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha! I knew it!"

"I said everything I could say to your injury, Wolfgang, and, having done so, I come to tell you of it—not in defiance, but in frankness."

"God bless you, Fairfield! there! I believe that is the first time in all my life, at least since my angel mother went to heaven, that I have prayed! but happy love makes one grateful and devout. God bless you, Fairfield, for you were true to your sister, to my bride! my idolized Regina! You were right to tell her all you knew, which was—nothing; and all you suspect, which was—something less! But, Fairfield, my dear fellow, having made up my own mind to marry her, it is quite settled! Let your conscience rest, for you cannot help it! What is your cloquence to mine, when I love her? What is the power of all men and devils over her, compared to mine, when she loves me? It is settled. All earth and hell could not part us now! It is settled. I wrote to my father this noon. I shall take my wife to Paris immediately after our marriage. I intend to make our home there for many, many years—perhaps forever! France is really the only half civilized country in this barbarous world! Paris, only, is really enlightened! or, beginning to be. Yes! Paris shall be our home. Go with us, Fairfield, will you not?"

"No! to that modern Sodom I will never go! You, Wallraven, if I know you, will never like a place where the sanctity of home and hearth is unknown! You will be only, at best, a refugee

in Paris—from what I suppose—nay, I hope—I may never know."

"Yes, you will know, some day, when I can tell you my humiliating secret proudly! Then you shall know!"

"God grant that you may be able to do so, Wolfgang, my brother!"

Regina at this moment entered the room, every sign of displeasure vanished from her radiant brow.

I made no farther opposition. I crushed down in the bottom of my heart my foreboding fears, and tried to hope. Now that it was useless to look on the dark side, I turned resolutely to the bright one, which was really very bright. Wolfgang—young, handsome, talented, accomplished and wealthy—the distinguished graduate of the University, now radiant with the glory of his recent collegiate honors, adoring my sister and adored by her. Yes! I would look only on this side of the picture, where all was brilliant!

The next day we received a visit from Bishop L——, under whose care Regina had traveled North. He condoled with us upon our misfortune when he came, but congratulated us upon our firmness and gayety when he went away.

I promised to return his call; and accordingly upon the second day I did so, and took that opportunity of informing him of my sister's contemplated marriage with Wolfgang Wallraven, and of unfolding to him my desire to enter a course of theological reading for the purpose of taking holy orders. I told him how long this had been on my mind, how long, even before I dreamed of a possible loss of fortune.

He highly approved my design, and placed his library at my service, inviting me at the same time to return with him to the South, and take up my abode for the present at his house.

There were many reasons why I should feel no scruple in accepting the assistance of the venerable old man. He had in his youth been indebted to my grandfather for his own education, and subsequent establishment in the church in which he had risen to such high honor. Now, in his age, he had wealth, a large house, an extensive library, and but a small family, consisting of his wife, one son, and a daughter. He seemed very anxious to assist me, and soon overruled my faint objections.

I told him, however, that it would be impossible for me to return with him, or go South at all, until after my sister's marriage, when I promised to do so.

When I returned, I found that Wallraven and Regina had walked out together. They did not return until the dinner hour.

I pass over two weeks, the mornings of which were spent in walking, or riding out, or reading, music or conversation, at home; and the evenings, in attending lectures and concerts abroad, or in some social pastime in our own parlor.

Regina was proudly, though bashfully, joyous.

Wallraven exhibited a haughty and happy self-consciousness, that became him greatly. Every day his step was more stately and elastic, his eye more steady and commanding. The regnant spirit was assuredly triumphant now!

At the end of two weeks, early one morning, he entered my chamber and laid before me two papers, indicating the one that I should read first.

That was a letter from his father, Mr. Wallraven, giving consent to his marriage, and filled with affectionate expressions of regard for his bride, and earnest prayers for the happiness of both, regretting that his infirmities must prevent his traveling North to be present at their marriage, and pressing Wolfgang to bring his wife to Hickory Hall immediately after the ceremony. His letter ended with a message of affection and esteem for myself, a fervent tender of service, and an invitation to accompany my sister and her husband to Virginia. The letter was like the old gentleman himself, full of delicate beneficence, exalted love and magnanimity, yet through all betraying an undertone of sadness, solemnity, almost gloom. I was deeply affected on reading it.

Wolfgang slipped it from my hand, and placed the other paper before me.

This was the attested copy of a deed settling one hundred thousand dollars on Regina Fairfield. I read this twice, or thrice, before I looked up to see Wallraven leaning over my chair with an expression of generous satisfaction.

"Why, what is the meaning of this, Wallraven?" inquired I, with the feeling and the tone of embarrassment.

"It means to express my own and my father's deep sense of the high honor Miss Fairfield confers upon us in bestowing her hand on me!" he replied, in a sad, earnest, and somewhat bitter tone.

"But this is wrong, utterly wrong, Wallraven. Regina's whole fortune now does not amount to more than three thousand dollars—a sum scarcely sufficient to provide the *trousseau* of a Wallraven bride. If you will have her, in the name of heaven take her; but do not think of giving so much where nothing is given in return."

"She gives me her priceless self," he answered, almost mournfully; then, after a short pause, added, "I am glad that it is so. I am

glad that she is dowerless. I would confer everything upon my bride; receive nothing from her but her love, and still be her debtor, and still tremble for—oh, God!" he ejaculated, abruptly pausing.

"Regina herself, for the reason that she brings you no property, will object to receiving this munificent settlement."

"She must not! It is the time-honored custom of our family. It has always been the rule of the Wallravens to settle that dower upon the lady whom their heir should select as a bride, and who should respond to his love. Her fastidiousness must make her no exception to this rule. Indeed, her refined delicacy and pure, high pride will prevent her seeing the matter as you do. She will not for a moment degrade her sentiments by mixing them up with these subjects!"

It was thus that the wayward and erring, but generous fellow ever deified even the greatest faults of his betrothed. I felt, when he spoke, that, with all his eccentricities, he was so much better than Regina as to be utterly blind to one thing which was quite apparent to me: namely, that as some diseases infect the whole physical system, so pride pervaded the whole mental and moral being of Regina Fairfield. Pride was the life of her love for Wallraven. Had not Wolfgang Wallraven been the eldest son and heir of an ancient and immensely wealthy Virginia family, living in her own old ancestral neighborhood—had he not been singularly handsome in person, graceful and dignified in manners, brilliant and profound in conversation, and endowed with genius that gave promise of an illustrious career—he never could have made so deep an impression upon Regina Fairfield's imagination and heart.

While seeing this, I saw in every glance, tone, and gesture, of Wolfgang, that he must have worshipped her under any circumstances. How passionately fond of her he was! How entirely devoted to her service! How patient—he, the willful, haughty, sarcastic Wolfgang—how patient of her arrogance, her cold exactions! It always seemed to me that my beloved Regina walked in the moral illusion in which she had been brought up, as if the world had been created for her use and the people for her service. She accepted the most arduous and unremitting attention, and even the munificent marriage settlement, with such real and sovereign nonchalance, as such a mere matter of course, deserving neither acknowledgment, gratitude, nor remembrance. And this regal indifference, which would have grieved me deeply,

had I been in Wallraven's place, never affected him in the least.

CHAPTER NINTH.

THE VICTIM BRIDE.

"Adream is on my soul!
I see a slumberer crowned with flowers, and smiling
As in delighted visions, on the brink
Of a dread chasm!"—HEMAN'S *VESTERS OF PALERMO*.

THEIR marriage day was at length fixed for the next Thursday fortnight. Bishop L— was to perform the ceremony, immediately after which we were to set out for Hickory Hall.

Wallraven had intended to go immediately to Paris, but Regina had expressed her will, that they should, according to the wish of the old gentleman and the time-honored custom of Virginia, spend the honeymoon in retirement, at the patrimonial house of the bridegroom, Hickory Hall.

Wallraven hesitated, looked disturbed, made—I know not what sort of excuse for opposing this plan.

Regina good-humoredly persisted in her purpose.

Wallraven expostulated seriously.

Regina was charmingly immovable.

For the first time in their lives, Wallraven decidedly vetoed her will, and gave it his final determination, for reasons of the utmost moment, to proceed to Paris. Wolfgang gave this decision in a firm, grave, though affectionate tone; but Regina became extremely offended. Finally—

Wallraven bowed his will to hers, and retired to his chamber with a gloomy brow, to write and accept his father's invitation, and prepare them to receive us.

Wolfgang remained in his room all the forenoon; and so, when I wished to speak to him—thinking that he had surely long finished his letter—I went to his door, and, according to our usual familiar and uncereemonious habit with each other, without rapping, entered his room.

He was so closely engaged in writing—so absorbed, in fact—that he did not perceive my entrance until I had approached the side of his chair, and had involuntarily seen that he had reached the fifth page of a foolscap letter.

I spoke to him.

He started, thrust the letter into his writing-desk, and turned around. He looked paler, more gloomy, than I had seen him look for six months, or more.

He told me that, in consequence of the change of plan, by which we were to go to Hickory Hall, instead of abroad, he had written, among other things, for his sister Constantia to come on and

be present at his marriage, inquiring of me, with much interest, how I supposed Miss Fairfield would like Constantia.

I told him what I thought, namely—that Regina could not fail to admire and love Miss Wallraven.

He seemed pleased, and then I reminded him of an engagement he had made to ride with me that afternoon. He smiled mournfully—said that it had escaped his memory, but that he would soon be ready.

From this time it was evident Wallraven's cheerfulness was gone. He had apparently purchased peace with his bride at a very dear and dangerous rate. His gloom deepened day by day, or was varied only by fitful flashes of false gaiety, or spasms of sharp anxiety. These evil symptoms, however, were never betrayed except in the absence of Regina. In her presence he would always resolutely command himself, and act a gay tranquillity which was far from his real state of feeling. I do not know whether Regina penetrated his mask or not. If so, she never permitted me to see that she did.

She was certainly very much pleased with the prospect of going to Hickory Hall, and of having Constantia Wallraven for a bridesmaid and a travelling companion. Smiling, she said to me one day,

"Do you know, Ferdinand, what makes me so wicked about this matter of going to Hickory Hall? It is to see that fine old Virginia gentleman, whom I shall love as a father, and whose love I wish to win. I cannot bear the idea of going to France without ever setting eyes upon him whom I love to regard as a second father. I do not care if the old Hall is tumbling down! There is a certain prestige of old respectability about that dilapidated building, which does not always surround a smart-looking new tenement, however large and costly."

Then turning to Wallraven, she said,

"Such an absurd mistake of your highness, my Black Prince! that of supposing that I should be shocked at the worn appearance of the old house!"

The day previous to her wedding-day she came into my room. Smiling and sinking softly in a chair at my side, she said,

"Oh! Ferdinand, I am so well pleased. Wolfgang has a letter from his father, and now it is certain that Miss Wallraven will be with us this evening, and attended by—whom do you suppose? her twin brother, Constant, Wolfgang's younger brother! You never told me of him!"

"I knew nothing about him! What a queer, silent fellow your *parti* is, Regina! I wonder

how many other brothers and sisters, aunts, uncles and cousins are to turn up!"

"Oh, none! This Constant, who is a year younger than Wolfgang, has been for twelve months travelling in Europe, and has recently returned."

"Ah! and they come this evening?"

"Yes! Ah, Ferdinand! I shall have a sister. I do not care for Constant much. I do not care for the brother I shall gain, for I have already one dear brother; but I care very much for the father and the sister I shall have. I have been lonely, Ferdinand. I have borne within my bosom a cold heart, because I have had no mother or sister to keep it warm. For some reason or other, I never formed a female friendship in my life. I never could bring myself to make advances to other young ladies, and something within me repelled others from making advances to me. I have, with all my independence, needed that sisterly relation. Generally, I have been cold and strong enough; yet sometimes I have felt myself suddenly droop, with an utter weakness, for the want of some gentle woman friend whom I could love, whom I could trust. Now, in the failure of a sister of my own, my husband's sister will become inexpressibly dear to me; at least, I feel as if it would be so. I think it will be her own fault if it be not so."

I wondered to hear Regina speak so. It was the first glimpse, with one exception, that I had ever had of the heart within her cold bosom. Yes, I wondered, until I remembered that under the snow of earliest spring the grain still germinates unseen in the warm and genial soil.

That evening, according to appointment, Mr. and Miss Wallraven arrived.

In the bustle of their arrival, I had little opportunity of making observations.

After supper, however, when we were all—the three Wallravens, Regina and myself—assembled in our parlor, I had every facility for studying my prospective relatives.

First, I saw that Regina was more than satisfied with the new brother and sister.

Constant Wallraven was nearly the fac simile of Wolfgang—the same tall, slight, elegant figure, the same haughty set of the head, the same light-grey blazing eyes, the same wildness of slightly curling, silky, black hair, jet black eyebrows, and long, black lashes. But he looked stronger, older, and more settled than Wolfgang. He looked as if at some time not far distant in the past, he had been just such a chaotic assemblage of discordant elements as Wolfgang now was; and as if some mighty power had forcibly subdued the chaos, bringing

out of it a world of harmony, beauty and strength. Withal, there was an expression of frankness, good humor, and health of mind and body, on his handsome face, which testified that the transforming power, whatever it had been, had not crushed but disciplined him. Only by the perfect repose, perfect harmony of these antipathetic elements of character betrayed in his features and complexion, could one judge of the pre-existence of a disciplining experience. One saw in him now a man who, though still quite young, had gained the great victory of his life; whose manner of existence and work was henceforth defined, laid out, and well understood.

I felt instinctively a high respect for, and a strong attraction to Constant Wallraven, as to a soul more exalted than my own.

Constantia was the same dark, majestic, superbly beautiful woman I had seen her by night at Hickory Hall. I do not know that my artist taste was ever so highly gratified as by comparing these two young girls, Constantia and Regina, both so perfectly beautiful, yet so opposite in their forms, features, and complexion; yes, and style—though both were of the queenly order. Constantia's was a natural dignity, Regina's a conventional stateliness. Upon the whole, we were all pleased with each other, and it was on the stroke of twelve before we parted for the night.

Once or twice I had observed an unwonted thoughtfulness upon the usually clear, open countenance of my sister; but that was so natural under the circumstances, that it made no impression upon my mind. When I had retired to my room, however, and before I had time to begin to take off my dress, I heard a tap at my room door, and, thinking that it was of course Wolfgang, I bade him come in. The door opened, and my sister entered, and sunk softly down in her usual seat, near my dressing-table. I looked at her inquiringly, anxiously. The stately gayety which had distinguished her all the afternoon and evening had quite gone, and the thoughtfulness that had once or twice, cloud-like, flitted past the sunshiny snow of her countenance, was now settled into a profound gloom.

"My dear Regina, you look so grave! but then this is a serious time to you!"

To my astonishment, she burst into tears, and dropped her head upon my dressing-table.

"Regina! my dear sister, what is this? Tell me." But she sobbed on.

●"Regina, you alarm and distress me! What is this?"

But she sobbed on, and I sat down by her side, took her hand and pressed it, while I waited

silently for her to tell me the subject of her grief. When her fit of weeping had expended itself, she lifted up her head, dried her eyes, and, after remaining silent and still for a little while, she said,

"You think me now sentimental, maudlin, sickening. I feel that you do. I am not that. I never was so. You ought to know it."

"I do know it, my dearest sister; and sentimentality is the last fault I should suspect you of. I know that you are strong, cool, and spirited—therefore I have been the more surprised and distressed at your tears this night. I know that it is natural—nay, generally inevitable—that a girl should drop some—not very bitter—tears on bidding good-bye to her maiden life and liberty; but I had scarcely expected to see you do so, inasmuch as you have less to regret, and more to hope for, than most young ladies similarly situated—nevertheless, I suppose these 'natural tears' must fall!" said I, gently caressing her.

She replied mockingly,

"Ah! it is quite proper for a bride to weep, then? Like the ring and the white kid gloves, it is an indispensable ingredient in the wedding dish? It is understood and expected of us, in short—and people would be shocked and disappointed if it were omitted."

"Regina—sister," said I, tenderly.

"Certainly! Half the trashy songs I learned to sing at school were—not after my own taste, the martial—but such mawkish ditties as the 'Bride's Adieu,' &c."

"Humph! Wolfgang's queerities are certainly contagious; that I know of my own experience," said I; and I dropped suddenly into a short-reverie upon the contagion of resemblance between persons of no consanguinity who love each other and are constantly associated.

Feeling too deeply interested in my sister's emotions to indulge, even for five minutes, in this tempting subject, I turned, stole my arm around her waist, and said, gently,

"Regina, my dearest sister, to-morrow I will scarcely have a right to do this;" and I gathered her to my bosom, and pressed my lips to hers. "To-morrow, certainly, I shall have no right to question your happiness, or the state of your affections; do not, therefore, be proud or cold towards me, like your worse self; and do not be sarcastic, bitter, or satirical towards me, for that is not like yourself at all. That you have caught from Wolfgang; but, tell me, what has so deeply, strongly moved you this evening? It is not an imaginary grief, nor a real one, if aught, that could trouble you so much—what is it then?"

She did not reply; but remained in my lap with her arms thrown up over my shoulders, and her face over my bosom.

I spoke again.

"You have apparently less to alloy your happiness than almost any other bride. You have less to regret and more to hope for. You leave no dear, familiar home, no honored father, no beloved mother, no dear sister—wherefore should you grieve?"

"I leave you, my dearest brother! I leave you, the sole remnant of our family circle! I leave you, who stood to me for father, mother, sister, home!"

"Yet leaving me, dearest Regina, should not cost you a sigh! nay, it will not! Dearly as we have ever loved each other, we have not been together much; therefore you will still remember and love me, without throwing away a sigh upon my absence."

"Yes! so you have judged my heart! You have studied me so well!" she replied, almost bitterly. "The one thing I looked forward to in life was a re-union with my only brother, Ferdinand—and you know it was the main topic of all my letters; yet now you judge me able to part with you for a long, indefinite time—perhaps forever—without pain!"

"At least, so I would have it, dearest sister. I am not so selfish as to wish you to regret my absence!"

"But I should regret it! I shall regret it, if I cannot persuade you to go with us, as I hope to do! as I must do!"

"As you will not do! But it is not I for whom or by whom you sorrow now! Tell me, then, what it is, dearest sister, while it is yet not too late! To-morrow—yes! in seven hours from this—for it is now one o'clock—I shall have no right to ask you!"

"I will tell you, then. My heart is dreadfully oppressed! Oh, how I do wish that I had a mother, an aunt, a married sister, a matronly friend—any wise gentlewoman, upon whose bosom I could lay my head as I lay it now on yours, and ask her in a whisper if upon the eve of her bridal day she was visited with such terrible forebodings as I am now—such anxieties—such funeral presentiments!"

"How long has this been so with you, Regina?"

"Oh! for days, or rather, for nights past—in the day-time I have been amused, and forgetful; but at night, as soon as I get to sleep, I start from my first sleep in a sudden and terrible panic! just as a condemned criminal might suddenly be awakened out of deep, sweet sleep, with

the sudden recollection that he was shortly to be hanged. To-morrow is my wedding-day; yet it terrifies me as though it was the day of my execution! I do not believe Madame Roland and the heroines of the Reign of Terror dreaded the guillotine half as much as I dread the altar!"

Gloomily as my sister spoke, or, perhaps, because she did speak so gloomily of what appeared to me to be only considerable exaggeration of a very natural feeling, for the life of me I could not help laughing, in which, to my surprise, I was joined by Regina, who raised her head from its resting-place, and, arising from my lap, sat down beside me.

"I would be an old maid, then, if I were you. There is no law against it, and this is a free country!" said I.

"I know it is foolish—this presentiment——"

"Presentiment!"

"Yes, presentiment—this dark, uncertain, slippery, cold feeling of the precipice edge!" she replied, gravely—her flush of mirth quite gone.

"But this will pass away in a few days, Regina. You love Wolfgang."

"Yes, and dread him more! Oh! listen, Ferdinand! Listen, my dear brother! I will open my heart to you this first and last time! this once! for to-morrow, as you say, you will have no right to inquire into the secrets of my bosom. I will have no right to communicate them to-morrow; this would be an infringement of my marriage vow; to-morrow, my oath of allegiance would make these confidences treachery. Listen then! I do love Wolfgang quite as much as I am capable of loving any one—almost as much as he loves me. I have loved him almost from the first evening of our meeting; but, since our engagement, lately—now listen! for, contradictory as what I am now about to tell you may appear, it is nevertheless true—though inexplicable to me, as it may seem to you. Lately, as I said, while I am strongly attracted to Wolfgang, I am as strongly repulsed! It is as if some principle in my being were powerfully drawn toward him, while another principle was as powerfully repelled; or, as if some element in Wolfgang's nature possesses for me irresistible fascination, while some other element affects me with disgust—which fills me with remorse—which I endeavor to conquer—which I only succeed in concealing!"

"You have succeeded in that! I never suspected it!"

"Thus, you see, my bosom is made the battlefield of warring emotions, and over all broods this dark presentiment, like the lowering black clouds of some approaching and destructive storm!"

"Do not marry him!" said I, earnestly.

"I must! The hand of fate is on me! I have no power to stop myself!"

"Then I can stop you! I can be stronger than fate! You shall not be married!"

"But I will! I love him! If I had the power I would tear out from my bosom that which occasionally recoils from him, though it were one ventricle of my heart! It is half past one o'clock; my marriage-day has come, dearest brother; dearest, only brother! I only came in to kiss you."

"To give me an opportunity, for the last time, of pressing my maiden sister to my bosom," said I, as I held her there.

"Yes! and with no intention of afflicting you with my equinoctial storms——"

"Your—what?"

"My equinoctial storms—the clouds, the thunder, lightning, and showers, that have marked my approach to the line matrimonial!" And dashing clouds and tears from her now sparkling face, she kissed me and vanished from the room.

In the silence of the night, after she had left the chamber, I heard the pattering of raindrops against the windows. I went to them and looked out, and found the sky black and lowering with clouds, and the streets drenched with rain. I turned away, and at last throwing off my clothes, lay down to try to sleep. My spirits were heavily oppressed. There is nothing more disheartening than to feel some evil fate impending over those we love, and to know ourselves powerless to avert it. However, wearied out, and lulled by the sedative pattering of the raindrops, I fell into a dreamless sleep, and slept till morning.

It was a dark, drizzling, dull morning. At seven o'clock we met in the parlor, to go together to church. We had ordered breakfast at eight. The stage in which we had engaged places was to start at nine. Wallraven looked happy and—frightened, and seemed to strive for self-command.

Regina's countenance, like a spring sky, seemed all the brighter for her equinoctial storm. She wore a beautiful dress of full white blonde over white satin, with fine lace trimmings, and pearl bracelets and necklace on her arms and neck, and a pearl bandeau turning back her blonde hair, and fastening a large, floating, mist-like veil. Miss Wallraven was attired in a somewhat similar style. Again I was struck by the contrast presented by these two young women—the blonde and the brunette—both so dazzling, beautiful, yet so unlike. One, clear, bright, morning sunshine—the other, resplendent starlight.

We stepped into the carriage, and were driven to the church. We found Bishop L—— punctual, waiting for us. We ranged ourselves before the altar, Constant and Constantia acting as groomsmen and bridesmaid, and I giving away the bride.

After the ceremony was over, we returned, accompanied by Bishop L——, to breakfast, and in an hour afterward, bidding adieu to our venerable friend, we took our seats in the stage and set out upon our journey to Virginia. The rain ceased and the sun shone out at noon.

It had been arranged among us, as the season was very beautiful, and certain parts of the country through which our roads lay very picturesque, that we should travel leisurely, taking a week for the journey.

At Washington we found the large family carriage of the Wallravens, that had been sent to meet us there, and that had been waiting for us for several days. We remained in the city two days, to visit the Capitol, Navy Yard, Government Departments, &c., and the third day entered the capacious and comfortable traveling carriage, and set off for the Blue Ridge and Hickory Hall. This journey, from Washington to the Blue Ridge, was one of the most delightful journeys I ever took. Our carriage was not only convenient, it was luxurious. We were attended by our own servants, took our own route, and kept our own hours. We managed to be six days on a route that we might have travelled in two. Sometimes, at sunrise, after an early breakfast, we would leave the inn at which we had passed the night, and travel leisurely but twenty miles through some picturesque country, reach another quaint country inn by noon, eat dinner, and, after an hour's repose, order saddle-horses, spend the afternoon in excursions about the neighborhood, return to tea, and occupy the evening in conversation, or books and music, with which we were provided. We would sleep then, and the next morning resume our journey, which would be continued with some pleasant new variation. Miss Wallraven and myself were thrown very much together, and I found her mind and heart as rich and well cultivated as her person was beautiful and her manners charming. I admired her with enthusiasm; yet, not for one moment was I in the slightest danger of falling in love with her, even if there had not been something in her manner that politely kept me at a certain distance. As for Regina and Wolfgang, they behaved very much like any other bride and groom upon their wedding journey—they seemed fond, and shy, and tremulously happy.

In approaching the mountains, and the old neighborhood of the Northern Neck, first settled by her ancestors, Regina became deeply interested in features of the landscape and the local history of the country. Upon reaching any high point on the road, she would order the carriage to be stopped, and while she surveyed the extensive and varied landscape, with its far-apart country-seats and farm-houses, surrounded with their little town-like groups of out-houses and negro quarters, and while she picked out with her quick and scrutinizing glances the oldest homesteads of the old settlements, she would ask of Constant Wallraven a score of questions about their first proprietors. The public and private history of many families she knew by fire-side traditions, so as to recognize them as soon as they were named, and look with another and a deeper interest at the places of their habitation.

On approaching, however, that grand pass of the Blue Ridge, known as the Bear's Walk, the historical and traditional interest of the country gave place in her mind to a rapt enthusiasm, as she gazed, silenced and transfixed with admiration and awe, upon the sublime and even savage aspect of nature.

It was the fifth day of our journey that we began to ascend the great pass of the Bear's Walk, from the highest point of which Regina gained her first view of Hickory Hall, and saw it under the most favorable circumstances, and in the most favorable light, namely:

We had ridden slowly that day, only fifteen miles, and through the most sublime and beautiful scenery in the world; and now, quite fresh, we found ourselves, in the middle of a lovely summer afternoon, upon the summit of the mountain-pass, and gazing down with delighted surprise upon a scene of almost ideal beauty, not to be equalled on earth.

I wondered at the enchanting transformation made by a different and more genial season, and another and a brighter hour. The scene which on a dark, tempestuous winter night had seemed a Gehenna, a Hades, to me, now, in the light of a summer day, appeared a Happy Valley, a Garden of Eden—Elysium itself.

A cup-shaped, small, and deep green vale, shut in by a circle of high mountains. Deep in the bottom of this green vale, gem-like, was set the old hall, where, in the beams of the evening sun, it glittered and flashed with the ruby lustre of long-exposed red sandstone; around it spread green pastures, embossed with white flocks of sheep; beyond these waved yellow fields of grain, ripe for the sickle; around them passed a girdle of forest trees—behind which arose the circle

of intense blue mountains, with their summits against the transparent golden horizon. Through all ran the clear mountain stream, which, springing from a rock at our feet, and leaping down the side of a precipice, glided, flashing in the sun, through the midst of the beautiful vale. Over all smiled the most radiant sky—shone the most splendid sun I had ever seen.

"How beautiful! how beautiful! It is a terrestrial Paradise!" exclaimed Regina, with enthusiasm. "But," inquired she of Constant Wallraven, while scrutinizing the old hall, "why does not your father repair, or rather rebuild, the old house?"

"My father thinks of selling the property."

"Of selling that Eden!"

"Yes! and we all think it the best plan, under existing circumstances."

The difficult descent of the precipice interrupted further conversation. The road, however, was in its best condition, and in twenty minutes we had reached the bottom, and soon after drew up before the door of Hickory Hall.

Mr. Wallraven, with the same suit of black contrasting so strongly with his snow-white hair, with the same venerable appearance, the same social and stately bearing, advanced from the hall to receive us. (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE LEGEND OF EUSSENTHAL.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

LONELY in the silent valley

Stands a convent's ruined wall,
Where once rose the lofty turrets
Of monastic Eusenthal.

Eusenthal, whose abbot hoary
Once a princely name had worn,
And o'er Palestine his banner
In the holy wars had borne.

Till of fame and life grown weary
He had sought the cloister's shade,
For a cowl and cassock bartered
Plume and helmet, mail and blade.

Left his vassals to another,
To another left his hall,
And with his o'erflowing coffers
Dow'rd monastic Eusenthal.

Here too kings had brought their offerings
Penance glad to Mary's shrine,
Pearls from 'neath the waves of ocean,
Gems from distant India's mine—

Till the priceless treasures hidden
By the monk-knights of the vale,
Seemed to wondering ears that heard it
Like some o'erwrought fairy tale.

But no treasure half so cherished—
Shrine of saint or relic old,
As the chapel's deep-toned organ
Formed of massive burnished gold.

When the morning anthem sounded,
Or the vesper hymn was sung,
Floating o'er the silent valley
Its melodious measure rung—

Till the pausing traveler listened,
All his senses held in thrall
By the solemn music pealing
From the Convent Eusenthal.

Fame the grey old convent's story
Bore to many a distant shore,
Till were heard its organ's praises
Where remotest billows roar.

Long within their peaceful cloister
Had the grey robed friars old

Told their beads and masses chanted
For the parting sinner's soul.

When bold Rudolph, outlawed chieftain,
Led his sacrilegious band,
To despoil the convent's treasures,
And lay waste with sword and brand.

Vain the holy men's endeavor
The grim warriors to oppose,
And o'er Eusenthal's proud turrets
Waved the banner of her foes.

But ere rose that implous banner
At the holy altar's side,
By stern Rudolph's cruel falchion
Had the grey-haired abbot died.

And to where within the valley
Spread a morass dark and wide,
Bore the monks the golden organ,
Sunk it in the turbid tide.

Lonely in the quiet valley
Stands the convent's ruined wall,
But not one of all its dwellers
Ere again saw Eusenthal.

For in distant regions scattered
Homeless wanderers one by one,
Died the monk-knights of the valley
Poor and friendless, sad and lone.

But when seven years are numbered,
Rising from its marshy tomb,
Sounds the golden organ's music
On the solemn midnight gloom.

Now its low, melodious breathings
Softly float upon the gale,
Now to mighty billows swelling
Peal its tones along the vale.

Then the peasants in the valley
Pallid grow with fear and dread,
For they know the vale is peopled
With the spirits of the dead.

And that through departing ages
Still responsive to their call,
Sounds the long lost golden organ
Of monastic Eusenthal.

MY SISTER FLOSSY.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

THE sun was dropping his few remaining arrows upon the blooming orchards and the fragrant meadows, as the old lumbering stage set me down at my uncle Abel's. The latter, with the old, familiar smile resting upon his broad face, met me at the gate. Aunt Rhoda was standing in the door-way, rubbing the crisp flour from her bare arms.

I felt tired and weary; the journey had been a long one—and as my eyes followed the stage toiling slowly up the hill, I became more conscious of the snail-like manner in which we must have progressed. After exchanging incidental inquiries with my aunt, I retired to the room I usually occupied, with instructions to the family not to awaken me.

When I reached my room, fatigued and weary as I was, I could not refrain from gazing out of the window upon the beautiful scenery. The fields clothed in their softening verdure—the river gleaming here and there through the trees like a sheet of polished silver—the osage orange hedges rejoicing in their summer beauty—surely made a delightful view. The wind sighed softly through the groves of maple, or bore into the room the clatter of the dilapidated mill; the cattle were coming up the winding lane; while among the hills skirting the landscape in the distance, the departing sunlight lay in broad, golden patches, quivering and shifting as the twilight shadows loomed up here and there.

After contemplating the scenery for a few minutes, I threw myself upon the bed and soon fell into a profound slumber. How long I slept I cannot tell; but I was awakened by some one sobbing in the room. Glancing around, I beheld a young girl lying upon her face on the adjoining bed. Her hair was floating negligently over the pillows and the white counterpane—and she seemed to be weeping bitterly.

At length she arose, and drying her eyes, and pushing back her dark locks from her beautiful face, she came and sat down by the little stand where the light was burning. A portable desk stood upon the table, with its materials displayed. She added a few lines to a letter she had previously commenced—then folding it neatly up and directing it, she put back the materials and locked the little desk. Then resting her

elbows upon the table, and her chin upon her hands, she gazed vacantly over to where I was lying.

A beautiful face was hers; a face of softness and shadows, and expressively sweet. Her eyes were black and lustrous—just then tinged with a delicious melancholy; her hair was black and flossy, and in the abundance always observed in those having a forehead so broad and white as hers; her mouth was rather large, and her features, on the whole, not entirely regular; and yet there was a more than common beauty about her.

My moving on the bed attracted her attention—and rising, she came and looked down into my face.

"You are Miss Alice, I suppose," she said, in a low, soft voice.

"Yes—but I never met you before," I said, sitting up on the bed.

"We will be fast friends, notwithstanding, Alice. My name is Alice, too—Alice Robinson."

"So!" I replied, smiling pleasantly, for how could I do otherwise when her bright eyes were dropping such sunshine down into my soul? "That is a coincidence, indeed; it may lead to some confusion."

"Oh, no! They never call me Alice; they call me Flossy—a kind of nick-name suggested by my hair."

"And I shall call you 'Flossy,' too," I said. "It is a very pretty name; you may well be proud of such a wealth of beautiful hair."

"I am not proud, though, Alice; if God has in any way blessed me above another, I am grateful—not vain. I am not proud enough for my own good, Alice. I shrink away too much within myself, as it were."

"I would rather have you diffident than vain, Flossy; you do not depreciate yourself so much as to ignore your self-possession. You have the best of all self-possession—that of trusting, child-like innocence. We shall indeed be firm friends, Flossy."

"Thank you, Alice," and the beautiful light shining in her eyes seemed to say more than her words. "I have been in the room for some time—but I took good care not to waken you."

"That was kind in you, Flossy. I was very tired and weary."

"So I thought; neither will I awaken you early in the morning—you know we room together. I have quite a number of choice books, *Aliee*, which are at your disposal. Works upon history, philosophy, and poetry; among the latter, the poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Oh, she is such a grand writer! I never lie down at night in this quiet room, when the soft moonlight trembles on the floor, without repeating the exquisite poem of 'He Giveth His Beloved Sleep!'"

I found the acquaintance of my new friend really worthy of cultivation. Her absence of sophistry, arrogance, and dissimulation, made her particularly attractive. Her fund of information was extensive—her views of life were unique and refreshing—her judgment was faultless, and her conversation, while it was devoid of show or ornament, was ever chaste and elegant.

Our attachment to each other was the attachment of opposites; I was stern, dignified, and unbending—she was kind, artless and yielding; my organism was rather masculine, coarse, and suspicious, yet vivacious withal—while hers was soft, exquisite, impressible.

There was some sorrow in Flossy's heart; she was sobbing when we first met—and often afterward she would lay her head upon my shoulder and weep. Often at night, in her sleep, she would moan and cling closer and closer to me; her limbs would tremble, and when her cheek would touch mine it would be wet with tears.

In vain I tried to find out the secret of her sorrow. She would not answer; a shadow would settle on her fair face, and she would appeal so beseechingly to me with her eyes that I dared not press my inquiries. But I discovered her secret by an accident. One morning I found a letter lying upon the hall floor. I picked it up; there was something familiar about the autograph—and I read it. Was it wrong to do so? Let us see. The letter ran as follows:

"DEAREST FLOSSY—As I sit by the window in the city, with the hot sun beating upon the roofs, and wrapping the spouting in flame, and glaring with effrontery into the room; with the dust, and noise, and stench, coming up from the busy streets below—it is not strange that I should sigh to be with my beautiful—my beloved! To wander where the cool air added a sweeter radiance to the transparency of her cheeks, and where her dark eyes told me more of love than lips could ever whisper. Yes, I sigh for the country, with its blossoming orchards, its cloud-

topped hills, its murmuring brooks and its darkling dells—but above all, for my sweet Flossy.

"Many things you have told me are still fresh in my memory; I have treasured them as 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.' The mystery of social intercourse is indeed momentous and grand; the nerves of the universe of intelligence are strung about us, and we touch them, turn as we will. You have taught my heart wisdom, Flossy; the mesmerism of your character has beautified mine; and often in my silent reveries you seem to stand beside me, a spiritual embodiment.

"My love is very strong for you, Flossy—stronger than life itself; it has been growing more bright and beautiful every day. How sad it is that our engagement should have been broken; that we are both forced to walk each alone down the shadowy aisles of life! It is bitter, Flossy—very bitter—but it must be so. Ours is a spiritual love, Flossy—and we must fain be satisfied. Write to me, my beloved; it will imbue my love with stronger hope; it will touch the wings of my aspiration with a golden light."

The letter ran on in this vein—full of the sweetest love—such as alone can touch the soul with unfading beauty. My heart beat fast and thick; I clenched the letter spasmodically in my hand; my face was blanched, and yet seemed to burn with fire.

This letter was signed "Willie Sydhams."

I saw through Flossy's sorrow; I did not need to be told why the engagement was broken. It was I who wept that night; it was I who struggled with the voice of duty.

"Alice, tell me why you weep—" murmured the low, silvery voice of Flossy; and I felt her moist lips kiss my burning tears away.

"I will tell you before many days, Flossy," I said, returning her kisses affectionately.

Willie Sydhams was my brother; he had told me of his engagement to a lady in the country. Without listening to his description of her, or to his earnest praises—without even caring to know her name or residence—I determinedly set my face against the alliance.

He loved me dearly; my influence over him was unbounded, and by means of threats, promises and entreaties, he at last consented to break the engagement. What an icy coldness must have crept up into the heart of Flossy when the fact was made known to her.

The sadness of his features, his compressed lips, his sudden passion for seclusion, had no effect upon me. Time, I thought, would obliterate all memories. What! he, the proud, the gifted, the worshipped one of fashionable society—he

marry a country hoyden? The idea was absurd—it was preposterous—it should not be!

Ah! but I had not known that it was Flossy. Flossy, the beautiful, the trusting! The girl who slept so confidently in my arms, whose dark curls mingling with the golden ones of mine, made such a beautiful play of light and shadow upon the snowy pillow—whose sweet breath so often swept across my heated cheeks!

She was not wealthy, but she was talented and amiable; her mind was well stored, and her life a life of integrity and truth. The conventionalities of fashionable life had not garnered pride in her soul, nor the bitter experience of the world touched it with its fossilizing hands. If I loved her, could I not be proud of her? In fact, are we not proud of those we love? Flossy had taken up the woof of my inner life and woven it with her own. I saw my error; I saw how, with my coldness and sternness, I had made two hearts to sit in the shadow of the valley of weeping and regret.

The sorrow in Flossy's heart was soon to be removed.

A few months passed by; the blossoms had fallen to the ground, and the apples blushed among the green leaves; the partridge piped in the thicket, and the smell of the fragrant hay came floating up from the barn.

In the parlor of the farm house sat a newly wedded pair. Willie, my idolized brother, with his soft, blue eyes, thoughtful face, and noble brow—in all, the type of a glorious manhood; and Flossy, with her hair wrapping her white forehead like a cloud, artistic in its very negligence—with her head nestling trustingly upon his bosom, and her beaming eyes exchanging with his that language which is not heard, which knoweth no words of speech, but is rather seen and felt.

The sunlight fell upon them like a halo—the baptism dropping from God's own white throne. I stood half concealed by the drapery of the window—my face flushing with pleasure. I looked upon the lovely scene without, and then upon a lovelier one within, and at each time my lips murmured, "How very beautiful—and how good God is!"

MY LOST VENTURE.

BY EDWARD A. DABBY.

ONCE I sent a golden venture

Out upon the sea of life;
Hopefully I saw it glide
Out upon the ocean wide;
Lovely as a virgin bride
Was the silver-crested tide,
And it gave no signs of strife.

How I watched that golden venture
Going bravely out to sea!
Never doubting for a minute
That the hopes enshrined within it
Would come back again to me,
From beyond the pathless sea.

I remember how I counted
Gains that would accrue to me,
When my venture, richly laden
With incalculable treasures,
Should come back again to me,
From beyond the faithless sea.

Months had wasted since my venture
Gilded bravely out of sight,
And I wandered every day
Silently along the bay—
Heedless of the heartless gales—
Watching for her snowy sails,
And I dreamed of her by night.

Years had wasted since my venture
Went so proudly out to sea;
Still my hope was proud as ever,

Doubts and fears assailed me never;
Fate had smiled on me so kindly
That I trusted her too blindly,
So I kept on watching, dreaming,
Not for e'en a moment deeming
That my golden venture never
Would come back again to me,
From beyond the stormy sea.

How I longed to see my venture
Coming bravely back to me!
But my hope was burning low,
Dreams beset my nights with woe,
And my hair was growing gray
As I watched beside the bay.
Choking down my rising sorrow,
Still I trusted that the morrow
Would bring back my hopes to me,
From beyond the angry sea.

Tidings from the golden venture
I sent out upon the sea,
Have at last come back to me;
Saying that a tempest drove her
Hard upon a rocky strand,
And my treasures all are sunken
Deeply in the ocean sand.
Now 'tis vain for me to stay
Watching here beside the bay,
For the winds will never, never,
Bring my venture back to me,
From beyond the raging sea.

FIRST LOVE.

BY ANNIE ARNOLD.

MANY years ago, there lived in the little village of Auburndale, two young lovers, very young, for the lady was in her ninth year, the gentleman in his twelfth; still, in spite of his tender years, he was a most gallant and devoted squire, while she was the tenderest and most confiding of damsels. The course of their true love had run very smooth, for their mothers' old school-mates had laughingly betrothed them when little Annie was but three months old.

Harold was an orphan, but his uncle, Dr. Benton, had adopted him, at his mother's death, and fully filled the place of the father, whom the boy had never seen. The doctor was an old man, and regarded his frank, generous nephew as the apple of his eye. He was not wealthy, but his practice was large in the village, and he was able to give Harold a fine education, and looked forward to the time when his nephew could take his place as physician of the good folks at Auburndale.

Annie Ashley was the only child of a lawyer, the only one in the village, who, his practice being very small, speculated freely, sometimes losing, sometimes gaining. Annie was his pet, and he loved her fully as well as Dr. Benton loved Harold. His schemes for her education were in the eyes of the villagers wonderful, for he proposed sending her to a city boarding-school when she was old enough.

Accordingly, Annie, at fifteen, was sent to Philadelphia. Harold, to his great joy, was sent, at the same time, to complete his medical education at the college there. Here the friends met often. They took music and singing lessons of the same master, visited opera concerts and dancing-school together, were always invited to the same parties, and fell in love with each other anew every day. While affairs were progressing in this most satisfactory manner, the holidays called the lovers home for a visit. Harold had passed through his college course and graduated with honors, while Annie was the show scholar of Mrs. — school. But they found trouble in store for them at home. One of Mr. Ashley's speculations had succeeded beyond his utmost expectations, and he found himself suddenly a man of large wealth. As soon as his daughter returned home, he announced his intention of

making with her the tour of Europe, declaring pompously, that no woman's education could be considered complete until she had seen all that is to be seen in Europe.

As soon as Harold heard this news, he obtained his uncle's consent to his marriage, flew to Annie, and soon won her confession of love and acceptance of his hand, then, confident of success, the two repaired to Mr. Ashley's study to ask his permission to their union. He received them coldly; Harold poured forth his protestations of love for Annie, spoke of the length of their acquaintance and courtship, and finally asked him for his daughter's hand.

"Mr. Benton," said Mr. Ashley, coldly, "what fortune have you to offer to my daughter?"

"I have my fortune to make, Mr. Ashley, it is true," said the young man, "but I am young, just of age; my uncle will share his practice with me, and I have every prospect of doing well. I am known in the village, and have many warm friends, who will, for my uncle's sake, trust his nephew to prescribe for their aches and pains."

"This sounds very plausible," was the reply; "but you must pardon my plain speaking, my daughter is now an heiress, and must wed higher than a country physician. It is strange matrimony did not occur to you before my fortunes improved."

"Sir!" cried Harold.

"There! do not fly into a passion. I know all you would say of disinterested love, and all such trash. My daughter, sir, declines your offer."

"Father," said Annie, in a low tone, "I love Harold."

"Fudge! you will outgrow it. You fancy you love him because you never had another lover. Wait girl, till you see those who will flock around the heiress, then you may choose a husband worthy of you. Good evening, Mr. Benton," and he turned from him to leave the room. "Remember, Annie," he said, as he left the room, "I positively forbid any correspondence to keep you reminded of this nonsense."

Poor Annie sat in a state of despair too great for words, and Harold, choking with indignation, surprise and dismay, was in no state to comfort her.

While they are alone together, before they part for years, let me describe the lovers. Annie is of medium height, with a graceful, slight figure, well rounded, but slender, with pretty little feet, and small, delicate hands; her complexion is clear, pale, but sometimes, when excited, her cheeks vie with the roses for brilliancy. Her features are delicate, her hair of a rich glossy chesnut and curling, she wears it gathered up in a knot behind, suffering the curls to fall around her face; her eyes are large and of a dark hazel color. Now, as she sits upon a large arm-chair in her father's study, her face is deadly pale, her eyes dilated, looking with despairing eagerness at Harold, and her hands clasped, and lying in her lap. Harold is tall and finely formed, his features good, his hair very dark and curling, his eyes black as night. His face now working with passion at the ungenerous taunts of Mr. Ashley, his large eyes flashing, and his figure drawn to his full height, make him a picture of generous indignation. Suddenly his eyes fell upon Annie. With a low, bitter cry, he sank down before her, his head on the arm of her chair, his fury gone, and only his grief remaining.

"Harold," she murmured, in a low, choking voice.

"Oh, Annie! I cannot give you up!" he cried, standing up again, and catching her in his arms. "My love, my love, how can we bear to part?"

It was a bitter parting. Harold left the house an hour after, and went with rapid strides to his home, and was not seen in the village for several days. Annie left Auburndale the next morning.

Two years passed away. Harold was alone in the world. Dr. Benton, dying of disease of the heart soon after the young man's great grief, left him the moderate fortune he had laid by, and his practice among the good folks of Auburndale. The little village had in these two years grown utterly distasteful to the young doctor; he missed Annie at every turn, and at home his uncle's place was a sad vacancy. At length, having sufficient means to warrant the leisure, he started to make the tour of the United States previous to starting for Europe. He had heard nothing from Annie since she left Auburndale, but his old love was strong and constant, as the young ladies of the village had discovered to their chagrin, for the handsome young doctor was the object of many a sighing, secret love.

Another year passed away. One afternoon, after traveling for several days, Harold arrived in New York, intending to take passage in a steamer sailing the next morning for Liverpool.

Tired with his travels, he threw himself down upon his bed as soon as he reached the hotel and slept soundly. When he awoke, it was almost dark. He sprang up, and was about to begin to dress for the evening, when a voice in the room adjoining his attracted him. It sounded very familiar. It was singing. Harold stood spell-bound. The voice was so like Annie's, and the song was one they had learned during those three happy years in Philadelphia. Soon this song ended, and then the clear, rich notes were heard again. This time it was the soprano part of one of their old duetts. Fired by some impulse, Harold waited until the tenor was wanted, and then began to sing too. To his delight the song was continued, and finished by his mysterious partner and himself. Of course the next thing was to convince himself that it was her. As he knocked at the door of the next room, a tall, handsome man passing him, opened it and went in, waiting, holding it open for him also to pass. He gave one glance and then abruptly turned back and went into his own room, caught up his carpet-bag, and in another hour was on board the steamer starting for Liverpool. What had he seen? Annie, his Annie, seated beside a cradle, in which lay a sleeping child, whom she was rocking and keeping asleep by singing. The conclusion in his mind was, that she was married, this was her child, and the gentleman so politely waiting for him to pass, her husband. So much for appearances.

It is time that my reader should know how Annie came to be in the hotel under such circumstances. Mr. Ashley died abroad, about two years and a half after he parted Annie from Harold. Led on by one or two fortunate speculations, he had periled his whole fortune on some fine-sounding scheme, and beggared himself. Humiliated, despairing, he had taken his own life, leaving Annie in a strange country alone. Mrs. Evans, a lady whom Annie had met abroad, pitying her forlorn condition, had taken her under her protection to bring her home, and it was while they were in New York that Annie, being left alone for a few hours with little Master Evans, had sung to beguile the time and attracted Harold's attention. Mr. Evans, her kind friend's husband, was the husband Harold had so rashly supposed to be hers. Had her impulsive lover waited but a moment, he would have seen her spring to meet him, and fall senseless to the floor.

Two more years have flown by when we again meet Harold. He was seated in the parlor of a hotel in Baltimore, when he heard a noise in the entry, and then a loud cry for a doctor. Stop-

ping out, he found a crowd in the entry, and saw two men carrying a lady up the stairs.

"What's the matter? I am a doctor!" he cried.

"Och! go up to the purty, darling then," said a man near him. "Shure she's hurt, and so is the master. It's Mrs. Evans' companion sure, and they've all been throwed out of the carriage."

Long before this sentence was finished, Harold was in the room where the sufferers had been carried. The first object that met his eye was the man whom he supposed to be Annie's husband, lying senseless on the sofa, while on the bed near lay another figure, the lady he had seen on the stairs, but the drooping curtains of the bed now hid her face.

"Oh, sir!" said a lady, springing to meet him, "are you a doctor? Oh! tell me, is my husband dead?"

Her husband! Was Annie dead, and this her successor? This was Harold's first idea. Professional services, however, were imperatively demanded, and he soon restored Mr. Evans to consciousness. His injuries were not serious, and he was soon sitting up on the sofa. In the meantime, her worst apprehensions relieved, Mrs. Evans was caring for the mysterious lady on the bed, and now called upon Harold. The first glance was enough to call up all his skill, for he recognized Annie. Mrs. Evans was ringing her hands and weeping, as all her efforts to restore consciousness failed. Here the injuries

were more serious; a high fever and delirium succeeded the long fit of insensibility, and Harold heard more than once the loved voice calling him to come back, and crying, "Harold, Harold, to leave me so after so long a separation!"

Mrs. Evans told him all Annie's troubles, and he blessed her again and again as he found how true and kind a friend she had been to the orphan. He was standing one day by Annie's bedside watching her. She was asleep, and he knew that if she woke now conscious of things around her, he might hope for her recovery. As he stood there, almost counting her deep, regular breathing, she slowly opened her large, dark eyes, and fixed them upon his face.

"Harold," she whispered, "you have come at last."

He bent over her.

"My darling," he said, gently, "I have come, never to leave you again. Try to sleep again now, I will stay beside you."

She tried to draw him down to her, and as his lips touched hers, she closed her eyes again, while an expression of perfect peace passed over her pale face.

Why need we prolong the story? Reader, if you doubt the constancy of "First Love," go through Auburndale and inquire for the doctor. The prettiest house in the village will be pointed out to you, and when you enter you will be cordially welcomed by Harold and Annie Benton, the happiest couple there.

THE SHIPS AT SEA.

BY HELEN M. EARLE.

A SUNNY-FAIRIED child in a cottage door
Sat, with sad eyes fixed on the oaken floor;
A shadow had passed o'er her childish joy,
For lo! in her hand was a broken toy,
And this the toy she loved most of all—
She had broken the arm of her cherished doll,
All efforts to mend it had been in vain,
And the tears from her blue eyes fell like rain.

Nor could dear mamma give the doll relief,
But she said to allay her childish grief,
As she kissed her mouth and her dimpled chin,
"Don't cry, my love; when our ship comes in
I will get a new dolly more bright and fair,
It shall have blue eyes and long, flaxen hair:
Oh! only think how happy we'll be,
Whenever that ship comes over the sea."

Then the child went back to the cottage door,
Her bright eyes fixed on the shadowed floor,
And oh! it was fair—that shade of thought
On the brow where a shade of care was not;
Again she ran to her mother's side,
Her sweet blue eyes with the gladness wide—

The childish grief, though so deep, forgot
As she told of numberless joys her thought
Had pictured for her; which would surely be
Whenever "that ship" came over the sea.

To her little heart, the best joy of all,
Would be to replace the darling doll;
Her voice rang out, oh! how merrily!
And she clapped her hands in her joyous glee;
While the light of joy in her sweet blue eyes
Grew bright as the visions would arise;
At length she turned her face to me,
And said, "Have you any ship at sea?"

Child! you did not know the throb of pain
Those light words sent through my heart and brain;
Ah! yes; there are ships on the Future's sea
That are more than the world beside to me,
And when the elements rage in strife,
And storms sweep over the sky of life,
I watch for them from the Present's shore,
As with tearful eyes I have watched before,
Dear Father above, I commit to Thee
Those precious ships on the raging sea.

OUR DICTIONARY OF NEEDLEWORK.

NO. V.—EMBROIDERY ON MUSLIN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE stitches used in this are—two over-cast (satin stitch) or buttonhole stitch, sewing over, and various fancy stitches of which we give diagrams as well as descriptions.

BRODERIE ANGLAISE.—The simplest sort of work on muslin, suitable for children's drawers, petticoats, &c. The design is formed entirely of holes cut out or formed by piercing them with a stiletto; previously to this they are traced, then sewed closely. To make it strong, a stout thread, such as Evans's Boar's Head, No. 10, or 16, ought to be sewed in.

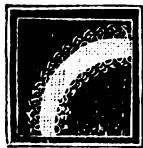
Buttonhole, or over-cast stitch, is the ordinary stitch known by that name. It is sometimes graduated, to form leaves, flowers, or scallops. In this case, each stitch is taken rather longer, or shorter, than that preceding it. This, like satin-stitch, must be raised thus:

TO RAISE WORK.—After tracing the outlines accurately, take long stitches backward and forward, in the space to be afterward covered over, making it thickest in the middle, or widest part. Take care to keep this within the outlines.

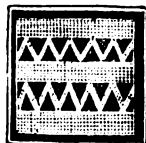
SATIN STITCH.—A series of stitches taken across any leaf or petal, closely and regularly.

GUIPURE.—This term is applied now to embroidery on muslin, held together by bars, and all the muslin ground cut away.

SWISS LACE.—Muslin and lace worked together so that the latter forms the ground and the former the pattern, all that which covers the ground being cut away after the work is done.



FANCY STITCHES.—POINT D'ECHELLE.—A series of small holes, close together, forming the edge of a design in Swiss lace. Worked with a rather coarse needle, and fine thread, two or three stitches being taken in every hole formed by the needle. The edge is then sewed over.



HEM-STITCH.—Draw out four threads, and sew over three of those in the opposite direction, to form a bar, from one edge to the other. Sew down the next three. Continue thus. Some-

times hem-stitch is done when it is impossible to draw out threads, not being a straight line. In that case, with a coarse needle work the holes to resemble this. The edges must afterward be sewed over, to keep the holes clear.

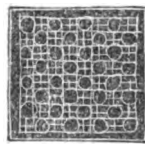


MOURNING HEM-STITCH.—FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.—Leaving sufficient cambric for the hem, draw out nine threads, and leave three, alternately, for any depth you wish it to be. Take

a thread longer than the side of the handkerchief, and having fastened it on at the right hand, pass your needle backward under the third and fourth threads from the edge, lifting up on the point the first and second. Thus the two first of every four threads come before the others. Each line must be done with a single needleful of thread, fastened off at the end. Then the bar of three between must be sewed over, on the wrong side, a single stitch being taken between every four threads.



FANCY STITCHES.—No. 1.—Draw three threads and leave three alternately, in both directions, on the space to be ornamented. Sew over the three threads, on the wrong side, for bars; and draw spots at intervals, as seen in the engraving.



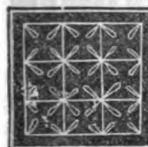
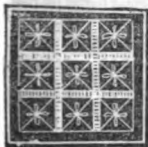
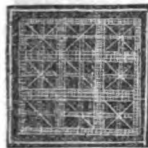
No. 2.—Draw four and leave four each way. Half cover one bar, and then take the thread across the space. Work the half of this bar, and round the corner, and cross the thread already found in the space with another to form the cross. Cover the half of the bar to which you have taken the needle, and proceed to put the cross in another square.



No. 3.—Draw out six threads, and leave twelve, in both directions. Then work round every three of the twelve to form the whole into four bars.



spots in the squares.



these.

TAMBOUR WORK.—The instrument is a needle

No. 4.—Prepare like last. Make the two outer three into bars, but darn the inner six, backward and forward from the centre, to make a single one. These can be varied by working

No. 5.—Draw out three, and leave four both ways. Make the threads into bars, and carry the middle diagonally across, to make the lines seen in the engraving.

No. 6.—In squares formed of Venetian bars, make a cross as for English lace spots, instead of which work a Venetian dot between every two threads.

No. 7.—A space filled with lace on which, instead of English spots, four of Venetian dots united in the centre are worked. The worker's ingenuity may be exercised in producing other stitches from

with a point like that of a crochet hook, screwed into an ivory handle. The small steel screw which secures the needle in its place is kept by the thumb in holding the instrument, as it then forms a sort of guide in twisting the hook. The material to be tamboured must be stretched in a frame. The stitch exactly resembles the ordinary chain-stitch. A pattern may be worked entirely on one fabric. Thus veils are worked and muslin dresses. But generally one material is applique on another, as muslin on lace. Hold the thread under the work with the thumb and first finger of the left hand, close under the place where the pattern begins. Insert the hook with the right, and draw up a loop of the thread. Holding the loop on the hook, again insert it, a little in advance, and draw up a fresh loop through the one already formed. Continue thus until the work is done. Outlines are always the first parts to be done; and this section of any flower or leaf, being completed, fill it up or finish it before proceeding. Where the whole design has to be outlined or edged with a particular material, however, as with gold thread, this must be done last. To fasten off, draw the thread on the wrong side, and work with a common needle.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



FOR CHILD'S HANDKERCHIEF.



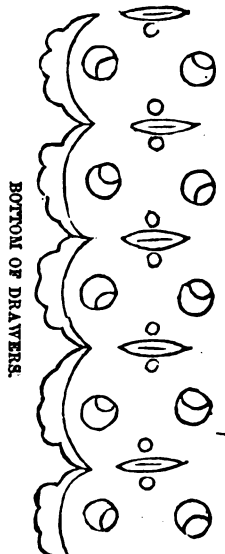
CHILD'S PETTICOAT.



INSERTION.



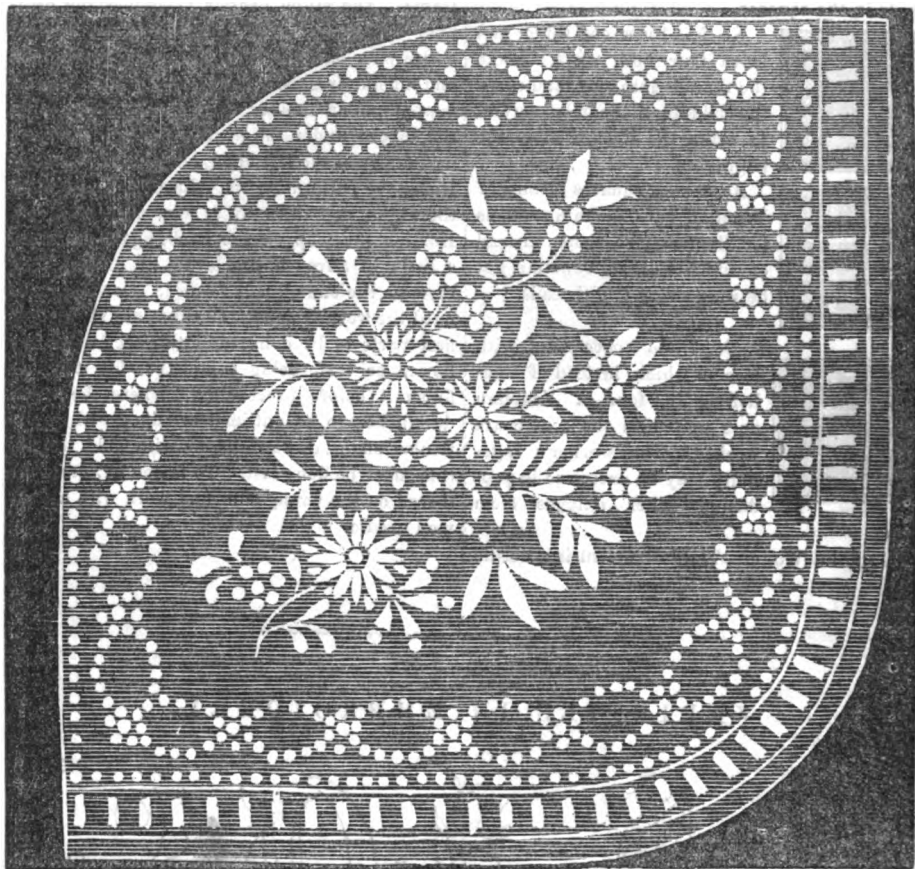
FOR AN INFANT'S FLANNEL PETTICOAT.



BOTTOM OF DRAWERS.

BABY'S FRENCH EMBROIDERY CAP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

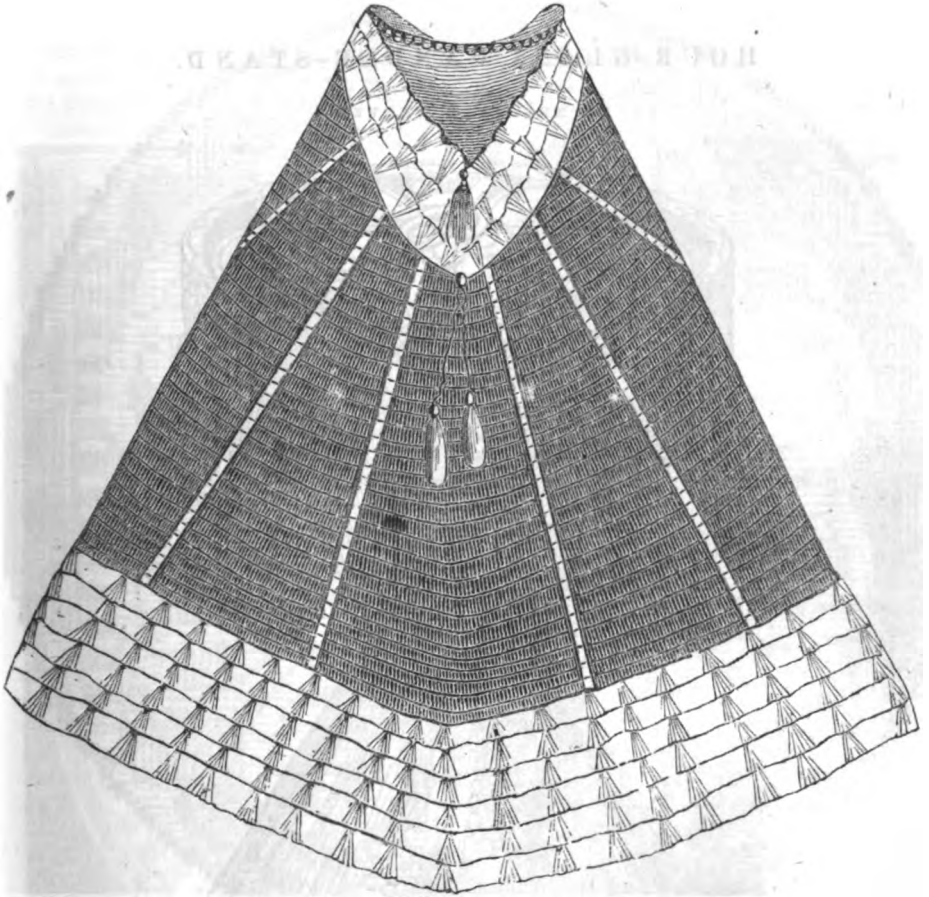


We give this as a new and beautiful pattern for a Baby's Cap. The pattern is worked in satin-stitch and holes, on cambric. The long piece, of which we give an illustration in the front of the number, goes over the top of the head, and the other portion, with a corresponding one, forms the two sides. In making this cap up it is requisite that the long part should be slightly gathered for about three inches in the centre. When the material on which embroidery is executed is cambric, more than usual care is necessary to render the work especially neat, and to prevent the cambric from being frayed. Very fine cotton, and a small needle, are most desirable for this purpose, and instead of piercing the holes only with a stiletto, a very small incision should be made; this prevents the work from being drawn up.

TO CROCHET A TALMA.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This is a pattern which we have designed expressly for the readers of "Peterson." MATERIALS.—Four oz. of white split zephyr, four oz. of colored split zephyr.



Make a ch of eighty-two stitches with the white wool.

1st row.—Work in sc.

2nd row.—Work in 8 ch, 2 dc in first loop, 3 ch, miss 3 loops of the first row, make 3 dc in next 3 loops, 8 ch, miss 3 loops as before, 3 dc in next 3 loops. Repeat this 3 ch and 3 dc to the end of the row.

3rd row.—3 ch, 2 dc, 3 ch, 4 dc into the 3 dc stitches of 2d row, 3 ch, 4 dc as before. Continue to the end of 3rd row.

4th row.—3 ch, 2 dc, 3 ch, 5 dc into the 4 dc stitches of 3rd row, 3 ch, 5 dc as before. Repeat to the end of the row.

Work thirty-seven rows in this manner, widening each row as above described, observing to put the additional stitches in each row in the same place.

FOR THE BORDER.—Use the colored wool. Work in shell stitch, which is done by making 6 dc in groups, with 1 long ch between each group,

placing the groups in every 3rd stitch of the 37th row. Do from 6 to 16 rows.

Hood.—To be done in shell stitch. Make a ch of 25 stitches with the white wool.

1st row.—Sc.

2nd row.—3 ch, 4 dc in groups, placing each group in every 3rd loop of 1st row. Do fourteen rows.

Make a second square like this. Connect the two squares with a ch of 20 stitches.

15th row.—Shell stitch as before. Do 24 rows, dropping one group of stitches at both ends of every row. This will bring it to a point.

BORDER OF HOOD.—Use the colored wool. Take up the stitches at equal distances. Do 7 rows in shell stitch. Turn the border up on the hood, and draw to fit, with cord and tassels. This completes the hood. Join the hood to the talma, crocheting them together with 1 row of shell stitch. Cord and tassel fitted to the neck, complete the Talma.

HOUR-GLASS CANDLE-STAND.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

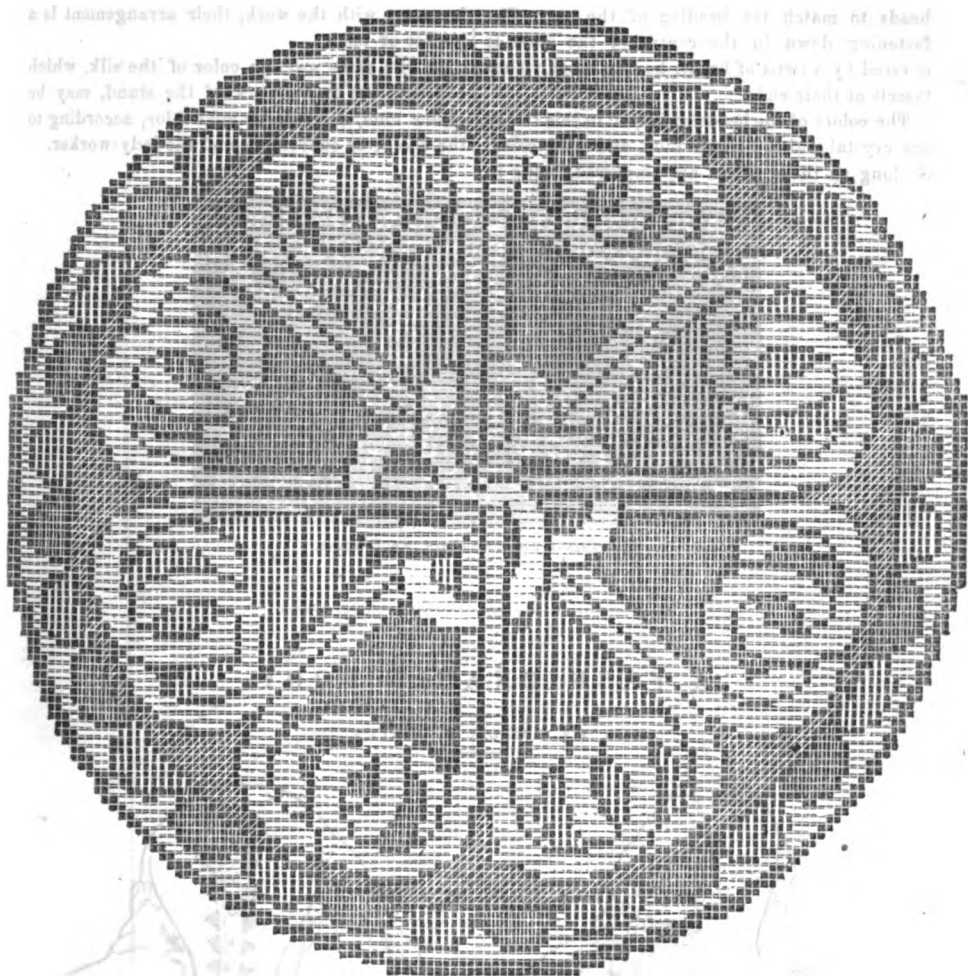


WE give, among other things, a pattern for an Hour-Glass Candle-Stand for the toilet-table. Most ladies have experienced the inconvenience arising from the candles on their toilet-table throwing their light upward rather than downward on their glass. These candle-stands have been invented to obviate this defect of arrangement. One of these articles being placed on each side of the mirror, the candle-sticks are to be mounted upon them, at once raising the light to the required height, and furnishing tasteful ornaments for the table.

The foundation for this stand is made of two flat rounds of wood, connected together by a

stem having a groove cut in its exact centre. These rounds are about six inches across, and the stem about eight inches in height. Any common turner can supply this article at very trifling expense.

The design which we have supplied for the top of this stand is in woolwork. Having counted the stitches, a canvas must be chosen, which, taking in the pattern, will also fit the round of wood. Being a trifle smaller when worked, will not be an objection, as a few rounds of plain stitches will easily enlarge it sufficiently. The outline is to be worked in black, the parts within the two black lines being a golden yellow. The



TOP OF HOOR-GLASS CANDLE-STAND.



White.

Yellow.

Red.

Blue.

Chocolate.

Black.

six compartments within the scrolls are alternately rich crimson and bright French blue. The intertwining bow in the centre has a black outline filled in with white. The ground between the scrolls and the outer border is deep chocolate. The scollops, which form the border have a black outline, and are alternately of the crimson and the blue. The space beyond these, and yet within the outer black line, is of the golden yellow. The white in the centre and all

the yellow are greatly improved by being crossed with floss silk.

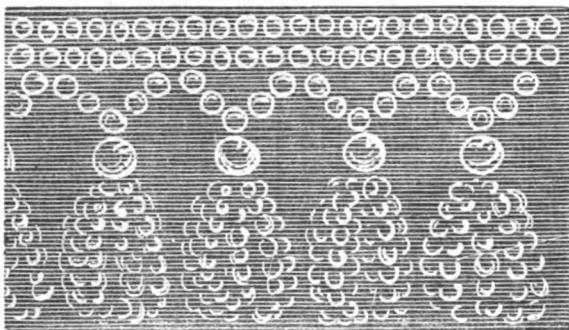
This round of Berlin woolwork being completed must be mounted on the top of the wooden frame. An inverted bag of silk must then be well fastened down all round, turned over, which leaves the rough edges in the inside, fastened round the centre in the groove of the stem of wood in regular flutings, and then secured all round the bottom, which thus becomes the stand of the frame. In this way an exact resemblance of the Hour-Glass is obtained.

The finishing decoration is done by carrying round the top a fringe formed with a beading of two rows of O. P. beads thread in and out, having a loop of five beads, from which hangs a tassel formed of one large bead with pendant loops. The base has simply the two rows of

beads to match the beading of the top. The fastening down in the centre of the stem is covered by a twist of beads, having much richer tassels at their ends.

The colors of the beads employed in this fringe are crystal white, French blue, and gold color. So long as these colors are employed, being in harmony with the work, their arrangement is a matter of taste.

In the same way the color of the silk, which conceals the frame-work of the stand, may be either blue, crimson, or gold color, according to the choice or convenience of the lady-worker.



BEAD FRINGE FOR HOUR-GLASS CANDLE-STAND.

A FASHIONABLE BODY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



With this number we give a pattern for a very fashionable body, of which see the front and back views above, and the diagram on the next page. The body is formed in points, one in the front, one at the back, and one on each hip. We have not cut out the plaits in front, leaving that to be arranged according to the size required for the wearer.

The three patterns of the diagrams are as follows:—

- No. 1. Half of the Front.
- No. 2. Half of the Back.
- No. 3. Side-Body.

These are to be enlarged, in the manner we have frequently described. Each pattern has the number of inches marked on it.

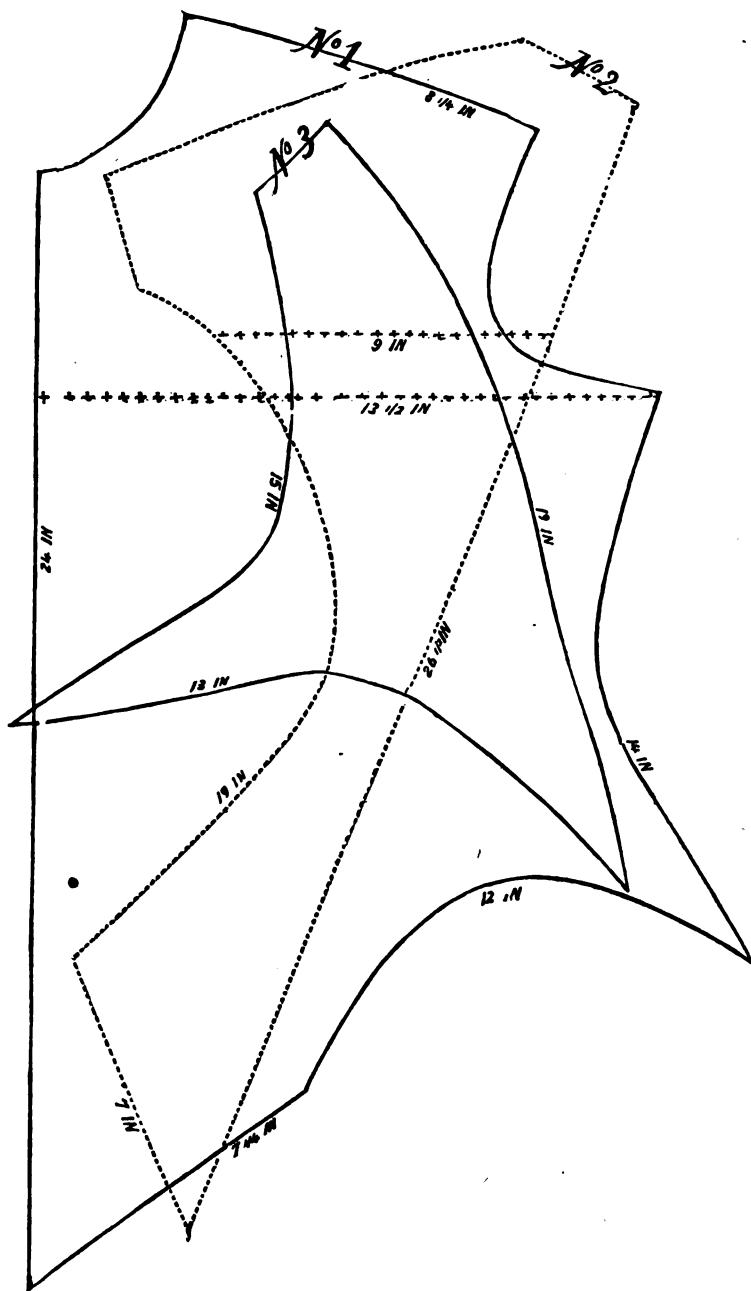


DIAGRAM FOR FASHIONABLE BODY.

THE CANARY BIRD. NO. III.

BY W. KIDD.

In conclusion we will briefly comment on some of the little ailments of our winged friends. "Prevention being better than cure," we will hope that by due care we shall seldom have occasion to call in the aid of a doctor—our aversion always, excepting only in *extremis*.

The diseases to which a canary is subject are but few; and they are, any of them, easily got rid of. The husk is a "dry cough," caught from an undue exposure to cold and damp. Sometimes it is brought on by giving your birds hemp-seed; the husk or shell of which, adhering to the lining of their throat, causes inflammation. Never, therefore, give your canaries any hemp-seed without first bruising it. Half a dozen seeds per week, observe, are more than sufficient under any circumstances. To cure the husk, feed your birds on yolk of egg, boiled hard, and diluted with a few drops of cold water. Mix with it a small quantity of sponge-cake, rubbed fine. Instead of spring water to drink, give them, for a couple of days, boiled linsced-tea, flavored with liquorice-root; or (for one day only) new milk boiled. By keeping your birds warm, and covering them over to prevent excitement, they will soon rally.

Canaries in this country are seldom long together free from colds. These might readily be prevented, by discarding those circular open cages against which we have already so loudly protested.

Hung out of doors in these cages, exposed to every draught and change of air, or nearly broiled by the sun—choice pets die by the hundred, or are ruined for life. Asthma soon does its work; and brings with it a troop of undefinable evils, all of which are incurable. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!*

A vast number of nominal ailments are recorded in bird-books, which we consider it needless to allude to. They all result from one grand cause—neglect. Extreme cleanliness—a whole volume might be profitably devoted to this point alone—careful feeding, proper cages, and affectionate attention, are all the "mysteries" of bird-keeping. Illness is of very rare occurrence with pets who are regularly attended to; and it is for this reason that we shall not puzzle our readers by a discussion of possible evils, and

imaginary cures for them. Red gravelly sand, well mixed with small pebbles, (to aid digestion,) bruised mortar from an old wall, chickweed, groundsel, (both quite ripe,) and boiled yolk of egg—these, and the daily use of a square bath (in summer) will keep your birds hearty and jolly. With care, they will live at least a dozen years; many kind mistresses have enjoyed the company of their pets from fifteen to twenty years.

An equable temperature, we should observe, is always desirable. A sudden transition from heat to cold, and from cold to heat, is dangerous. Good sense and a little reflection—rarities amongst us!—would determine all these matters. Birds and children had need be gifted with the longevity of a cat. "Nine lives" were barely sufficient to shield them from the dangers to which they are so thoughtlessly exposed by their protectors. We shudder, as we take our daily walks, to behold the cruelties practiced both on birds and children—all because people will not "think."

Let us now say a word or two about "moulting"—an effort of nature to regenerate our pets, and at the same time add to their beauty. We need not here go into the philosophy of this interesting subject.

When a canary "moults"—which is generally in July or August, according to the heat of the weather—all you need to do is, to keep him quiet and free from draughts. Being a cheerful, lively bird, there is no need to have him covered up; but do not let him be unduly excited. Give him a very small quantity of raw beef, scraped and moistened with cold water, once a week; occasionally, a little yolk of hard-boiled egg; and now and then a piece of sponge-cake, and ripe chickweed in full flower. Nature will do the rest; and present your pet with a handsome new coat that will keep him spruce, and last him a full year. Mind and trim his claws when they are too long. Use sharp scissors always; a knife, never. In handling him, let him lie passive as possible; so that your hand may not press unduly on any part of his little body. After the first operation, he will understand all about it, and cheerfully submit to be so "trimmed." A lady's hand is a bird's delight, it being

so delicately soft. But it is "dangerous" to lie there too long.

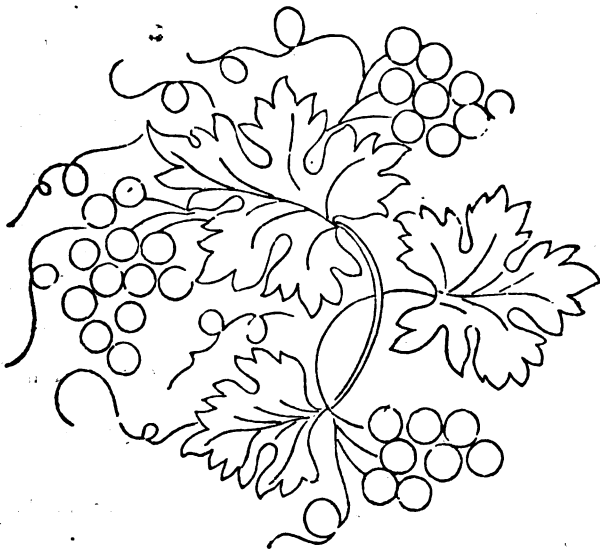
There are some "little secrets" connected with the welfare of your birds, that we will record here. One is—that they delight in, and are kept in rude health, by seed called "bird-turnip." This should be especially looked to, more particularly during the breeding season; and there should be an abundant supply of it.

Another great "little secret" is, the prevention of illness among your birds. Cut a thick slice from a well-baked crumby loaf. Put this by for a fortnight, to get thoroughly stale. Then soak a portion of it in cold water, afterward thoroughly squeezing it, to expel the superfluity of moisture. Give a little of this to your birds. If they be ailing, it will set them all right; if they be well, it will keep them so. This advice is worth a guinea. Now for a word or two about vermin, before alluded to. Birds are a doomed race; wherever they live in confinement, there lurk their deadliest enemies, to consume them homœopathically. Hundreds—aye, thousands—of our feathered friends die annually; and few of us guess the cause. These vermin are minutely small; nearly imperceptible to the eye, and equally impalpable to the touch. A microscope, however, reveals them, and all the "infernal machinery" of their hideously-disgusting creep-

ing forms. They lie in ambush. During the day, they take refuge in the joints of your cages. At night they come and riot in the bodies of your birds, whose blood supplies them with a perpetual feast. All cages are liable to these creatures, but those made of mahogany are the least so. Brass cages are the worst of all—deal come next.

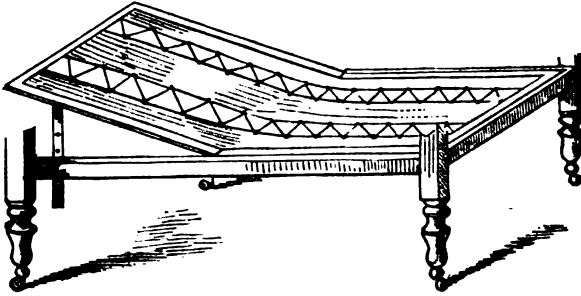
To destroy these vermin, we have ascertained that nothing but camphine or naphtha can be depended upon. This must be freely applied to all the joints and crevices of the cage, with a sash-tool. No candle or fire must be allowed near the cage during the operation, so combustible are the elements employed in this warfare. Where money is no object, we recommend in all cases the purchase of a new cage; the old one being immediately burnt. Where expense is a consideration, an extra cage must always be kept to remove the birds into, whilst operating for their benefit on their old infested habitation. One week, at least, must elapse before the smell and danger are removed. Your pets may then be replaced. If you "love" your birds, you will after this caution examine carefully, from week to week, whether any foes have dared to intrude. Five minutes could hardly be better bestowed; for these "Thugs" are crafty as cruel.

SILK EMBROIDERY FOR TOP OF PIN-CUSHION.

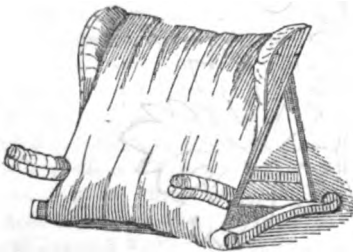


BED-ROOM FURNITURE FOR INVALIDS.

BY H. J. VERNON.



In the April number, some hints were given regarding bed-steads for cottages: we now give some, in relation to bed-room furniture for the sick. The illustration above is a bed for invalids. It is of the simplest kind, intended for persons suffering from complaints, or from wounds, which require frequent changes of position. It will be seen that the posts are not finished, for the reason that they may be either tall or short, as is most convenient. One half of the sacking is attached to a hinged frame, which can be raised or lowered to any angle, and kept in place by a thin, flat iron bar, one on each side, which slides up and down in a groove in the bedside, and is prevented from shifting by an iron pin made to fit the holes as shown in the drawing. Whether the bed-stead shall be heavy or light, or fitted with easy-running castors, depends on circumstances: but as a rule, the lighter it can be made, and the easier it moves, the better. One can be made, in a few days, from this pattern, by any cabinet-maker.

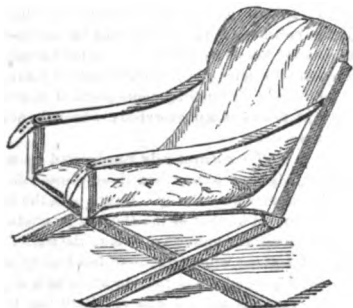


We next give a bed-chair. Its use is, when placed in an ordinary bed, to support the sick person in a half-sitting, half-reclining posture, as may be most comfortable. A series of notches,

to serve as a rack, are cut in the curved rail which supports the whole, and the sloping stretcher rests in these notches, and being hinged, the slope of the back may be altered whenever required. The curved rail is also made to turn on a pin which runs through the front scroll into the frame, so that when the chair is out of use, it can be shut up into a space much smaller than would be commonly supposed. The stuffing of a chair of this sort ought to be soft, the better to relieve the weary back that will often rest against it. Horse-hair is better for the purpose than wool, as it has more spring, and is less liable to absorb impurities. The two cheeks at the top are used as supports for the head, and the elbows below for the arms, and add much to the comfort of the patient. A loose cover should always be used with this chair, which by being frequently washed, may be kept clean and free from all infectious effluvia; an important consideration in illness. Dimity is generally preferred for the cover.

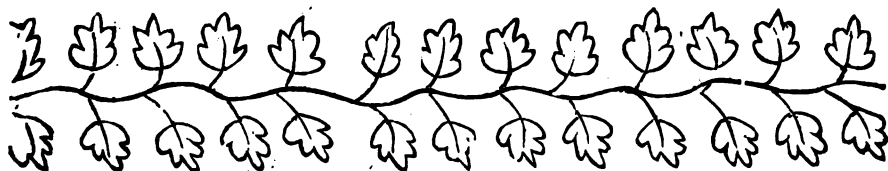
Sometimes it is found desirable to have a small sofa in a bed-room, on which the sick person may recline during the day, or while the bed is being made. Besides which there is a large kind of ottoman, so contrived as to serve also as a chair or bed-stead, calculated in certain cases to be useful. But it should be remembered that, generally speaking, the simplest forms of furniture will be found the most convenient. Should the bed-stead be high, then bed-steps will be required; these are made in various ways, some being contrived to do duty as a commode, or night convenience. An ottoman box, about eighteen inches square, is occa-

sionally used instead of bed steps; the lid of this is stuffed to serve as a seat, and the inside may be fitted up to hold caps or bonnets. Where an article can be made to serve a double purpose, without interfering with its use, it is an economy of space as well as of expense.



The easy-chair most commonly used for bedrooms has a deep, hollow back, which curves well round toward each side, so the patient, when sitting in it, may be thoroughly protected from draughts. Other kinds can, however, be used, if preferred; one of a simple construction is shown here. The back is hinged where it joins the seat, so as to alter its slope, like the bed-chair described above. The elbows are two leather straps, with holes pierced at their outer ends, which fit over a small brass nob fixed in the upright, and so hold the back in any position. The bottom is formed by a piece of sack-ing, on which the lower cushion rests. It will thus be seen that this chair is of very simple construction, and it has besides the convenience of folding into a small compass.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



IN SILK FOR INFANT'S BLANKET.



BRAIDING.



FOR CHEMISE YOKE.



EDGING FOR CHEMISE.



EMBROIDERY ABOVE THE HEM OF A HANDKERCHIEF.



FOR INFANT'S NIGHT-DRESS.



BAND AND SLEEVE OF CHEMISE.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WHY ARE GOOD POETS SO SCARCE?—In spite of the new volumes of poetry which publishers and booksellers are continually advertising, it is a common remark, with all readers of taste, that we no longer have first-rate poets. It is true that the admirers of Longfellow, Tennyson and Browning, severally maintain that their idol is a great poet, but though each and all of the writers have undoubted merit, they are not great in the sense in which Shakespeare, Spenser, or Milton were. To enjoy poetry of the highest order we must go back at least two centuries. Why is this? The problem is worth solving.

We think the explanation may be found in the essentially analytical character of the modern American and British mind. Curious as it may seem at first sight, no people, in whom the analytical faculty predominates, has ever produced first-rate poetry. French poetry is proverbially trash. The master-pieces of antiquity—Homer, Æschylus and Sophocles—were the work of the Greek mind before it had become analytical. Dante's Divine Comedy was minted in an age, when Italy, as compared with the ages that followed, cannot be called analytical. In our own language, the truest and most lasting poetry, whether epic or dramatic, was born of times when the Anglo-Saxon intellect was, relatively to what it is now, decidedly unanalytical.

Nor is it difficult to resolve the reason. It lies in the fact that an essentially analytical mind is not creative, which a synthetical one, on the contrary, is. Analysis is the faculty for a critic, a metaphysician, or a man of mere science. It takes things to pieces. It does not put them together. The analytical faculty cannot, so far forth, write poetry at all. But a man, in whom analysis predominates, may, by studying the laws of poetry, build up, by infinite labor, a sort of make-believe poetry, such as is now so common; a poetry without heart, or without living flesh or blood, a cold, unemotional, merely intellectual poetry, which false critics may attempt to write up, but which will not outlive the present generation. Even some poets of fine synthetical minds, by an excessive cultivation of the analytical faculty, weaken their poetical powers, become victims to pet theories, and grow more and more meretricious, as poets, the longer they live. Browning is an example as to much that he has written. Tennyson's "Maud," as a whole, is another illustration. The German poets, take them all in all, are hopelessly given over to this error, for they first demonstrate to you, metaphysically, what poetry ought to be, but what it never was, and then set to work to manufacture it, as per sample.

We do not mean, in speaking thus of the analytical faculty, to decry analysis altogether in a poet. Poets of the very first class have always had great analytical power; but like Shakespeare and Milton, they have kept it subordinated to the synthetical. What may be excellent as stucco for the outside is hardly fit for the foundations of an edifice. It is only the synthetical or constructive faculty which can lay those huge Cyclopean blocks on which all real poetry—all poetry that is to be immortal—must be established. Train any man's mind till it becomes almost wholly analytical, and it will be found to be incapable, not only of writing poetry, but even of relishing it. The law is full of eminent special pleaders of this character, who have studied contingent remainders till they think Fearnoe more delightful than Homer. Metaphysicians, proverbially, have no taste for poetry. Whole classes of educated people, in these days, have become so accustomed to the unceasing exercise of the

analytical faculty that they have lost the perception of many kinds of beauty, and therefore the enjoyment of much true poetry. In fact, many persons, distorted by this species of immature culture, yet falsely believing themselves, in the pride of fancied knowledge, to be cultivated harmoniously, have given in their adhesion to false schools of poetry; have taken, like Titania, to fondling some poetical monstrosity; nay! attempt to cry down everybody who will not be as absurd as themselves.

Hence it is that comparatively uneducated persons are often better judges of poetry than those whose minds have been developed unsymmetrically. Hence, also, the fact that first class poetry—like that of the Hebrew prophets, for example—is poetry to the mass as well as to the few. Children and ignorant persons will perceive or feel beauty of many kinds as quickly as adults or the educated; and, in proportion as the beauty is natural, and not factitious, they will often detect it quicker. Our educated classes, in general, have cultivated the analytical faculty so excessively, that they have, to a certain degree, lost the perception of real poetry; and our poets, partaking of the fault of their times, give us analytical effusions in metre, that are full of pretty conceits, but never make us feel. Analytic writers can never create—they can only adapt. They do not fuse, they only weld together. Their verses are but curious bits of mechanism: intellectual, automaton chess-players; not living, breathing, moving, impassioned organisms.

WHAT MRS. ELLIS SAYS.—A paragraph, from the pen of the veteran Mrs. Ellis, author of "The Women of England," is going the rounds of the press, which is worthy of being preserved; and therefore we copy it here. "My pretty little dears," she says, addressing a certain description of young ladies, "you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet to look after fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraint; more kitchen and less parlor; more leg and less sofa; more making puddings and less mock modesty; more breakfast and less bustle. I like the buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, full-breasted, bouncing lass, who can darn stockings, make her own frocks, mend trousers, command a regiment of pots, and shoot a wild duck as well as the Duchess of Marlboro' or the Queen of Spain; and be a lady within the drawing-room. But as for your pining, moping, screwed-up, wasp-waisted, pretty-faced, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of idleness, with consumption-soled silk stockings, you won't do for the future wives and mothers."

OUR NEW NOVELET.—We begin, this month, the publication of a new, copy-right novelet, which our readers, we predict, will pronounce one of the best we ever published. It has been written expressly for "Peterson," by Mr. Frank Lee Benedict, a writer not unknown to our pages, and whom the "Press," the best literary newspaper in Philadelphia, pronounces "one of our most brilliant magazi-nists." As soon as Mrs. Southworth's novelet is concluded, the original one, by the editor, announced in the Prospectus for 1858, will be commenced. We shall thus redeem our promise of giving three copy-right novelets for this year. What other Magazine does as much?

ONE OF MANY.—The Plattville (Wis.) Examiner says—"The Magazine for the ladies is Peterson's." This is but one out of a hundred or more similar notices received since last month.

AMERICANIZING THE TURKISH BATH.—It has often been said that the hot bath, as administered in Oriental countries, could be introduced, with great benefit as to health, into the Middle and Southern states of this Union. It is certain that the Turks, with their indolent habits, would be quite a sickly race, if it was not for the thorough cleansing of the skin, and the consequent increased activity of the epidermis, which results from this bath. We now incline to think that the Oriental bath might be used to advantage even in the coldest parts of the United States. An English writer, as proof, gives his experience of a Turkish bath, taken in England, on one of the coldest nights of the past winter. He says:—

"On a fine and rather frosty night, just as the moon was rising above the trees, robed in the bath dress, a loose, flowing cape reaching to the knees, we were conducted by our host from the vinery (with its sashes open) into the outer bath apartment, where seated upon low stools, with the thermometer at eighty-five degrees, we were soon in a most genial glow. Thus prepared, we entered the inner apartment. Seating ourselves, *a la Turk*, on a low, wooden bench, we waited in profound silence the moment when all our skin impurities should 'melt, thaw, and resolve themselves into a dew.' Soon a copious shower of perspiration ran from every pore. Our attendant commenced a brisk friction with hands and feet over the whole surface of the body, and produced a result that we confess we were not prepared for. Accustomed to daily use of the ordinary warm and cold baths, and the constant use of 'flesh-gloves,' we fancied that we had left little to be removed; but, under the skillful hands of our manipulator, we were soon divested of a rough coat of dead epidermis, that must have been a terrible obstacle to the delicate process of respiration, which nature intends to go on constantly over the whole surface of the body. Next we were rubbed from head to foot with soap, followed by a delicate stream of warm water poured over us, which produced a delightful glow of invigoration such as we have rarely experienced before. A sense of purity over the whole body, and a deep calm as of settled peace, fell upon us with all the freshness of a new birth. Next a bracing stream of cold water, and we stepped again into the first apartment. When the body had been rubbed perfectly dry we were conducted into the vinery, where, reclining on a couch, every muscle in repose, we were exposed to a current of cold air, with the loins only girded. Yet, as we imbibed a fragrant cup of coffee, there was no feeling of chill; but one of perfect health and renewed energy vibrated through the body; while through the mind, sympathizing as ever with her earthly dwelling, passed rapid visions of all that was pleasant in the past or hopeful in the future; and we left the dwelling of our friend convinced that few of the blessings of modern civilization as auxiliaries to health, are to be compared to this English version of the Turkish bath."

Why do not some of our wealthier citizens attach to their residences bath-houses constructed on the Turkish plan? Let the experiment, at least, be tried. We are quite sure that those females, whom fortune places above the necessity of work, and who so generally injure their health by too sedentary habits, would be greatly benefited by the Turkish bath. The Oriental ladies, it should be remembered, spend hours, daily, at the bath.

In time, perhaps, there may be public baths of this description, for if they could be managed properly, they would be a great convenience.

A BACHELOR'S EPIGRAM.—Doubtless some disappointed bachelor perpetrated the following epigram. If we were a lady we would never forgive him.

Men dying, make their wills—but wives
Escape a work so sad!
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had?

ROBIN REDBREAST AT THE CRUCIFIXION.—There is a superstition current in Brittany that when our Saviour was bearing his cross, a robin took one thorn from his crown which dyed his breast, and that since that time, the bird has been the friend and favorite of man. One of our contributors sends us the following poem on this beautiful legend:

ROBIN REDBREAST.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Up Mount Calvary's height ascending,
Tolled the man of sorrows on,
Doomed to die for man's transgression,
He, God's sinless, only son.

Round the haughty Jewish Rabble
Stood and mocked him as he passed,
Bitter taunt and fierce reviling
At their suffering Saviour cast.

On that brow guilt never clouded,
Yet a crown of thorns he wore,
While like ruby dew-drops gathered
Round each point the crimson gore.

And the mocking hosts surrounding
Shouted, "Hail! all hail our King!"
Till the scornful acclamations
Made the echoing welkin ring.

Fainting 'neath the cross, his burden,
From his lips no accents flow,
Save, "Forgive them, Heavenly Father,
For they know not what they do."

All unmoved, God's chosen people
Heard the meek, forgiving word,
And no throb of human pity
In their stony bosoms stirred.

But a wild bird, o'er them flying,
Caught the plaintive, pleading tone,
And one thorn plucked from his forehead,
So to shame man's heart of stone.

From its tiny beak descending,
Touched the point its little breast,
And upon the glossy plumage
Its own crimson hue impressed.

Still that sanguinary color
Dyes the bosom of the bird;
Still near homes of happy Christians
Are its sweetest warblings heard.

HONORABLE OFTEN TO BE AN OLD MAID.—A writer in "The Sibly" very properly rebukes those who laugh at old maids. In most cases, when a woman does not marry, it is her own decision. She has met no one whom she could love, or she has had orphaned sisters and brothers who require her care, or there has been some other worthy, and often heroic motive. The writer in "The Sibly" says:—"Yes! that same old maid you were just now making fun of, is as much above you, both morally and mentally, as the lark that springs on eager wing to hail the morn, is above the loathsome bat who shuns the light of day, and chooses, rather, the dark, damp cellar and the unwholesome air of the dungeon, and there flutters its useless life away, without caring that there is light and beauty beyond. Marry for a home! Marry to escape the ridicule of being called an old maid! How dare you, then, pervert the most sacred institution of the Almighty, by becoming the wife of a man for whom you can feel no emotions of love, or respect even, and who cares no more for you than he does for his horse, or his ox, or his dog, or any other article of property that ministers to his comfort or his pleasures?" This, we grant, is strong language. But is it a bit too strong? Is not every word of it true?

"OVER THE RIVER."—The following beautiful and pathetic poem is worthy of being committed to memory. Can you read it without tears?

Over the river they beckon to me—
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost by the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of Heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there,
The gate of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet!
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts;
They cross the stream and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day.
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea,
Yet somewhere, I know on the unseen shore,
They watch and beckon, and wait for me!

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore.
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar.
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

TO LOOP UP YOUR DRESSES WHEN WALKING.—As the season for walking in the country is at hand, we give a hint as to the best way of looping up the dress. Purchase some small brass rings and sew three on each seam in the inside of the dress, the lowest one ten inches from the bottom, the other two at distances equally divided from the top. Fasten a small, tight cord just through the lowest of the rings and pass it upward through the other two toward the top of the skirt. The half of these cords is then to be taken on one side, and the other half on the other, and brought through the band of the dress. Being thus united together and fastened to another of the rings on each side they are unable to slip through, and when in use the two rings are easily drawn up and tied together in the front of the waist. Whether worn with a jacket or band, either of the two conceals the two rings, which are very small. This mode is so extremely easy, that it requires no other care beyond that of seeing that the length of the cord is properly adjusted.

REAL ESTATE AND PURCHASING AGENCY.—Park Benjamin and Horace Winans have opened an office in the city of New York, for the purchase and sale of real estate, both in city and in country; lands, improved and unimproved, in all directions; and personal property of every description, such as books, furniture, scientific apparatus, jewelry, carriages, musical instruments, &c. &c. Claims against parties residing in New York are also collected and adjusted. As Mr. Benjamin is a member of the Bar, the whole business connected

with real estate can be transacted under his direction. His literary knowledge renders him a peculiarly fitting person to select libraries. Persons, residing in the country, will find it to their advantage, we believe, to transact business with the firm. Address Benjamin and Winans, No. 41 Pine Street, New York.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Fortunes of Nigel. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This beautiful series, the "Household Edition of Scott's Novels," continues to hold its pre-eminence as a specimen of American book-making. We doubt if a superior edition, all things considered, will ever appear. The typography, especially, is the admiration of all connoisseurs. Though hundreds of fictions are now annually written, and though taste changes more or less with each generation, the Waverley novels remain still the best in the language, and are indispensable to every family of culture. It gratifies us to find that an American publishing firm has the enterprise to print so elegant an edition of these fictions, and that the American public sustains them in the undertaking as nobly as we hear they do. The "Fortunes of Nigel," with its inimitable portraiture of James the First, its description of Alsace, its pictures of 'prentice life, and its admirable delineations of character, has always been a great favorite with us.

Dear Experience. By the author of "Doctor Antonio." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We always read whatever Signor Ruffini, the author of this work, writes; and read it with pleasure. His present work is not less meritorious, in its way, than either "Lorenzo Benoni" or "Doctor Antonio." An air of refinement and good taste; pure, idiomatic English; a sharp and even brilliant style; and considerable humor, are the characteristics of "Dear Experience." The volume is neatly bound in cloth.

Andromeda, and other Poems. By Charles Kingsley. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Mr. Kingsley is best known as the author of "Alton Locke;" but he is also a poet of a high order. Some of his ballads, "The Three Fishermen," and "The Sands O' Dee," for example, are among the best in the language. The present volume will be eagerly sought after by every reader of taste. It is published in the miniature style which has lately become so popular, and which is peculiarly adapted for a hanging book-shelf in a lady's boudoir.

Hedges and Evergreens. A Complete Manual for the cultivation, pruning and management of all plants suitable for American Hedging. By J. A. Wüder. 1 vol. New York: O. A. Moore. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This volume gives some very good practical information, useful to cultivators and to farmers who may wish to beautify their grounds, at the same time that they enclose their property. The author, who resides, we believe, at Cincinnati, Ohio, has had great experience on the subject.

Poems. By Howard H. Caldwell. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Co.—There is some merit in these poems, though they exhibit unmistakable evidence of coming from a young writer, who has yet much to learn. Judged by the evidence they afford of what the writer can probably do hereafter, and not by their own excellence, they are highly creditable to the author.

Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1858. Edited by David A. Wells. A. M. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—The ninth volume of a work, which has become indispensable to all who deal in facts as distinguished from mere ideas. A portrait of Professor H. D. Rogers adorns the book.

Sartaroe. A Tale of Norway. By J. A. Maitland. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We noticed, a month or two ago, an advance copy of this new novel. It has since become the general talk, in literary circles, in consequence of a controversy, which arose between Mr. Putnam, of New York, Washington Irving's publisher, and Peterson & Brothers, the publishers of "Sartaroe," as to whether Mr. Irving ever wrote a letter to the author praising the book. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, when they issued the novel, printed such a letter, which Mr. Putnam denounced as a forgery. In a prompt card, T. B. Peterson & Brothers proved that the letter had been given to them as genuine, exhibiting the original in confirmation of their assertions. It subsequently turned out that they had been imposed upon as to that letter, but that another letter, written by Mr. Irving, and which they had received also from Mr. Maitland, was genuine; and this letter praised "Sartaroe" quite as much as the first. For a fortnight, cards in the newspapers were exchanged, almost daily, between Mr. Putnam and T. B. Peterson, in consequence of the former having altered, to suit his own purposes, a statement which T. B. Peterson had signed and left with Mr. Putnam to publish. The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin speaks the unanimous opinion of literary circles, when it sums up the affair as follows:—"Mr. Putnam, in a spirit more meddlesome than commendable, first denounced the letter as a forgery, and then when a statement of the matter for publication was agreed upon by the different parties, altered it to suit his own particular views and purposes." It does not appear, from first to last, that Mr. Irving ever authorized Mr. Putnam to take the matter up; for not a line from Mr. Irving has yet appeared in relation to the controversy. The real letter, the authenticity of which Mr. Putnam acknowledged in the presence of witnesses, is now on exhibition at the store of T. B. Peterson & Brothers; and *fac simile* copies of it have been lithographed, (one of which we have received) in order that persons familiar with Mr. Irving's writing may identify it.

The Philadelphia Counterfeit Detector. April 1858. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This, the best of the Bank-Note Lists, continues, under the editorship of Drexel & Co., to contain all the latest information respecting counterfeit, altered notes, &c. &c.

PARLOR GAMES.

THE DIVING BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.—In order that this game may be played with pleasure, and to advantage, it is necessary that some of the members of the company should be acquainted with the secret; but the greater number should be ignorant of it. The blind-man should be selected from among those conversant with the game. After his eyes are bandaged, he should be seated within a circle formed by the remainder of the company. A player, equally conversant, should then approach the blind-man, and address certain questions to him. If the interrogator is a gentleman, he designates a lady—and if the contrary, she designates a gentleman.

The following may serve as a specimen of the questions that should be asked. They may be varied—*ad infinitum*:

"Do you remember Mr. —?"

"Yes, very well."

"Do you recollect the color of his eyes?"

"Yes, perfectly!"

"Do you know the color of his vest?"

"Yes!"

"And can you remember the cut of his coat?"

"Yes, exactly!"

"By what article of his apparel am I now holding him?"

"By his coat."

The blind-man guesses rightly, because he knows that

every time the question is preceded by the conjunction—and, the object is indicated by the questioner.

In order to mislead the other players, one, or several questions may be asked, provided the single question, or the last of several questions is preceded by the word—and, which always serves as a guide to the blind-man. The person guessed, must then take the place of the blind-man.

If the interrogator has expressly selected—as his subject—a person ignorant of the game, he will be detained in his position as blind-man a long while, and be subjected to a great many forfeits, for one must be demanded for each mistake in guessing, and amid a number of objects it is difficult to happen upon the right one.

When the person blinded grows weary from repeated failures, the interrogator proposes to restore him to sight upon divers conditions—such as, he shall sing a song, declaim, make a confession, kiss the wall, &c. Usually, the proposition will be gladly accepted, but sometimes ambition will induce the blind-man to persevere, which course serves to close the game, as it is monotonous to see one person occupying the same position any length of time. It is best that the entire company participate in the game by turns.

THE LION'S COURT.—Each of the players, except the one who leads the game and styles himself the "Doctor" of the Lion, takes the name of some quadruped, as may please his fancy, and endeavors to imitate, as correctly as possible, its cry. Although the choice of names and imitation of voice are sufficiently easy, it may be well to draw out a little plan for the benefit of those interested.

Names of Quadrupeds.

The cow,	Mou, ou! ou!
The sheep,	Bah, bah, ba!
The dog,	Bow! bow! bow!
The cat,	Miao, miao, miao!
The lion,	Grou, grou, ou, ou, hi!
The panther, (his voice resembles a dog in anger,)	Row, row, row!
The hyena, (his cry is similar to the howling of a calf,)	Ra, ou! ou, ral ou, craze!

When the players have thus metamorphosed themselves, the Lion's Doctor commences recounting the maladies, misfortunes, &c., incident to the king of beasts. He tells that he was caught in a net, and in breaking through it he fayed his neck; he also relates, that he was dangerously wounded in fighting with the Tiger, Panther, Rhinoceros and Elephant. He may recall the touching anecdote of a Lion whose paw was pierced by a large thorn, and being relieved by a fugitive slave, (Androcles,) he spared him when in the amphitheatre and defended him against other attacks. He can amuse the circle by narrating a conjugal quarrel between a Lion and his royal spouse, which ended by his majesty's having his mane pulled and his nose streaked. We would likewise suggest the history of a Lion of Florence and Father Joseph Colonbel, a religious—having escaped from slavery, in the empire of Morocco, with some unfortunate companions, they met, in their flight near a fountain, an enormous Lion, which appeared to guard it; a moment's consultation on this pressing danger, decided them upon kneeling with joined hands, and reciting their sorrows with touching voice. The fierce animal seemed moved by their humiliation, and voluntarily withdrawing himself some distance, gave them liberty to drink. He may further speak of a Lion, which seized by a pain in his jaw-bone, and not able to swallow was left to die, when a Frenchman had pity on him, bathed his throat with water, and gave him a little milk; the remedy efficient, the poor Lion was restored, and full of thankfulness, would take nothing but from the hand of his benefactor, whom he followed like a dog. In narrating all these histories, the Doctor may speak of the visits paid to his majesty by his different subjects, and each time he names the animal selected by one of the players, he is

obliged to rise and make the peculiar cry upon his hands and feet. When the Doctor mentions the entire court they must all rise, each one uttering his own cry. Forfeits must be given when the players do not fulfil the conditions of the game, or when they do not acquit themselves with celerity.

THE LEARNED PIG.—The person whose privilege it is to enforce the penance of the learned pig, may reserve for himself the part of the master of that wonderful animal, or may select any other member of the company. The impersonator of the learned pig must walk upon all fours, and must obey the commands of his master, imitating the gait and grunt of the pig to the best of his mimetic powers; while the master must introduce him to the assembly with all the usual jargon and flourish of a showman. "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the celebrated learned pig, Toby, of which you've all read so much in the newspapers. He has refused handsome offers of various appointments, but prefers to travel about in a caravan. He was made a Doctor of Civil Law on account of his general acquirements and knowledge of the world, and corresponds with all the learned societies of Europe and America. He can read the human heart like a playbill, and will tell the age of any lady more correctly than the lady herself. Now, Mr. Toby, please to point out which of these young ladies is most fond of flirting." The learned pig has then to go round, carefully examining all the ladies in succession, grunting and sniffing at them with his snout, and finally squatting himself down before one of them. This proceeding is generally accompanied by roars of laughter at the expense of the lady who receives this unenviable distinction. The master may, in the same manner, call upon the learned pig to point out the acute gentleman who left an evening party, taking away a new hat, and leaving an old one, and so on; fixing as many playful charges on the company as may be found-entertaining.

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ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR WINES.

Ginger Beer.—To three gallons of water take three pounds of sugar, one ounce and a quarter of cream of tartar, two and a quarter ounces of ginger, and three gills of sots. Mix the ingredients—except the sots—in one gallon and a half of boiling water; then thin the sots, add it in, and stir the whole well together. After this pour in the remaining one gallon and a half of water. Let it stand twelve hours, then pour it into a keg, and in the course of twenty-four hours it will be ready for use.

Grape Wine.—Gather your fruit when perfectly ripe, pluck off the stems, wash them well, and strain the juice. To every gallon add three pounds of sugar, and mix all well together. Having ready a well cleaved cask, take a few pine splinters, dipped in sulphur, set them on fire and hold them in the cask a few moments; pour in the juice while the smoke is still issuing from the opening; stop up the cask but slightly, and let the wine stand until Christmas. You must then rack it off.

Nectar Cream.—One gallon of water, four pounds of white sugar, four ounces tartaric acid, four teaspoonful of flour, and the whites of four eggs. Beat the ingredients well together, boil the mixture three minutes, let it become cool, and then add one ounce of essence of lemon. When used as a beverage, take one part syrup, and two parts cold water, to which add a little sup. carb. of soda.

White Ginger Beer.—To two gallons of boiling water, add one tablespoonful of cream of tartar, one pound and a half of loaf sugar, and one pint of yeast. Make this mixture in the morning, stir it every hour throughout the day, and in the evening bottle it. To every bottleful add from two to ten drops of essence of lemon.

Blackberry Syrup.—(Excellent also for medical purposes.) To two quarts of juice take one pound of loaf sugar, half an ounce of nutmeg, half an ounce of cinnamon—pulverized—a quarter of an ounce of cloves, half an ounce of allspice. Boil all together for a short time, and when cold, add one pint of fourth proof brandy.

Currant Wine.—The same mode of preparation as stated above. To one quart of juice take three pounds of sugar, and three quarts of water. Let it stand three months before racking it off.

ORIGINAL PICKLE RECEIPTS.

To Make Green Pickles.—Put your pickles in a pot, and cover them with boiling salt and water; put a lid on the top of the pot and let it stand until the following morning; then pour off the water—boil it again, and cover the pickles as before. Do this until your pickles are a good green; then put them in plain cold vinegar, with some turmeric in it. At the end of a fortnight the pickles will be ready for use.

Good Tomato Pickle.—Slice green tomatoes into tolerably thick pieces. To one pound of tomatoes take three quarters of a pound of sugar. Make a strong tea of ginger, (one or two large tablespoonsful to one quart of water, and six pounds of tomatoes.) Scald the tomatoes well in the ginger tea. To each pound of tomatoes take one quart of strong vinegar, one ounce of cinnamon, and one ounce of cloves. Add together the vinegar, sugar, spices, &c., and when they have come to a boil, put in the tomatoes, and let them remain over the fire long enough to cook well. Then take them out, and let the vinegar boil awhile longer.

Entred Fruit.—(Peaches, plums, damsons, &c., may be used.)—To seven pounds of fruit take three pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of cloves, and one ounce of cinnamon; boil them well together; then pour the mixture over your fruit, which must be ready in a jar; cover it up, and set the jar away until the following day, when you must scald the fruit and syrup together; let the whole boil for ten or fifteen minutes; then take out the fruit, and let the syrup continue to boil until it is sufficiently rich and thick.

Yellow Pickle.—Cut your cabbage into whatever sized pieces you prefer. Scald it with boiling salt water, let it stand for three hours, then squeeze it dry, and put it in the sun to bleach. Lay it in simple, weak vinegar. Prepare your vinegar for pickle.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR SOUPS.

Pea Soup.—Have ready two quarts of peas; shell them, and first boil the shells in what you deem a sufficient quantity of water for your soup; after they are boiled enough, strain out the shells, and then put in the peas; add some salt, and boil them until they become soft. When ready to serve the soup, mix a piece of butter about the size of a large walnut with a teaspoonful of flour, and pour it into the broth; then, after it has boiled a few minutes, set it off the fire, and add an egg—previously well beaten—also, a teaspoonful of cream, or morning's milk; stir the whole well together, with some shred parsley and pepper—as much as is agreeable to you—as the quantity of such seasoning cannot always be determined.

Turtle Soup.—You must divide your turtle, place all the coarse meat in a pot and boil it by itself; then place all the nice bits and fat in another pot, adding to them pot-herbs, (sweet marjoram, &c.) cut up finely. The coarser herbs must be added to the coarse meat. When the coarse meat is sufficiently cooked, take it off the fire and pick it carefully out of the shell, and then put it into the pot with the fine meat; when you thicken it put a little wine into it. Put a piece of butter into a pan, and hold it over the fire until it froths; shake some flour into it, until it browns nicely, and put it into your pot. It must be stirred whilst it is being poured into the pot.

Pepper Pot.—Boil seven pounds of tripe for four hours the day previous to using it; next day, cut it up into small pieces; boil the tripe and some veal, (a knuckle of veal,) making a broth of them; when the veal is cooked, take it out of your pot and cut it up. Make some pastry balls, or very small dough dumplings, these require to be cooked for about half an hour, and some potatoes (sliced) must be added.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Keep Butter.—A writer in the Scientific American recommends to the ladies a very simple arrangement for keeping butter nice and cool in the hottest weather. Procure a large, new flower-pot of sufficient size to cover the butter plate, and also a saucer large enough for the flower-pot to rest in upside down; place a trivet or meat-stand (such as is sent to the oven when a joint is baked,) in the saucer, and

put on this trivet the plate of butter; now fill the saucer with water, and turn the flower-pot over the butter, so that its edge will be below the water. The hole in the flower-pot must be fitted with a cork; the butter will then be in what we call an air-tight chamber. Let the whole of the outside of the flower-pot be then thoroughly drenched with water, and place it in as cool a place as you can. If this be done over night, the butter will be “firm as a rock” at breakfast time; or if placed there in the morning, the butter will be quite hard for use at tea hour. The reason of this is, that when water evaporates, it produces cold; the porous pot draws up the water, which in warm weather quickly evaporates from the sides and thus cools it, and as no warm air can now get at the butter, it becomes firm and cold in the hottest day.

Dried Cherries.—Take twelve pounds of the Mayduke or Kentish cherry; stone the same very carefully, so that they may be as little broken as possible; put them in a pan with plenty of powdered sugar; (nine pounds;) let them simmer gently for about twenty minutes; then take each cherry out separately on to a sieve to dry; shake a little sugar over them, and turn them for three successive days, in which time, if the sun is powerful, they will have dried; when quite dry, put them into a tin box, with a layer of paper between each row. Then keep them in a moderately warm place for use.

A Nice Way to Dress Stewed Beef.—Take a nice piece of the round of the beef, and, instead of washing it, take a clean cloth and wipe it nicely, and then rub it well with salt and cayenne and black pepper; cut some fat bacon, or fat pork into small, thick pieces, and lard, or stuff, the beef well with it, and then tie the beef closely together with a piece of twine. Sprinkle a little flour over it, and put it to brown in a small portion of butter, and then add as much water as will steam it until it is ready to serve up. A little ham juice added to the gravy will give it a rich flavor.

To Prevent Moths.—There is no remedy so effectual for the prevention of moths as the seeds of the bitter apple. If these are placed between the blankets not in use, among woollen clothes, or other articles which are liable to this great evil, they will never make their destructive approach. It is imported from Turkey, resembles a poppy-head, is entirely filled with seeds, and can be purchased at any good chemist's.

To Make Alum and Shell Baskets.—Immerse a basket entirely in a strong solution of alum in water. Allow the water to evaporate rather quickly, and crystals of alum will be deposited upon the basket. If the alum is to be colored, the coloring matter should be dissolved in the water, as well as the alum itself. To make shell baskets, the shells should be fixed with a strong cement.

An Excellent Receipt for Making the Hair Curl.—Put two pounds of common soap, cut small, into three pints of spirits of wine, with eight ounces of potash, and melt the whole by a slow fire, stirring it with a piece of wood. Add some essence of amber, vanilla, and neroli—about a quarter of an ounce—to render the fluid agreeable.

Mixed Sandwiches.—Cut in small, thin slices some dressed ham, tongue, game, or poultry, with a few pickled gherkins and olives, the whole in equal portions; mix well together; butter the bread and spread some mustard over, place the cut meat over the butter, cover over with the other slice, cut small, and serve.

A Good Hair-Wash.—Make in a covered vessel a good strong infusion of rosemary, and to each quart of the infusion add two ounces of borax. It may be applied with either a sponge or piece of flannel. It not only cleanses the head from dandriff, but it also strengthens the hair.

Artificial Flowers.—If not much tumbled or crushed, may be restored to their proper shape, by applying gum water with a camel hair pencil to the back of each leaf or petal.

Welsh Rabbit.—Dissolve milk, cheese and butter together: cook them until they are thoroughly incorporated, and then pour the mixture over buttered toast. Your own observation must regulate the quantity of each article used in forming this dish.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—A DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY OF NANKKEW.—The skirt is plain, but the basque is so deep as to have the effect of a double skirt. This basque is trimmed with five rows of braid. The sleeves are in the Louis Quatorze style, with a very wide cuff. Straw hat, trimmed with field flowers and black velvet.

FIG. II.—SLEEVE OF WHITE TULLE FOR EVENING WEAR.—It is in the form of a large puffing with frill of the same, finished by two rows of blonde, above which is a trimming of very narrow pink velvet: above the frill the puffing is gathered lengthwise into small puffs which are divided by rows of velvet, plaited, each row terminated by three small loops.

FIG. III.—NEW STYLE DRESS FOR WALKING, very suitable for the country, Sea-Shore or Springs.

FIG. IV.—FICHU OF TULLE, TO MATCH THE SLEEVE.—Round the neck of the *fichu* is a plait of velvet edged with narrow blonde, the plait being continued down the centre of long ends in front.

FIG. V.—BACK OF THE FICHU FIGURE IV.

FIG. VI.—SLEEVE OF TULLE, trimmed with wide lace cuffs.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Skirts with side-trimmings woven in the material are still in favor. Double skirts are also worn, and have side-trimmings of various styles, but the *pyramid* is the most fashionable. Flounces will be as fashionable on all light materials as they were last season. Skirts are all made long and full. The side-trimmings of many silk dresses are in different colors from the rest of the dress. Thus the various shades of drab have side-trimmings of green or blue, while to grey silk, cherry, or various shades of pink or violet form a pleasing contrast.

BODIES are still made high, the principal variation being in the Raphael body which is cut nearly high, but rather low and square across the bust. The basques cut up in long points, (as given in another part of the book,) will be most fashionable. The exceedingly deep basques are not so much worn except in *morning* or *demi-toilet*.

SLEEVES of all styles are worn. Some are as tight as a

gentleman's coat sleeve, with a little jockey cap and cuff. Sometimes they are open at short intervals on the back part of the arm, showing a white under-sleeve. These are worn with the Raphael body. Others have three or four puffs confined by bands around the arm, and are finished at the hand by a fall of lace. Then again, the wide Venetian sleeve, falling off the arm, open on the under part up to the top, and worn over a full puffed sleeve, is very fashionable. Some ladies are patronizing the perfectly plain body, with very full bishop sleeves, the fullness set into a plain piece at the top, and into a rather deep cuff at the wrist; these sleeves are cut the same length in the front of the arm as at the back, and gathered up at the seam to the required length at the bend of the arm.

MANTILLAS have not altered materially in shape. Shawls, and mantillas in the shawl style, are very much worn.

BONNETS also retain very much of their winter's shape. Some decided *Mario Stuart* faces have appeared, but they are by no means universal.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY OF ABOUT FOUR YEARS OF AGE.—The frock and trousers are both of blue poplin, trimmed with bands of pearl-colored poplin. Pearl-colored straw cap, trimmed with a garnet-colored velvet lace.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF FIGURED CHALK.—Cap of white silk, trimmed with a flounce and a fall of deep lace.

GENERAL REMARKS.—In our present number we give a style of coat, much worn for an out-door wrap by little boys. It is like the old-fashioned sacque, and is sometimes worn with a belt. The Raphael bodies are very popular for little girls. A very beautiful dress has just been completed for a girl of about ten years of age. It consists of a silk of a beautiful violet tint. The skirt is ornamented with side-trimmings formed of rows of narrow velvet set on in a lozenge pattern. The corsage of this dress is high, and has a long basque: it is trimmed with braces covered with rows of velvet in a lozenge design; and the same velvet trimming is placed at the edge of the basque. The sleeves are demi-long, and in front of the arm they are slit open nearly to the top; they are set on in fluted plaits, and from the shoulder a narrow fall or epaulette of silk descends over the upper part of the sleeve. The sleeves and epaulettes are bordered with lozenges formed of rows of velvet.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

How It Is Afforded.—The New Lisbon (Wis.) Republican says:—"It is somewhat surprising to us—after a careful perusal of 'Peterson's Magazine'—to know how it can be afforded at the price. The April number of this splendid monthly is more than usually attractive, and if Peterson keeps on, he will excel all other publishers in the Union. We advise every one to send for a copy." We will tell our brother editor how we afford it. We get cash from all our subscribers, and buy for cash: and we believe we are the only Magazine publisher that does this. The result is that we can afford to publish, for two dollars, a better Magazine than anybody else.

How to Remit.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the names of your post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Pennsylvania, New York or New England bills preferred. If the sum is large, buy a draft, if possible, on Philadelphia or New York, deducting the exchange.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—When additions are made to clubs, no additional premium is given, until sufficient names are forwarded to make a new club. For three subscribers, at \$1.66 each, we give a premium; for five at \$1.50; or for eight at \$1.25. Where four are added at \$1.25, to a club of eight, we do not give a premium: there must be eight.

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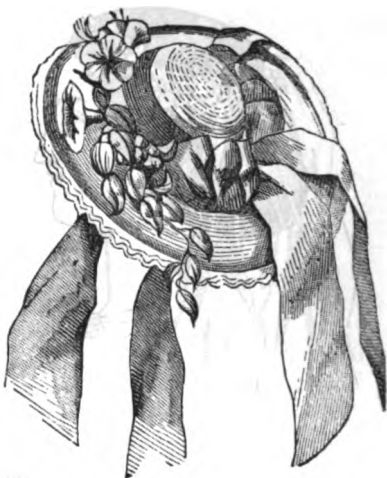
LES MOÛES PAUSTIENNES



BRIDAL HEAD-DRESSES.



CARRIAGE COSTUME.



SUMMER BONNETS.



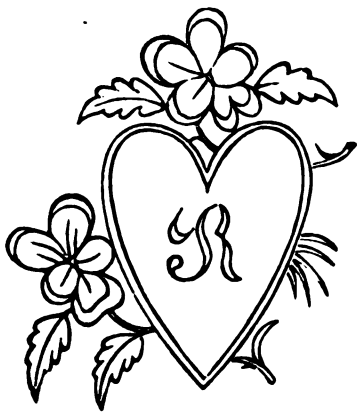
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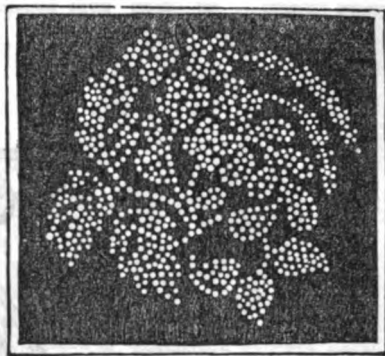
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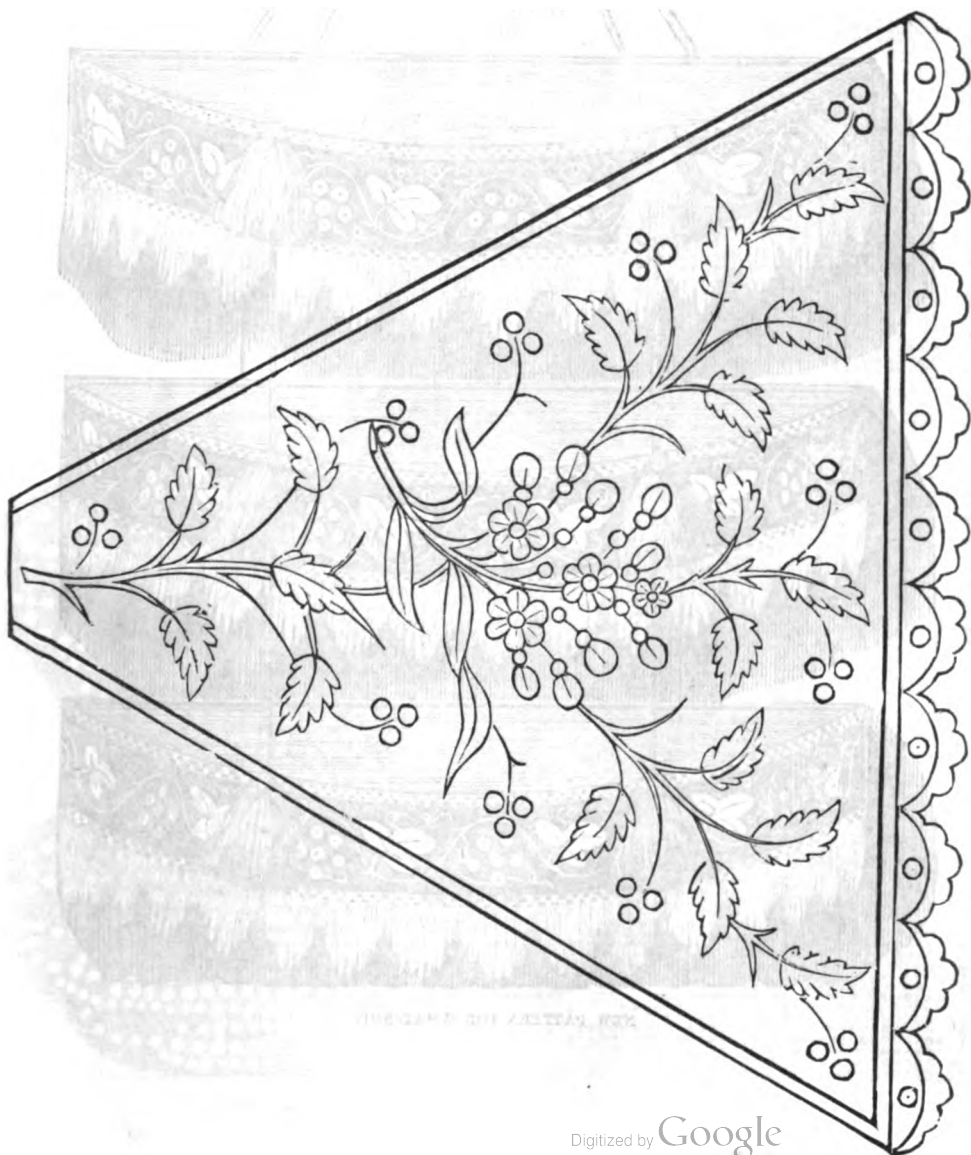
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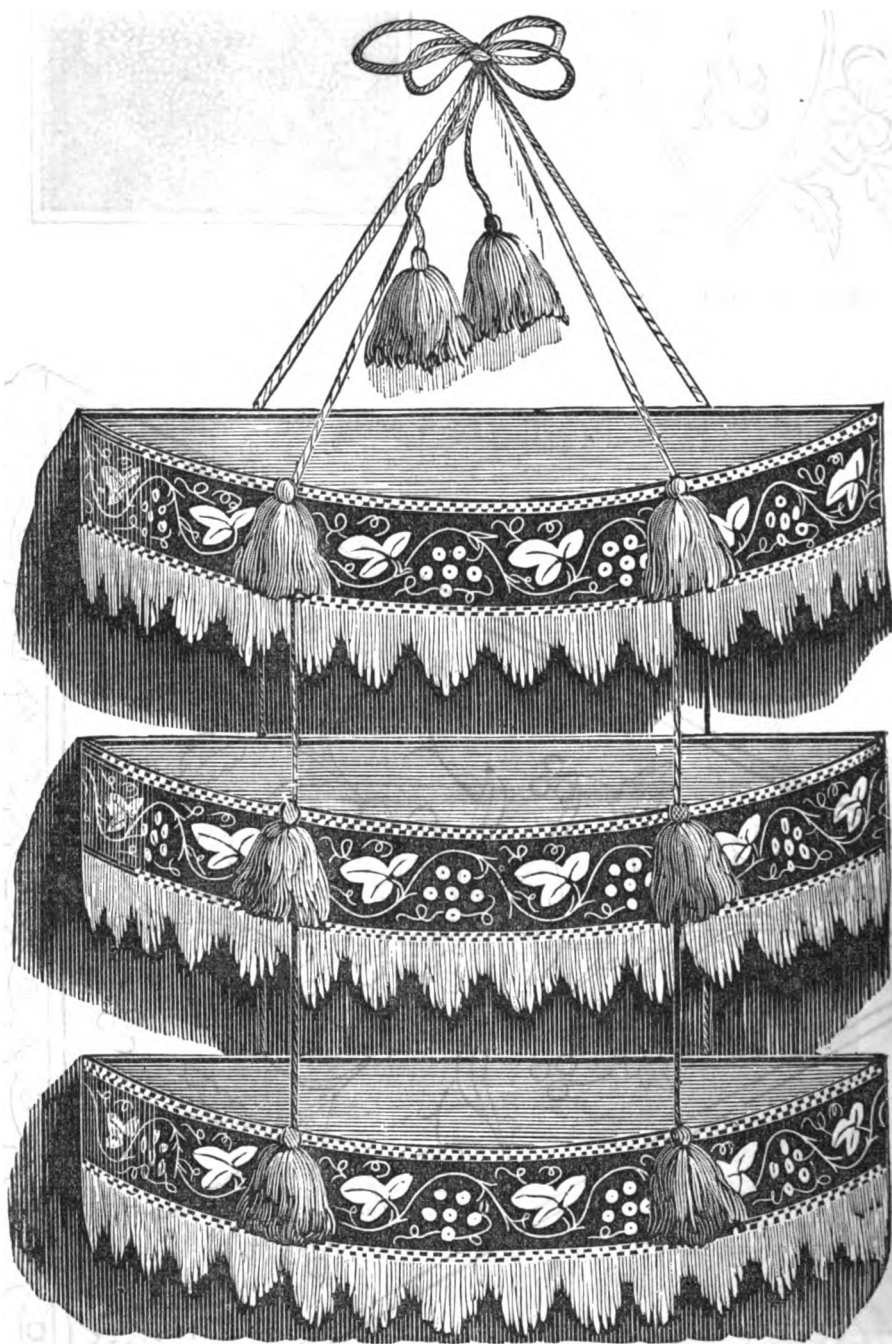
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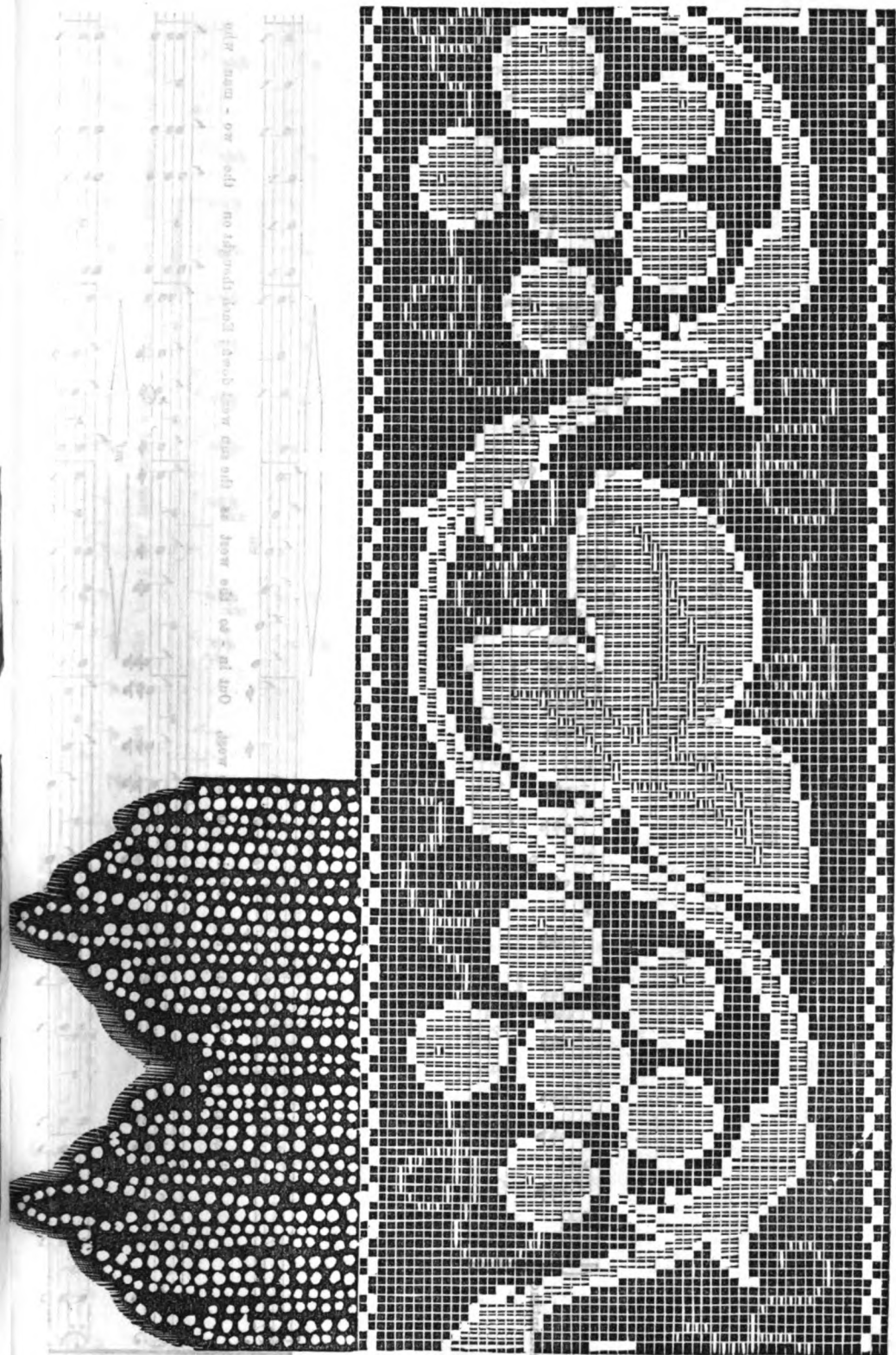
IN BEAD WORK.



FRONT OF INFANT'S BODY.



NEW PATTERN FOR WHAT-NOT.



EMBROIDERED SIDE OF WHAT-NOT: AND FRINGE.

THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING.

Words by the Rev. Charles Kingsley.

MUSIC BY JOHN HULLAH.

Andantino

The first system of the musical score is written for piano. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andantino'. The music consists of a melody in the treble and a supporting accompaniment in the bass. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) and *fz* (forzando). The system ends with a double bar line.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It features a large crescendo hairpin. The lyrics 'Three fish - ers went sail - ing out in - to the west, Out in - to the west as the sun went down; Each thought on the wo - man who' are written below the treble staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

un poco rall.

a tempo.

lov'd him the best, And the chil - dren stood watch - ing them out of the town; For men must work, and wo - men must weep, And there's

fz *p* *pp*

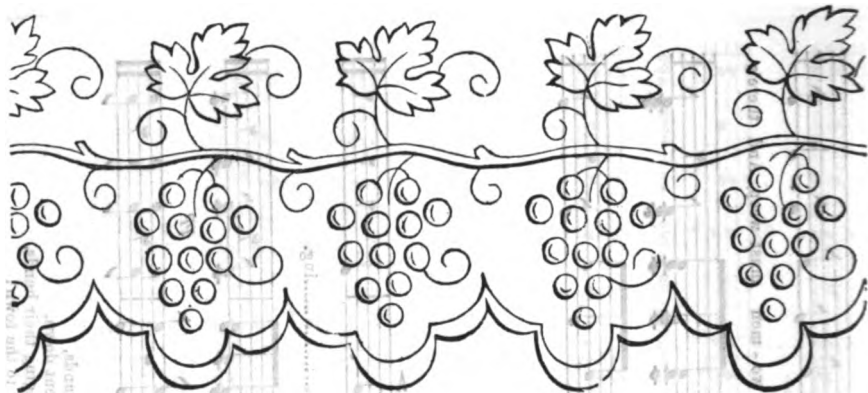
lit - tle to earn, And many to keep; Tho' the har - bor bar be mean..... *dim.*

cres. *f*

fz *cres.* *pp*

Three wives sat up in the light-house tow'r,
And they trim'd the lamps as the sun went down;
They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the show'r,
And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown!
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town!
For men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner its over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.



GRAPE PATTERN EDGING.



RAPHAEL BODY AND SKIRT.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1858.

No. 6.

NELL WILDER'S BERRY EXCURSION.

BY KATE CARROLL.

"CLAYTON ST. CLAIRE! Clayton St. Claire! It has been nothing but Clayton St. Claire ever since you got that scented, high-flown, condescending note of his, (the presumptuous jack-anapes!) informing you that his imperial highness would favor you with a visit some time within this month. Ugh! don't I hope he'll be seized with a fit of the chronics before he sets out!" I cried, impatiently, and, let me add, disrespectfully, at the close of a panegyric that my dear aunt Chloe had bestowed upon the absent youth whose name I had so scoffingly used, and whom, dear reader, she wished me to marry! There, the secret is out: and I may as well confess that I, Nell Wilder, was a confirmed coquette, and had no idea of marrying anybody.

"Nell Wilder," replied my aunt, severely, "you grow ruder every day. You pain me, my child; indeed you do."

I was touched, for I saw she was hurt. I threw my arms about her neck, saying,

"Forgive me, aunty. I didn't mean it. But when you bring up that detested name, I can't restrain myself. The very thought of being 'bargained and sold,' like a Circassian slave, makes my blood boil. Because Clayton St. Claire's rich, and you're rich, and I'm your heiress if I marry to please you, I'm to be traded off, forsooth! without any choice of my own."

"My dear!" It was all my aunt said. But there were volumes in its tone of reproof.

I pouted, and twirled my breakfast spoon. Directly my aunt resumed,

"Let us talk rationally, child," she said. "There is no such thing as buying and selling in matrimony, in this happy land; and you know it. Your outcry about Circassian slaves is silly. Some time, you will doubtless think of matrimony. Mr. St. Claire is a worthy young man, and one whom I hope to live to see you marry——"

"Then you'll reach an unheard-of age," I cried, unable to control myself longer, "or I shall die sooner than I intend to." Here I left the breakfast-table, and half angry at my aunt's pertinacity, half ashamed of my conduct to her, I put on my sun-bonnet, flew to the kitchen for a basket, and started off a-berrying, in order to be out of the way of aunt Chloe for the rest of the morning.

I wandered on and on, from field to wood, and from wood to field, singing and picking, till, suddenly, when crossing a meadow, I heard a terrible roar, that set me quaking from top to toe, and looking up I saw an enormous bull dashing toward me. Wild with fright, I ran on, scarcely seeing where I was going till I reached a bit of rising ground, and saw before me a high wall, apparently the enclosure of the private grounds of a mansion, that loomed out from amid a grove of trees within. Without stopping to think, I climbed the wall, availing myself of a sapling that grew against it, and leaped down into the garden. Mercy! if I hadn't improvised a trail at the expense of two-thirds of my dress. I took it in my hands in dismay and glanced at the mansion.

"Won't you walk in?" said a manly voice, close beside me.

"Yes! do come in. I hope the wicked animal hasn't hurt you," said a female voice.

I looked around, blushing with mortification. A gentleman, apparently only three or four years older than myself, and strikingly handsome, accompanied by a young lady about my own age, was standing close by. I saw immediately that they were brother and sister. My first impulse was to fly. My next to pull the whiskers of the gentleman, in revenge for a suppressed smile at my expense, which rippled over his face, though he did his best to look grave. My last to accept the invitation, and

brave it out, for when had Kate Wilder ever "fled the field?"

We entered a pleasant library, where, while the brother went out to order luncheon, the sister assisted me to repair my torn dress. In a little while, I was presentable again; and we passed into the dining-room. Somehow we all got acquainted immediately. The sister was as full of fun and gayety as myself. The brother had rare powers of conversation; had travelled; had read almost everything: in short, was the most fascinating man I had ever met. The hours passed without my knowing it. At last, I happened to hear the clock strike, and started up in dismay. My new acquaintances begged me to stay, saying they would send word where I was; but I was now somewhat ashamed of having shown such pleasure in the brother's society; and so I was peremptory to go. Finally, they consented to let me depart, but insisted on accompanying me part of the way.

Ah! what sweet dreams I had, that night. How, the next morning, when aunt Chloe introduced the name of Clayton St. Claire again, I was more than ever willful, and told her I hated the very sound of it. I could not rest at home. I resolved not to be seen near the mansion of my new friends, though Lucy, the sister, had invited me, over and over again, to see them; but before long I found myself, basket in hand, a-berrying in the woods half way there. All at once, I heard a step; my heart began to beat fast; I looked up; and there was the brother, but alone.

Day after day, for more than a week, I went a-berrying; and every day the brother met me. By that time I was hopelessly in love. But it was not unrequited. I had confided everything to my Arthur, for that was his name, and we had resolved, that, if aunt Chloe would not consent to our union, we should elope together.

"My sister will call on you, to-morrow," he said, when this had been settled. "She wonders, every day, why you don't call on her, as you promised; but says, if it's pride, she's not ashamed to make the first advances: so look out for her, and be as beautiful as ever."

I blushed, and looked down; and feeling indescribably happy, went home, resolved to be amiable to dear aunt Chloe, even if she talked of Clayton St. Claire all day.

But I did not know myself. The first words that greeted me, on my entrance, were,

"Nell, Nell; you must have your new dress made up, right away. Mr. St. Claire has returned, and will dine with us the day after to-morrow."

My buoyant feelings were gone. I began to realize that my aunt would never consent to my marrying any one else. I sat down without a word.

"Why, child!" said aunt Chloe, reprovingly. "Not sullen?"

"I wish Clayton St. Claire was in Jericho," I said, ready to cry.

Aunt Chloe drew herself up sternly.

"Nelly Wilder," she said, "once for all, it is my will that you treat him well. My property will go to his wife, and to her alone, whoever she may be."

"No matter. I and my husband can work together," I replied, forgetting myself.

"Your husband! Who may that individual be?" said my aunt, rising, and approaching me, while she scrutinized me keenly.

"Arthur Berry," and a rich glow suffused my cheek, and thrilled through my veins as I uttered the name. "Not my husband yet; but soon to be." And I returned her look proudly.

"Where did you meet him? Who and what is he?" demanded my aunt, growing at last apprehensive. She was very proud, haughty, and exclusive.

"I don't know, I'm sure. Something out of the common run though, you may be sure," I said, with a touch of my old sauciness.

"Of course, or you wouldn't have given your heart to him," sneered my aunt, losing her temper also.

"As you say, of course."

"You shall not marry him. I will never give my consent. You shall marry St. Claire, and nobody else!" My aunt was now very angry.

"Aunt Chloe, you have been most kind to me," said I. "I shall never forget how kind. But this obedience you exact I would refuse to my own mother! I cannot marry Mr. St. Claire, and I shall marry Arthur Berry. Oh, aunt, could you see him, you would not refuse to accept him, I know!" I had fallen at her feet and clasped her hands, while tears filled my eyes. So earnest was I, so anxious for her to soften, that I did not hear a step. Nor did my aunt, for she was so full of fears that her family was about to be disgraced, that she was equally as oblivious as myself to outer sound and sense.

But the light touch of a hand upon my bowed head sent a swift thrill through my veins. I started to my feet, and, throwing my arms around a manly form beside me, cried, "Oh, Arthur, plead with me! She must give her consent! It is just like a good mother's withholding it."

"Clayton! Dear Clayton!" cried my amazed aunt.

"Clayton," I repeated, in ineffable scorn,
 "Clayton!" and I laughed triumphantly.

"Clayton," repeated my aunt, drawing my Arthur toward her and kissing his forehead, while on her face there shone a look of mingled love, pride, and satisfaction. I drew back in astonishment when he returned it.

"What does this mean?" I murmured.

"Forgive me, dearest Nell, for stealing your heart."

"As Arthur Berry," laughingly interposed my aunt.

"Arthur, tell me," I pleaded, feeling faint.

"Do you still refuse to marry Clayton St. Claire?" he replied, his eyes dancing with mirth.

"Yes, the vapid, purse-proud, insufferable bore!" I cried, rushing from the room, though he tried to detain me.

Did I return? Did I marry St. Claire?

Ask this two year old boy, who has transformed his lap into an inkstand, while I've been writing you how I met, and fell in love with—his father.

THE WATCHER BY THE SEA.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

An old man sitting by the restless sea,
 His meek hands gently folded o'er his breast;
 His anxious eye is watching patiently
 The white foam dancing on the billows' crest.
 A look of placid resignation sleeps
 Upon his thin, pale face: anon his eye
 That never wearies of its watch, or weeps,
 Looks where the distant waters meet the sky,
 As though 'twere watching the approach of sails:
 The look of disappointment that he wears
 When conscious that the longed-for vision fails,
 Is sad enough to dim the eye with tears
 His brow is wrinkled, and his locks are grey,
 His cheeks are furrowed with the marks of woe:
 He has grown time-worn watching day by day
 Through Summer suns and dreary Winter's snow.
 A vacant restlessness within his eye
 Betrays the shattered mind, and tells a tale
 Of sleepless nights and hopeless agony,
 Of sorrow deeper than the widow's wail—
 Of grief that crushed the rising hope that grew
 Within a strong, brave heart, so Heavenly fair,
 And broke the temple of the mind, and slew
 The shining priestess that presided there.
 His white hair floats upon the passing wind
 Like pale, thin fingers stretching out in prayer;
 He heeds not cold nor heat, nor human kind,

But sits a monument of mute despair.
 At nightfall when the dusky shade descends
 A parting glance he gives the distant wave,
 And mutters as his homeward way he wends
 Of hopes that blossom o'er the silent grave;
 And shakes his head and says, "It's growing late,
 My love will not come back to me to-night;
 She cannot know how long I've had to wait—
 I will be here with morning's faintest light,
 For she will surely come to-morrow." Day
 By day goes by and he still watches there;
 Each night he turns despondently away,
 Yet never dreams of yielding to despair.
 He's sure the morrow will bring back to him
 The dear one he has waited for so long;
 And thus 'twill be till Death, that monster grim,
 Seals his cold lips and chaunts his dying song.

How many are there by the Sea of Life
 Awaiting the return of hopes that died
 Long years ago, and 'mid the watery strife
 Sunk bubbling down beneath the dark, cold tide?
 How patiently they wait through weary years
 To see them coming back in beauty rare—
 Too hopeful yet to seek relief in tears,
 Despairing, yet refusing to despair!

THE ARCHER.

BY E. E. LAY.

One night a young archer of wonderful skill,
 With quiver and bow at command,
 Went out with his weapons to wound or to kill
 The brave and the fair of the land.
 He went to a house where a gallant young knight
 O'er a picture of beauty was sighing;
 Ah, me! you'd have said 'twas a sorrowful sight—
 That heart by the quick arrow dying.
 He called at a cottage—the home of the fair—
 No wonder its sweetness allured him,
 But he cared not a whit for the grief he left there,
 For his bow had to sorrow inured him.

Then he spread his light wings and came flying this way,
 As he took a fresh dart from his quiver;
 Oh! you hardly can think how his merciless play
 Made my sensitive bosom to shiver!
 Now I silly looked out, and I saw him advance
 As he aimed at my bosom the dart;
 So I cautiously dodged, and by fortunate glance,
 The arrow just missed of my heart.
 So frightened was I with the danger I'd seen,
 To watch him I dared not delay;
 But I've heard he has since in the neighborhood been,
 Did he call at your house by the way?

THE DUPLICATE LECTURE.

BY MEHITABLE HOLYOKE.

CHAPTER I.

In a small and not over attractive room sat a lady, sewing.

Suddenly the lady's heart beat louder, and the door bell rang. The intelligence had flashed upon her earlier than the sound; for the soul hears earlier than the senses, and this maiden was in love.

A young man entered the apartment, and took the seat beside her, took the work from her hand, and her hands in his; all with an air of graceful *nonchalance*. He had a handsome, intellectual face; and by the light of the two dim, old-fashioned lamps an elegant appearance.

"You are always delving, Annie; spoiling your beautiful eyes with this coarse work that is only fit for seamstresses. Why didn't you run to the door and welcome me?"

"My heart ran to the door—the rest of me, the mortal part—was busied in less congenial work."

"And forever will be—stitch, stitch, stitch, to clothe the children of this wasting step-mother."

"—Forever, Ned?"

"It seems so, poor child! I don't know when I shall be in a situation to marry—I have such evil luck."

"Man makes his own luck."

"Bravo, beautiful Aspasia! When did you turn philosopher?"

"When my lover turned to a faith in idle fate."

"It is easy for ladies to sit by their firesides and tell that we might succeed; they should go forth into the battle of life, and see if it is easy to do as well as dream!"

"Not easy, but glorious——"

"Glory is but a circle in the water."

"And a quiet heart, a satisfied conscience, a life of usefulness, a home—are these all 'circles in the water'?"

"Oh, Annie, don't tense me. I am tired, discouraged; and it is a woman's mission to comfort."

"So is it a physician's, and when the balm fails he applies the probe. What of the lecture, Edward?"

"Nothing—nothing. It needs a hundred last touches; but as soon as I turn to make them, a mist comes over my brain."

"Let the last touches go, the lecture is vigorous, brilliant, pithy now; never mind the polish."

"Forgive me, dear, ladies are not critics; have you ever read Schiller's epigram?"

—'The judgment of woman her love is,
Where woman does not love, there she already has judged.'

Why do you smile?"

"I am thinking that you might prepare a more successful lecture on woman's mission. But why is this one advertised if you are not ready yet to enlighten the world?"

The young man started, "Advertised! It is not, never has been advertised; you are mistaken, Annie!"

"Read, then."

He sprang to his feet, seized the newspaper in both hands, and read aloud,

"The tenth lecture of the series before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, will be delivered at the Tremont Temple, on Wednesday evening, February tenth, 18—. Subject: 'The Lost Arts.'"

"And no name! It is a miserable fraud, some one has stolen my title; some friend, possibly, to whom I have lent the manuscript!" and all the pride of the De Courcys flashed in the young man's eyes, "I'll challenge, I will horsewhip the fellow in the midst of his audience!"

"Stop, stop, dear! You must make inquiry at this Mercantile Library. It may be a mere coincidence——"

"It must be; I have no friend mean enough for such a theft. Ah, well, it is my luck," and De Courcy stretched himself on the sofa. "Come, Annie, don't purr over that fine print any longer."

"This is surely remarkable—listen, Ned, it is in one of the editorial columns. 'We congratulate our readers upon the prospect offered by the advertisement,' &c., 'of a lecture on the Lost Arts, by Charles Phelps, Esq., of Cleveland,' &c., 'has been delivered with great success, before large and select audiences in our Western cities.' We must hear this wonder of the West—his lecture may not interfere with yours—he can hardly have gathered so many striking facts, or the same facts; and his may be but as preparatory to your finer effort!"

"So you would coax me out of my despair? No, Annie, I do not wish to hear my rival—I do not care to tread in his distinguished footsteps—to seem his imitator. Let us drop the subject for a more agreeable one."

"And you will not accompany me to the lecture? May I go alone?"

"You may go through the world alone, dear, if you like. Perhaps it were best that this should be so, that our hopeless engagement should end."

"Are you tired of me?"

"No—tired of holding you in a chain which I cannot gild."

"It is a chain but to you; to me, a garland of flowers, heart's-ease and rosemary."

So these lovers talked.

"See how that great flake of soot glows and sparkles on the lamp-wick."

"Yes, almost with a meaning: no wonder that children look upon such as omens."

"Omens, are they? Then this is my lost lecture, lost hope, lost opportunity!"

"Nay, omens are prophecies; it is a new hope—an opportunity to come."

So they talked until the dim oil lamps went out.

CHAPTER II.

"HAVE you a ticket, sir?"

"Excuse me, I had forgotten to hand it to you."

"But take it back, sir, now. It is a season ticket, we only wish——"

"I have no farther use for it."

"The gentleman is very short-spoken, and absent-minded too; in love, I suppose," mused the door-keeper, as Edward De Courcy passed on to his seat in the Tremont Temple.

The large and unfailing audience had collected—unfailing, for members of the Mercantile Library are said to frequent their course of lectures partly to hear the speaker in the desk; partly to hear the gentler and more winning speaker who sits beside them, and whispers or talks with her bright eyes.

But one sat in their midst, unmated, absent, ill at ease. The buzz of voices annoyed him, the glare of light, the sea of faces, the presence of a multitude, seemed more than he could bear. He was cursing fate, pitying that one who was more to him than all the multitude, and—meditating suicide, when little breezes of applause along the room announced the lecturer.

De Courcy looked up. No, it was no friend of his; and, spite of his vexation, he smiled at the personal appearance of Annie's "Western Wonder."

So this was "Charles Phelps, Esq.!" A young, old man, with bushy hair of a hue which no admirer could deepen to auburn, a florid face, an unsteady step; and large hands, gloved and managed awkwardly, which looked like the wadded hands of a doll.

With all this, however, there was about the lecturer an air of confidence, an ease which was almost grace; and when he began to speak, the weak, effeminate voice was soon forgotten in his masterly use of language—his brilliant eloquence, his——

But whose?

Edward De Courcy's! Word for word, his, his own lecture on the Lost Arts. Tranquilly went on Mr. Charles Phelps—without notes—modestly received he the bursts of applause, or the more flattering hush of silence which marked his most sparkling periods or striking announcements; and Edward De Courcy sat as one petrified—wondering whether he were waking or in a dream; and in his self-distrust too much surprised by the applause to remember his past vexation.

For though another thrust in the sickle, it was his harvest, his! Why had he not brought Annie to share the triumph?

It was a thorough success. Men found a ringing music, if not a weight in the little effeminate voice; and women wondered if after all, it were not a prejudice which set its ban upon red hair and rubicund faces. They spoke of the lecturer's well-cut lips, small mouth, and brilliant eyes; and questioned as to whether Mr. Charles Phelps was a married man.

CHAPTER III.

It was near ten o'clock when De Courcy, in his return from the lecture, passed the home of Annie More. A faint light gleamed through the shutter, and he fancied the lady as seated by her work-table, with the tall oil lamps for company.

But as his hand touched the handle the door opened, and she stood before him with her quiet smile.

He led her to the parlor, and all radiant with delight, poured forth his story of wonder and success. "You see I am yet to make my mark upon the world! You see, dear, that your blessed prophecy is coming true—your iron chain is changing to a garland of pansies and forget-me-nots! Fate has helped me, spite of my abuse."

"Not fate, Ned!"

"Who then, my aristocratic relatives, my doating friends? I will praise fate forever, from this day!"

"How long has she befriended you?"

"For an hour or so; and behold my gratitude!"

"But what about Charles Phelps, Esq., shall we call and return our thanks to him as the messenger of Fate?"

"The rascal! I will not sleep to-night until he has suffered for his insolence."

"Perhaps he is willing to make some compromise: he has been here this evening."

"With you? and you did not tell me before? What does it mean, Annie? And I saw your brother among the audience—you did not speak of that. Look in my face! Have you been playing false?"

"Look in mine: did the lecturer wear gloves?"

"Yes, ridiculous, wadded, winter gloves; one of them dropped, and exposed a hand delicate as a woman's. You smile—if it were not for his shock of fiery hair, I should have suspicions——"

"Barbers can make wigs."

"Nay, you cannot persuade me of any absurdity, Miss Nan! You, in a lecturer's desk! you in my presence for hours, and undiscovered!"

"Was Portia discovered when she spoke before Bassanio? He was in a maze of confusion and distress—so were you."

"And where is Portia's ring?"

"I am not the heiress of Belmont: here is my ring."

"Money—gold?"

"Yes, five broad pieces; ducats you can call them; the price of 'a lecture delivered with great success' in Boston, by Charles Phelps, Esq.!

And also, here is a note, handed Mr. Phelps as he left the lecture-room."

De Courcy tore open the envelope, and read,
"C. PHELPS, Esq.—SIR—Not knowing your address, I take this opportunity of begging, as chairman of a lecture committee in Providence, R. I., that you will favor our city with a repetition of the admirable effort to which we have listened this evening."

"If you will do me the honor to send your card, or call at the Revere House, we can arrange with regard to time, terms, &c."

Very respectfully, ALEXANDER RICE."

Edward De Courcy pressed his hands upon his eyes, "I have been dreaming all this evening."

"All your life, dear!"

"And this is your only reproach for the childish self-distrust and doubt and procrastination, that have left you here grinding among the Philistines——"

"Hush—they will hear you!"

"This evening's dream shall be my last. You have awakened me, sybil and saint that you are!"

Yes, she had awakened him. In De Courcy's finely organized nature one little spring had been wrong and clogged all the rest—weak fingers but loving ones had touched the spring, and all went right thereafter.

All went right. Wife, money, reputation, friends, success in his favorite profession of law, were added unto him now. He made a mark upon his generation; and Annie's chain of iron turned in truth to a garland of heart's-ease and rosemary.

MILLY DOVE.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

Oh! blame me not, to gaze so oft
On thy young, blooming form;
As Hebe sweet, and Dian chaste,
Yet with soft passions warm.
That rosy, smiling, cloven mouth,
As fresh as dew-wet flowers,
Could, with its sweet, forbidden fruit,
Tempt saints from Eden bowers.
A pure, bright face—that breathes of love
In every flashing gleam—
The real of those visions sweet,
Of which the poets dream.
And eyes, in whose mysterious depths,
Far off, there seems to me,
A light like those of cities seen
Across a moonlight sea.
And in those dark and lustrous orbs,
I read so soft a lay
Of love, and sweet, romantic dreams,
That steals my heart away.

I know not what its meaning is,
Yet in that 'wilderer beam—
So madly thrilling all my frame—
I could forever dream!
And down thy neck of Alpine snows,
Dark, curling ringlets stray,
To where, upon thy bosom's charms,
They sweetly swelling lay;
Striving to hide that soft retreat,
Thro' gauze so faintly gleaming—
Like visions of a lovely clime
We have sometimes, when dreaming.
Ah, me! were I an artist now,
Could I sketch that sweet face—
That budding and voluptuous form,
With all its girlish grace?
No, not for worlds would I attempt
To paint thee, dearest love;
I could but dream of one like thee—
Sweet, 'twilching Milly Dove!

THE OUTCAST.

A ROMANCE OF THE BLUE RIDGE.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "INDIA," "VIVIA,"
"THE DESERTED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," ETC.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by T. B. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 375.

CHAPTER TENTH.

THE HAG.

"A fearful sign stands in thy house of life,
An enemy; a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet: oh, be warned!"

COLERIDGE.

WOLFGANG, alighting, handed out Regina, and leading her up the stone steps, presented her to Mr. Wallraven, who received her with stately and affectionate courtesy. We all followed in turn, and were welcomed in the most cordial manner.

Mr. Wallraven conducted Regina into the house. I followed, with Miss Wallraven upon my arm. Constant and Wolfgang paused behind an instant, and, as I turned to look after them, I saw old John at the end of the portico, and beheld Wolfgang step quickly up to him, and heard him inquire, rapidly under his breath,

"Is she safe?"

And the low reply,

"All secure there, sir."

"That is well! I shall remember your care for us, John."

The old man bowed in silence, and Wolfgang immediately stepped after us. This little interlude had not occupied ten seconds.

We entered the hall, and were each immediately shown to our separate room.

Old John took me into a different chamber from that which I had occupied before, telling me, with a slight smile, that my former sleeping apartment had been prepared for Mrs. Wallraven, as it was the most comfortable one in the house.

He then went and ordered up my baggage, and in the course of half an hour, with the help of John, I had refreshed myself with a bath, a shave, and a change of dress.

I then went down into the old oak hall, which had been furnished up in honor of the bride's arrival—that is, the oak floor and paneled wall had been rubbed, waxed, and polished, until they shone with a mirror-like lustre, and the wide fire-place had been filled with cedar branches,

while on the mantle-piece and on the window-sills were placed vases filled with white lilies, Regina's favorite flowers.

I found in the drawing-room, with Mr. Wallraven and Constant, Mr. and Mrs. Davenport and two young ladies, their cousins—all of whom had come over to Hickory Hall to meet our bridal party.

In a few minutes, Wolfgang and Regina entered, and it was evident her dazzling fairness and stately grace, her whole high, pure style of beauty and of bearing, made what is called a great "sensation," though on a small scale—namely, the small party met there to welcome her.

Soon after the introductions were over, dinner was announced. Well! this dinner was like most other Virginia country wedding dinners—more abundance than elegance, and more hospitality than ostentation.

Soon after an early tea, the Davenport party took leave, previously inviting the Wallravens and myself to dine at the parsonage the third day from that—an invitation which Wolfgang accepted in the name of the whole family.

When they were gone, we returned from the portico, where we had been standing to see them off, and re-entered the hall.

It was a pleasant place in a summer evening twilight. There were many windows, commanding various sublime and beautiful views, and soft, warm, pleasant airs, and the sweet, vague musical sounds came through them.

I noticed Wolfgang and Regina seated at one of the end windows, enjoying the delicious hour, without conversation, or only conversing by seeking each other's eyes, or by an occasional low tone.

When the full harvest moon arose, Mr. Wallraven invited us all to come out and walk, and view the scenery by moonlight. With the same stateliness of an old school gentleman, he gave his arm to Regina, and led the way. Each member of the family vied with each other in

assiduous yet delicate attentions to our bride. We spent an hour very pleasantly in strolling through the beautiful and moonlit vale, and then returned to the drawing-room, where refreshments were ordered.

While we were standing around a centre-table in gay conversation, (never before had I seen any member of the family so cheerful as all were this evening,) old John appeared at the door with an anxious expression upon his time-worn face.

Mr. Wallraven arose in haste and went out to him. Constantia turned pale, and Wolfgang glared at the intruder with starting eyes and a scowling brow.

I saw that some misfortune had occurred, or was about to occur.

Mr. Wallraven closed the door behind him while talking with the old man; while Wolfgang, as if lost to the sense of other presence, continued to strain his gaze after them.

In a moment, Mr. Wallraven put his head in the door, and beckoned Wolfgang. He started up and shot from the room, without a word of excuse or apology, banging the door to after him. Constant and myself were left alone with the two young ladies.

Regina looked in surprise from the brother to the sister, and then, with her habitual self-possession and politeness, lowered the blaze of the solar lamp so as to throw a soft light upon the table, and, taking up an engraving, made some critical remark upon its merits, submitting it to Constantia's judgment.

But Constantia was pale, trembling, and *distrait*, and gave some reply wide of the mark.

Constant, however, with a deferential "Permit me, madam," took, and, with Regina, examined the picture. Constant was pale and stern, and seemed to have mastered the betrayal of a strong emotion.

They criticised the picture, which was "The Writing on the Wall."

Regina, Constant, and myself, might have passed a tolerable hour, had it not been for Miss Wallraven's increasing and extreme distress. She looked like a second Cassandra, and would start and shudder, pale and glare, as though in momentary expectation of some appalling sight. Her anxiety became so intense that apparently she could endure it no longer, but touched the bell, and, at the entrance of a servant, ordered chamber lights, and, turning to Regina, said,

"Mrs. Wallraven! the clock is on the stroke of twelve, and you have had a fatiguing day. I am ready to show you your chamber."

Regina arose, and, slightly bowing her "Good night," left the room, followed by Constantia. I

soon after arose and retired to my own, which was on the same floor with that of Regina.

I know not what presentiment suddenly overcrept my mind, but, oppressed with a vague and terrible anxiety, I sought to sleep in vain.

Finally I returned to the drawing-room. Constant was gone. It was now empty. The room was so large that the light upon the centre-table barely served to make darkness visible, except in its immediate vicinity. I put up the light of the lamp, and walked up and down the floor, restlessly expecting, but without connecting that feeling with my unaccountable gloom, the return of Mr. Wallraven and Wolfgang. I know not how long I might have been waiting there, when the door swung noiselessly open, and Regina re-entered the room, her hair in disorder, and a dressing-gown hastily thrown on. I turned wonderingly to meet her. I saw then that her fair face was blue-pale, and that she trembled with a nervousness I had never seen her betray before.

"My dear sister! What is the matter?" asked I, leading her to an easy-chair, into which she immediately sank.

"I do not know! Perhaps a dream! Perhaps something real. Listen! I went to my chamber attended by Miss Wallraven only, and no dressing-maid. Miss Wallraven assisted me to disrobe; but every few minutes, with a corrugated brow and straining eye, she paused to listen or to watch. Finally she concluded her task, and when I was in bed she drew the curtains, and was about to leave me. Suddenly she turned back and advised me to bolt the door behind her, and then left the room. I did not get up to bolt the door, because I should have had to get up a second time to open it, but I fell asleep, wondering what negro might be on the point of death, or what other trouble had called the Messrs. Wallraven so abruptly from the house. Well! I had no sooner fallen into a deep sleep, than I awakened as by the shock of a galvanic battery, just in time to see the most diabolical-looking old hag that ever nightmare created stooping over me, gazing into my opened eyes with a grin of malignity that seemed to freeze all the blood in my veins. I started violently forward, and she vanished. I was instantly bathed in a cold sweat. I thought this might be a dream, and resolutely composed myself to sleep again—only to be started out of my sleep again by another and a more violent electric shock, and to see again the same eyes of demoniac hatred gazing into mine, to make another instinctive bound, and see the terrible night-haunter vanish as before! It was impossible now to sleep, or think of sleep. I hastily threw on my

dressing-gown, slipped my feet into slippers, and came down here to await the gentlemen. I have heard of nightmare, but this is the first time I ever was attacked with it, and it was very natural that my excited imagination should then create the illusion of the old hag, after your telling me of what you saw or fancied you saw in that chamber the first night you slept there—There! I feel truly humiliated at these tremors, which I cannot control—Ferdinand! there she is now!”

This last sentence was spoken in a tone of discovery and announcement, as one might use upon finding out an imaginary phantom to be an ugly old woman. I turned and saw, standing within the door in the full light of a candle she held above her head, the hag of my night-vision. She was the most loathsome specimen of humanity I had ever seen, as she stood there some seconds, examining us with the same leer of insult and malignity. There she stood, chuckling with a fiendish grin at the very loathing she excited—repaying the extreme of disgust with the extreme of hatred.

“What do you want?” I asked.

“Hik-hik-hik-hik!” she answered, with her low, wicked laugh, passing me, and going toward Regina.

“Leave the room!” said I, intercepting her.

She did not heed me, but went on.

“Will you leave the room?” again I asked.

“Yes, when I have kissed my pretty niece,” she replied, nodding her head at me with a demon grin.

I stepped quickly up to Regina, with the intention of leading her from the room, and from the revolting presence of what I now supposed to be some gibbering and malign lunatic.

I drew Regina's arm within my own, and we were coming down the length of the room, my sister, with an expression of disgust amounting to pain, contracting her beautiful features. We passed to one side, in order to avoid meeting the hag; but she knew our purpose, crossed the room, and intercepted us.

“Out of our way! Off with yourself instantly!” exclaimed I, angrily.

“Yes! when I have kissed my pretty niece!”

“Be gone!” said I, turning off to the other side.

“Yes! I will, when I kiss my pretty niece!” she persisted.

I did not wish to hurt, and I could not have brought myself to touch the filthy creature. I took up a parasol that lay upon the table, and, placing one end of it against her chest, bore her gently off. She left, and, retreating, planted

herself within the doorway. I came on with my weapon, half laughing at the Quixotic figure I cut, charging upon a mad, old negro woman with a parasol, and placed the end of it, as before, against her chest, saying,

“Come! Be good! Let us pass!”

But suddenly she raised her talon hand, clutched my weapon, threw it behind her, and, elevating the streaming tallow candle with the other, gazed upon Regina with a countenance full of curiosity, hatred, and expected triumph. My sister drew her arm from mine, and retreated.

“Hik-hik-hik! my pretty niece; you are very fair and very proud! but pride goeth before a fall, and a haughty temper before destruction.”

“Off with yourself this moment!” said I, losing patience, “or I shall be tempted to contaminate myself, and put you out!”

“I dare you to touch me!” she said.

“I shall certainly do so if you do not move in one minute.”

“Yes! in a minute, but let me kiss my fair, pretty niece first!”

“You are mad! That lady is Mrs. Wall-raven!”

“I know it! My nephew Wolfgang's wife!”

I still thought her crazy; nevertheless an icy pang shot through my heart.

“Who are you?” said I.

“Nell! Old Nell! Yellow Nell! Slave Nell! Hugh Wallraven's sister-in-law! Wolfgang Wallraven's aunt—his mother's sister! Regina Wallraven's near relative! Yes! fair lady! proud as fair! you are my niece.” * * * * *

I turned to look on Regina! to behold a body petrified, as it were, to stone!—from whence the light of reason had fled instantly and forever!

“Come! let me embrace my niece!” and, laughing hideously, she advanced toward my sister.

Regina turned, stepped upon a footstool, thence upon a chair, finally upon the centre-table, and seated herself upon a pile of books with an air of mad majesty and dominion.

“Order out the guards! To prison with the traitors! To the rack! to the rack with the bel-dame! Ourselves will preside at the question!”

I hurled away the hag, and went to my sister.

“Regina!”

“My Lord Chancellor, let the Duke of Gray-eyes be immediately arrested upon our own charge of high treason!”

“Regina! my dear sister!”

“Let there be no delay! Summon the council! Our life and crown is no longer safe! Traitors lurk in our very bed-chamber, assassins hide in

the very shadow of our throne! Already one of the ladies of our bed-chamber—our beloved Regina Fairfield—lies dead before us! The shaft that pierced her heart was aimed at our own sacred life!”

“My God! My God!”

“To the rack! to the rack with the beldame! Strain every limb and nerve and sinew to cracking, until she confess herself the tool of the traitor Gray-eyes!”

“Oh! heaven!”

“To the rack! to the rack with the hag! We will ourselves preside at the question!”

“Regina!”

“Order out the guards! Summon the council! To prison! to prison with the traitor!” she exclaimed, rising in a sort of mad majesty, her form elevated and dilating, her eye blazing with the fire of insanity, her unbound golden locks rolling in fallen glory to her waist, her left hand folding her rich dressing-gown about her as though it were the ermined purple, her right hand extended in a gesture of high command—a moment—and then lowered with the finger pointed to the door, as she said, “Lo! where the traitor Duke obtrudes himself into our very presence!”

I turned to see at a glance Wolfgang Wallraven enter the room, and the hag shake her clenched fists at him, saying,

“Now is my hatred glutted! Now is my revenge complete. Look to your fair wife!”

Wolfgang’s lightning glance caught the whole state of affairs instantly. Rage, grief, and despair, stormed in his face. With the bound of an unchained demon he sprang upon the hag, and, with his hands around her throat, bore her down to the floor, placed his knee upon her chest, and nearly strangled her before I could prevent him. Rising, he spurned the beldame with his foot, and turned toward us. His typhoon of anger had subsided; despair, sorrow, tenderness, were all to be seen now, as he approached Regina.

“Off, traitor!” she shouted, seizing from the table an antique dagger, that lay there as an article of rare *vertu*.

He drew near her.

“Off, I say!” she screamed, unsheathing and brandishing the dagger. “You come to death!”

“I know it,” said Wolfgang.

“Off, traitor! you desecrate our very throne! Nay, then, it shall become your scaffold!” exclaimed she, furiously, shaking the dagger.

“Let me die so” he said, and stepped upon the foot-stool, thence upon the table, and threw his arms around her.

With a savage cry she raised the weapon; the blade gleamed in the lamp-light an instant, and the next was buried deep in the breast of the wretched man, who, without a groan, fell backward, and rolled upon the floor. In the extreme frenzy of mania, Regina bounded from the table, brandishing the crimsoned dagger.

I threw myself suddenly upon her, cast my arms about her, but her struggles were so violent, and her maniac strength so great, that she must have escaped me, had not her screams brought the whole household from their beds and into the room.

The scene of amazement, horror, anguish, and despair, that ensued now, defies all description. In the stormy chaos, I saw old Mr. Wallraven sitting on the floor, with the form of the fast-dying Wolfgang drawn into his arms and pillowed upon his chest. I saw Constantia, half dressed, with her black hair streaming, kneeling by his side, wringing her hands.

I saw all this, while, with the assistance of Constant Wallraven, I was disarming and securing the maniac.

“Father! she was mad, father! Do not let her be molested; do not desert her. Protect her, father,” faintly murmured the dying man.

“Unhappy boy! tell me one thing. You did not deceive her! You told her your position!”

“Father, no! I had not the courage! I thought to have got her to France, where—oh, God! I die!—where she would never have known——”

“Oh, wretched Wolfgang! I cannot reproach you now! This deception has cost you your life!”

“And her, her reason, father! I die by her hand! It is just! it is just! it is just! Oh! bring me near her! Let me see her again! Lay me at her feet! Let me die there!”

“Oh! Wolfgang! wrong that you so terribly deceived that unhappy young lady!”

“I loved her so—I loved her so—that, for the brief possession of her love, I endure death. Father! she must not die! She must recover. Nay, she will, when she knows her evil genius, her mortal foe, who loved her unto death, is dead! Take me to her! Lay me at her feet! Let me die there, looking upon her!”

Regina was now lying on the sofa, exhausted by her frantic struggles. Old Mr. Wallraven beckoned Constant, and between them Wolfgang was lifted, brought near the sofa, and laid upon the carpet, with his head supported as before upon his father’s arms. He looked up at her, but she did not open her eyes to look upon him. He feebly raised his hand and took hers. At

the touch, she opened her eyes, and as soon as they fell upon him, with a frenzied cry of anguish and despair, she bounded to her feet, foaming at the mouth, and went into the most violent paroxysm of madness. Constant Wallraven and myself seized and tried to hold her; but it took all our united strength; and while she was struggling, plunging, and screaming in our arms, Wolfgang raised himself upon his elbow, gave one long agonized look upon the wreck, fell back and died!

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

THE FATE.

Thus lived—thus died they—never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame.—BYRON.

THE next day a coroner's inquest sat in the saloon, and the crowd, collected by the rumor of what had taken place, filled the house. I was the principal witness, and as soon as I had given in my testimony, and was permitted to retire, I wandered towards the chamber whence the terrible screams of the maniac bride still issued, filling all the air.

Constant, Constantia, and myself, were constant and unremitting in our attentions to my wretched sister. For two days and nights she raved in high delirium, and then sunk, under the united effects of nervous exhaustion and opiates, into a profound stupor.

Upon this second day the remains of the unfortunate Wolfgang Wallraven were committed to the grave. His funeral was perfectly quiet, attended by his own family and the Davenports.

During all this time, I could realize to myself nothing that had taken or was taking place. I seemed out of myself, in some unreal existence, and, sometimes wildly, desperately, hoped to wake and find it all a hideous dream.

That evening, when we returned from the funeral, I followed Mr. Wallraven into the library.

"Give me," said I, "some explanation of that which has wrecked all our happiness!"

"Be seated!" said the old man, himself sinking exhausted into a chair. I sat down and waited for him to speak. He leaned his forehead down upon his open palm, and, after a silence of a few minutes, sighed heavily, and said,

"I am unequal, now, to the task of giving you any lengthy detail. Listen, then! I married my mother's maid. She was a quadroon girl, brought up at my mother's knee; a simple, gentle child, whose life of chamber seclusion had kept her unspotted from the world; a loving, religious child, whose faith in her Heavenly

Father was like a babe's innocent trust in its mother. She had been taught in her childhood almost to worship her 'young master'—the mother's spoiled and wilful boy—the idol of the household. She learned in girlhood to love him with all the blind and passionate devotion of her race. I had the power of life and death over her—yes, of eternal life and death—for her life hung upon my love—her integrity upon my honor. The alternative for her was a ruined fame, a broken heart, and the grave; or the marriage ring and benediction. The alternative for me was sin without infamy, or infamy without sin—or so it seemed to me in my passionate youth. I chose the latter. I loved her, I married her, and lost caste, I and my children, forever! The whole community recoiled in loathing from us. The minister who united us was ungowned and degraded from his pulpit. Our marriage was declared illegal, and my mother, to oblige me to break the connection, made a will, just before her death, by which she left me Constance and her children, upon condition only of my never freeing them. Upon my attempting to break this condition, they were to become the property of a distant relative. Constance brought me three children—Wolfgang, unhappy boy! and then Constant and Constantia. But they could not be my heirs, because they could not legally hold property. At my death they themselves would inevitably become the property of others. And the more legal light I brought to bear upon my mother's will, the more decided was this fact. My other property—the land, negroes, bank stock, hall, and mills—I inherited from my father, without restriction. I was unutterably wretched. Constance, seeing the misery of which she had been the innocent cause, fell into a deep melancholy, from which neither the affection of her children nor my own love and unremitting endeavors could arouse her. Her health failed, and she died when Constant and Constantia were but twelve months old. Again I consulted the ablest lawyers in the State, only to be more than ever convinced that there was no possibility of setting aside my mother's will. There was not in all Virginia a father so unhappy as myself. A thousand times I prayed for the death of my children. If one of them fell ill, I watched the progress of his or her illness with extreme anxiety, not fearing they might die, but fearing they might live! Conscience, and not a wish that they should survive, induced me to provide necessary nursing and medical attendance at such times. At last it suddenly occurred to me that I might easily evade the will. It is strange that this expedient

never struck me until years of misery had passed; but so it was in my case, and so I have often seen it in the case of others. The remedies for what we conceive to be incurable ills often lie very near us unseen or neglected. It suddenly struck me that nothing hindered my sending my children, while they were mine, to a foreign country, and transferring my whole property thither. I resolved to do so. My sons were then at college, and my daughter at boarding-school in the North. I was in robust health, and of a race never subject to illness or sudden death; therefore I felt that there was no occasion for hurry, and I was not in haste to sell, and leave forever my native soil, while my children were receiving their education. I determined, however, to do it upon the first indication of declining health. Well, month slipped after month, and grew into years. Constant returned from Princeton, where he was educated, and commenced the study of divinity as a private pupil of Mr. Davenport. He formed an unhappy attachment, but Constant possessed a strong mind and righteous heart. He struggled with, and conquered his passion, coming out as pure gold from the furnace of his trial. After this experience, I determined to guard my unhappy children from forming indiscreet attachments. When Wolfgang returned from Harvard, accompanied by yourself, I saw your sudden admiration of my daughter. I withdrew her from your presence. I warned Wolfgang against the society of young ladies. I knew nothing of your sister, or I never should have consented to his visiting you at your own home. The first knowledge I had of Miss Fairfield was from the letter of Wolfgang that announced his engagement. Without literally telling me so, it was couched in such terms as, with other circumstances, to mislead me into the belief that she knew all! This was not unnatural. I thought that to some his infinitesimal proportion of African blood might be no objection—while his many distinguished—pardon me! It was a father's dotage. Wolfgang told me in his letter that his bride had consented to depart with him to France immediately after the marriage ceremony. This afforded me the opportunity I wanted to secure a fortune to my son, by settling it upon Miss Fairfield—to which there could be no legal obstruction. A few weeks before the marriage I received a long letter from Wolfgang, telling me that his Regina, wilful as charming, insisted on coming to Hickory Hall, and being introduced to her father-in-law before her departure for France. In this turn of affairs, he requested me to send Constant and Constantia to him, and, above all things, to

imprison old Nell, whose very sight would appall Regina, and whose extreme boldness and malignity would assuredly instigate her to present herself before the bride."

"But what, then, is the ground of such malignity, and how could one so degraded be in any manner related to one so beautiful, so angelic, as was Constance, judging by your description of her, as well as by a portrait I saw and missed the same night from the walls of my chamber, and which I now suspect to have been hers?"

"Yes—it was hers—old Nell stole it that night. She had long wanted the small personal effects of Constance, and had watched her opportunity of getting into the closed chamber. You left your door unlocked, and she entered the room, rifled the bureau, and carried off the portrait, and had returned, it is likely, to rob you, when a slight sound of her steps attracted Wolfgang, who happened not to have retired, but was in the next room. He followed her into your chamber the last time, and arrested her at your bed-side. You asked me the cause of Nell's malignity, and expressed astonishment at the idea of her relationship to Constance. She is, really, no blood-relation to Constance or my children. She was the step-daughter of Constance's father, and hence the claim to relationship, hence her presumption to a high degree of notice and favor, even while her extreme deformity and her disgusting habits and vices, made her very presence in the meanest capacity insufferable; and hence her envy, hatred, and demoniac malignity. She openly said and swore among her fellows that she would 'kiss her pretty niece.' Upon the night, therefore, that the bridal party was expected, we looked her up in her remote cabin, charging old John with her custody. She escaped, and concealed herself, evidently with the object of seeking and insulting the bride. This gave me only uneasiness, for I supposed Regina at least knew our position; but it filled Wolfgang, who knew, and his brother and sister, who had lately discovered, the illusion under which your unhappy sister had given her hand in marriage, with consternation. While we were seeking the hag elsewhere, she had effected her entrance to the house, and found her way to Mrs. Wallraven's presence! You were there! You know better than myself what followed. It is necessary to repeat, however, that there, for the first time, I discovered the concealment that had been used towards the ill-fated lady. I have nothing more to tell. If I have sinned against the conventional usages of the society in which I was born and lived, my whole life has been one long and terrible expiation."

I took his hand and pressed it, and silently withdrew from the room.

In the course of a week, I discovered that there was no one who possessed the least moral control over the maniac girl except Constantia. Mr. Wallraven prayed that she should remain at Hickory Hall, when I talked of removing her. In truth, the change from their affectionate though sorrowful care, to that of a lunatic asylum, would have been a most unfortunate one for the victim. She had the best medical advice that the country could produce, or wealth could purchase. For more than a year, her malady has constantly increased until it has left her the ruin you see.

I, also, Mary, was nearly blighted when you met, pitied, loved me.

The reading of the manuscript had occupied the whole night. It was sunrise when I folded it up, and began to make my simple morning toilet. Before this was completed a low tap was heard at the door, and, to my "come in," Mary entered, apparently just returned from her nightly visit.

She sat down by the fire.

"You have been to see Regina Fairfield, at Hickory Hall," said I.

"Yes," she replied.

"And she——"

"Died at one this morning—died in her senses—reason had returned at the approach of dissolution. She died forgiving all who had had a hand in her betrayal and wreck, and praying forgiveness for herself. She died upon Constantia's bosom."

We attended the funeral of Regina Fairfield, which was conducted with great simplicity. We left Cedar Cliffs soon after. Upon our return from Virginia we lost sight of the Wallravens of Hickory Hall for many years. We heard frequently by letter from Mary Fairfield, and knew that the health and spirits of Ferdinand were gradually improving. In one of her letters to me, Mary mentioned that old Mr. Wallraven had sold the property of Hickory Hall, and left the State, accompanied by his two children. This was the first and last time that Mary ever mentioned them in any of her letters.

"COME, SING TO ME TO-NIGHT, MY LOVE."

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

COME, sing to me to-night, my love,
And let the tones be soft and low;
Some simple song, the earnest of
The love that you and I may know.
A love like thine—it must impart
A thrilling pathos to the voice,
Which, while it lighteth up my heart,
Will also make thine own rejoice.
Yes, tune the harp; to music set
This holy interchange of vows—
Half whispered sounds, like those we hear
Amid the pine or maple boughs.

To-night my soul goes out to thee,
And thine to mine my blushing bride;
For more than life thou art to me,
Or all the teeming world beside.

A common lot shall ours be,
And ever spurning sordid pelf,
I'll share the joys of life with thee,
And keep the sorrows for myself.
Then sing to me to-night, my love,
And let the tones be soft and low:
Some simple song, the earnest of
The love that you and I may know.

GATHERING SONG.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

ARISE! arise! the fierce invader comes;
Rouse every soul who would be free;
Their mailed clans our vallies press,
Their streamers float upon our sea.
Oh! lover, leave thy lady's bower;
No time is this for tender vow.
Oh! grey-halred sire, thy falchion seize;
Stripling, there's work for such as thou.
Forth, forth, from hamlet and from hall,
Not here should vain destruction be;

But, prince and peasant, nobly join
In valor's grand equality.
Turn, coward, turn; oppressor, quail;
There's good right-hands to fell thy crest;
For ne'er shall lawless tyrants rule
While Scottish blood leaps through one breast.
There's patriot's graves beneath our feet,
And martyr's blood hath fed our soil;
The saint and patriot, God above,
Crown with success our glorious toll.

THE CHILD MISSIONARY.

BY WINNIE WILLIAM.

It was a bright, glad morning in spring, when a family group, consisting of three beautiful children and their parents, were assembled in the piazza of Rosebank Cottage. Two of them, the father and the eldest child, were attired for traveling.

"What shall I do without you, my darling little Harrie?" said the mother, kissing her daughter, as she finished tying her bonnet.

"Oh! you'll have baby and Neddy and papa," said the child, throwing her arms about the mother's neck, "and I'm going to be uncle Ralph's little missionary."

Seven years before, that mother had left the house of a brother, who had been to her a guardian and parent; had left it because he forbade her to follow the dictates of her heart and judgment; and this was the uncle Ralph of whom the child spoke. Since that hour every attempt at a reconciliation had been sternly checked by the angry and inexorable relative. He never had, he said, and he never would, forgive his sister, for marrying "a beggarly artist." But though, when Effie eloped with Mr. Read, the latter had been poor, he had since risen to the top of his profession, and there was nothing now wanting to make her entirely happy but a reconciliation with her brother. To effect this, she had, as a last resort, determined to send her little daughter, now seven years old, to "uncle Ralph," the more as she knew that Nancy, her own old nurse, would take every possible care of the child. "At worst, the experiment can but fail," she had said to her husband; and he, seeing how much her heart was set on it, had assented cheerfully.

"Yes, dearest, you are going to be uncle Ralph's missionary," answered the mother. "You must be a good girl and keep up your courage. Only think, you are going to the place where mamma used to live when she was a little girl like you. You will love Mrs. Nancy. She is so good. But you must not say anything about papa or mamma before uncle Ralph. You will remember, Harrie?"

"Yes, mamma," replied the little one.

"And give this letter to Nancy. Now go, darling."

In a few moments, husband and child were

out of sight, and with a secret prayer for the loved ones, Effie returned into the now desolate cottage.

Ralph Ford was absent from Oakland on business, and was expected home the next day. Mrs. Nancy had finished her work, and, to use her words, had taken a "slight lunch, as she didn't believe in making a fuss for supper when there wasn't nobody but herself to eat it." So she lit her lamp, and sat down to her unfailing knitting-work. The old stage-coach rumbled up the road and stopped at the gate. Mrs. Nancy hastened to the door with a light, to meet a gentleman with a little child. As the light revealed the gentleman's face, she dropped the lamp, exclaiming, "Mr. Read! bless me, if I ever expected to see you again." Then turning to little Harrie, she caught the child up in her arms and almost smothered her with kisses and caresses. "And Miss Effie?" she hesitatingly inquired, as she put the child down.

"Is well," replied Mr. Read. "And now, Mrs. Nancy, I must explain to you the cause of this unexpected visit:" and he briefly related the events of the last seven years and their present scheme. "I learned of Mr. Ford's absence in the village," he said, in conclusion, "and gladly came in person to tell you of our project. How do you like it?"

Mrs. Nancy sat long in the corner, with clasped hands, and eyes big with wonder. At last a light dawned upon her, and she exclaimed, "Bless me! if that don't beat all. It's a good plan, but I don't know what to think about Mr. Ralph. He's awful unforgiving, yet I don't see who could help loving such a darling."

"You must remember, Nancy, that our names are not to be mentioned before Mr. Ford. Let him think that the child is left to his protection. And you will love and take good care of my little Harrie, Mrs. Nancy?"

"Of course I will. Who could help loving her? She is so like her mother, dear Miss Effie, that I can't help crying," and she held her white apron to her eyes.

"And now, little daughter, farewell!" and he held her close in his arms, "think of papa very often, and don't give all of your love to uncle Ralph. For mamma and papa and little brothers

must come in for a share. There now, kiss me, good-bye!" and he placed her in Mrs. Nancy's arms, with an injunction to the faithful old servant to write often, and then left the house without trusting himself to look again at the sobbing Harrie.

"There, don't cry, darling," said Nancy, wiping her own overflowing eyes. "Won't we have nice times together though. Are you hungry?"

"No, I took supper with papa," replied Harrie, who had become more calm.

"Well then, I guess you're tired, and I am going to put you to bed in the room where your dear mamma used to sleep. And in the morning you shall help me feed the hens and chickens." And so talking cheerfully the while, she led the weary child to the room that once was Effie's. She placed the light on the table, and tenderly assisted the little one in disrobing for the night. And then the little white-clad form meekly knelt by her knee, and repeated her simple, evening prayer. After she had concluded, Nancy took the child in her arms and commenced rocking to and fro, singing a sweet old lullaby, which she had in years gone by often sung to Effie Ford. The child soon fell into a sound sleep, and Nancy gently laid her in the snowy bed, and stood gazing at her a moment overpowered by many memories. "So like her mother—so like Miss Effie," and her happy tears fell on the golden curls of little Harrie. She stooped and kissed the rosy mouth, and then left the room, muttering to herself, "And Mr. Ralph—what will he say? Bless me! if he don't find old Nancy a match for his tantrums!"

The morning dawned bright and clear, and the old housekeeper was astir very early. The sun shone cheerfully into the room where little Harrie lay and unclosed the sleepy eyelids. She looked around in wonder upon the neat room, as if unconscious where she was. At last she exclaimed, "Ah! I know now, this is where dear mamma used to live. I dreamed I saw her last night." Just then Nancy put her head in at the door. "Are you awake, Miss Harrie? Let me help you dress." And Harrie was soon arrayed in one of her neat little frocks, fashioned by dear mamma's skillful fingers.

"What a pretty home!" said Harrie, as she stood at the door breathing the pure morning air. "But you haven't got any flowers, Mrs. Nancy. Our garden at home is full of flowers."

"I love flowers," said Mrs. Nancy. "But I don't have any time to take care of them, and I guess your uncle Ralph don't take much liking to them. Now your mother used to have the garden full of flowers, and the house too, and

used to wear them in her hair. I'll get you some seeds if you like, and you may have some flowers of your own." This proposition pleased Harrie much. "Do you think uncle Ralph will be glad to see me?" and she looked anxiously into Nancy's face. "Of course, of course, Miss Harrie. How could he help it?" replied Nancy, hopefully. For although she well knew the proud and unforgiving spirit of Ralph Ford, she was certain he could not withstand little Harrie: they had breakfast together, and Nancy was so cheerful and happy that little Harrie caught her spirit, and it seemed to the old housekeeper as if the days of Effie's childhood had revived again, and she said she felt ten years younger.

An hour or two later, as Harrie was amusing herself with some playthings that used to be her mother's, Nancy exclaimed, "There he is!" and a quick step was heard coming up the graveled walk. Harrie turned slightly pale, and trembled as if she feared "uncle Ralph" would turn out to be something perfectly hideous in human form. She dared not raise her eyes as he entered, but she heard a deep, and not unpleasant voice bid Mrs. Nancy "good morning." His eye then rested on Harrie, the perfect likeness of Effie Ford. He started, and turning to Nancy, sternly inquired, "Whom have we here, Mrs. Nancy?" "Tell him who you are," she said, smiling pleasantly at the child. Harrie, thus encouraged, timidly raised her eyes to the handsome man who was regarding her so sternly, and replied in her low, sweet voice, "I am Harrie Read, and I have come here to live with my uncle Ralph, my dear mamma's brother. Are you my uncle Ralph?" and she glided up to him and laid her little hand on his. He regarded her for a moment with silent surprise. Mrs. Nancy looked on with anxious eyes. At last he withdrew his hand and turned to leave the room, when Nancy handed him a small package which came with her letter. He took it, and immediately proceeded to the library to examine it. There was a little note evidently written with a trembling hand, and it simply said, "I consign my dear little daughter Harrie to the love and care of my brother, Ralph Ford," and signed "Effie Read." Enclosed was a portrait, painted by her husband's hand. The sweet face was a shade graver than when he saw her last, seven long years ago, but it was the same face. Ralph Ford was deeply moved. "Poor Effie!" he sighed, involuntarily, and locked the letter and portrait in a private drawer.

But when he left the room, the old, proud look returned. Much to Nancy's surprise, and very agreeably too, he treated Harrie with courtesy

and politeness, but there was a chilling reserve in his manner which grieved the affectionate child. Nevertheless, she was very happy with Nancy, and the many loving words sent in Nancy's letters, by papa and mamma to the "little missionary," cheered her on in her work. Nancy would persist that "Mr. Ralph was growing more human-like every day, and it was all because of little Harrie."

Harrie had been at Oakland about two months, and her flower garden flourished finely. One morning she gathered the prettiest of her floral pets, and softly stealing into her uncle's library, laid the flowers on the table before him, and twining her little arm around his neck, exclaimed, "My morning offering, uncle Ralph."

"Which do you mean, Harrie?" he asked, gently, "yourself or the flowers?"

"Both, dear uncle," she answered, half laughing, half crying, as he took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

"Now, Harrie," he said, after a long, long silence, "tell me about your mother. When did she die?"

"Mamma die?" repeated the child, slowly, "mamma is not dead. Mrs. Nancy had a letter from her last night."

Ralph Ford was perfectly confounded. "I thought your parents were dead, and you had come to live with me."

"So I have come to live with you," replied the child, in her sweet, artless manner. "But papa and mamma are well, and they let me come here to be your little—" and she paused as if she

doubted the propriety of making further disclosures.

"Go on," said Mr. Ford. "My little what?"

"Your little missionary," said Harrie, slowly. Then seeing how grave he looked, she timidly asked, "Are you angry with me, uncle Ralph?"

"Angry? Yes, but not with you, darling. I am angry with myself. Now leave me," he added, kissing her. "For I want to write to that papa and mamma of yours." And Harrie, happy little Harrie, bounded away to tell the good news to the delighted Nancy. "I knew it would turn out just so," she exclaimed, her honest old face fairly shining with pleasure. "I knew he couldn't help loving such a little angel as you are, Miss Harrie."

Oakland had become a very happy place, and "all because of Miss Harrie." It was a lovely morning, a few days after Mr. Ford sent his letter, one of Nature's festal days. The flowers bloomed never so brightly, and the birds were gaily caroling their morning matins, and Harrie, the sunny little bird, sang more sweetly than them all. The old stage again stopped before the mansion, and this time put down Effie, Neddy, and the baby. We will not attempt to describe the meeting between the brother and sister. They were a happy family, that day, at Oakland, and the happiest of all was little Harrie.

"She is a blessed child," said uncle Ralph, as she tripped away to bed, after giving them all her good night kiss on that never-to-be-forgotten evening. "She is a blessed little missionary!"

GO, FALSE ONE, GO!

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

Go, false one, go! the magic spell
That bound my soul to thee—
Is broke; and from the chain of art
I claim my liberty!
Alas! that we had ever met,
Thus and so soon to part!
Alas! that I had ever loved
To gain a bleeding heart!
Oh, Fate! that I might e'er forget
The past, the happy past;
But memory still lingers yet
Over the rich repast!
One that I deemed an angel pure,
In dreams comes to me yet;
But slumber flying, I awake
To new and fresh regret!
And yet I view thy moulded form,
In ambrotypic art;
And ah! its painted shadow is
Thy living counterpart!

Now go! and if you ever meet
A love as true as mine—
May wisdom guide you, fair false one,
To make it wholly thine!
Yet nay! on earth, nor mortal can
Love thee as strong, as well;
How I have loved thee, lovely one,
Heaven alone can tell!
But go! may Heavenly blessings germ
Within thy path, each day:
May smiling angels guard thy life,
And sorrows ward away.
Whilst I—but nay, 'tis fate's decree—
Thou never canst be mine!
The heart erst beating for thy sake
Shall never more repine.
Once more, farewell! nor think of one
Who loved thee dearly, true;
My idol! start! my heart's first hope!
A long—a last adieu!



THE MELODY.

The Angel's Whisper.

Engraved & Printed by Illman & Sons expressly for Peterson's Magazine

AUNT SUSY BLAKE'S BEAU.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"GIRLS," said aunt Susy Blake, laying down her knitting-work with a disturbed look upon her good-humored face; "do keep still a minute! my head whirls round like a cider-mill with your continual clatteration! Silas says, that folks out to Washington want to diskiver everlastin' motion—find something or 'nother that'll keep a-goin' forever, and never want to stop—and it seems to me as if you'd all got it! What is the matter, now?"

"Aunt Susy," said Nell Gorham, the youngest of the gay trio of girls, "we were disputing about your affairs! Mag Reed says that you must have had a beau some time, and got disappointed in him, or something of the kind; Kate Smith says 'fudge' to everything Mag and I propose; and now, aunt Susy, if there has been any romance about your life, be kind enough to enlighten us, just to tease Kate Smith, if nothing more!"

"Yes, do, aunt!" put in Margaret Reed, from the corner of the cosy lounge, "tell us about your beau, and I'll give you this handkerchief the moment I've put the last stitch of embroidery on it! Please, aunt Susy, tell us all the courtship!" Margaret was curious in such matters.

Aunt Susy looked somewhat annoyed, but seeing it was no use to oppose the request of the girls, she settled herself back in her rocking-chair, took up her interminable stocking again, gave a preparatory hem! and began.

"Thirty year ago I was younger than I am now, though perhaps you won't believe it, but the fact of it is, girls, when you have lived as long as I have, you'll be as old as I am, and like as not full as grey-headed, if you don't color your hair with hair-dye, as I hope you won't. Colored hair is a desate on folks, just like showin' false colors in the army, it's apt to get people into difficulty. Now, there was Samuel Hughes—good, smart young feller as there was in Lynashtown; owned a big farm, and a yaller house, and a grey hoss. Almost any gal would have been glad to hev had him, but somehow Sam was kinder hard to please. Byne-by, a stylish critter from the city, all flounces and flumydidles, came to visit Mahala Brown, Squire Brown's darter, Victory Aurill, her name was; and in a fortnight all the fellers was nigh about ravin'

after her. Seemed as if some of 'em would turn into crazytics, and hev to be hurried to the Insane Asylum house."

"Wall, Victory she had the reddest cheeks, and the whitest forrad, and the brownest hair you ever seed, and her teeth was jest like white airthen. Everybody said, 'what a butiful complexion Miss Aurill has got!' and Victory, she got so stuck up with their soft-soapin' that she wouldn't hardly speak to common folks. Sam Hayes fell in love with her the hardest kind; and the perdicament of his heart, 'cording to his own account, was alarmin'. Sometimes, he said, it beat so hard that all the town might a heard it, if they had only been harkenin'; and then agin, it stopped beatin' intirely, and he felt jest as if he was nigh on to giving up the ghost. The doctor said that nothin' ailed him but eatin' too much fish, and drinkin' cider, but Sam said it was all his love for Victory. One day it was purposed that all the young folks in Squashtown should go a pic-nicking, a kinder of a party you know, and they got sot on havin' their time over in Paul Horn's woods, on tother side of Tadpole river. They went across on rafts, and Sam Hays undertook to git Victory over on his little fishin' raft. Victory she got skairt, and Sam tried to comfort her by kissin' of her kinder sly, and Victory struck at Sam to keep him away, and in the scrabble she fell off from the raft into the river. 'Save me, Sam! save me! I'm a drowned woman! Sam! Sam!' screamed Victory, turnin' over and over in the water, and thrashin' round the master; and Sam jumped rite in after her, and in tew minutes had her safe onto the raft again! But lawful rakes! where was her hair, and where was her red cheeks, and where was her white teeth? Her own mother wouldn't a knownd her! Her hair had turned as grey as a rat, her skin was all yallar and puckerred, and as for her teeth, they warn't there! Everything about her tace worth lookin' at had cleared out intirely! She was a sight to be seed! The water, ye see, had washed the paint off of her face, and the dye-stuff out of her hair, and there she was, as homely an old gal as ever was creationed. Sam, he never sed a word, but jest clapped his hand on his stomach, and streaked it for home. If you want to make him mad, jest

say Victory Aurill to him. So, my advice, to you, gals, is to let paintin' yer hair and faces alone, unless you can be satisfied never to go nigh any water. Water is a terrible thing to a made-up woman."

"Oh, yes, to be sure, aunt!" cried Mag Reed, impatiently; "but what about your beau?"

"Want to hear about my beau, eh? How do you know I ever had one?" asked aunt Susy, tartly.

"Why, a handsome woman like you, aunty," said Nell Gorham, appeasingly, "must have been a pretty girl, and pretty girls are never without beaux, you know!"

"There now! Did you ever!" exclaimed aunt Susy, with assumed disgust, but glancing stealthily at the opposite mirror. "Well, gals, the fact of it is, I was good-lookin' once. Robert Inkway said once that I was handsome as a big pippin apple; and Joe Brown said that of all the gals in the town he liked the looks of me the best! Them was tells worth havin'. There warn't no fellers to speak of, in them times, round Squashtown. There was Tim Johnson, but he squinted all the time as if he was lookin' through a spy-glass, and then there was Jerry Wheeler. Poor Jerry! his nose was long enough to bridge over the Merrimac river, any time! It would have been impossible for a pairson of my temperature so romantic and full of sensibleness, to have been happy with men of natures so on-congenitive. Ye see, I am naturally of a kinder high-flyin' turn—like to see the sublimatories of natur' as prohibited in the great mountains and the roaring spatteracts! Natur' is a powerful creetur; and I'd rather see the ocean in a state of turpentine with the lashing of rude Borax, than to gaze upon all the splendoriferousness of the Crystal Palace, or Queen Victoria's red petticoat! Them's my sentiments!"

"But your beau?" queried Kate.

"Sure enuff! I'd about forgot. Now, I ain't no great hand to go all round the wood-shed a-tellin' anything. Some folks is. There's old uncle Nat, for one. He's been a powerful sailor, and he allers has a great sight to say about furren countries. He go to the Subterranean Sea, where all the folks that liv' git swallered up in aithquakes, and from there to Mt. Chimblly-Razor, and then back to the rock of Glib-Stalter to tell you that he's got the toothache! For my part, I'm glad I don't know so much about the world! Sakes alive! sich folks are enough to wear a body out! Circumbobberating the airth after nothin'!"

"Yes, but the beau?" cried the three girls at

a.

"Law me! can't you wait? The world wasn't made in a day, no more'n I got a beau in that time; and it ain't best to drive business quite so much. Somehow you won't seem to take no puttin' off, and if I must tell ye, I 'spose I must. My beau's name was rather a peccooliar one—Seth Moses Udoxia Tumbottle. The boys—boys are allers hateful-actioned critters—called him by the four first letters of his four names—S, M, U, F—Smut. Seth Moses was a nice kind of a chap as you'd see anywhere; wore a standin' dicky, and had black hair and whiskers. He was powerful fond of verses, and allers carried a book writ by a friend of his, Mr. Byron, or some sich name. Twan't no great things though; precious little rhyme about it, and rhyme is all the beauty of verses. Seth used to drop into our house pretty often, to talk politics with father and eat apples and cider. He had a tremenjuous great eatatite.

"I was about the matter of nineteen years old, then; and as smart a gal as you'd see anywhere. I could bake pies and cakes, and spin and weave, and make butter and cheese jest like a book. Everybody was a-talkin' about how caperble I was. Seth Moses' mother got cold at a trainin', and it settled on her lungs and diagram, and the doctor said she'd got the inflammation of the pleurisy, and it wasn't long before she died and left Seth Moses and his father, old Tumbottle, orfins. It was a kinder of a sad case, no wimmen folks about to look after their things; and folks said that Seth Moses was a-gwine to git married. Old Tumbottle had a fine house, with pizarros and whitlows and invigorators all over it; and there was a famous big winder in the parlor, curtained off from the rest of the room, that they called the confectionary—a place to put plants in, ye know. It was a first-rate chance for any gal, folks said; and father and mother were nigh 'bout crazy for me to have Seth Moses. To tell the plain truth, gals, I shouldn't have been a mite offended about doin' jest as my pair-ents wanted me to. It's one of the Ten Commandments.

"Wall, as I sed before, I was a reemarkable smart creetur—there ain't many smart gals now-days. Folks did bring up their gals to know nothin' of any consequence; and the amount of it is jest this—the men that marry 'em git tremenjuously cheated! Now there's Squire Dye-house's wife—don't know how to make a puddin' nor fry a slap-jack! Lays on the sofer all day and reads the novels; and lets her table set rite in the floor, with all the dirty dishes on it, till the squire gets home to dinner. Then she flies round like a mouse in a hot skillet; and they say

that the squire—poor man! has took up eatin' his dinner in a refrigerator. Awful doins! But to come back to Seth Moses. Seth was real ginerous—didn't mind a ninenpence no more'n you would a grey bean. He used to bring me the sightest of candy and peppermints—father said to make me sweet—but Seth Moses jest squeezed my hand, and said, ter'ble low and tender-like, 'As if you wasn't sweet enuff now, Susy!' Of course, gals, I don't expect you to tell of this nonsense. It wouldn't be fair.

"We had a tame monkey in our family—uncle Nat brought him from Greenland, or the West Ingies, I forget which; and Snip, that was his name, was a desprit favorite with us all. The way he used to cut up was astonishin'. Jest what he seed anybody do—he'd go rite away and do hisself. Snip owed Seth Moses a grudge, because Seth tied a bell to his tail one time, and sot everybody to laffin' at him, so Snip he was deetarmined to torment him all he could. He'd steal his handkercher and wipe the dog's nose with it, and once he got the precious book that Mr. Byron writ, out of Seth's coat pocket, and dropped it into the slop-pail! Nigh about ruined it!

"Wall, Seth Moses kept on visitin' to our house, till we looked out for his comin' every night as a settled pint. Arter awhile, father and mother got to droppin' off, and leavin' Seth and me alone on the old settle afore the kitchen fire. At sich times I ginerally knit and Seth twirled his thumbs. Real interestin' for us to experience if it ain't quite so interestin' for you to hear. One night, 'twas in March; and I've despised the month ever sense—Seth came over as usual. About eight o'clock father went to bed, or reetried, if that suits you any better, and mother did likewise. Seth he sot kind of oneasy-like, and I didn't know as the settle-cushion was beat up right for him. So, sez I, 'Seth, what's the matter? You don't act as if you sot comfortable!' 'Don't I?' sez he, fidgetin' about.

'No,' sez I, 'pears as if the settle don't jest fit ye; spose'n I beat it up?' 'Susy,' sez he, jumpin' up all of a sudden, 'I've got somethin' on my mind!' 'Law well!' sez I, 'take it off then if it distresses ye; what is it, yer new watch-chain?' 'Susy,' sez he, poppin' down on the bilin' hot harth, (burnt a hole in each knee of his trowes,) 'Susy, I love ye! You are my star! Of all the heavenly planters that tread the sky and wraps their splendoriferousness in the clouds, thou art the brightest!' I have said before that Seth Moses was very romantic, if the boys did call him 'Smut;' and I was jest a gwine to be as pulite as he was, when onlucky enuff, I happened to turn my eyes toward the tother corner of the fire-place; and oh, that monkey! Dear sake! I've abominationated a monkey forever, all on account of that Snip! There he was, squat down on his knees afore our old dog Rover, his paws histed up jest like Seth's hands, and his head bobbin', and his eyes rollin' about orfully. I couldn't stand it, and I tickled rite out a-laffin'.

"'Oh! you monkey! you monkey!' sez I, laffin' away as tight as ever I could.

"Seth, poor, foolish toad! thought I meant him, and he was awful mad, I can tell you. He got rite up off from the harth, grabbed his hat, and aimed at the door. I tried to exploterate the matter to him, but he wouldn't take no kind of a hearin' of it; and went off, slammin' the door to behind him. That was the last of his being my beau. Two weeks after, he married Sarah Jones, and took her home to his nice house with all its invigorators. I've lived without him though, and got along tolerably well. Sometimes I think that monkey did a blessed good job for me, for they do say that Seth Moses drinks and scolds at his wife.

"Howsomever, I should kinder have liked to a' tried the married state, jest to see how I should a' liked it. It couldn't have done no hurt, anyhow."

TO THE FIRST SONG BIRD OF SPRING.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Size, sing! joyous bird, in the bright morning sun,
Oh! sing, for the reign of stern Winter is done,
Pour forth all thy gladness in strains wild and free,
And I will rejoice in the Spring-time with thee.

My own heart like thine, joyous bird! has been chilled,
My song like thine own has been sadden'd and stilled,
But now we together in concert will sing
A thanksgiving song for the coming of Spring.

Up, up! through the sunlight, sweet warbler, mount high,
And carol thy praises in fields of the sky,

Oh! could I but soar through the azure with thee,
On pinions as buoyant, as happy and free.
Human passions disturb not thine innocent breast,
Nor cares such as ours thy spirits oppress,
Cold friends never wound thee, nor false ones deceive,
Then sing, happy bird, and leave mortals to grieve.
Thou hast gone from my sight, pretty creature of air,
And hast wiled from my heart half its weight of dull care,
Thanks, thanks to His goodness who taught thee to sing
That free, happy strain, sweetest warbler of Spring.

THE JUDGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

"I guess he did though, one day, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and twelve.—Togus!" The Judge began with speaking to Zophiel, dead centuries perhaps ago; ended with speaking to a black, pleasant eyed pointer, sitting upright on his haunches close to him. "Togus, a man named Zophiel says that

'God never formed a soul
Without its own peculiar mate.'

Do you believe him?"

Togus listened, pricked his ears up, tipped his head aside as if of the burden of the great wisdom atop, and had a queerer expression in his eyes than can be imagined, indicating that he inwardly admired the idea, or inwardly laughed at it as "not fit for the dogs." One could not make out which. So his master called him by a new name, "Sir Oracle;" inquiring of him whether he did not think he was an intelligent companion. Togus didn't. He saw his master's sneer and was ashamed of himself. He dropped his long nose, looking up through his brows; and finding that his master did not speak to him, that on the contrary, he kept his eyes on him, with unwonted stillness of tongue and every muscle, as if he were estimating all his—Togus—capabilities, little and great, as a companion, he slunk away, lay down in a corner, with a sigh, with a sigh adjusted and readjusted his nose on his soft paws. His eyes were on his master, the while; his master's eyes, the while, were on him, and on the carpet, by turns. He said once—not loud enough for Togus to understand, although he lifted his head sharply and tried to make out what it meant, "He loves my hand, poor old fellow! I don't know—perhaps he would die on my grave. At any rate, he would have a changed time of it if I were gone. I know this, and this is all. If there is, anywhere in this wide world, one," (the Judge did not mean one dog, best reader: it would be laughable if the reader supposed so; a winning shape was in his mind; a shape soft, tender, graceful and noble,) "if there is one, and if I could find her; if she would be as faithful to my hand as he is, and, at the same time, be a companion, a light of grace and intelligence on all the place!"—running his eyes, with looks half

of pain and longing, half of pleasantness, over the elegant apartment, and letting them rest, at last, on the soft chair, mate to his own. And he rose, dear reader, went with tender manner, respectful steps, toward the chair and drew it out of its far corner to the table near his own; and had pleasure in doing it—albeit, a little ashamed of it; albeit, he looked out Togus' way to see if Togus saw him. Togus didn't. Togus was startling in his sleep, dreaming of neighbor Pingree's new cow and her frightfully crooked, significant horns.

That the Judge had pleasure in bringing the chair up, was clear enough; for the pain was from that moment gone out of his look. Only a very becoming, very rich shade of the yearning was left, an effective blending for the brightness of his satisfaction. He stood by the chair—and liked the proximity. One elbow was on the mantle-piece; his fingers were shifting an ivory folder back and forth. He seemed estimating the capabilities of the place to fill and satisfy a life, larger, ever so much, than Togus; ever so much higher, richer and more exacting. For his eyes, after much contemplation, in other parts of the room, dwelt on the collection of books—excellent, as it was said, beyond any other at Northampton, on all manner of philosophies, histories, biographies, criticisms, languages, theologies and poesies. (There were now few works of fiction, he reflected. Irving, Scott and Cooper; those were all. His mind began to run over arrays of Dickens, arrays of Edgeworth, and arrays of one thing and another, she should bring if she chose. His mind had pleasure in dwelling on the accession. He crossed over—without thinking of Togus this time, poor Togus!—to see what volumes could be sent away, what pushed and jammed together to give the new ones room.) He stopped before the few beautiful, choice engravings that adorned his walls; stopped longest before his new, large "Evangeline," thinking, "Ah, could he find anywhere, out of Longfellow's book and beyond the wonderful picture that the artist had made, face so tender, so true, so full of the best sort of beauty as that? If he could, would it not be rich to live, rich to die? Would not poverty be the same as riches, and labor the same as

refreshment and repose to the soul blessed with such a mate?

Yes, God knew. This was what he longed for every day of his life—looking round on the ordinary, jabbering, giggling, nonsensical sort of women, (pardon the old bachelor; but he did make use of all these terms, standing there before “Evangeline,”) until his heart was torn and distressed with the longing. Wanting this, discouraged about ever finding it, was what had made him odd, cross, and old before his time—so that these things, oftener than any others, perhaps, were said of him, “You never know where you’ll find him”—meaning, “You never know what his mood will be”—“Everybody is afraid of him,” and “There goes the old Judge; old Judge Stinson.” It was indeed no uncommon remark, when it was seen how bappy Togus was, attending him in his walks, “His dog loves him, it seems. There must be some good-natured spot in him somewhere.” He had himself overheard some such remarks, spoken with inadvertent distinctness, in some of the paths of Round Hill, or beside the river, or on the side walk close beyond his own shrub-and-tree environment. He had heard them oftener from young, pert and pretty lips. So he reflected now, when his mind took a turn that way; and he felt it dishearten the new, over-susceptible dreams and hopes. So he said, so loud—exploding it, as it were, on a long breath—that Togus was awakened, “Huigho! well, I don’t know, I am sure.”

This was in the evening, when, the business of the day and supper over, he had come, as was his wont, with his newspapers, and some law-book just out of the press, to the back parlor, to read, think, talk with Togus, and—doze perhaps. Although, this evening, he neither read, nor dozed, nor talked with Togus, as has been seen.

It is doubtful whether the Judge could have told, if one had got hold of a button on each side and questioned him ever so closely, exactly how his mind came to take the turn it did that evening. We can tell though. We know; or can conjecture. That day, when he came up between breakfast and dinner, his neighbor, Major Pingree, was alighting at his gate and helping a gracefully moving figure in light grey traveling clothes, alight. Now, the major was always talking. This time he was saying, in a strong way common to him, “I told cousin David he was a jackass to care what his political opponents said about him. Any man is.” He was searching the carriage, loading his arms with his companion’s shawl and parcels.

“Oh, I don’t know. I think a man must, and

often ought to care.” The Judge heard a ripe, most agreeable voice reply.

“You? Yes, of course. Every woman thinks so, I suppose. But a man should be a man. Is this all, Agnes?”

Yes, it was all. The Judge heard the light-robed figure say so; and then, through the larches, cedars, and spruces planted thickly in his yard—to shut himself, eyes, thoughts, body, soul, in, to shut his neighbors and the passers-by, eyes, thoughts, body and soul, out—he saw her move with easy dignity up the walk to the house.

“My cousin’s a fine fellow, a capital fellow,” the Judge heard the major say, farther, on the way, as he was making haste to overtake his companion. The lady did not speak; and he was beginning to go on, “He’s—you never have seen him, Agnes?”

“No, Major Pingree.”

“Well—see this new kind of border-moss of my wife’s. If you do see him, you’ll say he’s a trump. The ladies almost divide him, limb from limb.”

“Ha—they do? I am sorry you said that of him, major. I am afraid he’s a poor, weak thing. The moss is beautiful—”

“Yes, but, confound the moss, I want to settle this about my cousin. He’s——”

“Darling!” the Judge heard Mrs. Pingree’s lively, friendly voice say at the door. Mrs. Pingree had a voice that the Judge liked. This he had many a time said to himself; he had many a time asked Togus, when he saw Togus listening, if he did not like it. “You were a darling to come! I was afraid you wouldn’t.”

“Oh, well, I would come, it had been so long. What a long time it has been!—and you have been growing handsomer every day; hasn’t she, Major Pingree?”

Then they laughed. The major, shifting basket and shawl over to his wife’s arm, (at least this was what the action looked like through the trees,) said, “‘Pretty is, that pretty does,’ Agnes. Wait till you’ve seen something of her—of her carryings-on, in general. Good morning, Agnes. I’m going down town again, of an errand. Wife, have you got all you want?”

For dinner, the Judge knew he meant. For dinner, his wife no doubt knew he meant. But she said, her merry voice twisted into complaint, “All but a better husband. I wish I had a better husband!”

The Judge heard the ladies laugh, retreating within the rooms; heard the major laugh, running down the steps and out the walk to his carriage.

As we have said, the Judge was not fairly and steadily conscious, that evening, that the genial spirit filling the large chair, filling all the place, as it were, with a new sort of blessedness, was clothed with the same light, soft garments, the same steady grace, the same dignity he had discerned that morning in the new guest at Major Pingree's; or that it was the same voice that fell now and then on his ear. If it did, now and then, come into his mind to connect them, he broke the shining link at once and put it away from him; broke it with tender hands, though; put it with tender hands away.

CHAPTER II.

THE Judge was in his garden early the next morning. And, by-the-way, he had looked into the library as he came, to see if it was utterly vacant, if the spirit had utterly gone. The spirit had gone; the room was very desolate. But, when he came into his yard, it was better, brighter; for he knew that the spirit was nearer; his thoughts went at once over hedge and paling up into Major Pingree's chambers, where a lady in light clothes sat reading her chapter, or perchance looking out upon the same morning of beauty that gave such joy to him. He reined them—the thoughts—when he found where they were going. He pulled the reins tightly, saying, "I'm a fool if I let my thoughts go there;" but it did no good, pulling reins, or accusing himself; the thoughts would go, and at last he let them—when he found, that is, how they seemed to go carrying and bringing somewhat, between him and her; between him and the light-robed, sweet-voiced figure of yesterday, the light-robed, sweet-voiced figure of last evening. He knew it now, and could not get away from it. Soon he was done trying to get away. Soon he gave himself quite up to the spirit and to the morning, and was a happy man.

He wished there was not such a wilderness about his doors. He wondered he had ever endured it. He would have half of it cleared away that very day.

"Caleb."

"What, sir?" came up out of a celery-trench. Pretty soon a head came up. The Judge stepped with a new air of business out toward him. "Here, I'm going to have some of the trees cut away out of my yard; it ought to have been done in the fall."

And, *apropos*, this was what the gardener was thinking, that it ought to have been done in the fall. It was thinking this, that made him tip his head and lift his brows, looking as far and as

high as he could; namely, to the tip of the flag-staff above the Mt. Holyoke House. "You are busy, I see, with these trenches. You had better go and ask Mr. Clapp to let me have one of his men to-day. You had better go directly after breakfast; or, now, that we may be sure of our man. You may come first and see what trees I will—or give me a piece of chalk. Have you got any here?" The Judge was looking round amongst the garden implements.

"No, sir." And was his master demented that morning? Always, before this, clear, consistent, cool, brief, what meant the haste, confusion, one-sidedness, that morning? "No, sir; he would bring the chalk." He went inside the greenhouse door, close by, and there he put his hand on it. When he brought it, his looks said, "If you are a little bottom-upward, or anything, this morning, honored sir, I advise you to haul up where you are and make an adjustment."

And the Judge, bless him! was ashamed before the look, and went his way with unprecedented celerity, running over Togus as he went. Now Togus had been trying all the morning to get his master's notice. He kept near him first, watching his face respectfully, confident of a recognition; ran off next after a strange pussy-cat, chasing her like lightning quite off the grounds, and came back to be praised for it. Finding this also fail, he betook himself back to the paling between his master's grapery and Major Pingree's cow-yard, where he began to tease crook-horn through the bars, thus unwittingly visiting his master's slight with its legitimate vengeance. For was not crook-horn's anger mighty? Did she not come rushing, her head down, her horns ready and longing to send Togus to Tophet? Did not the barking and braying fill all the place, and fill the Judge with vexation, lest she should mind it, reading her chapter, or looking out upon the morning? So he went to see him. And when he came and saw what a common, yelping cur Togus was making of himself, instead of reading the lesson, he said with surprise, "Togus, don't you know better?" whereas he should have said to himself, "Judge Stinson, did you not know better? Next time, speak to your dog, when he craves it, and call him good. The praise shall keep him in goodness."

CHAPTER III.

THE Judge had few thoughts, after this, that did not set at least one foot over the enclosure between him and Major Pingree. He called himself "an old fool," sometimes, rehearsing one by one the strictures upon himself he had heard

from the pert, pretty lips, to confirm the accusation. But it did no good. The poor, solitary interests would still go over there, searching, longing. As each day sped, (each day rendering him some new indications of the grace in all her movements and life), he longed more and more, longed inexpressibly to go and be there beside her; to speak to her and say, "I want you there in the solitary rooms; here in the solitary heart." The longing tore him at times, and he went away, out of the house, out of the yard, to see if it could be shaken off, if her image, her voice could be got rid of, by putting miles and miles between him and her. One time when he was walking, he gave himself this lesson. "You want her. You have never seen form and movements like hers, or any that pleased you a thousandth part as well. You have never heard voice like hers. Her voice will linger in your heart and be there, a regret, all the rest of the days of your life. She is, it may be, the only one, in all the world, for you. It may be that you are the only one in all the world for her. Still you let it all go by. She will marry a dolt, perhaps; you will die a solitary old man."

Appropos, if the reader asks how the Judge came to know, as it seems he did, that she was free, we answer, he heard as much, one evening, when the major's folks were sitting in their piazza and he in his. He heard the major say, "You never'll be married if you wait for Jupiter, or some of the gods to come and offer. You won't find a perfect man, Agnes Clement." "No," she answered, and her voice, thick with feeling, thrilled every nerve in the Judges' body—"but perhaps I shall find a good man. There are good, honorable, steadfast men, in the world, I hope, Major Pingree."

On the Judge's return from his walk, that day, he could, by halting a little, speak with Major Pingree at his gate. The major was just coming up from his business, walking. The Judge would speak to him, he thought. Perhaps that would amount to something. Perhaps it would lead to their speaking again; to their speaking often; to friendly meetings between the families; to—

"How do you do, Major Pingree?" extending his hand in a hearty manner. "How are you, this morning?"

"Well; thank you! well, Judge Stinson; but in a devilish hurry; wife waiting; children waiting, greedy as ravens for their supper; good-by, good-by, Judge."

And the major's back was turned. He was hurrying away. Our sensitive Judge was looking abstractedly after him, his arm on the gate,

saying, "He was in something of a hurry. But he needn't have been; needn't have torn himself off. That wasn't necessary. He needn't have apologized for it. This was the blunder, after all—apologizing, thinking it necessary; thinking that I cared whether he stopped or not." It was all bravado, though, in the Judge. It was because he did care, that he stood there with disappointed heart, complaining.

Just as the Judge returned from his walk, that day, Miss Clement came out into the piazza to meet the major, who was coming to dinner. The Judge, seeing that, through the thin branches of a larch, made precipitate haste to get into the house, out of the sight of it. But he could not help hearing her say, "Have you any letters for me, Major Pingree?" Could not help hearing the major's, "Yes, one. And I was devilishly tempted, as I came along, to drop it in where the workmen were filling the gas-pipes in. I'm jealous of it; for cousin David's sake, you see. You understand, don't you?"

"Humph!" And the Judge was glad to be in the hall, banging the door after him.

But propitiation was held of him again the next morning. He did not like the major; he doubted if he ever would. But he liked his wife; liked somebody else; so, as he was looking round amongst his vines, he broke off some cucumbers, the first and only. The gardener, Caleb, had been fostering them, petting them; had been talking altogether of them lately, saying, "They're the earliest in town, sir. You can't find any so far'ard in all Nor'ampton; not even over to West's an' Woodford's; for I was over yest'day on purpose to see." They were his beauties. But the Judge cut them off, and handed them over the hedge to a servant girl gathering salad, "For Mrs. Pingree, with his compliments."

He saw a few baskets of nice strawberries, the next day from Savannah, the first in the market. He bought those; with no settled purpose of sending them in; still his mind did, in a running way, connect the rare, delicate, rich fruit with the guest at Major Pingree's. We do not mean that he compared them—the berries and her lips, say. This the reader as well as we, would know that he could not do, if the reader as well as we, knew how the Judge had seen that she was indeed no "snow-and-rose-bloom maiden," but a woman from whom the years had taken much that was budding and fair, to whom, thank God! they had imparted more that was ripe, tender, and winning. It was seeing this, perhaps, that, more than any other thing, made him love her already. He pitied her a little, or, at any rate, felt very tenderly toward her, thinking about it;

sitting in his arm-chair, with the other arm-chair near, of an evening. In tones whose mellow cadence struck even himself, he said, "She too passes, bless her!"

CHAPTER IV.

"Is that possible?" It was Miss Clement's voice, and, for some reason—he could not have told what—the Judge did not like the sound of it.

It was a hot evening. The Pingrees were all out in their piazza, the Judge and Togus were out in theirs.

"It's all true that I tell you," answered Major Pingree. "He's talented; the best lawyer in the county, no doubt. This is what everybody will tell you of him. But everybody will tell you he's cross and odd as the hills."

"Yes, Miss Agnes!" strenuously interposed large-eyed Eddy, scrambling over his mother and Miss Clement's feet and skirts, to get near them. "Yes! and that black dog of his—his name is Togus—he's just as cross and queer a dog as his master is. Ha! I guess you'd laugh some to see him and crook-horn fight. Ain't it fun, father? Father! wasn't it fun, when you saw it? Father!"

"He's respected; this everybody will tell you, too," went on the major, not heeding Eddy's eager questionings. "But he's——" the Judge here moved his chair and spoke to Togus, that he might not hear. But he heard; and, somehow, with wondrous distinctness, albeit the major did certainly speak in suppressed tones—"he's cross! that's the long and the short of it! in court, and out of court. Many a young, inexperienced lawyer is as afraid of him as he would be of a bear."

"That's a pity!" and now every nerve in the Judge was strained to hear. "He ought to remember the time when he was young and in need of encouragement."

"I'd fix 'm!" said Eddy, "if I was a lawyer, and he undertook——"

"Eddy!" said Mrs. Pingree, with impatience in her tones—a quality the Judge had never heard in it before, often as he had heard it speaking to husband, children, servants and tradesmen. "I wish you wouldn't drag my skirts in such a manner. And, my son," she added, "you don't understand about the Judge. You are not old enough, (if indeed we are any of us old enough, or far-seeing, wise enough to understand about him, or anybody.) The Judge lost his mother when he was a little child, Agnes, dear," plead the voice; "and he had a hard

mother-in-law, poor fellow! This I know; for one who was servant in the family years and years told me so. Eddy, if you had no mother, if you were crossed and found fault with, at every turn, as he used to be, you don't know what kind of a man you would be. Remember this. As it is, at any rate, if you grow up to be as strictly honorable, as true and good a man as Judge Stinson is, I shall be happy and proud of my boy." They were all silent a few moments; the major, with his head down, was turning his knife in his fingers. "And your father thinks the same, Eddy," Mrs. Pingree added, after having looked at her husband; and her voice was very kind, very gentle.

"Do you, father?" asked Eddy, after having studied his father's face a moment.

"Yes, my son, father does," the major replied, drawing himself up and pocketing his knife. "I said, my son, that he is very honorable, very much respected, very talented——"

"You said he's cross too and snubs the lawyers——"

They all laughed. Mrs. Pingree reminded Eddy that they were all cross sometimes; and asked him if he hadn't sometimes seen a boy named Eddy Pingree "snub"—as he called it—his little sister Bessy. "Hurra! he guessed he had as much as once. Come, Bessy; he wanted to tell her something he had thought of." Eddy and pleasant-eyed Bessy went down the walk together, walking slowly, with great thinking, Eddy tipping his head sideways over to hers, whispering.

"Togus, come, poor old Togus!" the Judge said, speaking in low tones to his dog. "Let's go in, Togus."

Togus had been lying beside his master's chair, getting what sleep he could, for the sounds—heard only by himself—of the uneasy hoofs in his master and Major Pingree's stables; and especially, for sounds of hateful crook-horn, lowing and making a fuss for her contemptible black calf. Would he not give her a barking and an onset the next day, that she would remember? He guessed he would. He guessed—but he was sleepy; and, packing his nose between his paws once more, he was falling asleep when his master's voice aroused him.

The Judge was picking up his newspapers from the floor of the piazza, when he heard the patter of the children's feet running back; heard Eddy say, "Mother!"

"What, my boy?"

"I've got a plan! I thought it all out myself and told Bessy. When we go up Mt. Holyoke to-morrow or next day, I want him to go. Judge

Stinson, I mean. Can he, mother? Can he, father? I've thought how we can do it, as well as not."

"Yes, of course he has," laughed the major. "There was never such a brain for planning. What is it, Eddy, boy? Let's have the plan." He listened as if expecting to hear something to laugh at, and he did. Perhaps, though, the expectation, betraying itself in his tones, in the air with which he listened, did it; since Eddy's eyes, going from one to the other, saw it; since he was flurried seeing it.

"Out with it," urged the major.

Eddy looked at his mother and kept hold of her fingers, as he said, "I've thought, mother, how we can do when we get to the car. You and father and Bessy can go up the mountain, in the car once, Judge Stinson, Miss Agnes and I can go up in the car twice. Then, you see, we shall all be up there."

The major roared. Mrs. Pingree smiled, but very quietly, with kind, encouraging eyes on her boy. She called him a good boy, and said they would see about his plan. It was a good, generous plan; he was a good, generous boy.

Togus kept near his master, watching him with thoughtful, intelligent eyes, after they reached the library. When the Judge saw this, he was touched by it. He said, "Good, old faithful Togus!" and his voice, his look, his attitude in bending, the outstretch of his hand, would each have smote the heart of the reader with sympathy, if the reader had been there to see. As it was, there was nobody but Togus. Togus heard the praise with dignity, keeping the grave eyes still on his master's troubled features. He lay down, by-and-by, and went to sleep. His master told him to. And then the Judge "wrestled" with the circumstances of those days, of that night; wrestled mightily and with no little conflicting pain and confusion, at first. He said to himself, "Let not anger against the major come near your heart to embitter it. He gave his true impressions of you. He has heard these things said of you. Young members who were afraid before your exactions of them, before your irritability, have let their fear and pain be seen. The fear and pain have corrected some of the vanity, the ignorance, the foolishness that were banes to them, abominations to you; this you know; for this, more than one, thus corrected and amended, has told you afterward with gratitude. But you have been cross sometimes, many a time, when you had not this motive. You have given pain to many who loved you, looked up to you longing for your approbation; who, no doubt, have had mortified,

miserable nights, on account of your rebuffs. You—God knows, poor man, that you've had but a lonely life of it from your earliest childhood, even to this hour. God knows this and pities it. But he has given you uncommon talent, strength, discernment; this you know, without vanity. Some endowment you possess, by which, whenever you unbend and lay yourself out to attention and friendliness, you make people love you with deepest sincerity and ardor. This also you know, without vanity. Use it then oftener. Put the irritability far away, out of your words, out of your life. Be steadfastly kind. Be yourself, to be sure, (keep your own clear individuality;) but be kind, henceforth and forever." Much else he said to himself, reasoning, struggling. He was not sorry that she knew his irritability and all his faults. He was glad. He liked it best that she should know him just as he was. He would like to think of this after she was gone. She would, perhaps, feel the more interested in him, on account of it. When he remembered what a voice she had, he believed that she would; and he knew that this was what he wanted of her now; knew that now it was all that he wanted—or, at any rate, was all he would now ask, or accept, of her.

When the day broke, as it did in matchless serenity and beauty, the Judge was still up, sitting with pale, contemplative, but elevated mien, reading out of a little book, his light dim, his head bent low, abstractedly over the page. He read this passage twice, "Let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this precept to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: 'Do the duty which lies nearest thee,' which thou knowest to be duty! Thy second duty will already have become clearer." When he drew himself up from pondering upon this passage, (upon what schemes of usefulness and duty lay nearest to him,) he saw that it was morning. Still was there the feeling of loss upon him, of having renounced somewhat, of missing it. Somewhere in Goethe it is written, "It is only with renunciation that life, properly speaking, is said to begin." We miss the hope, however, the joy, the love, whatever it was; and have often sadness gnawing at our hearts, at the same time that we say, with shining faces, "Let it go. Because it went, a greater good has come."

One thing, as we are thinking, would surely be best of all—if the so-called earthly joy might come and settle down with us and be to us a divine joy also. And this is what the Judge thought, looking where the vermilion clouds

appeared through the pines; and on the other side, where the silvery mist lay peacefully over the town sleeping below; is what he thought sighing, in spite of himself; in spite of himself wishing it had been for him to call her his, to know that she was to be his, by day, by night; in life, in death; under whatever good, whatever ill.

CHAPTER V.

"Aw, these Yankees! They make fun of our Irish fellows!"

"The Judge don't! You never'll know him doing it."

"But a great many of 'em do. This spindle-legs, the major's cousin, does. I know from the way that he did to-day, when Michael was carrying his two big trunks up stairs. Now, in Ireland, you know, a gentleman's a gentleman; an' you know it too, at sight of 'im. He don't need to come up to the door (from traveling) with his finest, blackest coat, his lightest-colored waist-coat and pants on, an' his gold chains a hangin', an' his han'kerchief scented, an' his—an'; I can't bear the sight of 'im. An' the worst of it is, he's come to make love to her, an' marry her. An' she's an angel! Isn't it m'anner than dirt?"

"How do you know?"

"Didn't I hear now an' thin a word to-day, between him an' the major, when I was cleaning the table after dinner? I should think I did. Didn't I see what eyes, what a way he had—bah!—when he twisted this way an' that way a speaking to her? I should think I did. An' she's getting along where offers don't grow on every bush. I'm afraid she'll marry him. I'm so afraid she will—an' she an angel—an' he a fool—a spindle-legs!"

The Judge, at his late tea, heard enough of the above conversation to make out its meaning, through the open windows, from the kitchen, where his girl, Julia, was shelling peas, and Mrs. Pingree's girl, Hannah, was helping her.

The next morning, when he went out to go to his office—he was not in his garden before breakfast that morning—he knew that the Pingrees and their visitors were out in the yard together. Meaning not to see, he still did see, light dresses through the trees; light figures, slowly, gracefully moving. Meaning not to hear, quickening his steps that he might not hear, he still did hear the cousin's voice—a lisping, foolish-sounding voice, so the Judge thought, reproached himself for thinking—saying, "Mith Clement, here ith a rothe that I must beg the pleathure of prethenting to you."

"Let me see!" the major's voice said, with

briskness. "Let me see if there isn't a bud there, somewhere. Ha! there is! Ecod, David, you're caught!"

The Judge went on, out of his gate, down the hill, with vexation, thinking, "Ah, there are certainly a great many fools in this world!" But he drove the vexation, with thinking, "But don't I see that I too am a fool if I let anything that is amiss vex me? We shall all be wiser some day, when we are done with these poor, earthly desires, and aims, and vexing cares, if never before."

CHAPTER VI.

"Fire! fire! fire!"

It was the Judge's cry, in his door, on his steps.

"Fire! fire! fire!" at his gate, turning his mouth, with a hand closed about it directing the sound, to the north, east, south and west. "Fire! fire!" putting now what composure he could into the cry, for her sake; he was at Major Pingree's gate, before her windows.

"Major Pingree, your house is on fire!" holding back, or trying to, the dread of the announcement, for Mrs. Pingree's sake. "Your house is on fire; but it is all in the parlors."

True, the parlor curtains were, half of them, more or less a blaze that moment, as he knew.

"The devil! the major said, one instant thrusting his head out farther to see where the fire shone out. "Devil!" and darting back into the room, he gave Mrs. Pingree the information that "trees, grass and hedge, were all lighted up with it; that that confounded cousin was at the bottom of it, probably; he was always at the bottom of everything; always had been." He was scrambling on his clothes, working with shaking hands, beginning with each garment wrong side out, or bottom upward; "nothing came right," he told his wife.

His wife, without speaking, but with teeth chattering in her head, was managing the children. She had waked them at once, so that their eyes were wide open and very large, by telling them that the house was on fire and they must be very quiet; must not cry; no, Bessy; Bessy must be mamma's little woman; Eddy must be putting his own clothes on—there they were—he must be mamma's little man. So Bessy checked back her tears. So Eddy, putting on his clothes, said stoutly, "And if the fire comes where we are, mother, I'll almost take you and Bessy and carry you out. I could as well as not." The major would have given one explosive guffaw, if he had been there; there's

not the least doubt of it, great although his consternation was. But he wasn't there. He was at one of the parlor doors opening into the hall; had his hand on the knob to open it, for the purpose of looking in, when the Judge, appearing in the outer-door (he had been out sending his stentorian cries off toward the town) and, seeing his act, stepped forward with an authoritative "Major Pingree, don't open that door! either of those doors! I hear steps; they are coming from the Water-Cure; you—thank God, the bells! They've got it down town! I am sure that is good!"

The Judge was like a child a moment; then, seeing that the major had no collective purpose, no clearness, that he still kept his hand on the door-knob, with vacant looks on those who now began to show themselves, to demand what they should do, he said to the major, "Are the ladies and the children safe?"

"Ah! ha! if I know. Ah! if I know anything!" rubbing his forehead. "Here they are, Judge! Judge! where are you?" The Judge was already at the head of the staircase, where Mrs. Pingree now appeared with the children. He was telling them that the children must go over to his house. He had seen Julia there,

"Julia!"

"Yes, sir." Julia knew at a movement of the Judge's hand, what she was to do. She made her way with the children carrying them both (to Eddy's mortification, when he looked at his mother and at the crowd of men through which they went) crying, kissing them on their shoulders, calling them "darlin's! sweets!"

"Stay with them, Julia," the Judge called out after her. And, then, stooping a little toward Mrs. Pingree, he asked her in low tones, if all were awaked—servants and all—guests and all.

Mrs. Pingree did not know; she was sure she had seen their cousin, and it must be that they were awake—with such a noise! so many feet! so many voices! And now, thank God! the engines! here they were, the bells, and the running of the faithful firemen. Oh, thank God! Now, would the Judge see a little to things—that everything was not destroyed? Would he be so kind?

The Judge went, after he had said, "Let us be sure that all are awake and safe."

If the reader has made up his mind that, now a fire has broken out, our good Judge is sure to spy the desire of his heart, Miss Clement, on some out-of-the-way staircase, where the flames are already darting, that he takes her at once into his safe arms, that he feels her beating heart against his beating heart, and, even in the midst

of the great singeing and scorching he gets, knows, for the first time in his life of forty-four years, what happiness truly is; even so we made up our mind, when, from the upper window of the Warner House, we saw the house a blaze, and knew that it was Major Pingree's. But the reader shall hear how, on the contrary, it was, even as we heard, when we questioned him, from the Judge himself.

The Judge could not be easy about Miss Clement. So he ran in, when the flames were already appearing through one of the parlor doors, tried to look into the room through fire and smoke, hurried half-way up the front stairs and there stopped suddenly; for there he saw her, a large shawl enveloping her light wrapper, the cousin's arm enveloping the shawl. The twain were going out of sight toward the back staircase. And this is the way in which our Judge was assured of Miss Clement's safety.

CHAPTER VII.

"I AM glad you have come, Judge Stinson; you have done enough; you have done a great deal," said Mrs. Pingree, late that night, when she went forward to meet him at the door of his own library. "Did you believe we would take you at your word and come?"

"Certainly I did, Mrs. Pingree."

"My husband was afraid we would intrude. He said we had better go to the Water-Cure; but I wanted to come here."

"You did right, Mrs. Pingree. This was the place for you, especially as your children were here. Your husband must have seen this." He frowned a little, shaking his coat-collar into place.

"Let me introduce you to my guest and friend, Miss Clement," Mrs. Pingree said, with deprecating looks, (for she had seen the frown,) with deprecating tones, and moving out toward where Miss Clement was sitting, shawl-enveloped, in the corner of a *tele-a-tele*. Mrs. Pingree's looks drew him; Miss Clement's did not; perhaps because he did not see them; perhaps, because remembering how he last saw her, he felt indifference, if not repulsion, coming to take the place of the old, sweet attraction. He extended his hand, touching the tips of her fingers lightly; hoped, with rigid features, that she did not find herself greatly fatigued. This was all. He turned away to show that he had nothing more to say to her; but to Mrs. Pingree he went on speaking, with a courtly sort of grace and benignity for which even she, well as she had always been in the habit of liking him, had heretofore given him no credit, since she had

never before met his hospitalities there on their legitimate ground, his own beautiful home.

"Your home is beautiful," Mrs. Pingree sighed; for, mingled with her admiration of the place, were the thoughts of her own devastated rooms. Only the parlors, one of the chambers above, and the hall had felt the fire; but the windows had, many of them, been taken out, or broken in, the furniture had, most of it, been removed, the rooms, many of them, deluged with water. Her eyes had looked on it all, and seen the full extent of it before she came away. But she was a christian, loving woman. She said, "They're all safe; my darlings and all; and not one word of complaint shall come out of my mouth." She was saying something of this sort to the Judge and Miss Clement, when her husband showed himself, with dingy and forlorn face, in the door. They brought him to a comfortable chair; his wife composed his disarranged locks with her fingers, standing beside him, telling him how she had been up to see the children and they were sleeping soundly, with their dear, round, healthy cheeks in their hands, just as they always slept in their own beds at home.

"We turn your house to a barrack, Judge," said the major, not answering his wife. (She knew, though, that he had brightened under the touch of her fingers; that he now spoke with something of his wonted vigor, because she had done him good standing by him, seeing to him and letting him see what cause they had for gratitude, that, after all the danger of that sad night, the children were sleeping with healthy cheeks.)

The Judge was speaking to Miss Clement. He didn't understand the major. "We have turned your house to a barrack," the major repeated.

"Never mind!" he said, with the kindest humor. "How do you suppose the fire broke out, Major Pingree?"

"Humph! I suppose that cousin of mine was at the bottom of it. When I went to bed, I left him standing close by the window—and I remember the wind was blowing the curtain in—with the chamber lamp I had given him in one hand, and somebody's picture," (glancing out Miss Clement's way, letting his frown go,) "in the other, looking at it. He went off to walk, I find, down town, or somewhere; for he came back after the fire broke out. I suppose he set his lamp right down there where he was—he was close to the table—and where the wind was blowing the curtain in. He either stood looking at your picture a long time, Agnes, or he was gone a long time; for we must have been in bed two hours when the fire broke out. He didn't

mean it; it won't do to blame him. He's a careless dog, though, in everything. He's gone down to one of the hotels for the night. He hasn't the least idea that he had any finger in our trouble. He gave me delectable messages 'for the ladies.' Excuse me, Judge, if I get this tight boot off. It's killing me."

It was agreed that they would go to rest; although the major doubted, as he said, whether he rested much. Mrs. Pingree could rest, she said; for they were all safe.

CHAPTER VIII.

THAT there was, after all our liking for the Judge, something savage in his nature, cannot, perhaps, with strictest truth be denied. Thus, when, the next morning, he saw that one of his guests, Miss Clement, was pale, that she looked thoughtful and grave, he said within himself, "Let her! If she is weak enough to be pleased with him, let her!" Toward all the rest in the house, bland and benignant, toward her alone he was distant and cold.

When cousin David came, ushered in from the yard by Eddy, he greeted him coolly; coolly signifying by a movement of head and hand, that he was to be seated, if he pleased, out there where she was, sitting by herself, waiting for him probably. Then he turned again to the major and Mrs. Pingree, to the plan-laying, through which their house was speedily to be brought once more into habitable condition.

"Good!" at length said the major, coming to his feet and stretching himself. "Now I know what I've got to do. Judge Stinson, I always knew you had a head for law; you have a head for other matters too, I see. I'm nothing to you for clearness and decision."

Mrs. Pingree's eyes were bright, hearing her husband speak in that frank manner, seeing with what friendliness their eyes met, (and lingered in the meeting;) since there was nothing she so much desired for herself and her husband, as the friendship of a few men like Judge Stinson. As for the Judge, he doubted if his help had been so great; at any rate, since cousin David came. For, while he yet said stoutly to himself, "I will not attend to them; no such weakness shall get hold of me," he lost altogether the sound of the major's planning, that he might catch sounds of what Miss Clement was saying. Her eyes were down on the shawl-fringe she was twisting. She was saying, "I don't know. I haven't thought enough about it to know." Another time, when he overheard, cousin David was saying, his head bent toward

hers, his eyes searching her downcast features, "I am happy to think thith morning, that it wath I that arouthed you, thaved you. I thould be unwilling that anybody elthe thould have had that pleathure."

Humph! how the Judge hated the lisping, conceited voice, with what intense inward force he said, "He's a coxcomb!" But then with what heaviness did his heart in a moment fall, when this thought was added, "Yet, he will be the one to win her; to have her in his home all the rest of the days of his Mfe."

"Cousin David, this is the very last you'll see of me perhaps to-day. I know now what I've got to do; and I shall be about it. I'm going to have my house ready to go into in three days; and then I, it, wife and Agnes, (I guess,) are all at your disposal again. What'll you do meantime?" The major was in the door, his hand raised and braced on the side. "Go to Mt. Holyoke with Agnes, (I can't spare my wife,) and the children, to-day? To Amherst to see the college and so on, next day? To—anywhere you and Agnes please, next day? What say, Agnes?"

The major was not a polite man, certainly. He saw how he tantalized cousin David, how he annoyed Agnes; saw with what dubious uncertainty and wavering his cousin regarded Agnes, with what trepidation and changing of color, Agnes looked down on her shawl-fringe, twisting it; saw, moreover, (and we doubt whether this was not the best of it,) what dignity the Judge had, standing erect to watch them. It suited him seeing it. His wife knew that it did, even before he came round so as to show her, without showing it to the rest, how he winked and chuckled in the enjoyment of it.

"Well!" after he had waited for them to speak, "I'm off, at any rate. You can fix this to suit yourselves. I've kept the Judge too long already. I am sure I beg your pardon, Judge—for this, as well as for turning your house into a barrack."

Mrs. Pingree looked at the Judge. The Judge stirred now; smiling; in this way answering Mrs. Pingree's look of inquiry. "I think you'd forty times better turn us all off, this morning," the major added.

"Mrs. Pingree and I have settled that, finally, I think," replied the Judge. "Mrs. Pingree sees it plainly, as I do, that it is convenient for you to be here; convenient for you, convenient for me. She understands, I think, that only one thing connected with your being here can possibly annoy me; and that this is, seeing that you do not confide perfectly in the welcome I give you."

Neither the major nor his wife doubted or demurred one moment, after seeing that look, so cordial, yet so filled with longing. They knew that, to the spoken words, this thought was added, "My rooms were void, my life was, in a way, void, before you came. Now, in both, there is some little stir and interest. Let it go on these three days, I beg, without fear or remonstrance."

When the Judge and Major Pingree made their bows at the front door, Mrs. Pingree made hers at a back window, by which she was going into the garden. Julia was there picking peas from the vines. The children and Togus were there. "And, ma'am," the Judge, after he had parted with Major Pingree at the gate, heard Julia saying to Mrs. Pingree, "Togus is so right glad that he can have the childers here to laugh with, (he's had to do all his laughing alone, ma'am, ye see, the same as I have, pretty much,) that now he's done with troubling crook-horn an' her black calf intirely. ("Togus—Togus, but ye mustn't quite twist yerself off with yer joy. See, ma'am, he's carried that squash-vine, with his teeth, and all the squashes that are on it, quite out of its place, in the joy he feels. One must needs laugh seeing that. No wonder Master Eddy laughs, seeing that.")

The Judge smiled; but he was soon grave enough, going down the hill, thinking that he and she were there now in his library, in the same room where he had longed and hoped for her, alone.

CHAPTER IX.

It was an awkward pause, the utterly blank pause that ensued upon Mrs. Pingree's retiring with the children for the night. Especially, as, after beating about for something to say, both the Judge and Agnes found that, absolutely, there was nothing in the whole wide world that could be said; and this too, when, all the evening, as they and Mrs. Pingree talked together, their brains and tongues had teemed with thoughts and observations upon life, upon the men, measures, principles, books, authors, that had been coming spontaneously, as it were, putting themselves between them to be examined and discussed. Something must be said, however; so the Judge said, "You concluded not to go to Mt. Holyoke, Miss Clement? I heard Major Pingree propose the ride yesterday morning, I believe." Our Judge was provoked with himself before the words were out of his mouth; for did he not know already, that, all that day and the day before, she had been at Mrs. Pingree's right hand helping her? Did not Mrs.

Pingree tell him that evening before Miss Clement came down from her chamber, that "she had tired herself out, helping her, taking hold of the carpets, curtains, furniture, anything and everything that needed to be done, or seen to?" So, were not the words a lie? Was not he a fool to speak them? Were there no words worthy to be spoken, between himself and her? if there were, was he not able to find them?

"I did not go," she answered, settling back languidly into her seat.

"It is a fine ride," the Judge went on abstractedly; for all his powers were turned to the settlement he was having with himself.

"Yes, sir; but I did not go." And there was another pause.

"I supposed we should see Mr. Thornly here, this evening"—the settlement still going on; saying this in spite of certain reckonings against it. "I didn't urge it. I could hardly think this necessary, since Miss Clement was to be here."

Agnes, with disturbed lip, rose to stand before a window. She put the curtain aside, and without speaking, stood there to look out upon the night. The Judge, letting his reckonings go, (the clear results having first been pretty well worked out, however,) sighed, looking at the figure, marking what delicacy and softness were in its attitude, in all its proportions; sighed, thinking how often one's brightest earthly plans do fail; how, in that same room he had longed for her until his heart ached with the longing. Now, there she was standing before him; and he had never known such longing and pain. There had already been enough that was sad and lonely in his life; but this was the bitterest, most desolate. But, all at once, as he pondered, something came and took a mighty hold of him and bade him speak his pain and bitterness. I suppose it was Truth; and that his reckonings with himself brought her. I do not suppose that any power but that of Truth could at once have made him free from the stupidity and subterfuge with which his direct speech and action toward her, had been more or less hampered up to this moment; could have made him a man toward her, and not a shadow; could have made him know that if there was anything real, forcible, worthy, in life, especially anything real and sincere, he would find it and stand on it.

He came and stood by her side. Putting the curtain far away, they could both see how serene the night was, how the stars looked down with their steady light, charming them and nearly all the world, for the poor, foolish waverings, insincerities, hopings, fearings that come into so large a portion of the earthly life, so that it is not so

much life as a chronic sort of dying. That this was their reproof from the stars and the night, was made clear by their first words. The Judge said, looking at his companion, "How great the night is, Miss Clement! how little and poor are we!"

"I was thinking the same," replied Agnes; the form with all the old, imagined softness in it, turned toward him; the voice with all the old, imagined ripeness, tenderness in it, thrilling him, filling the whole place with all the old, imagined blessedness and love. "I was thinking," went on the voice, "that I was not worthy to be here in a world that God has made so beautiful, that He rules and preserves with so great majesty and order, I——"

The Judge gathered the sounds that fell, breathlessly as the miser ever gathers his gold. He looked on the small, beautifully shaped head tenderly as the mother ever looks upon her little babe, and saw how in its deep awe and humility it was bowed down. He waited a moment to see if she would not go on; then he said, "But you must know what it is, Miss Clement, to live a beautiful life. Your life, I am convinced, is richer than most lives."

"Sometimes I am very happy. Sometimes life is very clear," she replied, looking with mild eyes up into his face. "Then every man is my brother, every woman is my sister. Every flower speaks, every bird has a living soul and praises God with its song. But I often let the poorest and most miserable of all cares and anxieties get hold of me and drag me down. I have no excuse for this. Those who have never known any better life, may have; but I have none and am the more self-condemned."

There was a pause of a few moments; and then the Judge, lowering his voice, bringing his head nearer hers, and speaking with hesitation, said, "Is it possible—pardon me—but are you going to marry Mr. Thornly, Miss Clement?"

"Oh, no indeed, Judge Stinson." There was a little wonder in the looks and voice, a little deprecation. That was all. Neither the looks nor the voice were strenuously demonstrative.

"Pardon me, I had the impression that you were;" adding, after a pause, in which he struggled for composure, "I have no words—there are no words that will tell you, Miss Clement, what satisfaction it gives me to hear you say this. You may never be anything more to me than you are now; though, if knowing that I respect you infinitely, and would count myself the most favored of men, if——"

The hand seeking hers, trembling as it clasped hers closer and closer, the head, the whole

manly form bending nearer and nearer her own, the looks of longing that met hers, when for a moment she raised her eyes, said the rest plainly enough. As the Judge averred, there were no words that could have told the story of his wishes and his love half so plainly.

Nor do we suppose that Agnes spoke many

words, or needed to. All we know, is, that the major, when he came, found them sitting side by side, she in her chair, the one that the Judge gave her many nights ago, he in his. So the major told his wife, when he went up, with this addition, "And they looked glorified. But I wonder what cousin David will say?"

"SHE IS DEAD."

BY ANNA L. MUZZY.

Dead! dead! dead!
Oh, God! it is all o'er!
From life's sad, changeful shore
Her loving soul has fled!
Come, come away:
There's nothing, nothing more
To hope for, or to pray!
God did not heed our prayer,
He mocks at our despair;
God! oh, God!
Thy chastening rod
Is very hard to bear!

Dead! dead! dead!
It is all over now!
Dead! dead!
Wildly we rain
Kisses on cheek and brow
In vain—in vain;
She cannot answer now!
Lowly she lies,
With smiling lips apart,
And close, veiled eyes,
And pulseless heart!

Come, come away—
'Tis agony to hold
To our crushed hearts, this cold,
Unanswering clay!
Come, come away.
A last, long, long embrace,
And one more sight
At that unearthly face,
So calm and white!

Now all indeed is o'er,
No more, no more,
On this dim earth to see
Our darling save in dreams.
Ah me! ah me!
How worse than vain
Life seems!

God! oh, God!
What can we do but pray?
God! God!
Take our beloved one,
And teach us how to say,
"Thy will be done."

THE WREN.

BY LIBBIE D——.

FAR down in the glen
Where the noisy wren
Is singing upon the bough—
There he sits and chatters
Of various matters;
Do you know what he's saying now?

He peeps far below,
Where the lady-ferns grow,
And he sings a welcome free
For another wren
He spieth then;
And a social bird he is.

In that limpid pool
So still and cool
There is another wren,
There swings and sings,
And flutters her wings:
A bird as large as he!

There the lady-fern grows—
There the violet blows,
And the bells of the vale-lily chime!

There the waters plash,
And the sunbeams flash,
Till the sands all golden shine.

He flutters adown
Like a leaf, to the ground—
He hops to the mossy brink—
He looks to see
Where the bird can be:
Then he bendeth down to drink.

What a gleeful shout
From his throat thrills out,
As his round head he can see!
And he opens his eyes
In great surprise,
When he thinks, "It was only me!"

The lily bells tinkle
In that tree-shaded dingle;
But the wren has flown away—
It may be to tell
To his mate in the dell,
What he saw in the brook to-day.

A HEROINE OF '76.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

I don't like to hear the noise of those hammers. The dull sound of laboring picks breaks upon the ear with monotonous regularity. They are making tracks for a railroad in this old town. I am not pleased with the "improvement," as some call it, for a pleasant farm-house and its surrounding fields that sloped from high and undulating hills have vanished forever before its nod.

The great genius of enterprise, with his ugly shears of commerce, is clipping at the poor wings of poetry and romance, till, I fear, by-and-by, they will have power only to flap along the ground, their ethereal faculties chained down to stock-taking and invoices.

I am sorry the house has gone, for there were some recollections connected with its history, for the sake of which it would be pleasant could it have been spared. An old, red farm-house, surrounded by fields of waving grain and corn, in the autumn time, and overhung by the branches of various fruit trees, golden with the fullness of time, is a sight of picturesque beauty in a rich valley; especially if a fine old mountain looms up in the back-ground, or a deep of forest trees stretches away into the clear, mellow atmosphere beyond.

In that one before us, I am speaking now as if it stood in the old spot, the widow of a noble Capt. Pierpont lived some twenty years ago. The lady was a fine specimen of old-time women; dignified, even commanding in manner, with a fresh bloom upon her cheek, a finely moulded forehead, and a deep, earnest expression in her yet bright eyes.

She was a woman of refined and cultivated intellectual powers; a woman who in youth had known no stint of wealth; whose mind was stored with classic lore; who had never, till she emigrated to the wilderness of the New World, soiled her white fingers with even household work.

Father and husband were both dead. The bones of the former reposed in another country beneath a marble monument; the latter had now slept two years in the little burying-ground beside the wooden church in sight of the red farm-house, and a small grey stone marked the spot where his ashes mingled with the dust.

One day, during the hardest campaign of our sturdy soldiers, Madam Pierpont was alone at the farm. Pomp, a negro servant, had gone on some errand, which would detain him till night-fall, and Aleck, the hired man, had wounded his hand in the morning with an axe, so that he was quite disabled, and obliged to return to his home about a mile distant, which by-the-way was the nearest homestead to the old, red farm-house.

The widow's four brave sons, of ages varying from eighteen to twenty-six, had started but two days previous for the field of their country's battle.

While the widow realized that in all probability some, perhaps all, of her treasures would be smitten by the ruthless hand of war, her cheek was still unblanched, and a holy hope sat in the repose of her beautiful features. Only now and then she turned to the open Bible before her, and read a few consoling passages, and straightway resumed her work with a trusting smile. Ah! patriotism found an enduring home in many such a gentle breast!

Suddenly, from the distance came a sound like the trampling of horse's feet, and a great cloud of dust betokened the approach of travelers hurrying to their destination. The widow moved to the door, and shading her eyes from the intense sunshine, watched their progress. They drew nearer, and in another moment, three horsemen wheeled up before the door and alighted.

They wore military costume, and were all fine-looking men. The foremost gentleman far exceeded the others by his imposing figure and the greatness of his countenance. It needed no introduction to assure the widow that this was George Washington. With that courtesy which always characterized him, he bowed gracefully to Madam Pierpont, as he blandly asked if he could find rest and refreshment.

"Our horses are wearied—we have ridden since nine this morning and would fain recruit," he added.

"Certainly, gentlemen, and welcome," she replied, smilingly, throwing wide open the inner door as they dismounted.

"Our poor beasts," said one of the officers, patting his smoking horse, "I would they could

be attended to immediately. Is there a groom or a servant about your house, madam, who could rub them down and feed them? I will reward him liberally."

"We would ask no reward in this household, sir," replied the widow; "if you will lead the horses round, they shall be cared for."

The animals were conducted to the stable, and there left, although the officer looked in vain for indications that there were men stirring in the place.

"Make yourself perfectly comfortable, gentlemen," said the widow, "and excuse me while I prepare you refreshment. You must be hungry as well as fatigued."

In another moment, the widow was in the stable unsaddling the poor horses—work to which she was not accustomed, but which she nevertheless could do in time of need, being a woman of strong, muscular frame and great energy. She knew it must be done by herself, or not at all. As for men and horses, they were completely jaded out. She with clean straw rubbed the animals down with her own hands, led them into their stalls, and prepared and gave them food. After changing her dress, she returned again to the parlor, where the officers having unbuckled their swords and donned their caps, sat conversing together, evidently enjoying a delightful rest.

As the widow stepped over the threshold of the room, one of the officers was just remarking to his companions.

"He was one of my best men, and as fine-looking a young fellow as ever volunteered."

"Do you speak of young Pierpont?" asked another.

"Yes, he fell yesterday, pierced by three balls—poor fellow—it was a hard fate for such a boy."

For one moment the cheek of the woman was blanched—the heart of the mother shocked; but she spoke almost calmly as she asked, "Which one was it, sir?"

"Henry Pierpont, if I am not mistaken. Was he known to you?"

Was he known to her? Oh! the torture that followed that question! Henry! her noble, first born; he who had taken the place of the dead at their board, and with a gravity beyond his years carried out the plans his father left unfinished!

And now his blue eyes were closed forever—his bright locks soiled in the dust. Oh! the thought was anguish! A deathly faintness came over her, but she rallied with a great effort, and said as calmly as before, as she turned her whitening cheek away,

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"He was my son, sir."

They did not see her face as she walked quickly but firmly from the room.

"Now God forgive me! I feel as if I had done a cowardly thing," murmured the officer, while his lips grew pale with emotion. "Coming here to partake of this woman's hospitality, I have cruelly stabbed her to the heart."

"You are not to blame, my friend," said Washington, in his deep tones, in which was blended a sudden pathos. "Neither, if I read her aright, would she recall the child bravely fallen in his country's cause. That is no common woman. Her very face speaks of her soul's nobility. Mark me—when you see her again she will be tearless; no word of sorrow will issue from her lips. Our mothers—our wives, I am proud to say it—are heroines in this trying period. And this," he continued, pointing to the Bible, "this is the secret of their greatness. Wherever you behold that volume opened, bearing evidence of constant perusal, there you will find woman equal to any emergency. I repeat it, when we meet her again, she will be calm and tearless, although a mother bereaved of her child."

And so it was. Madam Pierpont had schooled her grief for the time into a sudden and sacred submission; and when the officers were called into another room, to partake of the smoking viands she had prepared, they found her collected, unchanged in manner, and serene in countenance. The officer, from whom the news had so rudely burst, was lost in admiration of her conduct, and was often heard to say, subsequently, that he venerated woman, the more, for her sake.

Toward night the trio departed, thanking the kind woman with grateful hearts for her courtesy. They found their horses ready saddled, and were forced to the conjecture that Madam Pierpont had herself performed the duty of hostler.

Gen. Washington kindly took her hand before he mounted his charger, and addressed her tenderly and affectionately. Tears came to the eyes of his officers as they listened; but though an increasing pallor spread over the widow's face, she murmured,

"I am thankful, thankful to my God, sir, that He has deemed me worthy of demanding my first born, in this glorious struggle; he was ready, sir—ready for life or death."

But when they had gone, and she returned to the silence of that lone house, the mother wept exceeding bitter tears. Draw we a curtain before her sacred anguish!

Farewell old Pierpont House with your carpet
 of mallows and old-fashioned flowers in old-
 fashioned pots standing upon the stoop. I feel
 sad at the thought that I shall never again see
 its open door wreathed with vines, whereon
 hung clusters of luxuriant grapes; nor its win-
 dows, or the lower floor, all opened, with their
 curtains of snowy muslin floating with a dreamy,
 undulating motion in the pleasant breeze.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!"

BY BESSIE BEECHWOOD.

"It might have been!" Oh! what a wealth of woe
 Is prisoned in that short, deep-meaning phrase!
 Its very sound may bid the sad tears flow,
 And cloud the sunshine of its brightest days!

"It might have been!" who has not felt its power
 To shade the retrospect of happiest years,
 Adding a pang to sorrow's heaviest hour,
 And mingling womanhood with its bitterest tears!

"It might have been!" moans forth the passing bell,
 And heavier on our hearts the strokes descend,
 Hopes fondly cherished, at that fatal knell,
 Faint, die, are buried with the coffined friend!

"It might have been!" think, earth-enchanted soul,
 Should a cold hand arrest thy measured breath,
 And through thy spirit's depths the mandate toll,
 That bids thee yield to "the fell sergeant, Death!"

Would not those bitter words with fearful power
 Burst o'er thy ruined soul with ceaseless flow,
 And through eternity from that drear hour,
 Augment the terrors of the world of woe?

Pause, then! perchance to-day alone is thine,
 When thou may'st turn from this terrific scene,
 And in a brighter world 'mid joys divine,
 Praise Him who saved thee from what might have been!

THE "DISAPPOINTED."

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

On her young brow a twilight lies,
 Her morning sun is in eclipse.
 She sorroweth with her mournful eyes,
 Even while she laugheth with her lips.

Sometimes hot tears, that sear and burn,
 Spring to her eyes, a lava-tide—
 Crushed back and fettered by the stern,
 Indignant strength of woman's pride.

Oh! chide her not! she is not weak,
 But faint and sick with hope deferred.
 Nor blame her if she sometimes speak
 A bitter or impatient word.

Thou sayest, "Of grief she hath no part,
 From toil and care she is exempt.
 Bad and ungrateful is her heart
 To treat God's blessings with contempt!"

Ah! little canst thou know about
 That torturing void in heart and brain,
 Whence one great joy went sadly out,
 And never entered in again.

Full bravely hath she borne, and well,
 The pain that on her heart hath trod,
 Which woman's lips must never tell,
 Save to the pitying ear of God.

DEPARTED FRIENDS.

BY E. E. HOWE, M. D.

We shall meet our friends departed,
 Though we left them long ago
 To their lone and dreamless slumbers,
 In the silent dust below;
 We shall meet them—oh, how glorious!
 When this weary life is o'er,
 In those bright celestial regions,
 Blessed and happy evermore.

We shall meet our friends departed,
 Whom the promised land hath won,
 Shining as the stars of Heaven
 Round the everlasting throne.

Onward, every soul, to duty;
 Scatter wide the shades of gloom;
 All of life is in the future;
 Life is bliss beyond the tomb.

We shall meet our friends departed,
 Clothed in robes of Heavenly white;
 And with sainted voices greet them
 In a land of life and light;
 Lift no voice of grief or sorrow,
 That they moulder in the dust;
 We shall meet them—hallelujah!
 At the rising of the just.

CATHARINE LINCOLN

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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CHAPTER III.

A DIM, uncertain light stole through the closed curtains into the room where Mr. Lincoln was lying. He was so changed that one might have thought whole years had elapsed since the terrible scene of the preceding day. His breath came with a labored effort, and he lay back against the pillows so weak and faint, that life seemed ebbing away upon each troubled respiration.

In a chair, by the bedside, sat Mr. Jeffrys, with writing materials before him, engaged in putting upon paper the directions which the sick man dictated—it was his will.

"I leave everything in your charge," he said, with slow and difficult utterance, "I know that I can trust you."

"I am glad to have your confidence," Mr. Jeffrys replied, softly, "very glad."

"The whole of my fortune will be placed in your trust for the child Mary; you will love her, care for her, as I would have done; for were she my own daughter I could not regard her more tenderly."

Mr. Jeffrys wrote on for some moments, in silence, until the sick man's hand, laid heavily upon his own, made him pause.

"I have been thinking," he said, speaking with added pain, "that I ought to mention in some way——"

Mr. Jeffrys waited for him to proceed, with his eyes calmly fixed upon the contracted features.

"I am very sick," continued he, "and it is difficult for me even to think; but it seems to me now——"

He broke off for a moment, and turned his face to the wall, while one or two hot tears rolled slowly down his cheek, the first evidence of softening that he had given. But he wiped them away as well as his poor strength would permit, and strove to speak again in a faint but untrembling voice.

"You know what I mean, Jeffrys."

"Pardon me, my friend, but I am really at a loss; perhaps you allude to the age at which the

little girl shall enter upon the management of her own fortune?"

"No, no, that is all arranged—you will direct everything, paying her an income until her marriage, then, of course, her affairs will be placed in her husband's hands. I spoke of another."

"Some relative—your nephew, perhaps?"

"Of my—my——" the words came forth with a gasp, and he pressed his hand upon his breast to still a violent paroxysm of pain, "my wife."

He put his handkerchief to his lips to wipe away the specks of foam that had gathered there, in his effort to speak, and when he removed it a single drop of blood stained the white folds.

"What place can this lady possibly have in your will?" Mr. Jeffrys asked, coldly.

"This—this; oh! if I had only more strength; I am suffocating—call the doctor again!"

The medical attendant entered, in obedience to Mr. Jeffrys' summons, and bent over his patient with a look of solicitude.

"I feel as if I were choking, doctor, do give me something to stop it."

The physician took a phial from the mantel, poured a few drops of some clear liquid into a spoon, and gave it to him to swallow.

"I am better now," Mr. Lincoln said, raising himself on his pillows with a sigh of relief, "Leave me for a little, doctor."

The physician left the chamber, and the sufferer lay for a few moments, absorbed in thought.

"Write this," he said, at length, speaking more rapidly, and with energy, "There is no positive proof and should she ever——"

"No proof—and these letters?"

"True, true; what can I do! Write! write!" he said, flinging his hand down upon the table, "If she ever succeed in proving those letters false, she enters into possession of this entire fortune!"

Mr. Jeffrys made no movement to obey, and the sick man reiterated his words more energetically.

"I will have it so; write! write!"

The man still hesitated, sitting there, upright

and cold as a figure carved from stone; but Mr. Lincoln repeated the words again and again until they grew into a command.

"It is done," Mr. Jeffrys said, writing a few hurried lines, "what else is there to be said?"

"Let me see it," urged he, clutching at the paper with feverish impetuosity. Mr. Jeffrys made a slight movement, as if he would have drawn it from his reach, but the sick man threw himself forward with such force that his face almost struck against the table, snatching the document, and falling back again exhausted with the effort.

They presented a singular contrast, those two men! A momentary gleam of sunlight brightened through the crimson curtains, and cast a softened glow into the chamber, showing the face of the watcher impassive and pale, and streaming over the countenance of the other, as he grasped the clearly written sheet with both hands, and sought with his wild, straining eyes, for the lines he had last dictated.

"Where is it? I cannot find it—there is a dimness over my eyes—show it to me—quick!"

Mr. Jeffrys leaned over him with the same deliberation which had characterized every movement, and pointed to the words.

"That is not clear enough," said the sick man, "say more—more—that is too vague."

Mr. Jeffrys took the paper and wrote the lines slowly and carefully, watching always the restless form upon the bed, as if he were counting every pulsation of that tortured heart, and marveling how long the unnatural strength would endure.

"It is all right, now," he said, there is nothing more to add; we must have the signature."

But the listener was not to be quieted; again he seized the paper and perused the lines with more eagerness than before.

"You are mad, Jeffrys, that will not do—write this!" He raised his hand, pointing his finger toward the paper, and proceeded to dictate some words whose sense was incapable of misconstruction, and the writer obeyed his command, but with his eyes fixed upon the page as if he would have burned the record out with their steady fire.

"It is right now—all right—should the time ever come; ah! could I but know the truth."

"Have you a doubt?" asked Mr. Jeffrys, sternly; "will you read again one of the letters you yourself found among her papers?"

"No, no!" he exclaimed, shrinking away, and closing his eyes as if to shut out the sight. "Don't remind me; I am a dying man. I cannot go into eternity with hatred in my heart.

He lay back shuddering from another spasm of pain, but still struggling for strength to carry out his purpose.

"I cannot even trust myself," he gasped, pointing to the will, "my uncle must see this and understand what I mean."

Mr. Jeffrys went again toward the door, but very slowly, his deliberation irritated the sick man, and he said, peevishly, "Do make haste, every second is an age!"

The lawyer went out, and in a moment returned with a venerable-looking man, whose majestic bearing was full of the honest truth and unwavering firmness, which stamped his every thought and act.

"I have made my will," said Mr. Lincoln, in a more assured tone, "before it is signed I want you to read it."

The old man took the paper from the table, wiped his glasses, as if the dimness which obscured his sight had been upon them, and read it carefully through.

"Do you understand?" asked Mr. Lincoln, pointing with his quivering finger to the concluding words, "if my wife prove her innocence at any time, no matter how distant, my entire fortune reverts to her."

"Who shall decide?" asked the old man; "you would not wish this brought into a court."

"No, no, screen her always—always! She has enough to support her well from that portion of my property which the law gives a widow—spare her name, I charge you—remember that, both of you, remember that!"

"Then who shall be the judge of the truth of the proofs she may bring?" continued he, while Mr. Jeffrys stood intently listening.

"You, you," returned Mr. Lincoln, eagerly. "You are a good and just man—I can confide in you."

"Put that in the will," said the old man, turning toward Mr. Jeffrys; "write it so that it cannot be misunderstood—as we value our peace hereafter, let us deal fairly by that woman."

"And kindly," whispered Mr. Lincoln, "let no suspicions go abroad against her—remember I trust in you both!"

Mr. Jeffrys added the desired clause, and when he finished, the hesitation which he had betrayed was entirely gone. He returned it to the venerable man who was bending over his chair, and he read it aloud.

"That is all, I can die easy now!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln. "The time may come—uncle, never forget this—should you die before then, leave the charge also in your will to some just man—we do not know—years hence, perhaps,

she will have it in her power to prove her truth."

That proud old man turned his face away, even his sternness shaken by the depth of anguish in that voice.

"As I hope for peace hereafter," he said, in a tremulous tone, which only added to the solemnity of his words, "I will carry out your every desire, and as I deal by that unfortunate woman, may God in his justice deal by me."

"A dying man's blessing rest upon you!" murmured Mr. Lincoln, brokenly, stretching out his hand, which the old man took between both his own, while the great tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, and some murmured words of prayer escaped his lips.

"The witnesses—the signature!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln. "Call the doctors in, Jeffrys."

The two men entered softly and stood by the bedside. The old uncle assisted Mr. Lincoln to rise, and supported him in his arms.

"This, in your presence, I declare to be my last will and testament," continued the sick man, "and I call upon you both to witness it."

Mr. Morris placed the pen between his fingers, and supported him while he wrote his signature in feeble characters, regarding it for a moment, then allowing the quill to fall from his nerveless fingers.

"I can die easy now—uncle, remember!"

"I have promised," returned he, "and before my God!"

The two witnesses signed the document and went out.

Mr. Jeffrys took up the paper which confided that great fortune to his entire control—folded and laid it aside.

"The child," pleaded Mr. Lincoln, "let me see the child."

The little girl had been brought from the city the night before, and an attendant bore her weeping and frightened into the chamber—a fair, fragile-looking little creature of eight years, and appearing even younger, with her hair like pale floss silk falling over her neck, and her violet eyes dilating with grief and fear.

"Papa Lincoln," she sobbed, "papa Lincoln!"

Mr. Morris seated her on the bed, and she twined her arms about the neck of the sick man and lay sobbing upon his breast, while he laid his hand softly on her forehead murmuring a blessing.

"I can't find sister," she whispered, "and they won't tell me where she is gone—I want sister, papa Lincoln!"

He drew her face toward his, struggling to

repress the emotions that sent the great drops in a cold rain over his forehead.

"She had better be taken away," suggested Mr. Jeffrys, "she only disturbs him."

"Let her stay for a moment longer—I cannot lose you yet, my little May."

"Are you going away too?" exclaimed the child; "are you going to leave May as sister has? Don't go, papa Lincoln, don't leave me all alone!"

The old man shook with the grief he could not repress.

The nurse and the physicians turned away, unable, inured as they were to scenes of suffering, to look upon that dying man and the helpless child without emotion; but Mr. Jeffrys stood there, erect and calm, never once stirring, or with a shade of softness visible in his features.

"Papa is dying," murmured the sick man, "poor little May!"

"Dying?" repeated the child, wonderingly; "dying? Shan't I see you any more? Oh, don't die, don't die, papa Lincoln!"

"May will have another friend—"

"No, no, I want you and sister, I can't have anybody else! Do let me have sister—why don't she come here—oh, is she dead too?"

She hid her little face in the bed-clothes, sobbing with a violence that terrified the bystanders. They lifted her up, but she struggled so that Mr. Lincoln was aroused from the partial insensibility into which agitation had thrown him, and motioned them to allow her to remain, so she lay quite still by his side, moaning faintly,

"Sister—I want sister!"

There was a sound in the rooms below, but it did not reach the ear of the dying man—he heard only the rushing of the dark waves which were rapidly bearing him away, and the low moaning of the child. One of the attendants went out silently, but the other watchers stood there as before.

A carriage had driven up to the house, and a woman was striving to force her way into the hall past the housekeeper who had met her at the door.

"Mr. Lincoln is dying, madam," she said, "nobody must come in."

"Don't you know me?" exclaimed the woman, throwing back her veil, and revealing her wan features—"I am your mistress."

"Yes, I know you now, madam; but a day has brought great changes here, I daren't let you go up—they are making his will."

"Let me pass—my husband is ill, dying, I must see him."

"You can't go up stairs, ma'am—I have my orders."

"Who gave them—not Mr. Lincoln?"

"They were positive, ma'am—you cannot go up—indeed you cannot!"

"Woman, let me pass!" exclaimed Mrs. Lincoln, wrenching her cloak from the housekeeper's grasp, "I tell you that I will see my husband."

The housekeeper still held her firmly, while two or three servants stood watching them in silence. Then the door of the drawing-room opened, and a tall, gaunt-looking woman stood on the threshold, holding a handkerchief and smelling-bottle in her hand.

"What is the meaning of this noise?" she said.

"I was forbidden to let anybody else go up stairs," said the housekeeper, "and she will do it."

The lady gave a little scream—starting back as if from some horrible object.

"Take her away," she said, "take her away, how dare she come here?"

"Because it is my right," exclaimed Mrs. Lincoln, moving toward her; "because my husband is here, dying, and they will deprive me of my sister."

"Take her away somebody, do!" reiterated the lady, "I am sure I shall faint—my nerves are in such a state—I can hardly stay in the house—and to think of this woman desecrating it by her presence, and my poor, dear nephew dying."

"Dying, and you here!"

"She insults my grief!" exclaimed the woman, with a burst of hysteric sobs. "Send her away—I cannot witness my nephew's agonies, much less be tortured by her presence."

She motioned to the servants as if she would have had the intruder removed by force, but they did not stir.

"Where is my sister?" Mrs. Lincoln shrieked, "only tell me if she is here."

"Yes, she is, ma'am," broke in one of the men, "they shan't treat you in this way—she is here."

"Bless you, heaven bless you!"

She turned and rushed up the stairs—it was impossible to stop her now, and none of the domestics heeded the remonstrances of the housekeeper, or the commands of the sobbing relative.

The physician was still standing at the door of the sick room, but she pushed abruptly past him, saying only,

"I must go in, my husband shall not die till I have seen him."

The sound of her voice startled those within—it reached even the ear of the dying man, and he opened his eyes with a wild gesture.

"I was dreaming," he murmured, "I thought I heard her voice!"

"Sister! sister!" shrieked the child, but Mr. Jeffrys caught her from the bed and placed her in the arms of the nurse, who carried her away by another door before she could repeat her cry. Mr. Jeffrys himself shrunk out of sight as the accused wife entered the chamber.

She looked at no one, but moving to the bed, fell on her knees by the dying man. He recognized her—uttered a sort of cry, but whether of joy or dismay, none could tell.

"Speak to me!" she exclaimed, "do not die without a word—take back the terrible things you said that day! They were false—oh, how false!—I am not guilty!"

His lips moved—his eyes, brilliant with departing life, grew leaden.

"Not guilty!" he murmured, "oh, not guilty—bring—bring——"

"She is gone," said the doctor, understanding the appealing look, "they have taken her out of the house."

"My child! my own sister!" shrieked the woman. "Speak, tell me where she is!"

He heard and seemed striving to comprehend her words.

"Listen," she continued, "I tell you I am innocent, try and understand it—for I must have my child!"

Her voice might have won belief from a heart of stone—he opened his eyes again—a smile flitted like a sunbeam over his mouth.

"She is innocent!" he murmured, "she is innocent!"

Her quick ear caught the tone which was like a thanksgiving.

"He believes me," she exclaimed, turning toward the old uncle, "he believes me! My child—my May—only speak—you have given her to another's control—I cannot see her—a single word or let me die too!"

His eyes had closed—but the smile still lingered upon his lips, though her frantic entreaties were unheard.

"Innocent!" he murmured still, "innocent!"

"Robert, my husband—answer me—it is your wife—you will not die and take my sister from me—revoke that terrible sentence—give me the child again!"

She was leaning over him—chafing his hand already cold in her own—but all in vain—there was no sign!

"Robert," she cried again, "the child!"

He looked toward her—anxiously, piteously—strove to utter some words, but they died in his throat. She laid her face down to his.

"Again—again! Oh, my God, give him a moment's strength!"

It was too late—the thought had gone—her prayers and moans were idle—the sunlight came back to his face—the lips moved once more—then all was still! He had gone into eternity without a doubt upon his soul!

The woman would not believe that he was dead—she still called his name—still bent over the motionless form with pleading words. One of the attendants strove to lead her away.

"All is over, madam, he is gone."

"Dead? No, no, he could not die without a word! He believed me, and would have given me back my child."

They led her out of the room very gently, and she sank upon a seat in the hall. No one noticed her—there was no tumult in the house—the relative dried her eyes in the stately drawing-room below, and the other inmates moved noiselessly about in the necessary employments of the sad time.

The wife sat there stupefied by her great despair—they passed and repassed her, but took no heed! At length the servant, who had spoken to her below in pity of her anguish, approached and whispered,

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but the lady insists upon your going out of the house—I wouldn't stay if I was you—the little girl is gone."

"Where? where?" The woman sprang up!

"I couldn't find out, but she is gone!"

Mrs. Lincoln turned from him and fled along the gallery—the door of the room which she had occupied on that day was open, and she mechanically entered. Nothing had been changed or removed—the chair in which she had kept her solitary vigil was by the fire—on the floor were the broken fragments of the desk her husband had shattered in his wrath. A whole life seemed to have passed since—she could not realize that she was the woman who had sat there pale with prophetic fears.

Upon the table lay those fatal letters—she stood there for a moment looking at them with unutterable horror, then impelled by some inexplicable feeling which she could not resist, gathered them up, bound them together with the pale azure ribbon which lay upon the carpet, where the husband had crushed it beneath his heel, and concealed them in her robe, all the while shuddering, but powerless to overcome the impulse which directed her movements.

She looked around the chamber, calm from the very intensity of her despair, then moved slowly out and returned to the apartment where

the dead man was lying. She bent down and kissed the cold forehead; as she did so, the uncle, who was kneeling at the other side of the bed, rose and looked silently upon her.

"He knows that I am innocent," she whispered, "the angels themselves have told him now that the first kiss I gave him was not more pure than this."

"Have patience, madam," said the old man, with the solemn composure of sorrow; "leave this to time and God!"

She looked at the speaker earnestly for a moment, then with a look of unutterable tenderness bent down—took up the hand of the dead man which lay outside the snowy covering—laid it softly upon the pulseless bosom—drew the folds of linen over the face, and went away.

She met no one in the halls, and passing down the staircase, walked out of the house in which she had no longer a place.

Mr. Jeffrys was standing at a window and saw the carriage drive away—he made a sign to the coachman—but the man did not perceive it and drove rapidly on, so that he had no opportunity of addressing Mrs. Lincoln, if that was his intention.

He, too, walked slowly through the house, even as that hapless lady had done, but there was no shadow of care or regret upon his face; he might have been reflecting on some topic entirely disconnected with the sad scene in which he found himself an actor, so unmoved was his countenance and manner. He walked on through the darkened drawing-rooms, where the rich furniture and decorations looked strangely out of place at that time, and ascended to the upper story where the dead man lay. But he did not enter that chamber—he never went there again! He paused at the door of the room which had witnessed the scene that had desolated that family forever. He entered, and looked around—saw the broken writing-desk upon the floor with the papers lying near it. He moved forward and began looking them over, one might almost have thought that he was seeking among them for something, but that could not have been, for he laid them all back without any shade of disappointment in his face. He examined the room, perhaps idly, but if with any purpose, all in vain, for there was nothing to reward his search.

At length, he, too, descended the stairs, leaving those rooms to their solitary magnificence, and never once looking toward the gloomy chamber where lay the motionless form of that man who, so short a time before, had trod those galleries with the hurried footsteps of passion and despair.

The housekeeper was standing in the hall below as he passed through. He addressed some remark to her in his easy, dignified way, passed on to his carriage which waited before the entrance, and drove calmly down the avenue along which that wretched woman had been borne, stunned by a knowledge of her helplessness and desolation.

The old house loomed up against the autumn sky, silent and dismal. The great trees waved sadly in the wind, shaking off the last leaves that still clung to their branches, and the sound of the water-fall came up through the stillness like a murmur of spirit voices wailing in their pain.

Alone, in that silent chamber, lay the dead man, watched only by his sorrowing uncle, while the few distant relatives, gathering about the fire in one of the lower rooms, speculated on the contents of his will, and reviled, as his murdereress, that pale woman who had gone forth with her anguish from the house which once claimed her as its mistress.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER that hastily terminated interview with Mr. Jeffrys, Walter Seaford returned to his hotel, restless and annoyed that he had found no courage to give utterance to the thousand wishes and devices which had so long haunted him.

The unquiet memories of a lonely childhood came back; the hopes that had flashed up like stars into the horizon of his boyhood, only to flicker and die out like fragile torches; the wild dreams, too vague and undefined to seek an aim, which had filled his soul with unrest, like deep waters broken and troubled with the moonlight, all returned with added bitterness, and left him exhausted beneath that strife of painful thought.

It is an error to say that the season of youth is always a happy one. To an imaginative mind, at least, it is full of unrest and wearing suspense, or of delusive hopes which reach no fruition, and cast their blighting influence into the coming life.

Walter Seaford had reached that painful era in the life of genius when there comes the first consciousness of mental power without the faculty of giving it free utterance. The visions which started up in his soul were palpable to his gaze and full of entrancing beauty, but when he strove to retain and clothe them in language, they eluded his grasp, and left him with only a mocking gleam to mark the course of that inspiration which had seemed so glowing and so real. Faint, broken images were there, but crude and imperfect; full of strength and vigor in the idea, but

so weak and inartistic in expression that they only foreshadowed the force and originality which would come with riper years. He wrote much for one so young, but that only made him despair the more; yearning that he had deceived himself, and that the gift he had deemed his own would never reach a higher level.

He was that most wretched of all created beings—a boy, whose soul had forced itself to a quick development through suffering and restraint; who had had no childhood and no youth; a thirst with longings that no draught could quench; mad with waiting for an untold change which should heighten life into something noble and grand; a change which seemed ever near, but came not; haunting him like murmurs of clear fountains sounding in the ear of the weary traveler, but growing more and more indistinct as he thought to approach and slake his fever with the cooling streams.

His early years had been spent in a lonely house, with only an invalid mother for a companion, a woman who had been chilled and crushed by previous sorrow, and whose life had grown to be only a funeral hymn over the vanished past. Perhaps the influence of this grief was upon her in all its early force at that child's birth, and the anguish and unrest which wrung her soul had been transmitted as a heritage to her offspring, and this it was which had forced his mind to an unnatural precocity that wrought its own misery!

He was a peculiar child, with no playmates, and none of the enjoyments of his age—day after day passed in the seclusion of that shrouded chamber where the pale woman sat, watched by the eager eyes of the boy, until its gloom cast a twilight over his whole being which would never be wholly swept away. Child as he was, he understood that his mother suffered without comprehending it; but he felt it none the less, nor did it diminish his power of sympathizing with that unspoken woe. She died while he was still young, and since then his life had been spent amid books, and in the ambitious training of schools and college. Mr. Jeffrys had been his nearest friend and protector, but he had been little with him beyond brief, hurried visits in the intervals of school duties; and the boy had never been able to conquer the restraint which the presence of that man had caused him since their first meeting.

All these reflections and memories were upon his soul during the troubled hours of that long night, and when he awoke the next morning they followed him out into the sunshine and dimmed its brightness by their presence.

Mr. Jeffrys had not returned to the city, the servant told him, when he called at the house, and he wandered for a time about the streets, avoiding every acquaintance that he chanced to encounter, and unable to shake off the depression upon his spirits.

Mr. Jeffrys always placed a horse at his disposal, during his visits to town; and late in the afternoon, he gave orders to the man to saddle it. He mounted, and rode away, glad to find himself free from the bustle of the crowded streets. The sunlight had faded from the sky leaving it leaden and cold, and the cheerless aspect of everything around would have been sufficient of itself to sadden him, so great was his susceptibility to every exterior influence.

He had ridden on for many miles, and it was growing quite dark, when he was aroused from his reflections by a sudden pause his horse made at a water-trough, near the roadside.

"Poor Fire-fly!" he said, patting the animal on the neck, and loosening the reins that he might drink at ease; "I had quite forgotten you might be tired, and bless me, it is almost night, we must go home!"

He smiled with mournful bitterness as he said it, and repeated the word half aloud,

"Home! You have one, Fire-fly; but mine—well, well, the world is wide, who knows what it may afford me yet?"

He gathered up the bridle, and turned to retrace the road he had been traveling. A small farm house stood a little farther back, and the farmer was leaning on the fence in front, quietly smoking his pipe. He bowed to the youth, who felt, for an instant, a confused sort of envy for his lowly station and quiet, and in his absorption allowed his whip to fall heavily upon the neck of his horse. The spirited creature bounded down the rapid descent, and striking suddenly against some obstacle, stumbled and fell, throwing his rider to the ground.

"Are you hurt?" said a voice, as Seaford sprang to his feet, and the farmer leaped over the rail fence in front of the house, and stood beside him. "I say, there, are you hurt?" he continued, catching the horse by the bridle as he struggled up again.

"My arm is hurt a little, I believe."

"Not broke, is it?" asked the farmer, touching it with his disengaged hand.

"Only sprained slightly; but my horse is lamed. What the deuce am I to do? here it is right already."

"Yes, and eight good miles back to the city—that beast never can do it."

"Poor thing!" said Walter, patting the horse

again, "poor Fire-fly! Is there no place near where I could get some sort of conveyance?"

"I should guess not; mine's the only house within a mile, and my horses have been out to work all day; they shouldn't quit the stable agin to-night for the President himself."

"An agreeable situation, upon my word!" muttered Walter, looking around.

"Rayther so," returned the man, coolly, puffing out a great volume of smoke, and evidently enjoying the young man's irritation, "but as long as you aren't hurt much, 'tisn't so bad. I'll tell you how we'll manage it. Here's my house close by, go in and stay all night, my old woman 'ill give you a first-rate supper, and doctor up your arm, and to-morrow morning you can get back in the stage."

"I am much obliged to you for your kind offer, but I must return to the city to-night," persisted Seaford, with his usual wilful impatience.

"You must, hey? Wall, then, I guess you'll have to try them long legs and shiny boots of your'n."

"Confound it all!" exclaimed Walter, laughing in spite of himself.

"Wall, I vow you take it so kind o' good natured, considering your sprained wrist, that I've half a mind, if the horses wasn't so tired, to hitch one and take you myself."

"I'll pay you your own price if you will."

"I aint a talking about the money," returned the man, with the true spirit of his class, "if you seemed a bit stuck up I wouldn't do it for your money nor fine clothes neither."

"I should say I was rather thrown down," said Walter, laughing again. "Come, try and do it."

Before the farmer could answer, there was the sound of wheels, and a carriage came in sight, driving rapidly toward the city.

"Mebby there's a chance," said the man, and before Seaford could interpose, he called out to the coachman,

"Say, you, stop a minute; seems to me you're in a dreadful hurry!"

"What do you want?" said the man, checking his horses.

"I don't want nothing, myself; but here's a young chap that's lamed his horse, and says he must go back to the city to-night."

"Sorry for it, but I've got a lady inside."

"Wall, I guess she'd be'd glad of a lift if she found herself in sich a hobble," said the farmer.

At that moment the glass of the carriage was let down and a lady leaned out.

"Why have you stopped?" she said, quickly, "I must get back to the city!"

"If ever I see folks in such a hurry!" muttered the farmer, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "you're just like this young man, ma'am," he continued, with the utmost composure.

She turned toward the speaker, and the beams of the rising moon fell full upon her face. There was something in the expression of those pallid features, and wild, sad eyes which startled Seaford. He moved forward, for the first time, and touching his hat courteously, said,

"Excuse me, madam, I had no thought of stopping you in this rude way—pray, let your coachman drive on."

"Taint no such thing, ma'am, he's hurt his arm in the fall he got from his horse—you'd better give him a lift!"

"Hurt," she said, hastily looking toward him, "get in if you choose, sir."

"I beg ten thousand pardons!" exclaimed Seaford; "I can very well ride on the box."

"No, you can't," interposed the farmer, "you're growing whiter and whiter; jist get in there, and send over to see about your horse in the morning—my name's Job White, and he'll be safe enough in my barn till then. Mind and have a doctor take a look at that wrist of your'n when you get home!"

He almost pushed Seaford into the carriage, drowning his confused apologies in a torrent of explanations which the lady did not even hear. She had thrown herself back in her seat, her face shrouded in her thick veil, silent, and unconscious of everything passing around her. The farmer closed the door, and the coachman drove on before Seaford recovered from the astonishment into which the whole scene had thrown him.

The lady did not move or speak, and her face was so completely concealed by her veil that Seaford could not catch another glimpse of her features. They drove on for some time in utter silence, at length, the ludicrousness of the scene struck his quick fancy so vividly that he could with difficulty restrain a laugh.

"I cannot thank you, madam, for your kindness," he said, "but——"

She gave a sudden start at the sound of his voice, as if she had forgotten his presence. Walter paused, fearful that his attempt to converse had offended her; but after a little she said, in a low, hurried tone,

"Did they not say you were hurt?"

"It is nothing, madam, my horse fell with me and hurt my arm somewhat, but I can very well bear the pain."

She returned no answer, but Seaford caught the repetition of the word in a slow undertone. She spoke no more, and he would not again intrude upon her meditation. He longed for another view of that pale countenance contracted with some terrible suffering, and marveled who the woman could be with whom he found himself so unexpectedly thrown. The silence, and the remembrance of those wild eyes brought back the sorrowful feelings of the morning, mingled with his curiosity and aroused compassion.

That face reminded him of something, but he could not tell what; he knew no one who resembled it, and yet the likeness was there. Then came a thought, it was like a book that he had read, yes, a book which had inspired him with an interest no tale had ever done before. It was a story of vague suffering like his own, a record of patient endurance breaking at last from its passive misery to the sharp agonies of despair. Such was the expression of that face—his poet glance had read it in that momentary view—he could almost have believed her akin to one of its characters. Then he smiled at his own folly and strove to think about something else, but the idea would recur with a pertinacity which wearied him.

His unknown companion sat there, silent and immovable, and after a time the pain in his arm caused Seaford to descend from his poetic romance to the commonplace reality of physical suffering.

The coachman drove rapidly on, and they reached the outskirts of the city before Walter was aware. Then he forgot his discomfort in the desire to hear that voice once more, and impress it firmly upon his mind. He tried to frame some expression of thanks and regret, but the words remained unuttered, not from a feeling of timidity, but the knowledge of the suffering which that woman endured, and how harshly commonplaces would jar upon her strained nerves.

So they drove on until the coachman himself came to a halt, and tapped upon the glass back of him to attract their attention.

"Ask the lady where I shall drive her to," he said, when Walter opened it.

She did not appear to heed him, and Seaford repeated the question.

"He wishes to know where he shall set you down, madam."

She half rose and partially threw back her veil like one amazed.

"Where?" she muttered, "where?"

She sank back in her seat—in all that great

city Mrs. Lincoln could think of no friend of whom she could claim protection! Walter felt rather than understood her hesitation, but the coachman called out,

"I didn't understand, where shall I drive to?"

Mrs. Lincoln strove to recall her thoughts, and after another pause gave the address of a woman who had once been a servant in her house—of all the many with whom her station and wealth had given her influence, that poor domestic was the only one to whom she could look in that terrible hour!

They turned down the narrow street she indicated, and the carriage drew up before a house that looked dingy and dilapidated even in the light from the street. Seaford opened the door, assisted the lady to descend, and gave her his arm up the broken steps. It was his right arm, and even the stranger's touch gave him exquisite pain, yet, folly as it was, he felt a sort of pleasure in the suffering. He knocked at the door, which was opened from within, and the lady would have entered without a word.

"Farewell, madam," he said, with a respect for which he could not account, "you have saved me much annoyance."

She turned full toward him—the glare from the smoky lamp showed his face earnest and full of sympathy.

"I—he says I have done it!"

She passed him and disappeared up the narrow stairway before he could speak, leaving him lost in astonishment. The coachman's voice recalled him to himself.

"You'd better get in, unless you're going to stop here too—in that case I'd like my pay."

Seaford went down the steps, but before the man could start on a little girl came out, saying,

"Wait a minute, the lady wanted me to give you your money."

"Keep it for yourself, little one," returned Walter, "and tell the lady it is all settled."

He bade the driver go on, but as long as the old house was in sight leaned out of the carriage, looking up at the windows as if endeavoring to catch another glance of the pale stranger.

He found two or three young men acquaintances awaiting his arrival at the hotel, but he was in no mood to listen to their joyous conversation. His slight accident was excuse enough for his desire to be left alone, and when they had gone and a physician in the house had applied some cooling remedy to his arm, he sat down by the fire to recall with minute care every incident of that brief meeting.

Seaford was too fanciful not to indulge in a thousand visionary ideas concerning the stranger; and her resemblance to something in that book still puzzled him. He took the romance from the table, for it was a favorite work, and always had a place among his treasured volumes—opened it at random and began to read. Still as he perused the pages, whose every line was eloquent with the real emotions and sentiments of the unknown writer, that woman's face rose before him more than beautiful in the Niobe-like grandeur of its woe.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEAREST LOVE.

BY ANNA L. MUZZY.

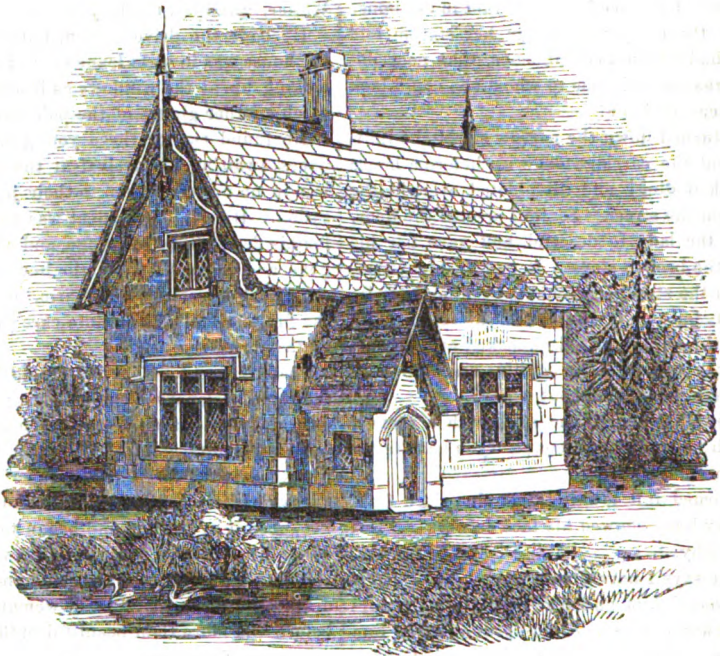
Our sky is black with fate,
Dearest love, dearest love,
But courage! we can wait,
Dearest love!
Tears shall not dim our sight,
We know God lives above,
He sees us through the night,
Dearest love, dearest love,
God sees us through the night,
Dearest love!

What if our pathway lies
Through the gloom, through the gloom,
God's gate to Paradise
Is the tomb!
When this dark storm is past,
The sun will shine forth clear,
All will be well at last,
Never fear, never fear,
All will be well at last,
Never fear!

The tempest beats thy brow,
Oh, my love, oh, my love,
But do not falter now,
Noble love.
Clouds shroud us like a pall,
And shadows haunt our way,
But Heaven is over all,
We will pray, we will pray,
God will not let us fail,
We will pray!
He hears our prayers, I know,
Dearest love, dearest love,
The angels told me so,
Dearest love!
Oh! I am weak—but thou
Shalt conquer fate, my own,
Power sits upon thy brow,
As a throne, as a throne,
Power sits upon thy brow,
As a throne!

PAPER MODELING.

BY H. J. VERNON.

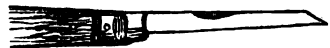


THIS elegant and useful art is but little known and practiced, owing, we imagine, to the want of a simple, practical, and illustrated account of its manipulation; and yet it has several qualities which recommend it, which are not possessed by some other branches of imitative and decorative art. Its cleanliness, for instance. Instead of the oils, colors, and varnishes, needed by the artist; the glue, wet leather, and coloring matter required by the leather modeler; the various pigments, balsams, plaster-of-paris, moulds, &c., used in the manipulation of wax fruit; and the powders, patterns, leaves, and other expensive adjuncts, required by those who work in wax flowers; all that is wanted in Papier-Plastique, is a penknife, a ruler, a few punches, a piece of lead, and a little thick gum, and clean card-board. Again, there is no disagreeable smell to contend with, arising from the nature of the materials employed, and yet ornaments of a first-class description may be produced, the production of which is neither difficult nor costly; the value of any piece of modeling being propor-

tionate to the time spent upon it. One other advantage paper modeling possesses, is its durability. Leather work is, generally, too large to cover with glass shades, and soon the dust takes off its freshness and beauty. Wax flowers, alas! soon "fade as a leaf," and their leaves are always falling; but an article once made in cardboard is liable to none of those disadvantages.

The sketch introduced (fig. 1,) represents a neat Gothic Lodge or Cottage, and can be executed in about a day. We shall proceed to speak of the tools and materials needed for its formation, and describe its construction, so as to enable any one possessing ordinary taste and intelligence to form it for themselves.

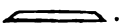
THE MATERIALS AND IMPLEMENTS.—1. Provide yourself with a penknife which is fast in its handle when opened, and not what is called "ricketty." The blade should be shaped thus (fig. 2,) for a straight-edged beveled front cuts



2.

with greater certainty and precision than any other shape.

2. Have a piece of willow (or soft pine wood will do) planed perfectly flat and smooth: it should be about one foot wide and two feet long.

3. A piece of hard wood should be procured for a straight-edge, otherwise the knife would be apt to cut it when the work is being executed: it should be about one foot long and two inches broad with the edges beveled down thus .

4. Procure a piece of lead, cast in a mould, about four inches square and half an inch thick.

5. In modeling church work a few round punches, like fig. 3, are required to pierce the



8.

foil-work of the windows. They may be obtained from No. 1 to any desired size.

6. Dissolve one ounce of the best white gum in as much water as will cover it. It should be rather thick, or considerable annoyance may arise from it not adhering well and quickly.

7. The card-board used is either "Bristol" or "Turnbull's," the latter is a little the whitest. It may be had in various thicknesses to suit the purpose for which it is required. Three leaves thick will do for small models, but four thicknesses are best for larger ones. It is best to have two, three, and four, for the thin is required for light ornamentation.

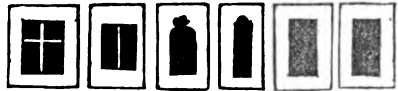
The cottage may thus be formed. Take clean white card-board, No. 3, and draw upon it a representation of the pattern, as fig. 4, only double every dimension (the size of our pages does not admit of full-sized drawings.) The lines which are dotted thus are to be half-cut through from the outside. The lines marked thus are to be half-cut from the inside. The black



5.

portions are to be cut entirely out. The dotted lines, where the porch comes, are not to be cut, but they merely show where the porch which is to be formed, as fig. 5, is put on. The marginal pieces serve to secure it to the larger building when bent into form, as well as to secure the roof to it.

The window and door openings are to be backed by pieces cut to fit, as figs. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12:



6.

7.

8.

9.

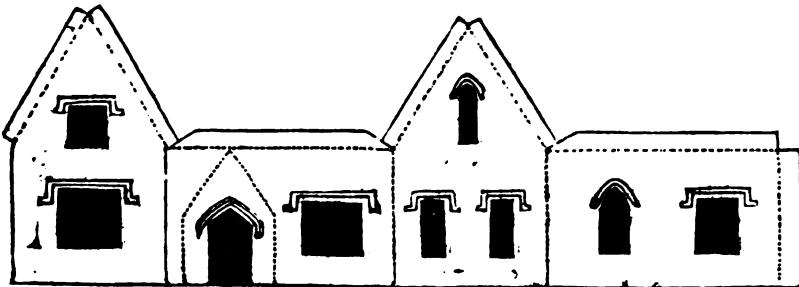
10.



11.



12.



4.

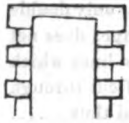
Care must be taken that the hands are always dry and clean on commencing work, and too much attention cannot be paid to the manner of joining the different pieces of board together; the manipulator should not put on so much gum as will ooze out when the pieces to be joined are pressed together, but by applying the brush to portions along the intended joint, these portions may be lightly spread by drawing the finger along. The gum should appear to cling to the finger rather than to wet it only.

the black portions of which are also cut out, and behind them small pieces of glass, or what answers much better, thin talc—the diamond panes being scratched lightly upon it previous to fixing, as in fig. 13. When these are dry, they are to be placed in the four elevations, and



18. weighted down in their proper place until dry; the labels over the windows are to be cut as represented and gummed on. Then, when all is dry, mark the quoin-work round the

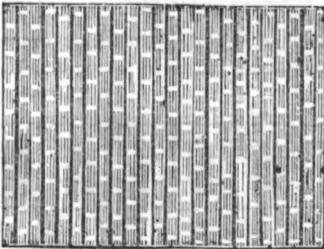
windows, fig. 14, in a very irregular way, as also at the angles of the building; and then it



14.

may be bent at the angles and the flap, A. joined to the back of B. and secured thus by setting the house on end, inserting the straight edge over the joint, and leaving it for ten minutes undisturbed. The porch may now be fixed to the main building; its doorway is open, but the door shown in the drawing must be put to the house, being bent a little open; it can be secured by the flange.

The next thing to be done is to form the roofs to porch and to main building, which is done thus: procure a piece of card double the size of fig. 15, half-cut through the centre, but only



15.

very faintly; cut the lines which are intended to represent the tiles or slates; these slight scratches are to be reversed, as shown on fig. 15. A similar piece should be made for the porch of the requisite size (see fig. 16); these may now be secured to the side walls and gables, to the flanges left, and suffered to dry. During this time cut four patterns, like fig. 17, and



when ready put them on the ends or rather a little under the projections of the roof, as shown in the perspective drawing; a pendent should be cut of the shape shown, of tolerably thick board, and inserted at the point where the barge-boards mitre. These small

things are best applied by a pair of spring pincers, similar to fig. 18, which can be

formed of a piece of tin or brass, bent into the required form.



17.



18.

We now come to the chimneys. These are formed of No. 2 board, half-cut, like fig. 19, doubled, and gummed. Small portions like these are best secured while the gum is drying, by wrapping round them a piece of cotton.



19.

As many of these must be formed as will represent the number of flues. A base



20.

must then be cut (fig. 20), making the sides C D, so large as to admit the number of flues; this is to be bent round the flues, the portions notched out being fitted to the pitch of the roof, before bending. A small fillet, half cut at the corners, is now to be put near the top of the chimney; and, when the whole is dry, it is to be secured to the roof. A small band, to represent the plinth of the building, must be neatly put round the whole; but care must be taken that it should stand on a level surface while this is being done; this will give a neatness to its finish, for should the building not be exactly true on its lower edge, it may be rendered so by the plinth. The whole should now be fixed on crimson velvet, or on a black polished stand.

Never color any portion of the work; it is not æsthetic in principle, nor good as a matter of taste. Many a tolerably good model has been spoiled by color being put upon the slates, doors, &c.

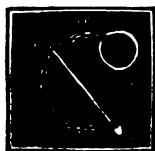
The work is done in card-board; and no attempt should be made to make it appear what it is not. No skill will ever make the card-board roof convey to the mind the idea of its being slate, nor the doors wood: indeed, the beauty of the work is its whiteness and sharpness of outline.

EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL



OUR DICTIONARY OF NEEDLEWORK. NO. VI.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



TATTING, OR FRIVOLITE.—

The great simplicity of this kind of work, and the easiness with which it can be executed, without straining the eyes, particularly recommend it to invalids and elderly people.

MATERIALS.—Either a shuttle of tortoiseshell or ivory, or a netting-needle, with a purling pin, attached by a small chain to a ring, which slips over the thumb.



There are only two stitches, and these are generally used alternately. They are the English and the French stitch.

POSITION OF THE HANDS.—The shuttle being filled with cotton, leave about half-a-yard at the end. Hold the shuttle between the thumb and the first and second fingers of the right hand, and the thread, an inch or two from the end, between the thumb and first finger of the left. Pass the thread round the fingers of the left hand, (holding them rather apart,) and bring it up again between the thumb and forefinger, thus making a circle.

ENGLISH STITCH.—Let the thread between the left hand and the shuttle fall toward you. Slip the shuttle downward under the loop, between the first and second fingers, and draw it out with a slight jerk toward the right, in a horizontal position, when a loop will be formed on it with the thread which was passed round the fingers of the left hand. Hold the shuttle steadily, with the thread stretched out tightly, for if you slacken it, the loop instantly transfers itself to this thread, and becomes a tight instead of a slip knot. While holding it thus stretched out, work up the knot, with the second finger, till it comes close up to the thumb.

FRENCH STITCH.—Instead of letting the thread fall forward, throw it back in a loop over the

fingers of the left hand, and pass the shuttle up between the thread round the fingers and this loop. Draw it up and complete it as the other.



DOUBLE STITCH.—These two stitches, worked alternately.



PICOT.—This is the little loop, or purling, ornamenting the edge. It is made with a gilt purling pin. Lay the point of the pin parallel with, and close to the edge of the stitches. Pass the thread which goes round the fingers over the pin before making the next stitches. All the picots on one loop of tatting ought to be made without withdrawing the pin.



TO JOIN LOOPS.—They are always united by the picots, which should be on the first of any two to be joined. In it draw the cotton which goes round the fingers of the left hand, and slip the shuttle through this loop; tighten the cotton again over the fingers, and continue.

Sometimes a needle and thread are used in joining patterns. In this case leave a longer thread to begin with, and then thread the needle on it.

TO WASH TATTING.—Cover a bottle with flannel, on which tack the tatting; rub it with a lather of white soap, and boil it; rinse it out, and pull it very carefully out before ironing. A piece of clean linen should be laid over it, between it and the iron.

CONTRACTIONS IN TATTING.—D. Double stitch; one French and one English.

P. Picot.

J. Join.

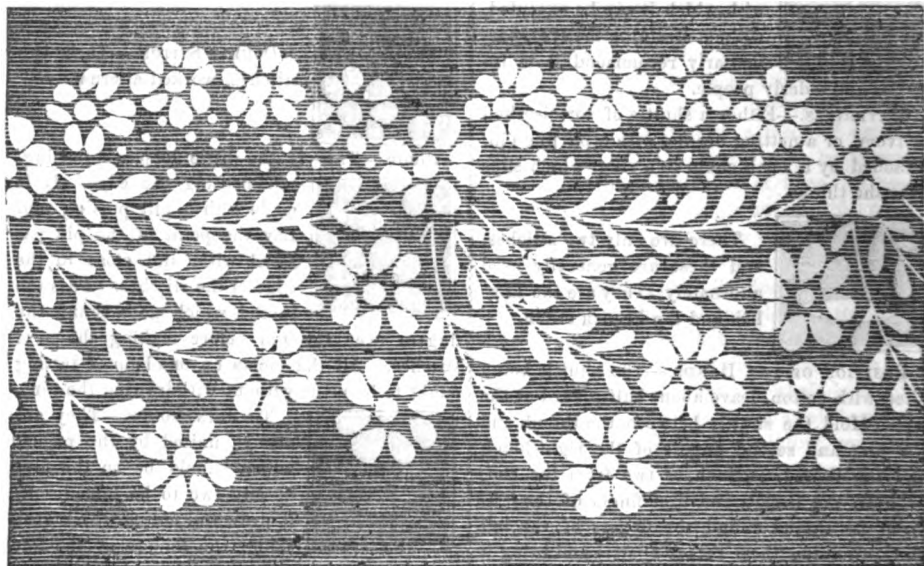
Loop. Any number of stitches drawn up.

EDGING.



LACE BORDER

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Our design is for a lace border in running and darning. It has a lighter effect, when introduced into evening dress, than embroidery or muslin, and does not require so much time to be spent in the work. Much of the beauty of this sort of lace-work depends upon the thread employed. The proper material is Persian thread, for tracing the design and for running the interior parts. This peculiar thread has a beautiful gloss upon it, which gives the work all the appearance of a thread lace, which it never loses, however much it may be washed and worn. It is finished with a purl edging, which much improves its lightness and effect.

LADY'S RETICULE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Six yards of gold cord, one skein of gold thread, No. 1, and three skeins of silk of any bright color that may be desired, blue, green, or cherry, being the most suitable. The trimming consists of a handsome tassel, a cord, and two small gold balls.

The gold cord here introduced is a Parisian novelty, which is extremely pretty as well as durable, and much used for purses, bags, work-baskets, &c.

It is about the thickness of very fine window-blind cord, and very brilliant, though not, of course, made of pure gold. The way of using it in crochet is to work over it, in the same way as over ordinary cord for mats, but instead of taking the stitches closely together, and so com-



pletely covering the cord, they must be far apart, and with very long chains to them, so that the gold is the principal thing visible, and the silk is comparatively little seen.

Begin by working on the end of the cord and closing it into a round, on which work with such an increase as will keep the circle perfectly flat, until it is large enough to form the bottom of the reticule, say four and a half inches in diameter. Now hold the cord so as to form the sides, and work on it, still in the same straggling manner, until a depth of about two and a half inches or more is done. Fasten off the gold cord.

With the silk only do a dc stitch in every stitch, with one chain between 2nd and following rounds. Dc under chain, one ch, repeat all round.

This part must be about as deep as the corded piece. For the edging † sc on a chain, five ch, miss three dc and the intervening chain † repeat all round.

2nd Row.—† one sc, one dc, three stc, one dc, one sc every chain of five † all round.

3rd Row.—With the gold thread. Sc on every stitch of the last round, and on every sc of the round preceding.

Run in the cords for strings, in the top line of dc and chain.

As the reticule is only intended to hold a handkerchief, it need not be very large. Worked in the same manner, and with the same materials, but not exceeding three inches in diameter, it makes a very strong and novel purse for a lady. As it is not flat, however, it is not suitable for the pocket.

DIRECTIONS HOW TO MAKE A PRIMROSE.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



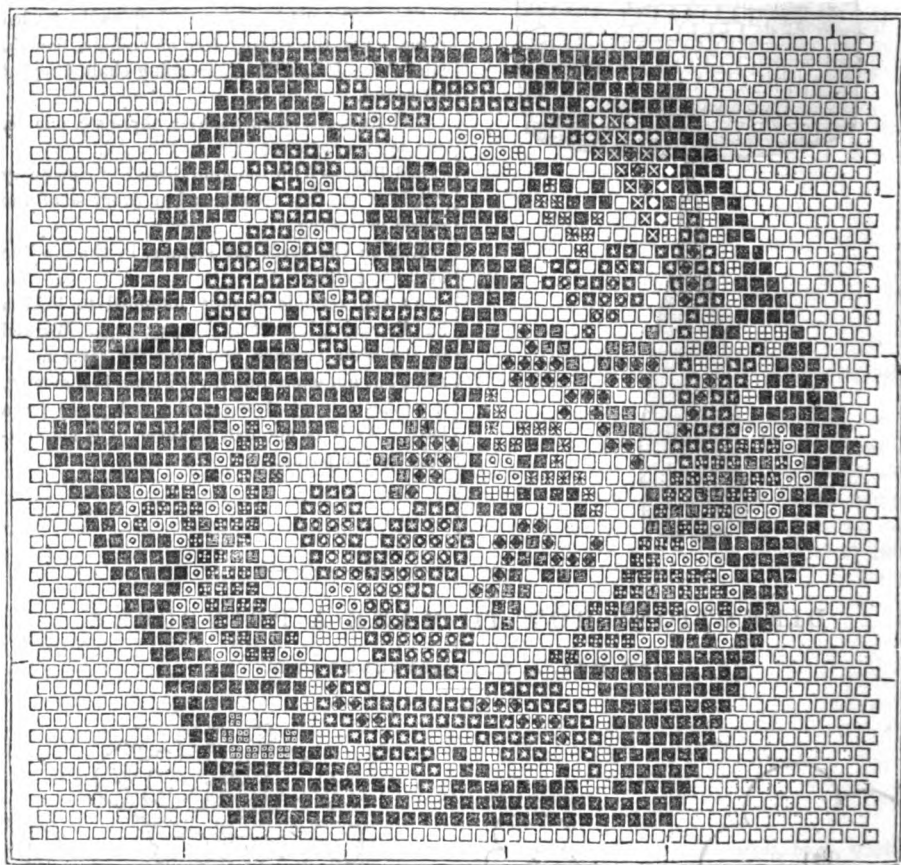
MATERIALS.—Carmine paper, yellow ditto, light green tissue paper, fine green pips, leaves, etc.

Cut as many as required of No. 1 and 2; gum the smaller on to the larger; (No. 1 of carmine paper, No. 2 of the yellow;) make the calyx of light green tissue paper. Fasten three or four small green pips on to a thin piece of wire to form the stamen and stem of each flower. Branch with green leaves like No. 3.

*** MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for Pinks, Dahlias, and red Roses, variegated for Japonicas, Pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 32 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

PALM-LEAF IN BERLIN WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



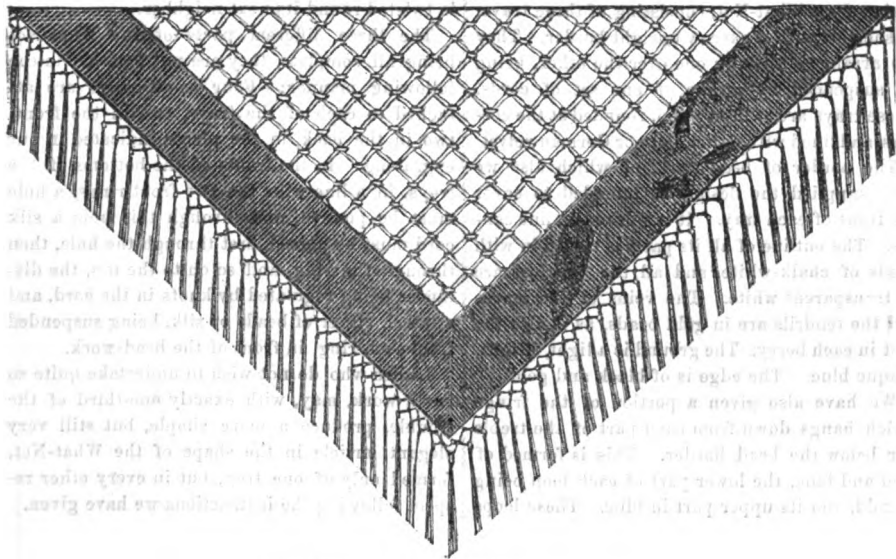
We give a beautiful pattern, for a Palm-Leaf } be worked for a variety of purposes. Annexed
in Berlin worsteds, in eleven colors, which may } are the colors for working.

- White.
- Grey.
- Yellow.
- Orange.
- Brown.
- Rose.

- Carmine.
- Vermilion.
- Dark Brown.
- Light Blue.
- Dark Blue.

TO KNIT A SHAWL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Five oz. white double zephyr, seven oz. of colored single zephyr, one pair very large wooden needles for centre, one pair small bone needles for border.

Cast on (the wooden needles) six stitches. Commence by placing the needle under the thread, which makes a stitch. Knit three stitches plain, this makes four stitches; lift the second one over the third and fourth stitches already knitted, then put the needle under the thread, which makes a new stitch; knit the remaining three, lift the one next the made stitch over the two. This is the first round, and differs only at the commencement.

2nd Round.—Take off the first stitch without knitting, and pearl to the end of the round.

3rd Round.—Place the needle under the thread, (as in 1st round,) this makes a stitch, knit the next stitch, then spread open the needles, and you will see that you can take up a stitch, knit two, now you have four, lift the second over the third and fourth—bring the thread forward, knit three. The first or one next the made stitch lift over the two last knitted. If you have a stitch left, knit it plain,

sometimes there will be two, if so, lift a stitch and knit the two together.

4th Round.—Pearl, observing always to take off the first stitch without knitting. Every alternate round is to be done in pearl stitch.

5th Round.—Like third.

The piece of work when knitted forms of itself a three-cornered shape for the shawl. Make as large as desirable.

FOR THE BORDER.—Use the small needles and colored zephyr.

Cast on one or two stitches.

Work in plain garter stitch, observing to make a stitch on one side of each row at the beginning. This makes it straight one side, bias the other, when you have about $\frac{1}{4}$ yard in width, stop, begin at the point, take up a stitch every four, from the bias side. This will make the border the proper shape at the point. Knit enough to border the centre-piece, on the three sides—finishing the whole by a deep fringe of the zephyr as seen in the drawing.

This is a shawl, which we have ourselves designed and knit; and know it, therefore, to be convenient and tasteful.

A BEAUTIFUL WHAT-NOT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a beautiful design for a What-Not, consisting of three trays, or shelves, with a narrow upright border. They are arranged to hang one over the other, being all suspended by means of one set of cords. These trays are of light wood, rounded at the corners, and lined with either cloth or German velvet.

The border of bead-work, of which also we have supplied the design, is intended to cover the front of each tray. It is worked on fine canvas. The outline of all its parts is traced in with beads of chalk-white, and all the interiors are of transparent white. The veins of the leaves and the tendrils are in gold beads, as is also the spot in each berry. The ground is a light, bright, opaque blue. The edge is of black and gold.

We have also given a portion of the fringe which hangs down from each part of the treble tier below the bead border. This is formed of gold and blue, the lower part of each loop being in gold, and its upper part in blue. These loops

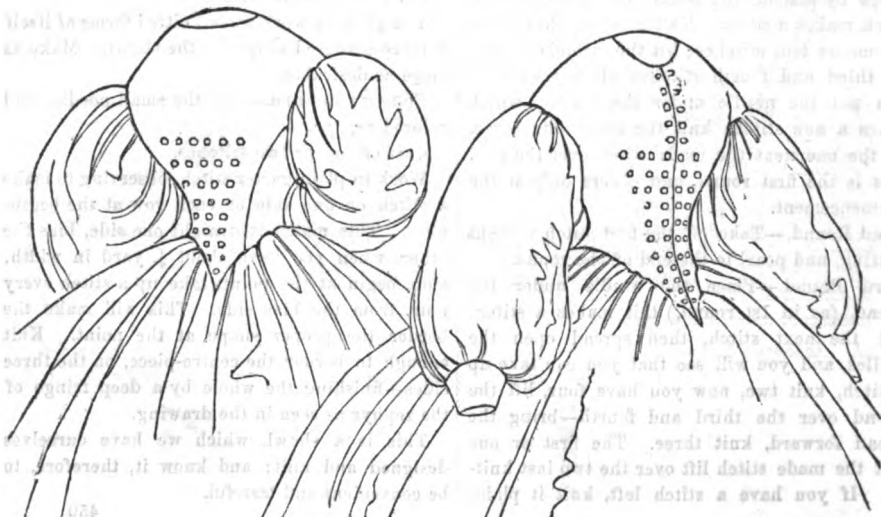
being thread of regularly graduated lengths, each is twisted round its next neighbor.

The three different parts of the What-Not being all complete, they are put together in the following manner:—Four small rings are attached to each of the trays, two in the front, two in the back, in the places indicated in our engraving. In the fronts of the bottoms of the trays, in a line with the two front rings, a hole must be pierced, and through this hole a silk cord must be passed, first through the hole, then through the ring, and so on to the top, the distances being regulated by knots in the cord, and a tassel, either of beads or silk, being suspended from each ring, in front of the bead-work.

Ladies who do not wish to undertake quite so much work, may, with exactly one-third of the trouble, produce a more simple, but still very elegant, article in the shape of the What-Not, formed only of one tray, but in every other respect following the instructions we have given.

FASHIONABLE BODY AND SLEEVES.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



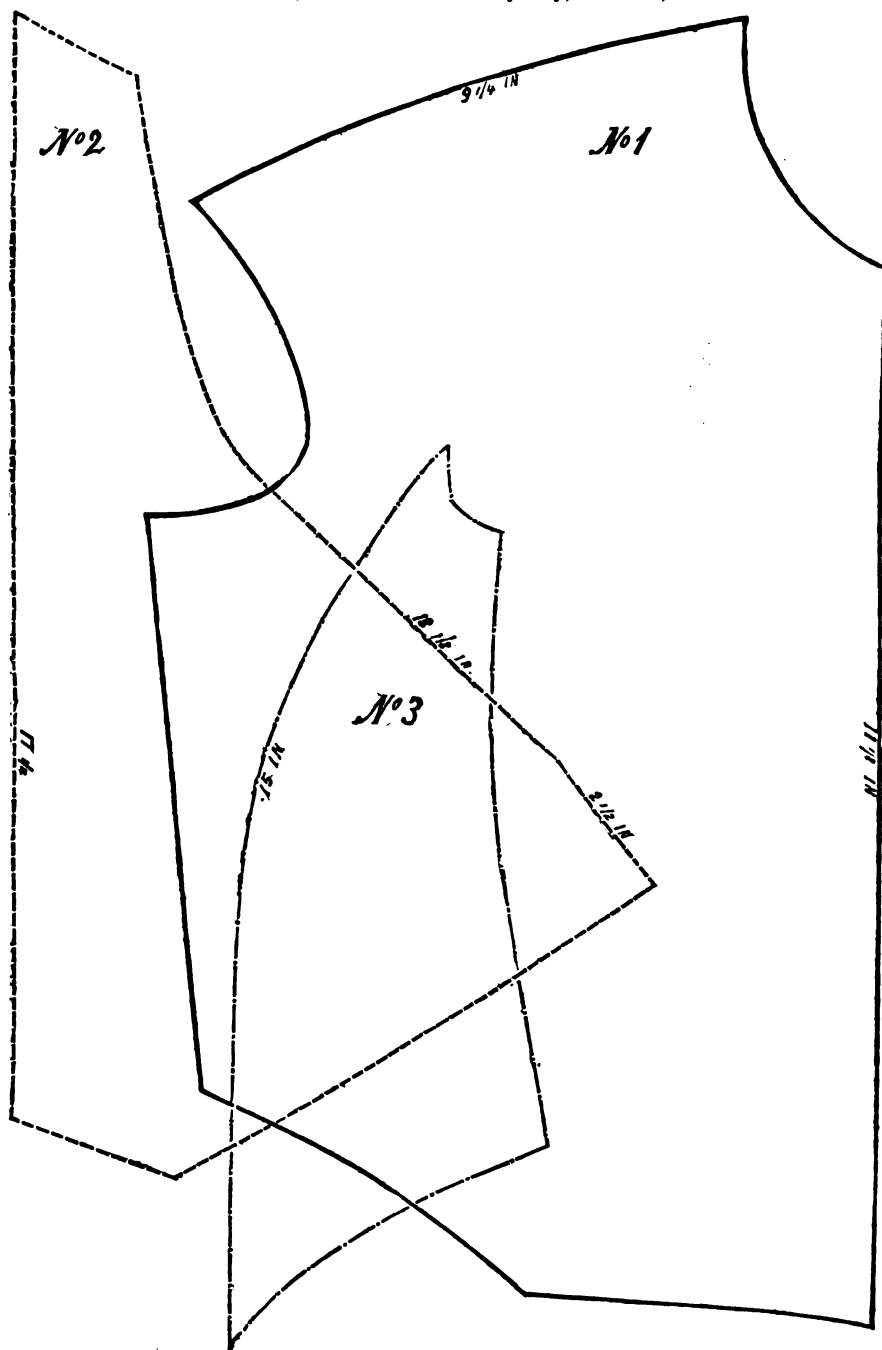
We give another new and fashionable pattern for a body and dress, this month; the diagram, to cut it from, being appended below, with measurements for a middle-sized lady.

No. 1. FRONT.

No. 2. BACK.

No. 3. SIDE BODY.

Any lady, therefore, can cut this out.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

BE AS BEAUTIFUL AS YOU CAN.—"I believe you think it a virtue to look ugly," said one friend, remonstrating with another, whom she thought criminally indifferent to her attire; "now, for my part, I consider it my duty to look as beautiful as I can: I owe it to my husband, my friends and society."

The speaker was right. So long as the desire to seem agreeable and handsome, and the effort to achieve this end by attention to dress and manner, does not degenerate into mere vanity, praise, not censure, should be meted out. Nay! it is even a duty to aim at being beautiful. We may take a lesson, in this respect, from Nature. Why has the Almighty clothed the earth with flowers, filled the sky with stars, diversified the globe into picturesque mountain and valley, and made the ocean so sublime, if not to gratify, in man, that longing for the beautiful, which is an attribute of the immortals, and which he, because of his immortality, shares with the angels?

Every woman has it in her power to be more or less beautiful. She may not have the low, broad forehead of the antique, nor the golden tresses of the Italian poets; but yet be able to be lovely nevertheless. For the highest beauty, and that which appeals most forcibly to the noblest men, is the beauty of expression. The beauty of expression depends on purity, intelligence, amiability, and sympathy with what is good. To cultivate the moral character, using that word in its widest sense, is the surest way of being truly beautiful. Such beauty also is more lasting than mere physical beauty. It even increases as years roll by. We have seen faces of women, long past the prime of life, from which there shone an almost celestial light. We have seen ordinary faces, the faces of young girls, so transfigured by holy, or pure emotions as to seem, for the time, seraphic. Every woman, who loves truly, is beautiful when that love blushes on her cheek, or melts in her eye. To be good is to be beautiful, is to grow more beautiful yearly.

But there are other ways also of being beautiful, and which no woman ought to neglect. Among these dress stands foremost. A want of taste in dress makes many a woman seem ugly, who, if she studied the adaptation of colors to her complexion, and had her dresses made and trimmed properly, would be charming to all eyes. No French woman ever appears otherwise than fascinating; for taste in dress seems to be born with her. She will take the plainest materials, and yet look better than other women, though they may wear more antique and *Point d'Alencon*. It is not altogether expense that secures taste in dress. We know women who dress tastefully on comparatively small sums, while others, who are quite extravagant, never look well. A certain shawl may be very pretty in itself, yet unsuited to go with a particular bonnet: so of a frock; so of gaiters; so of jewelry. Always have your dress harmonious. Let it also be adapted to the place, the occasion, and the season. Above all things, never be slovenly. What husband can possibly think a wife beautiful, who comes to breakfast in slippers down at the heel?

Not a little of a woman's influence depends on her being agreeable. Thousands of wives, by forgetting this, and neglecting their personal attire, have gradually lost the affections of their husbands. Some may say, as we have heard women say, that such husbands are not worth keeping. Not so. Every man likes a woman better for being neatly, even elegantly dressed. It is born with him. It is part of his nature. The woman, who ignores this, is simply absurd.

If she values her own happiness, she will accept the fact, and make the best of circumstances. If she is, in addition, a reflecting woman, she will see many reasons why men should wish woman to be lovely and agreeable, and will be thankful that it is so.

Do not let us be misunderstood. We do not say a wife ought to spend more money on dress than she can afford. We do not advise you to carry your love of dress to such an extreme as to degenerate into vanity. It is your duty to look as beautiful as you can, yet not to violate other duties, in order to do this. But to dress negligently, to care not how you look, in the notion that you are practising a laudable virtue, is a delusion and mistake.

"**THANK GOD FOR MOUNTAINS.**"—This was the exclamation of William Howitt, when he first saw the Cumberland hills. Something of the same gratitude and exultation breathes through the following from one of our contributors:—"Such a beautiful day as this is! I cannot forbear letting you know how bright a face Nature wears to-day in the country. And I would I could describe the scene that lies before me—the waters of Champlain at the right, so near I can count the white sails on her bosom—and then those mountains beyond! I never weary of them, whether clothed in the purple and gold of sunrise, or dark and near in the twilight, they are always a pleasant sight for the eyes to rest upon. Surely they must close their eyes and hearts too, who have no love for all these blessed gifts—it seems to me no one need be utterly miserable at this season. There is so much sunshine everywhere around, the soul need not be all darkness. It is not permitted me to go forth amid all this loveliness as I would gladly do, but every year I learn to love it better, and thus to love the Giver with more earnest faith, believing 'He doeth all things well.' To you who are laboring to refine and elevate the minds of others by implanting a love for the beautiful, our thanks are due."

THE OPERA IN PHILADELPHIA.—It is hardly a year since the citizens of Philadelphia built their Opera House, one of the most magnificent in the world, and with unsurpassed acoustic qualities. Since its erection, there have been, in round numbers, one hundred operatic representations in it. No other city in the United States, we believe none in Europe even, has patronized the opera like this. Amateurs tell us, however, that there is more general musical intelligence in Philadelphia than in any other American town. Artists say its audiences are the most discriminating they appear before. This winter, the two celebrated prima donnas, Gaszaniiga and La Grange, have played alternately: the first distinguished for her great dramatic powers, the last for her unrivaled execution. Ronconi, the famous barytone, and Carl Fornes, the celebrated basso, each of them even more wonderful as actors than singers, have also appeared.

OUR ORIGINAL STORIES.—Many of our exchanges are copying "Mattie," originally published in this Magazine, and crediting it to the London Family Herald. That journal took it from "Peterson" without acknowledgment, as it does our best stories continually. "Mattie" is not the only tale, credited to an English periodical, which appeared first in this Magazine. Several of the British literary newspapers forage on us, continually, in this way.

THE THREE FISHERMEN.—Every reader of taste will thank us, we know, for giving the music for this exquisite ballad. We sent to England expressly for it.

"LOOK UP."—A ship, becalmed at sea, lay rocking lazily. A sprightly lad, the captain's only son, not knowing what to do, began mischievously to climb the mast. He had got half way to the top, when turning his eyes below to see how far he was from the deck, he suddenly grew dizzy. "I am falling, I am falling," he cried. "Look aloft," shouted his father, who at that moment was leaving his cabin. The boy, accustomed instantly to obey that voice, looked up to where the main-truck swung against the sky, recovered heart, went on, and was saved.

We do not give the anecdote as new. Doubtless every one of our readers has heard it before. But the story has a significance not always noticed. Others, besides the captain's son, have been saved by looking up. There come times in the experience even of the bravest when the heart is ready to give up. Perhaps a favorite child has been suddenly stricken down. Perhaps a terrible epidemic has destroyed more than one little one. Perhaps the wife of his bosom is no more. Perhaps, by one of those catastrophes which occasionally occur, his entire family has been swept into eternity in a moment of time, in the twinkling of an eye. He feels as if there was no longer any object for him in life. In the first shock of his agony he would not care even if news was brought to him that his fortunes were bankrupt, that he was a disgraced beggar. But, by-and-by, a still, small voice within whispers, "Look up." He sees that the sky is still as bright as ever, the breeze as blessed, the trees as beautiful. He hears the waters run, leaping and laughing down the hill side, glistening in silver as they go. The earth is not less lovely than before, the stars are as numberless, the ocean and mountains as sublime. His fellow-creatures have the same kindly hearts toward him. He owes them the same old duties. Gradually he realizes that he has much yet to live for. In time even he regains a subdued and quiet happiness. He has learned to "look up."

A wife or mother is unhappy. She has a husband addicted to intemperance: a man with superior talents perhaps, who might, if he could resist the cup, rise to eminence and wealth. Day by day her heart is breaking. But let her not despair. The erring one may yet reform; thousands have done it before him; patience, kindness, tact, and affection may finally recall him to himself. While there is hope of his restoration let her not give up. Or a mother sees her son going to ruin. She bewails, in secret, the hour he was born; and bowed down with shame she shuns society. Oh! if she would but "look up." While there is life there is hope. While love can pray and watch, there is a chance of repentance. Take heart, wife or mother. After the night comes morning. Look up!

A great financial crisis overtakes the strong man in the midst of his schemes. He gathers up all his resources, contending gallantly and desperately long after hope is over; struggling for his family rather than himself. It will not do. The mighty whirlwind, whose outer eddies he has been striving to resist, wheels down upon him in all its power; he is torn up in an instant; he is hurled on the ground, he is left breathless, bruised, and seemingly dead. At first, when he regains sensation after the overwhelming shock, he is without hope. He has neither strength nor wish to resume his work. He is willing that the tempest shall sweep the wrecks of his fortune out of sight forever. It is useless, he says to himself, even to try to regain what he has lost. At last a gentle wife or sympathizing friend bids him not to despair. "Look up," they say. He looks. At once he is a new man. He recovers his name and fortune.

Ah! if all would only look up. But some never hear the cheering words. Some disregard them. Of the thousands who have failed utterly in life, or met only a secondary success, the majority owe their misfortunes to not looking up. In sorrow or disaster, remember the boy upon the dizzy mast, and "look up!"

A FASHIONABLE PASTORAL.—The London "Punch" originates the following satirical verses on the present style of female attire. "Punch" is about half right in his estimate of absurdities.

Tell me, Gentles, have you seen
My Flora pass this way?
That you may know the Miss I mean,
Her briefly I'll portray.

No bonnet on her head,
But on her neck she wears:
An oyster-shell 'tis said
In size with it compares.
Its shape no eye can brook,
Its use is doubtful too;
It but imparts a barefaced look,
And brings much cheek to view.

Her dress may please the Swall
For its swollen exuberance:
She looks like a monster Belle
In such Big Ben expanse:
These air-tubes filled with gas
Might light her to the moon;
The small boys mark it as they pass,
And screech out, "Ah, Bal-loon!"

A parasol she bears
For ornament, not use:
For comfort gloves she wears
Too tight, and sleeves too loose.
Behind her hangs a hood
Just level with her chin,
An Indian squaw might find it good
To put a baby in.

Of her hair she shows the roots,
Sham flowers the rest conceal;
And she's crippled by her boots
With the military heel:
Streets of you hear them stalk
When'er she ventures out;
And she seems to waddle more than walk,
Her hoops so sway about.

Her figure may be good,
But that no eye can tell:
A mere lay-figure would
Show off her dress as well.
She may have ankles neat,
But they're concealed by skirt,
Which chiefly serve to hide her feet,
And gather up the dirt.

Then, Gentles, have you seen
My Flora this way come?
She cannot have unnoticed been,
She takes up so much room!

BEATRICE CENCI.—There has just been published a beautiful lithographic portrait of Beatrice Cenci, finely drawn by Grotzeller, from a photograph of the original celebrated painting by Guido. The Boston Transcript says:—"It is by far the most accurate reproduction of that work which has ever come under our notice, surpassing even the steel engravings in fineness and delicacy of expression. It is full of that sweetness and innocence which characterizes the original. The best judges pronounce it a superior work. It is published by J. E. Tilton, Print Publisher, Salem, Mass. Price one dollar. It will be sent, post-paid, carefully put upon a roller to any address in the United States or Canada."

MANY YEARS' EXPERIENCE.—The Opelousas (La.) Patriot, acknowledging the receipt of the May number, says:—"We have been a reader of Peterson for several years past: and his thrilling original tales, superb engravings, and superlative fashion-plates, place this Magazine ahead of all others published in America."

"MELODY—THE ANGEL'S WHISPER."—Our steel engraving for this number is after one of Hayter's inimitable pictures. Hayter is the same artist who painted "The Onconvenience of a Single Life," and "The Rejected," both of which have appeared in this Magazine.

OUR NEXT NOVELET.—The original novelet, by our co-editor, MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, which was promised in our Prospectus for 1858, will be commenced in the July number. It will be entitled

KING PHILIP'S DAUGHTER,
A TALE OF THE EARLY COLONISTS.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the Origin, Formation and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States; with notices of its principal Framers. By George Ticknor Curtis. Vol. II., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this work, lately a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, has many superior qualifications for the task he has undertaken. He is thoroughly informed as to the delicate subject he discusses; enjoys the reputation of being a constitutional lawyer of the first class; studies to be entirely fair; and has a terse, lucid style. His first volume, which has been several years before the public, and is now a standard authority, was prepared at the request of Daniel Webster, who seems to have considered Mr. Curtis, above all men of his day, best qualified for writing a history of the Federal Constitution. The present volume carries the subject down to its close. In no respect is it inferior to its predecessor. As there are two parties in this country, differing radically in their interpretation of the Constitution on some points, it may be as well to state that Mr. Curtis belongs to the Websterian school. In no sense, however, is our author controversial. He states his convictions, and gives his reasons, with the calmness of a judge. Whoever wishes fully to understand the character of our republican government, and the manner in which it originated, must make this work his study. Heretofore, there has been nothing of a similar character, so that the investigator has had to pore through dozens of volumes, from Madison's debates down, in order to learn what is here digested into two volumes, neither of which are of excessive size. The work is printed in fair and handsome type. We have received our copy through T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

History of Europe. From the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852. By Sir Archibald Alison. Vol. III., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This volume brings the history down to the year 1842. Another, we presume, will finish the work. Apart from its many permanent merits, which it exhibits in common with all of Alison's writings, it has the accidental one of being, as yet, the only work written on the subject; and is, therefore, indispensable for reference, even when the opinions of the author are dissented from. The volume is printed in double columns to match the preceding ones.

The Happy Home. By KIRKMAN. 1 vol., 18 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this book has many admirers, the result of his "Letters to Bishop Hughes," "Romanism at Home," and "Men and Things in Europe." To these, as well as to others, the present volume will be welcome. The object of the work is to elucidate the family institution, and explain the relations which the members of the family bear to one another. It is a most excellent design, admirably executed.

Miss Pardoe's Works. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We are glad to see a uniform edition of this lady's novels at last. The present volume contains "The Romance of the Harem," "The Jealous Wife," "The Confessions of a Pretty Woman," and "The Rival Beauties," bound together, in handsomely embossed cloth, and sold at the low price of \$2.50. T. B. Peterson & Brothers also publish each of the novels separately, in paper covers, at fifty cents each.

New American Cyclopædia: A Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. I., 8 vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The object of this new work, of which the first of fifteen volumes is before us, is to furnish a popular dictionary of Universal Knowledge. For this purpose, it will, the prospectus assures us, present accurate and copious information on Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Mathematics, Mechanics, Engineering, the history and description of Machines, Law, Political Economy, Music, &c., &c. Agriculture, in all its branches; Geography and Ethnology; the Natural Sciences; Physiology, Anatomy, and Hygiene will all receive careful attention. Doctrinal and sectional discussions will be avoided. The names of the editors, as well as the high character of the publishers, are guarantees that these promises will be fulfilled. It is intended, indeed, that the work shall contain all information of general interest to be found in the best modern Cyclopædias, yet which shall have a character of its own; and so far the design is admirably carried out. The price of each volume will be \$3.00 in cloth, or \$4.00 in half morocco. The present volume contains seven hundred and fifty-two double column pages, so that the work is as cheap as it is meritorious.

Adele. By Julia Kavanagh. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—We think this a better novel even than "Nathalie," the best, indeed, that Miss Kavanagh has written. The scene is laid in eastern France, in a mountainous region; and most of the events transpire in and about an old chateau, the heiress of which, Adele, is the heroine. Unlike most love stories, the principal interest does not precede marriage, but follows it. Adele has been married, partly for pity; and she marries out of gratitude and friendship, ignorant, as yet, of any deeper emotion. The two, thus united, soon discover their error; misunderstandings follow; both become unhappy. Finally, however, all ends well, as it should in every orthodox novel. An intriguing step-mother, we should add, complicates the troubles of the married pair. It will be seen that the plot has an unusual degree of originality.

The Rational Guide to Spelling. American School Method. By J. B. Menny. 1 vol., 18 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A little volume of thirty-six pages, into which is compressed more sound sense, on the subject of spelling, than is to be found in most voluminous octavos. It is astonishing how few spelling-books are good for anything. This, however, is one we can recommend, as not only original in its classification and arrangement, but also eminently useful. Every important combination of syllables in the language is presented in this little treatise. The work was originally prepared, we believe, for the Louisiana Model School, New Orleans.

Church and Congregation: A plea for their Unity. By C. A. Bartol. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The style of this writer is perspicuous, his manner earnest, his arguments skillfully arranged. His book, addressed to Congregationalists, reasons in favor of admitting persons, who attend public worship regularly, to the same privileges as church members, without requiring, as is now customary, a specific profession of religion. Large numbers of thoughtful men hold these opinions, which, indeed, were formerly those of the church everywhere, and still are of the established church in England. The volume, like all Ticknor's books, is neatly printed.

Mary Derwent. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The advanced sheets of this powerful novel have been laid on our table by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, who will hereafter be the publishers of Mrs. Stephens' works. The book, if we do not err, is destined to have an immense sale.

Life of George Stephenson. By Samuel Smiles. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is the biography of the great railway engineer, to whom, more than all men, the world is indebted for perfecting, if not inventing, that mode of travel. It is a striking record of the success which is sure to attend genius combined with industry and integrity; for Mr. Stephenson, though originally a cow-herd, at two-pence a day, died rich, and what is better, famous. The career of such a man is instructive as well as interesting. Apart from this, the volume throws much light on the social and industrial condition of the poor, half a century ago, in England, besides containing a summary of railroad science for the past fifty years. The chapters on filling Chafeld Moss, the invention of the "Rocket," and the construction of his first rude locomotive, are particularly engrossing. We commend the book as one of the most valuable of the season.

History of the Inductive Sciences, from the earliest to the Present Time. By William Whewell, D.D. Third Edition, with additions. 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is one of those works which all concede to be the best of their kind, and therefore standard. With every edition, too, there are improvements. It was a happy thought which first suggested to Dr. Whewell a history of the sciences; and his execution of the task has been masterly. His book, indeed, is not merely a narrative of facts in the history of science, but a basis for the philosophy of science. More than twenty years have passed since the first edition was given to the public, and yet the work, not only maintains its early reputation, but also steadily increases it. The index and abstract, so often neglected, are full and complete. Appleton & Co. have issued the two volumes in a very handsome style.

Peveril of the Peak. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This beautiful series, the "Household Edition of Scott's Novels," gradually approaches its termination. It is time, therefore, that those who have neglected to purchase it, should turn their attention in that direction. A set of these volumes will be at once the cheapest and best investment which can be made in books; and no library will be complete without it. "Peveril of the Peak" is, in some respects, among the best of Scott's stories. Who can forget Alice Bridgenorth, or her stern father, or the dwarf, or Fenella, or Buckingham, or Charles the Second, as they are severally delineated by the pen of the great Wizard of the North?

Life Thoughts, Gathered from the Extemporaneous Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher. By one of his Congregation. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—The causes of Mr. Beecher's popularity are apparent in this book. Nobody but a man of original, independent way of thinking, could have said the striking things which we find on almost every page. Even where we dissent from the justice of his conclusions, we admire the point, and often brilliancy of the speaker. The volume is neatly printed.

Ran Away to Sea: An Autobiography for Boys. By Capt. Mayne Reid. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We have here another of those capital books for boys, for which Capt. Reid has obtained so wide-spread a reputation. The title sufficiently indicates the story. It is necessary only to add that the narrative is full of incident, and that the volume is handsomely illustrated.

Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron. By E. J. Trelawny. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—There are many curious details in this volume, respecting Shelley and Byron, which have never before found their way into print. Capt. Trelawny was with Byron at his death. If there are no "traveler's tales" anywhere in the book, it is as remarkable a record as has ever appeared.

Sermons, Preached at Trinity Church, Brighton. By the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, M. A. Second Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—We are glad to see books of good sermons becoming popular; for it is a proof of an improved taste on the part of the public. The author of these sermons was a British divine of great purity of character, zeal, earnestness, and commanding eloquence. He died early, but not before his name had acquired celebrity, and what is better, not before he had done much good. Emphatically it may be said of him, "his works do follow him." We commend the volume to all who admire a forcible style, or sincere personal religion.

The Angel and the Demon: A Tale of Modern Spiritualism. By T. S. Arthur. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. W. Bradley.—This is a republication of a story originally printed under the title of "The Young Governess." It is an assault, in the guise of a novel, on modern spiritualism, which the author regards, to use his own language, "as a phase of Demology, using the word in its bad sense." Like all that Mr. Arthur has written, it has a high moral purpose, and is executed with considerable skill. Mr. Bradley has published the volume in an unusually handsome manner.

PARLOR GAMES.

THE OBEQUIENT WATCH.—Borrow a watch from a person in company, and request the whole to stand around you. Hold the watch up to the ear of the first in the circle, and command it to go; then demand his testimony to the fact. Remove it to the ear of the next, and enjoin it to stop; make the same request of that person, and so on throughout the entire party. You must take care that the watch is a good one. Conceal in your hand a piece of loadstone, which, so soon as you apply it to the watch, will occasion a suspension of the movements, which a subsequent shaking and withdrawing of the magnet will restore. For the sake of shifting the watch from one hand to the other, apply it when in the right hand to the left ear of the person, and when in the left hand to the right ear.

THE CONJURER'S STROKE.—Take a ball in each hand, and stretch both your hands as far as you can one from the other, then inform the company that you will make both balls come into which hand they please to name. If any one doubt your ability to perform this feat, you must lay one ball on the table, turn yourself round, and then take it up with the hand which already contains a ball. Thus both the balls will be in one of your hands, without the employment of both of them.

ART RECREATIONS.

THE BEST PICTURES EXPRESSLY FOR GRECIAN AND ANTIQUE PAINTING.—Published by J. E. Tilton, Salem, Mass. Directions to our new style of antique painting on glass, Oriental painting, Grecian painting, and Potichomanie, furnished, full and complete, on receipt of one dollar, with directions for varnish, &c. Purchasers of our goods to the amount of five dollars, will be entitled to directions free. Persons ordering directions for one dollar, and after buying the materials to the above amount, may deduct the one dollar paid for directions.

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And dealer, wholesale and retail, in every description of Artists' goods.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR DESSERT.

Ice Cream.—The necessary ingredients are—two quarts of good rich milk, four fresh eggs, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, six teaspoonfuls of arrow-root. Rub the arrow-root smooth in a little cold milk, and mix the eggs and sugar together. Boil the milk, and stir in the arrow-root; then remove it from the fire, and stir it briskly, while adding in the eggs; beat it a great deal. Flavor according to your taste. (Take three-quarters quantity of ice to one-quarter of salt.)

Excelsior.—Pare and core six or eight apples, cut them in half, and put them into a pan, adding a little water; stew them until they become soft. Boil one pint and a half of milk, pour it over two slices of bread, and let it cool; add two large tablespoonfuls of flour, three eggs, as much sweetening as you like, and some nutmeg. Pour the whole over the apples, and bake all together for about an hour. Serve it with cream sauce.

Calf-Foot Jelly.—Boil one sett of feet well in two quarts of water. Let the liquor stand until it becomes cool, and then carefully skim off all the grease. Afterward melt the jelly, and mix together and add to it whilst hot, about one pound and a half of sugar, some cinnamon, a little mace, one large lemon, the whites and shells of three eggs, and half a pint of wine; let the jelly come to a boil, and then strain it through a bag.

Cheese Cake.—Mix together one quart of cheese, (curd,) four eggs, half a grated nutmeg, a small portion of cream, a piece of butter as large as an egg, and as many dried currants, and as much sugar as is agreeable to your taste. Flavor with brandy.

Boiled Custard.—Beat—very light—five eggs; place one quart of milk over the fire, and when it comes to a boil, take it off the fire and stir in your eggs; season with whatever essence you prefer, and let it again come to a boil.

Custard in Cups.—Boil one pint of rich milk with a small portion of cinnamon in it; when cold, mix in four eggs—well beaten—and spices and sugar to your liking. Mix all well together, and bake in cups.

Brown Bettle.—Have ready a well greased pudding dish, and place in it, alternately, layers of buttered bread, sliced apples, nutmeg, and sugar.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR PUDDINGS.

Lemon Pudding.—Grate the rind of four lemons—wash, and cream half a pound of butter; pulverize half a pound of white sugar; and beat—separately—the whites and yolks of six eggs. Beat the sugar and the eggs together, and then add the butter. First stir into a small portion of the mixture the grated lemon peel, and then add it to the remainder, squeezing in the juice of one of the lemons. Make a rich pastry, which must be baked a little first, before pouring in the pudding. If it becomes too brown, whilst baking, cover it with a sheet of nicely greased white paper.

Apple Pudding.—Make a nice pastry, and put it on the sides of the dish, leaving the bottom uncovered. Pare and cut some apples into slices, and then put into your dish a layer of apples, sugar, cinnamon, and butter. Fill the dish, pour in a little water, and cover with pastry. Serve the pudding with sweetened cream.

Another Apple Pudding.—To two tincupfuls of apples, take three-quarters of a teacupful of melted butter, four eggs, as much sugar as suits your taste, half a grated nutmeg, one wineglassful of wine, and some grated lemon peel. Pumpkin pudding may be made in the same way, with the addition of half a pint of new milk, and a little salt.

Hunting Pudding.—The articles to be used are—one pound of grated bread, half a pound of suet, one pound of currants, two eggs, one glassful of brandy, half a pound of sugar, and one teacupful of cream. Boil the pudding in a bag for two hours. Serve it with a sauce.

Hard Times Pudding.—Mix together half a pint of molasses, half a pint of water, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, and a large teaspoonful of salt—and thicken the mixture with sufficient flour to form a tolerably thick batter, and then pour it into a mould, or pudding-bag.

Almond Pudding.—Have ready half a pound of butter, half a pound of white sugar—pulverized—and half a pound of blanched almonds, well beaten. Mix these articles well together, and add five eggs, and a wineglassful of brandy or wine.

Bread Pudding.—The necessary ingredients are—six eggs, half a pound of sugar, a penny loaf soaked in milk, half a pound of butter, half a pound of raisins, and half a gill of wine. If not thick enough, when mixed, add a little flour.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Make Yeast.—Boil together—for about twenty minutes—three quarts of water, one handful of hops, and one handful of salt; afterward strain them. While boiling hot, stir in about one quart of wheat flour. Let it stand until milk warm, and then stir in one pint of liquid yeast. Let it stand about twelve hours, stirring it frequently. Then mix in as much corn meal as will make it stiff. Let it stand another twelve hours, then rub it up, and stand it in the shade to dry.

Dumpling Dough.—Boil, and mash one dozen large sized potatoes, adding a little salt. When cooled, mix in enough flour to make the dough roll out well. Roll out enough for each dumpling, and wrap an apple in each piece of dough. Rub the dumplings in flour; and then put them into your bag, which must—previously—be dipped in cold water, and well rung out. Put your dumpling bag, when filled, in boiling water, and boil it for about three-quarters of an hour.

Sauce.—To a quarter of a pound of butter, take three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one egg—beaten very light. Season with wine and nutmeg, and let it come to a boil.

Dressed Butter.—Mix a lump of butter—the size of an ordinary egg—and three tablespoonfuls of flour thoroughly together. Put one pint of milk over the fire, and when it boils add it to the other articles, and let boil again for a little while. Flavor with brandy, sugar, and nutmeg.

Another Sauce.—To one pint of boiling water, take a cupful of butter, (creamed,) with a small quantity of flour, as much sugar as suits your taste. Flavor with nutmeg and wine, and let it boil.

Tuffy.—Boil together—for about twenty minutes—one pound of sugar, one cupful of molasses, half a cupful of water, and a piece of butter the size of an ordinary walnut.

Icing.—Beat up the whites of two eggs, and add in three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, one teaspoonful of arrowroot, and half a teaspoonful of gum arabic.

Cream Sauce.—Procure some very thick sour cream, beat sugar into it, and season it with nutmeg.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR CAKES.

Gingerbread Nuts.—Rub half a pound of butter into a pound and a half of sifted flour; and mix in half a pound of brown sugar—crushed fine. Add two large tablespoonfuls of ginger, a teaspoonful of powdered cloves, and the same quantity of powdered cinnamon. Stir in a pint of molasses, and the grated peel of a large lemon—not the juice, as you must add, at the last, a very small teaspoonful of pearl ash dissolved in a little vinegar. Stir the whole mixture very hard, with a wooden spoon, or spaddle—and make it into a lump of dough just stiff enough to roll into a sheet about half an inch thick. Cut it out into small cakes about the size of a quarter of a dollar; or, make it up with your hands—well floured—into little round balls, flattening them on the top. Use West India molasses.

Golden Cake.—The articles composing this cake consist of the yolks of eight eggs, one cup and a half full of sugar, two cupfuls of flour, half a cupful of butter, half a cupful of sour cream, half a teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Both the silver and gold cakes form very nice jelly cake, by being rolled out into tolerably large, round cakes, having jelly spread between them.

Corn Starch Cake.—To one paper of corn starch take one pound of white sugar, half a pound of butter, and six eggs. Mix the butter and sugar well together with the yolks of the eggs, and add in the whites while stirring in the starch. Beat all well together, for only a few minutes.

Best Cake in the World.—The ingredients are—one pound of sugar, one cupful of butter, one cupful of sour milk, one tablespoonful of soda—dissolved in brandy—and a tablespoonful of cream of tartar mixed into four cupfuls of flour.

Silver Cake.—The ingredients are—the white of eight eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, two and a half cupfuls of flour, half a cupful of butter, half a cupful of sour cream, half a teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Wash Fine Crochet Lace, that it may not Shrink and become Thick.—Cover a glass bottle with calico or linen, and then tack the lace smoothly upon it, rub it with soap and cover it with calico. Boil it for twenty minutes in soft water, let all dry together, and the lace will be found ready for use. A long piece of lace must be wound round and round the bottle, the edge of each round a little above the last, and a few stitches to keep it firm at the beginning and end, will be found sufficient.

To Remove Sunburn.—Milk of almonds made thus:—Take blanched bitter almonds, one-half ounce; soft water, one-half pint; make an emulsion by beating the almonds and water together, strain through a muslin cloth, and it is made.

To Dry Apples.—The apples are gathered as soon as they are ripe, and then carefully peeled, all that are bruised or rotten being thrown aside; each apple is then cut into quarters, and the core having been taken out, the pieces are strung on whip-cord, care being taken to keep each piece from touching the next. In this state they are hung in festoons on the walls of some dry, cool place, such as a large empty garret or loft, and in about a month's time, they become quite dry and yellow, when they may be packed away in bags or boxes, or whatever manner is most convenient. The apples should be examined once a week while drying, and all mouldy or rotten ones should be immediately removed, as they are certain to spoil the others. Apples dried in this manner retain their flavor for an extraordinary length of time, and make most excellent pies and puddings. The larger sorts, such as the Flower of Kent, or Nonpareils, are best adapted for drying, as they retain their original taste much better than the smaller ones.

A Simple Cure for Weak Eyes.—Acetate of zinc, half a drachm; distilled water, sixteen ounces; mix. Or else, take of white vitriol, ten grains; rose, or elder flower water, eight ounces. Or, dissolve five grains of white vitriol in four ounces of camphor water, and the same quantity of decoction of poppy heads. This wash is a stimulant and a detergent, and will be found very useful.

To Clean Wall Paper.—The best method is to sweep off lightly all the dust, then rub the paper with stale bread, cut the crust off very thick, and wipe straight down from the top, then begin at the top again, and so on.

To Remove Freckles.—An ounce of alum, and an ounce of lemon juice, in a pint of rose-water.

HOME-MADE WINES.

Gooseberry Wine.—Bruise the gooseberries with the hands in a tub; to every six pounds of fruit add a quart of cold spring water, stirring it thoroughly; let it stand twenty hours, then strain them; dissolve two pounds of sugar to every quart of water employed, let it remain another day, remove the scum very clearly, and pour it into the utensil or cask in which it is to remain previous to being bottled. The scum removed must be kept in flannel, and the drainings caught in a vessel; they must be added to the other liquor. Let it work about sixty hours, not more, and then cover down close. In four months it will be ready for bottling.

Raspberry Wine.—Take three pounds of raisins, wash clean, and stone them thoroughly; boil two gallons of spring water for half an hour; as soon as it is taken off the fire pour it into a deep stone jar, and put in the raisins, with six quarts of raspberries and two pounds of loaf sugar; stir it well together, and cover it closely, and set it in a cool place; stir it twice a day; then pass it through a sieve; put the liquor into a close vessel, adding one pound more loaf sugar; let it stand for a day and a night to settle, after which bottle it, adding a little more sugar.

Cherry Wine.—To make five pints of this wine, take fifteen pounds of cherries, and two of currants; bruise them together, mix with them two-thirds of the kernels, and put the whole of the cherries, currants, and kernels into a barrel, with a quarter of a pound of sugar to every pint of juice. The barrel must be quite full; cover the barrel with vine leaves, and sand above them, and let it stand until it has done working, which will be in about three weeks; then stop it with a bung, and in two months' time it may be bottled.

Currant Wine.—Take sixteen pounds of currants, three gallons of water, break the currants with your hands in the water, strain it off; put to it fourteen pounds of sugar, strain it into a vessel, add a pint of brandy, and a pint of raspberries; stop it down, and let it stand for three months.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN, WITH SIXTEEN RUFFLES OR FLOUNCES.—Corseage and sleeves trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Bonnet of white chip, trimmed with lilac flowers and ribbon, with a blonde fall over the front.

FIG. II.—A SILK DRESS OF STONE COLOR.—The skirt has side-trimmings woven in the material, finished with heavy fringe. Body and sleeves correspond with the skirt. Bonnet of white crape, with a long plume.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF IMPERIAL BLUE SILK, WITH DOUBLE SKIRT.—The lower skirt is quite plain, and the upper one is edged with a lozenge pattern in velvet, woven in with the material. The corseage has a basque drooping very low at the back, and terminating at each side of the waist. The sleeves are formed of one long puff, finished at the wrist by a cuff of the same pattern as that which edges the upper skirt. The same trimming forms epanettes at the top of the sleeves.

FIG. IV.—EVENING DRESS OF PINK SILK, WITH A DOUBLE SKIRT, which has side-trimmings of bands of black velvet, edged with narrow black lace, and ornamented with hanging buttons. The body is cut square on the front a *la Raphaël*, and it, like the sleeves, is ornamented to match the skirt.

FIG. V & VI.—BRIDAL HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. VII.—BONNET OF WHITE CRAPE trimmed with flowers, and having a delicate tulle veil attached to the front, and falling back over the bonnet.

FIG. VIII.—LEGHORN FLAT FOR A LITTLE GIRL, ornamented with a half wreath of flowers and white ribbon.

FIG. IX.—PELERINE AND PYRAMIDS to trim a body and the sides of the skirt. The ground is composed of insertions of black lace quadrilled with very narrow velvets. Bows on the shoulder and behind in the Spanish style. The pyramids are surrounded by insertions quadrilled with narrow velvets. The middle is a puffing of spotted tulle with velvet bows stuck about it. The edges of this pelerine are trimmed with a rich Chantilly lace. The top of the body is decorated with a blonde point.

FIG. X.—HEAD-DRESS composed of black lace, pink roses, and a spiral roll of pink ribbon at the back.

FIG. XI.—OPERA BONNET OF WHITE SILK, ornamented with blue velvet. A spray of blue velvet flowers is on one side.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses are made very long behind, almost with trains, but shortened in front. Skirts still have

side-trimmings in the form of pyramids, composed of velvet chequer work lace arranged in spirals, or simply bows of ribbon. Double skirts are also very fashionable, and plain are still worn.

BASQUES are no longer fashionable; instead of these we have either a series of long, narrow points round the waist, or long points in the front only: these dresses are generally closed up the front by buttons. Bodies like those in fig. 2, are very fashionable also. Some are made to form waistcoat points in front, and a postillion's jacket behind.

SLEEVES are of every variety. We mentioned all the newest styles in our May number, except the full bishop sleeve, which is either plaited down at the top, or set into a narrow plain piece, and having a *jockey* or *epaulette*; at the bottom they are either set into a deep cuff fitting the wrist, or are shorter, and set into a loose band, over which a cuff is turned back, either pointed or a *la mousquetaire*, a muslin puffed sleeve coming below it.

MORNING DRESSES are frequently made of white pique. Some few are made of nankin, which is now beginning to recover some of the favor it formerly enjoyed in ladies' and children's costume. These morning *negliges* of nankin have the skirts ornamented with side-trimmings, composed of cotton braid, either white or colored. The jacket corseages of these dresses are made with very deep basquines, and at each side there is a small pocket. The sleeves, in the pagoda form, are very wide at the ends. A morning dress of white pique admits of a more elaborate and elegant style of trimming, in which braid and fringe may be conjointly introduced.

MANTILLAS for summer have the small *Burnous* hood. The *Burnous* shawl made in black glace or satin, has *revers* in front which terminate in a hood at the back: these hoods have always rich tassels.

BONNETS will be worn a little more forward on the head, and closer to the cheeks. Several of the new Parisian bonnets have the crowns entirely covered with flowers and foliage. One we have seen has the crown entirely covered with bouquets of Parma violets. The front consists of drawings of lilac crape, and a veil of white tulle or blonde. The under-trimming is formed of small bouquets of violets, disposed all round the edge of the front. Some crowns are covered with bouquets of flowers, having long pendent sprays of foliage drooping over the cape at the back.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

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LES MODES PARISIENNES

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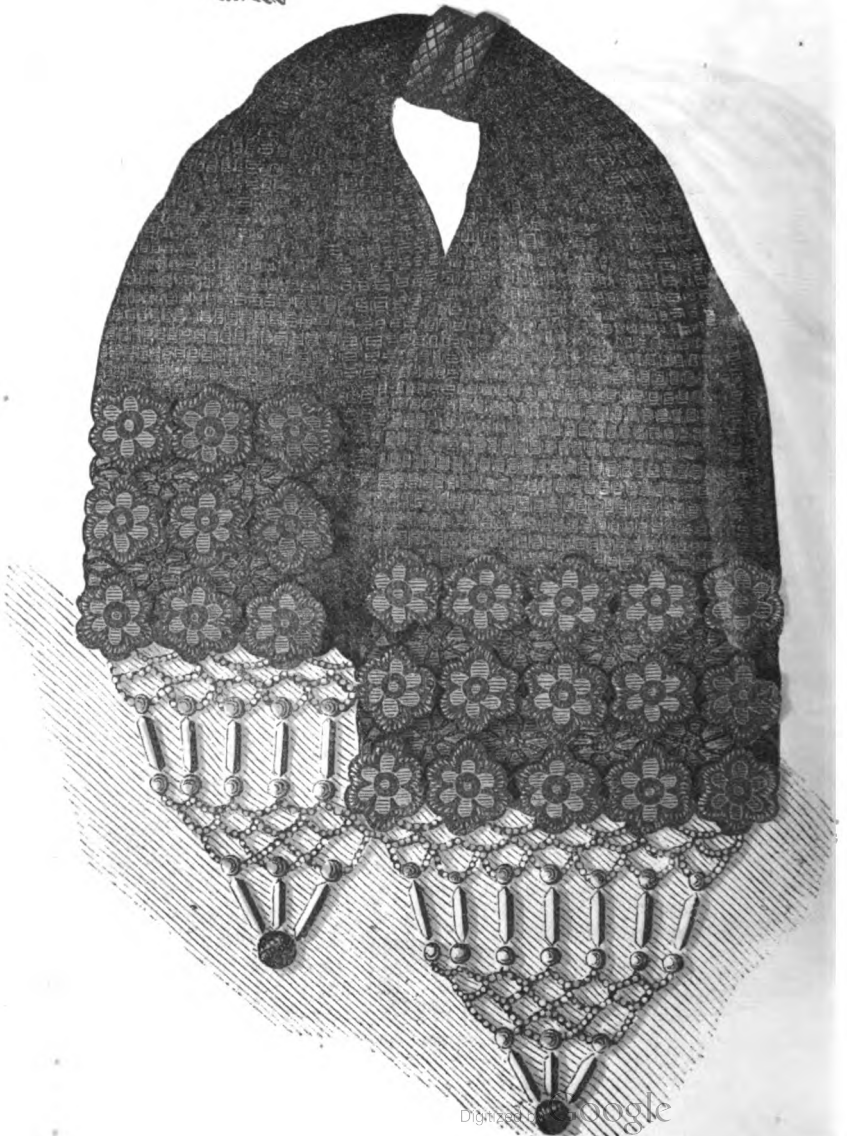
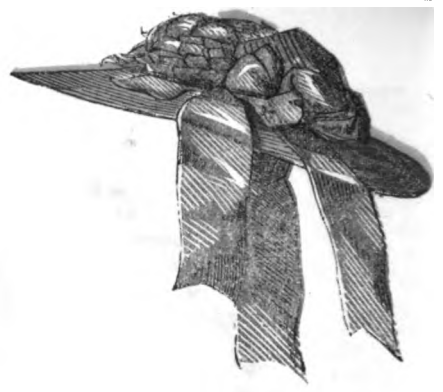
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July Number, Sixty-Two Engravings.
 August Number, Forty Engravings.
 September Number, Forty Engravings.
 October Number, Fifty-Nine Engravings.
 November Number, Fifty-Five Engravings.
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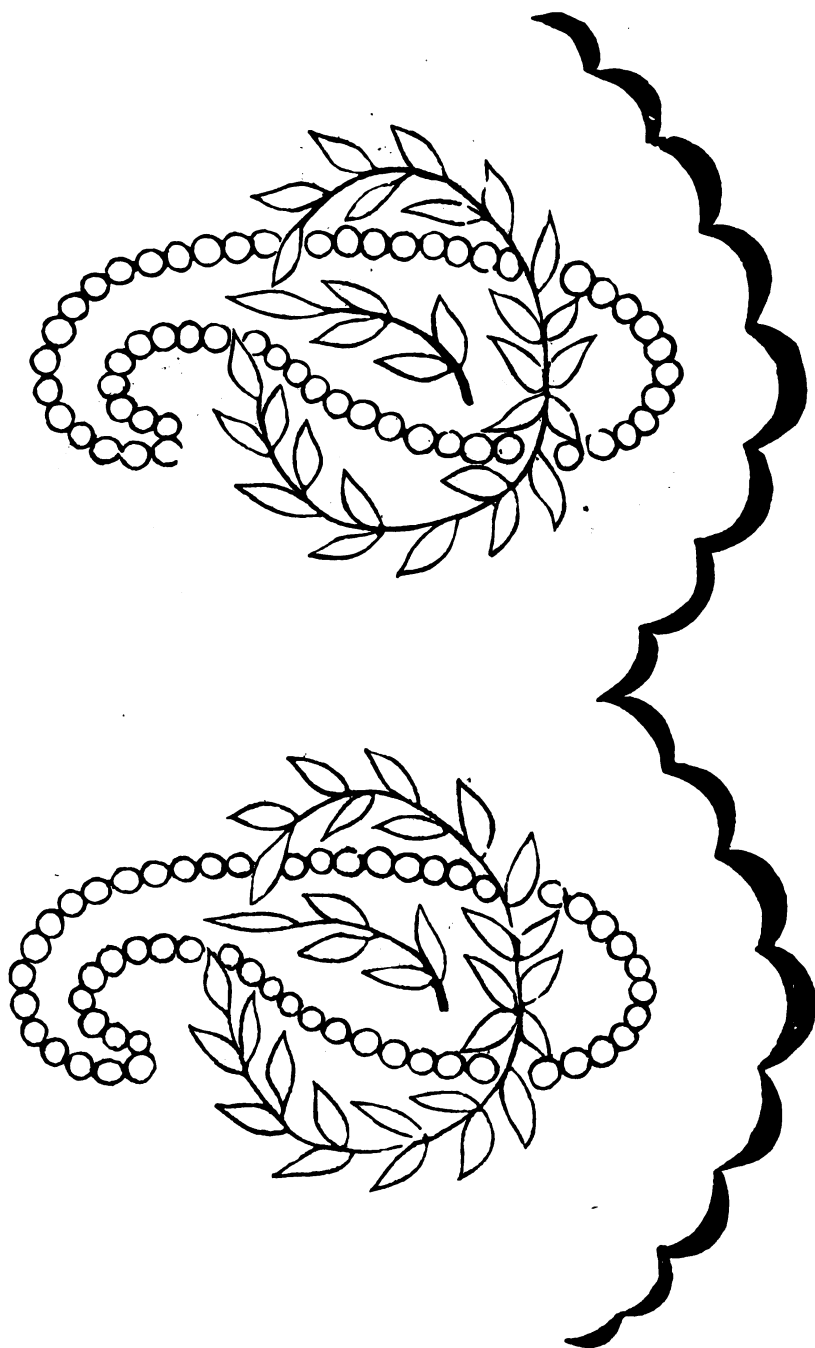
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 Souvenir a Pologne.
 Rose of the Prairie Waltz.
 The Lass O'Gowrie.
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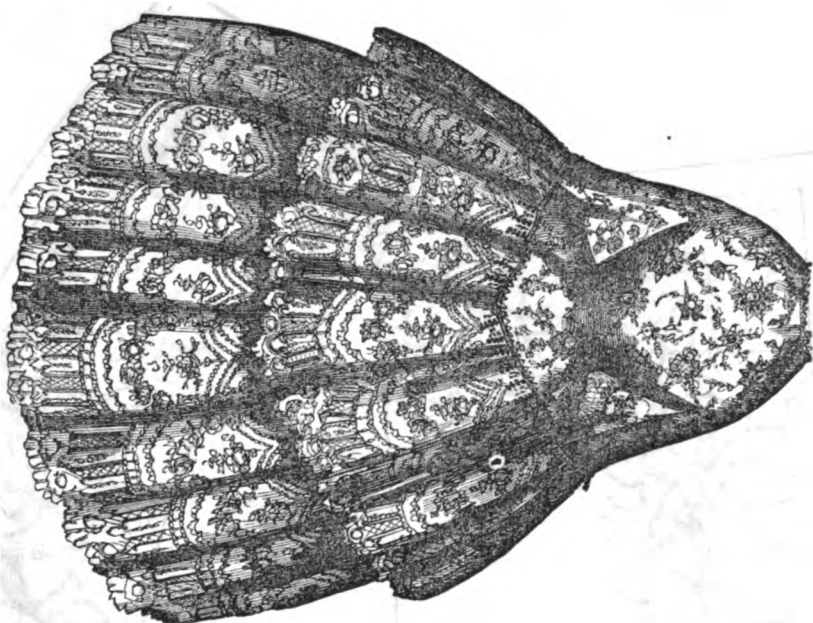




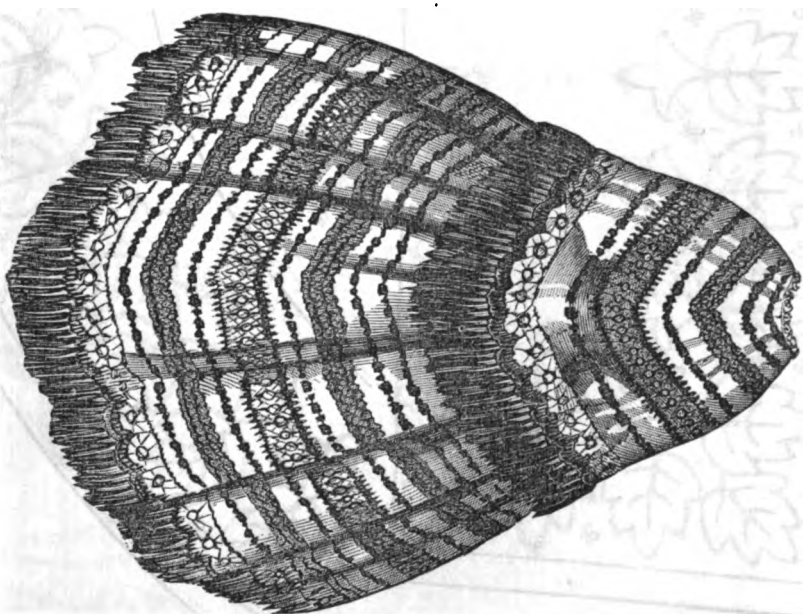
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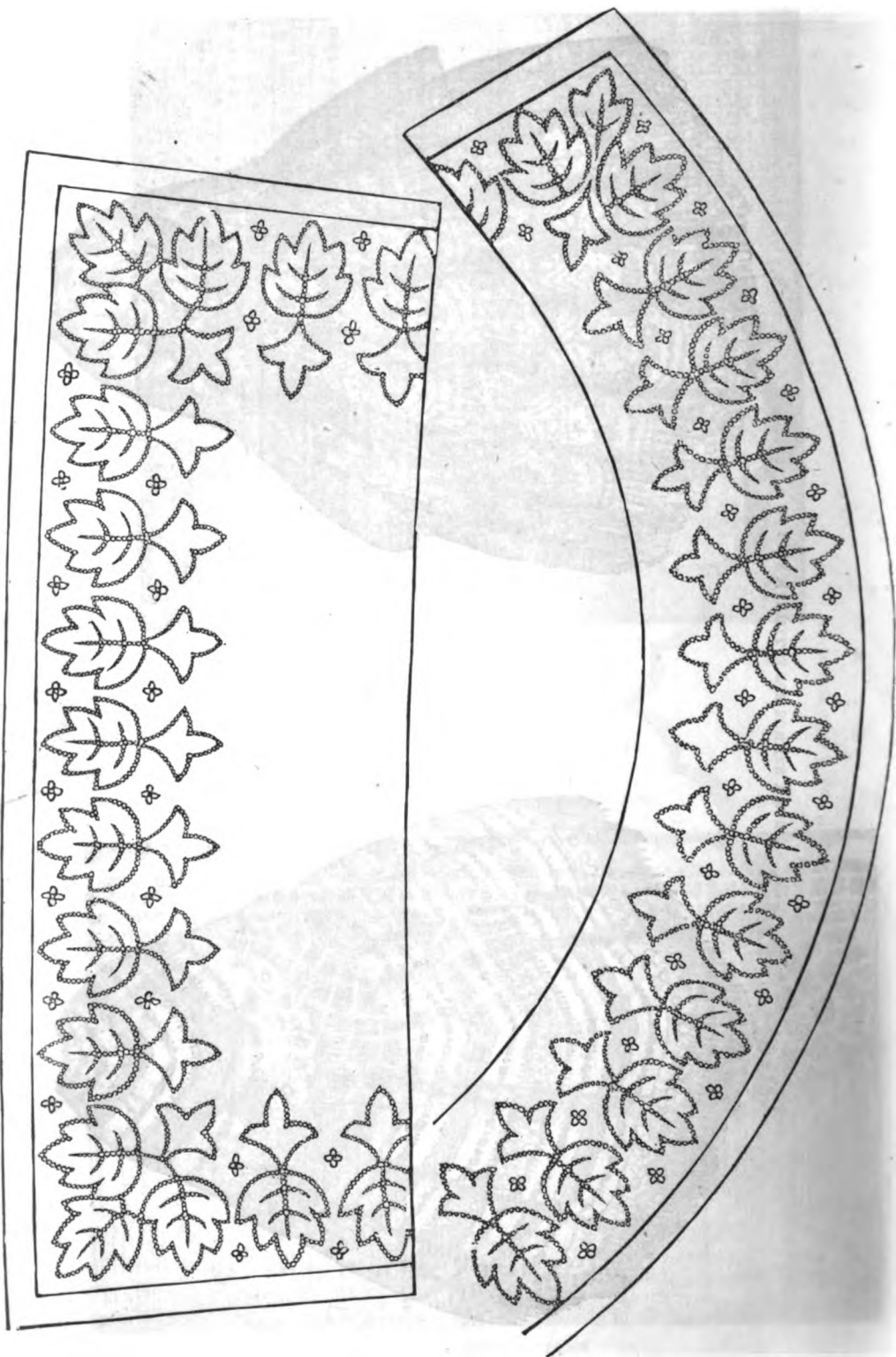


BOTTOM OF PETTICOAT.

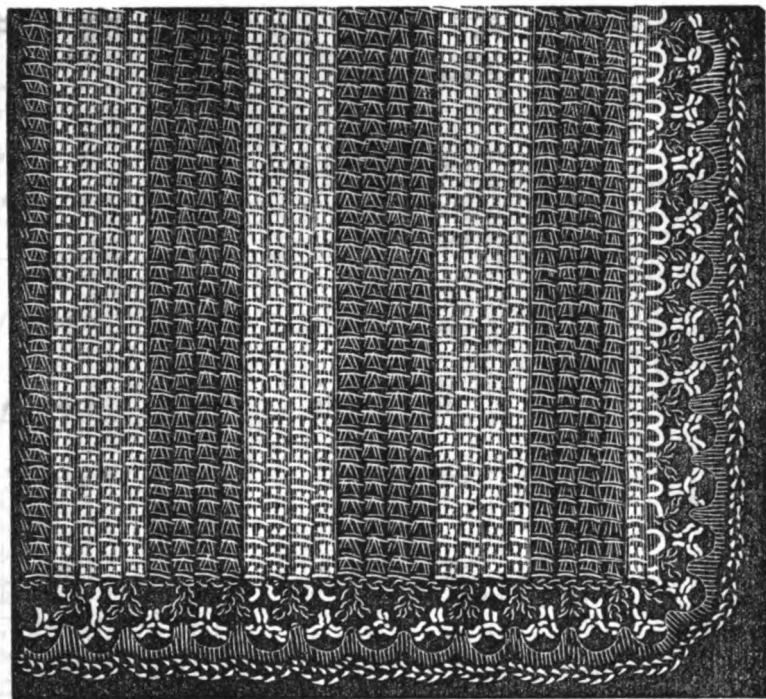


LACE MANTILLAS FOR SUMMER WEAR.

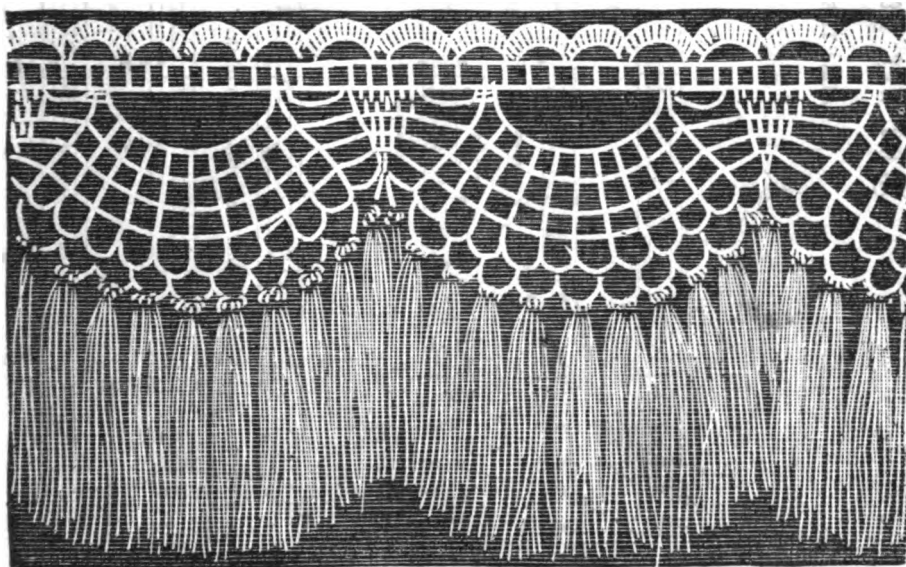




COLLAR AND CUFF.



BABY'S BASSINET COVER.



ESCALLOP SHELL FRINGE.

And are ye Sure the News is True?

AIR, "THERE'S NA LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

Moderato
Ed
Animato.

And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is this a time to think o' work? Ye

mf *f* *mf*

Detailed description: This is the first system of a musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The music is in 2/4 time. The first staff has a 'Moderato' tempo marking. The middle and bottom staves have 'Ed' and 'Animato.' markings. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first staff has a 'mf' dynamic marking. The middle staff has a 'f' dynamic marking. The bottom staff has a 'mf' dynamic marking.

jauds, fling bye your wheel. Is this a time to think o' work, When Co-lin's at the door? Rax me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And see him come a - shore.

mf

Detailed description: This is the second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The music is in 2/4 time. The first staff has a 'mf' dynamic marking. The middle staff has a 'mf' dynamic marking. The bottom staff has a 'mf' dynamic marking.



And gi'e to me my bigonet,
 My bishope's satin gown,
 For I maun tell the baillie's wife
 That Colin's come to town.
 My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
 My hose o' pearl blue;
 'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's baith leal and true.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

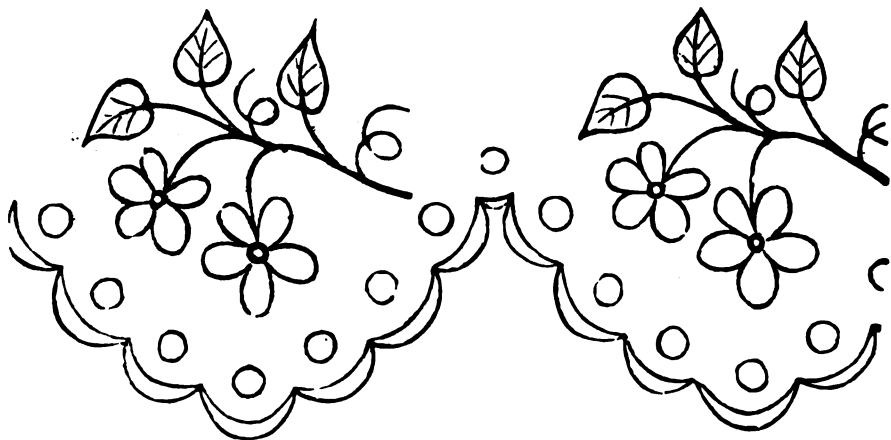
Rise up and mak' a clean fireside;
 Put on the muckle pot;
 Gi'e little Kate her button gown,
 And Jock his Sunday coat:
 And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their hose as white as snaw;
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's been lang awa'.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

There's twa' fat hens upon the bank,
 They've fed this month and mair;
 Mak' haste and throw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare;
 And spread the table neat and clean,
 Gar ilka thing look braw;
 For wha can tell how Colin fared,
 When he was far awa'.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
 His breath like culler air;
 His very foot has music in't,
 As he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright daisy wi' the thought—
 In troth, I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
 That thirled through my heart,
 They're a' blawn by, I ha'e him safe,
 Till death we'll never part:
 But what puts parting in my head?
 It may be far awa';
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
 I ha'e nae mair to crave;
 Could I but live to mak' him blest,
 I'm blest aboon the lave:
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright daisy wi' the thought—
 In troth, I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, &c.



PATTERN OF SKIRT.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1858.

No. 1.

AN HOUR IN A BALL-ROOM.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

I WENT to the ball. My hair was dressed with moss-roses. The effect was **very** beautiful. That conceited Mrs. Marsh was there—all rouge—all false—entirely made up.

"Oh! wad some power the giffie gie her
To see hersel' as ithers see her!"

I met pretty Mrs. Lossing there. She is a fresh, beautiful creature, but she flirted desperately. Her husband, poor fellow! he is jealous—I fear not without cause.

An old major complimented me on my appearance. It is so laughable to see an aged dandy! His frilled shirt and grey hairs—his finger-rings and wrinkles—his perfumed handkerchief and shrunken form—his white waistcoat and pumps; ha! ha! And there's his sister! a love of juvenility runs in the family. She can't be far from fifty—yet, shade of delicacy! she wears her dresses low in the neck, and her sleeves the breadth of a new cent piece. She rouges and pads. Every tress on her head is paid for, and her teeth are false. Once or twice my curls got caught in her artificial flowers.

Changing my slippers in the drawing-room I overheard the following.

"It's abominable, George! You've danced with her three times, and followed her like a shadow, while I've been alone most all the evening. Little flirting wretch! I hate her."

"Now, my dear, don't make a fool of yourself."

"A fool of myself!" (spitefully,) "wouldn't you have been glad to keep me at home, this evening, hugging the hearth-stone? But I'd have come if my head had split open just to thwart you, cruel that you are. Oh! go, by all means—go, by all means; see, she is looking for you."

Another case of jealousy, thought I.

"I'm so tired!" and little Cordelia Heartly smiled languidly as she spoke to me, aside, while

her brother was leading her from the drawing-room. "And, to crown all, Harry keeps scolding me for coughing. I'm sure I can't help it—I wish I could," she added, drowsily, sinking down on the luxurious cushions.

"What made you come, Delia? You look sick," I said, gently.

"Oh! I can't tell"—smothering a yawn—"unless I get tired of the house. I've only been there half a day, too!" she continued, with a slight laugh and a spasmodic cough, "for I was at Ellen Gray's party last night till three this morning, and stayed with Ellen till two this afternoon. Let me see; I've been to one, two, three—why! I've been to a ball or a party positively every night this week!" and she sank back more languidly and closed her eyes.

"Delia, Delia! oh! here's the child. Come, darling," said her mother, panting as she hurried toward her, "that splendid fortune, Augustus Boynton, wants to be introduced to you. I overheard him say to Harry that you were the most beautiful girl in the room. Come, come—pray exert yourself a little. Somebody else will secure him; everybody is crazy after him—oh! come, daughter—he said you were so beautiful!"

Delia's eyes lighted up, sparkled for a moment, then she grew suddenly languid again, and coughed out, "Oh! mamma, I can't, indeed I can't, I'm so tired of dancing—and maybe I shall cough in his face; it comes so suddenly."

"Pooh, pooh! that cough is only a whim of yours, child. Oh! Delia, you are ruining that lovely dress," (heartless contrast.) "Come, here's my vinaigrette. I declare you are so obstinate! Such another chance you may never have!"

Her mother whispered something that seemed to restore her animation, so getting up and smoothing her rich dress, she bent down—coughed with all the force she could muster, and thrust her handkerchief in one corner of

the lounge. I happened, accidentally, to see it afterward, and was shocked more than I can tell at the sight of a spot of fresh blood. That poor, young victim!

Delia will never be married. Delia will fill a spot in the church-yard before another year.

"You will kill yourself," I whispered, when I met her again—her cheeks were unearthly red; I never saw her look more beautiful. I was startled at her reply in calm, low tones,

"I mean to."

I caught her hands. "Delia, you're not in earnest?"

"You knew they had sent Willie off!" Willie was a clerk of her father's.

"Yes, but you certainly would never have married him."

"I would have died for him," she exclaimed, wildly, though in an undertone, and clutching at my hand so that she left the finger-marks in red spots. "I shall die for him. They drag me round, night after night, and I cough and cough, and cough, night after night. I know what ails me," she continued, in a reckless manner—"I'm just coughing my way to the church-yard; and I don't much care what becomes of me, body or soul."

Poor child! more to be pitied than blamed. They have crushed her heart—sent away a noble young man whose only crime was poverty. They think to secure her a splendid match—they will wake up to their folly alas! over the coffin.

But not all mirthful, foolish, or sad, was this pleasure-loving company. There was fairy Mabel Summers—betrothed to the man of her choice, and the handsomest gentleman in the room—beautiful, distinguished, rich—she flashed on the sight a creature of joy and beauty.

There were Louise and John Grant—so beautifully devoted to each other! Better that, though they drew the attention of many—better that than the heartless indifference of some married people I beheld. There were present also, old grandfather Wynne and his wife—dear old souls! to look on and enjoy the scene—though they would never have come but for the sake of their little pale grandchild, Geraldine, who is never allowed to go alone with her gallant to parties of pleasure.

As for myself, I came home with a bad headache—and almost as bad a heartache. The face of Delia Hartley is ever before me. I wish I could but save her.

SONG.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

Upon thy dear bosom reposing
How swift the sweet minutes go by!
While Pleasure's soft fingers are closing
The curtains of Sorrow's sad eye.
Forgotten is each recollection
That ever awakened a sigh;
Enclasped in the arms of affection
'Twere happiness even to die.

Oh, would we could live on forever
In such a pure Heaven of bliss!
Will Time be so harsh as to sever
Our spirits from rapture like this!

Such moments so laden with pleasures
How long they will live in our hearts!
Such moments are love's hoarded treasures
From which recollection ne'er parts.

How brightly the future is gleaming,
Tinted over with colors divine!
I am almost afraid I am dreaming
Such rapturous blisses are mine.
I'm asleep in a garden of roses,
How sensuous is their perfume!
May the bliss that my dreaming discloses
Never cease till I rest in the tomb.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR.

BY MINNIE MONTOUR.

I AM alone—no friend is near
To watch me as I weep;
Or wipe away the scalding tear,
Since mother went to sleep!
She lies beneath the marble stone
Placed at her head and feet;
And now her child is all alone,
Since she has gone to sleep!

I sit upon the cold, cold mound,
And as I sit I weep;
But ah! 'tis vain—the dreary ground
Gives not up those who sleep!
My mother's gone! now I must beg
My food from street to street;
For now there's none to buy me bread,
Since mother went to sleep!

WIND AND WEATHER PERMITTING.

BY MISS CARRIE E. FAIRFIELD.

"HALLO! Charlie, stop a minute! I have a word to say to you. What are you always in such a hurry for?"

"Why how are you, Jack? Glad to see you, old boy. Hope you are well."

"Well! yes, of course I am. Did you ever know me to be sick? I don't run myself to death about these confounded dirty, narrow streets, to make myself the lean, asthmatical, dyspeptical-looking individual that you are. 'Gad, how you stand it these hot July days I don't see."

"The city is rather uncomfortable in such a spell of weather as this; but then I'm a business man, and a family man, you know, and can't always leave just when I like to."

"Well, I'm neither, thank fortune, and I can come and go when I please. And that reminds me—I am going out on a cruize, next week, in my new yacht. Tom Jenkins, and Bill Massie, and two or three others of your old cronies will be along; and there is just one berth left for you. What do you say?—will you come along?"

"Thank you, Jack: nothing would give me more pleasure, but——"

"None of your 'buts' to me now: I know what you are going to say; all those excuses about business cares, wife is lonesome without you, and baby has got the measles, I have heard them a thousand times; I tell you, Charlie Trueman, you are killing yourself with close application, and breathing this nasty, impure air. Come out with me a week and try the rough fare of old Neptune, and I'll send you back with a color on your cheek, and a light in your eye, such as your wife hasn't seen since the days you came a courting. It'll do you good, man; it'll do you good, try it once."

"I know it would do me good, Jack. I never see you but I envy you your fresh color and your hearty looks; but then if you had the care of a family, Jack, you'd know the difference."

"Oh! 'hang care; it killed the cat;' twenty families wouldn't alter me a jot. But here you are, ten years younger than I, and tied down to a regular tread-mill round of duties. Wife, baby and the store; I tell you it is making an old man of you before you have seen your prime. Break loose for once, do; and see how it seems. If it

don't do you good, I'll never ask you to try it again."

"Well, Jack, I believe I will. When do you start?"

"Next Monday morning at high tide. Be on hand, now, without fail. I'll expect you."

"I'll be with you, wind and weather permitting."

With a cordial shake of the hand the two friends parted; Jack Benton hopeful that he should once more enjoy the company of his old chum; and still more rejoiced in the prospect of seeing him enjoy a few days of relaxation from the severe labor and application to which, like too many other of our business men, he accustomed himself—and Mr. Trueman, with the reflection of honest Jack's earnest and cordial greeting still glowing at his heart; yet more than half doubting whether the pretty idea of a week's freedom from care, and a taste of real, earnest sport and enjoyment of nature could ever be realized.

Their next meeting was in Jack's room, the Saturday evening before the anticipated cruize.

"Good evening, Charlie Trueman," exclaimed Capt. Jack, as his acquaintances delighted to style the master of the pretty yacht Syren. "Glad to see you; it isn't often that I am honored with a call from you steady, home-loving family men. I suppose my rooms don't look quite as cosy and inviting as though they were rigged up a little oftener by a feminine. Landladies are a different sort of sail from wives, you know. Sometimes I'm thankful for it too: they sail a good deal steadier in the eye of the wind than your light, fancy-rigged craft. Women are very well in their way. I make it a point never to quarrel with them; but I never want to owe them any obligations that I can't pay in good, hard bullion. So long as I keep my distance and am prompt in all my money matters, I never find any difficulty. But about our cruize. You'll be on hand early, I hope?"

"I'm very sorry, Jack, but I am afraid it won't be convenient for me to go."

"Not convenient? Why I thought all that sort of thing was settled; you gave me a promise, old boy; and Charlie Trueman didn't use to be the man to break his word for a little

inconvenience. You'll have to give me a better reason than that before I'll let you off."

"Well, the truth of the matter is, you know, Jack, I hadn't consulted my wife when I told you I'd go. You know I said, 'Wind and weather permitting.'"

"Yes, I know you did," said Jack, dryly; "it struck me at the time there was something in the words I didn't quite understand. So it seems the weather was a little squally when you got home, was it?"

"Why not exactly that, Jack. Mary is one of the best of women, but they are all a little notional, you know, and she don't like to have me go anywhere without her. I went off for a day's shooting in the country once and got cold, and was sick a week for it: and ever since then she has been dead set against my going anywhere for pleasure unless she could go too; which of course wasn't to be thought of in this case."

"Thank the Lord, nobody's daughter is in any such tribulation on my account," said Capt. Jack. "But how is it, Charlie, about her going in the country? Seems to me she generally goes off somewhere, don't she?"

"Oh! yes, she has never failed a summer yet, since we were married, of spending at least six weeks in the country."

"You go with her, of course?"

"No. I haven't time. I generally get out to see her about once a week. But you know I can't leave business in business hours."

"There it is again. I tell you, Charlie, what between your business and your family, you are no better than a slave; not a whit better. I wouldn't give a straw to choose between your condition and that of a full-blooded African in a rice field. Your wife is a nice little woman, I know her; but she is notional, Charlie; notional as the very deuce; and it is high time she had some of these airs taken out of her. She'll be the death of you in five years more. Just see how you have altered in the last five years. A man that hadn't seen you in that time wouldn't know you. Positively he wouldn't. I don't want to raise any fracas in anybody's family, but just wait till I get back from this trip, and if I don't show that little wife of yours her folly, then I'll own myself mistaken."

Capt. Jack went on his cruise, and Charlie Trueman staid at home; I am not sure that several times in the course of that week he did not go down upon the Battery, and look off upon the blue waters and flashing white caps of the bay; and with his mind's eye follow the "Syren" careering jauntily before the breeze under the

skillful guidance of her merry captain; and I am not sure that the thought of Mary and the children, whom indeed he dearly loved, and a prosperous business, to which he devoted himself with indefatigable energy, prevented his drawing a deep sigh; and half envying Capt. Jack his freedom from care, his warm, honest soul, and his merry yacht life. But Mary was a little inclined to jealousy, and he must smother both the sigh and the thought which gave rise to it before he reached home.

One evening, very shortly after the return of the Syren from her cruise, Capt. Jack called at Charlie Trueman's.

"Good evening, Charlie—good evening, Mrs. Trueman; hope I see you well. Well, Charlie, I called to report myself after the last cruise. Had a glorious time, old fellow; the best luck fishing I have ever had yet; it was such a pity you couldn't have been along. Never mind, there's a chance for you yet. I'm going to start out again to-morrow morning, and this time you must go along," and he brought down his hand upon Charlie's knee with an emphasis that was really startling.

Charlie ventured some objections.

"Not a word, sir; not a word. I've let you off once, but this time I'm going to be obeyed. A week of fisherman's luck will do you good; don't you say so, Mrs. Trueman?"

Thus appealed to, Mary, whose brow had visibly darkened, gave an extra flirt to her sewing-work, coughed a little, and finally replied,

"It may do very well for you, Mr. Benton, who have no wife and children to be lonely in your absence, to be off a week at a time yachting; but for a man in Mr. Trueman's situation I must say I think it would be very foolish, not to say cruel," and Mary sighed and looked down upon her work with very much the air of an injured woman.

"Nonsense, Mrs. Trueman; just as if a smart, little woman like you couldn't get along without your husband two or three days; why bless you, madam, what do you do when you are in the country?"

"Oh!" said Mary, with a slight "hem!" "that is very different. But I never did approve of men going off by themselves on pleasure excursions. I think the refining influence of female society highly necessary to keep them from becoming rude and boisterous."

"Ahem!" ejaculated the captain, "I suppose that remark is immediately intended for my particular benefit. Nevertheless, I must say, that if I were a woman, I never would marry a

man whom I could not trust out of my sight. Here is your husband now, a man without an evil habit in the world; why all the persuasions of an angel couldn't tempt him to take a glass of my old Madeira; and yet you cannot trust him three days out of the refining influence of female society. I own we men are bad enough, but I can't see how such a system of discipline and espionage is fitted to improve either our self-respect or our morals."

"Charles is very correct now," replied Mary, solemnly, "and I hope he will always remain so; certainly as long as he shows no inclination to frequent scenes to which he cannot introduce his wife, I shall have no fears for him."

"Oh! well, that is easily enough arranged; suppose we make it a family party and take you all along. There is a nice little cabin in the yacht, which will be entirely at your service; and there will be no one else on board except the mate and cook, both steady, sensible fellows, who mind their own business. I wonder I hadn't thought of it before. I certainly shall take no refusal."

Mary looked things unutterable at this proposition, but Charlie seconded it with his utmost earnestness, and Capt. Jack had so many answers for all her objections, and insisted so strongly upon the benefits which would arise to them all, that she was at last forced to keep silence, while her husband pronounced that at ten the next morning they would all be at the pier, ready to take passage for a three days' sail in the *Syren*.

A peculiar smile flitted over Capt. Jack's face as he stood upon deck, the next morning, and watched the alighting of Mr. Trueman and family from the hack which had brought them to the pier. There were two children, a boy still in his nurse's arms, and a lively, little chatterbox with blue eyes and fair ringlets, two or three years the senior of her baby brother. The whole family, including sundry baskets and carpet-bags, were soon safely stored away in the neat little cabin of the *Syren*.

"Make yourself perfectly at home, Mrs. Trueman," exclaimed Capt. Jack, "all my guests have to learn that lesson. I never use any ceremony on board. You'll find you've got into a real bachelor's den."

"I should think so," said Mary, "by the smell of tobacco smoke. In mercy's name, captain, why don't you open the windows and ventilate this room. Why the smell of smoke won't get out of it in five years."

"I think it is a great chance if it does, Mrs. Trueman; that is if I own the craft so long. I

always take a smoke after dinner myself, and sometimes when we have a pretty jolly company on board, the fog gets so thick down here that we have to bring in candles to see the chandelier by: fact, upon my soul! But then I don't perceive anything peculiar this morning. I had the cabin thoroughly aired for an hour before you came."

Mary remained in the cabin till baby got asleep, and then taking little Ettie by the hand went up on deck. The yacht had already cast loose from her moorings, and was pushing ahead before a fine breeze. They were already half way to the Narrows, and the scene was delightful. Charlie and Capt. Jack stood by the tiller engaged in an animated conversation, which, as it seemed to be mostly concerning regattas and prizes and club suppers, Mary cared little to join. So she walked forward to the bows and busied herself with answering all Ettie's delighted remarks. They had passed Fort Hamilton, and were standing directly out to sea, and Mary was beginning herself to feel the exhilaration of the air and the motion; but presently she became sensible of a rolling and tossing which was not precisely agreeable. Her head grew giddy, a peculiar and indescribable faintness came over her, and she began to wonder whether she wasn't going to be sea-sick.

"I say, Mrs. Trueman," called out Capt. Jack, who spite of his gossip with his old chum never lost sight of his lady guest, (victim I had almost written,) "seems to me you are getting pale. Aren't qualmish any, are you?"

"I do feel a little faint," replied Mary. "Maybe I'd better go below."

"Here, Dick," called the captain to his mate, "stand by this helm a minute, while I attend to Mrs. Trueman. I'll have you all right in five minutes, madam;" and after gallantly assisting her down the steps into the cabin, he produced a decanter of brandy, and pouring out a tumbler half full, handed it to her.

"Just take that right down, madam, and it'll steady your stomach in three minutes' time. There's nothing like good old Cogniac for a qualmish stomach; do you see how smooth it is? Why, madam, it is just precisely like oil on the waters to such a set of unsteady nerves as I see yours are."

"Brandy!" exclaimed Mary, "oh, never! I can't drink it. I never took so much in my life, it'll kill me."

"Nonsense, madam: the merest nonsense, it'll do you good. There's nothing like it for sea-sickness."

Mary grew momentarily more giddy, and

fain at last to do something—drank about half the brandy, and lay down upon the sofa. Sure enough it quieted her sea-sickness; but a burning cheek, and bloodshot eyes, and a heavy, stupid feeling, bore testimony all the afternoon to its stimulating effects.

Charlie, meanwhile, was enjoying himself hugely. He had been trailing his fish-line all the morning, and had the satisfaction of sitting down to a dinner of his own catching.

"Take a piece of this black-fish—do, Mary," he urged, "it is delicious."

"Thank you. I have not any appetite this evening, Charlie, and besides, you know I am not fond of fish."

"Not fond of fish!" exclaimed Capt. Jack. "Is it possible? Why, I thought everybody loved fish, especially when it came dripping right out of the brine. Well, this is bad, for we fishermen depend mostly on Neptune's pork barrel for our supplies. Nevertheless, it may be that my cook can get you up some more delicate dish. If you can make out a dinner upon vegetables, and whatever may come in for dessert, I'll have it attended to at supper-time."

Mary begged the captain to give himself no trouble, as she did not feel the least appetite.

"No appetite, hey? Well, that is queer, too. I never knew it serve a man so. Look at your husband there! I'll venture to say you never saw him lay in a heartier dinner than he will to-day. By about to-morrow or next day, I expect the way the ship stores will suffer will be a caution. But then, I suppose women are more delicate. I don't know but I ought to have thought of that before I asked you to come along. There's Ettie, though, she seems to be enjoying herself. She's got the real girl in her. She'd make a wife for a sea-dog any day. Say, little one, shan't I wait for you?"

Fortune seemed to favor Capt. Jack, for towards evening the wind increased to a gale, the sky became overcast, the sun sank luridly in the west, and all the omens betokened a wild night.

"You are very fortunate, Charlie," said the captain, as he reconnoitered the weather with his glass. "Old Nep has got up one of his prettiest demonstrations for you to-night. By midnight we shall have a grand chorus, with thunder and lightning accompaniments, and such extras in the way of scenery and powerful acting as Max What-do-you-call-him never thought of. Talk about your Italian opera troupes, and your foreign prima donnas, the whole screaming concatenation of them cannot hold a candle to old Nep, when he gets fairly waked up."

The captain's words were verified, and long before twelve the yacht was scudding under bare poles before a stiff gale.

"You have no fears for our safety, I suppose?" said Mr. Trueman to his host.

"Fears! no indeed; the winds might as soon attempt to swamp a Mother Carey's chicken as the little Syren, when it blows off shore. It may drive us out to sea a few leagues farther than we had intended; but it's all in a lifetime, you know, my boy; our cargo isn't likely to depreciate in value if we don't get into port just at the right moment."

After that, Charlie had no further fears, and the grandeur of the scene delighted him. Not so poor Mary, sitting alone in her cabin, for Capt Jack assured her that he needed her husband's assistance upon deck, with the roar of the tempest in her ears, and her children crying at her side; her fears magnified the danger a thousand fold, and she wrung her hands in actual distress. The nurse, an ignorant Irish girl, was on her knees all night, telling her beads, and mingling with her prayers wild cries for help, and inverted blessings upon all who had been instrumental in getting her into such a scrape. "Bad luck to them all, intirely!"

"Oh! it's a terrible gale, madam," she exclaimed, in answer to Mary's entreaties to be calm. "In all my six weeks' voyage across the wather, I never seen the likes of it at all, at all. Shure an' it'll be by good mercy that we iver see the shore again."

As may be imagined, this did not tend to soothe Mary's fears. Presently, however, Bridget's tune changed, and "the most awful sickness intirely" came over her. She retched, and vomited, and groaned, and called on St. Pathrick, and St. Payter, and all the saints in the calendar for help. Poor Mary, who could not keep her feet one moment upon the floor of the cabin, attempted to assist her, but it was very little she could do, and the hatchets were fastened down, so that she could call no help from above.

"Shure and wasn't it brandy the captain give ye when yerself was sick?" groaned poor Biddy, "and didn't I see him put the bottle in the little cupboard forninst the door?"

After a dozen efforts, Mary was successful in reaching the door of the cupboard, and producing the bottle, gave it to Biddy, leaving the doses to be proportioned by her own discretion. The consequence was that Biddy's distress was soon over with, and she lay snoring heavily upon the floor of the cabin, rolling to and fro with every lurch of the vessel.

Morning dawned, at length; the squall was

over, and the gentlemen descended to enquire after the comfort of Mary and the children.

"Oh! such a night!" said Mary. "Hasn't it been terrible? Is the danger over now?"

"Danger!" laughed her husband, "there hasn't been the least danger any of the time. It has been a splendid night. I should have called you up to see the storm, only I knew the rain would wet you through. I wouldn't have missed the experience for five hundred dollars. I just begin to understand the fascination of the ocean. Zounds! if I hadn't a wife, I believe I'd be a sailor myself."

"But hasn't it been a terrible storm, and haven't we come near going to the bottom?"

Both the gentlemen laughed her fears to scorn, and when she recounted the trials of the night, and pointed to Biddy's helpless form, Capt. Jack was nearly convulsed with laughter.

"Well, well," said he, "just to see the difference between men and women. Here were Charlie and I having a glorious time on deck, smoking our cigars, and laughing at the storm, never dreaming but that you were comfortable enough below, while all the time you were nearly going into fits, and making yourselves and each other as miserable as possible."

"Well," said Mrs. Trueman, "I have only one request to make, and that is, that you will put me on shore as soon as possible. If you enjoy such things, I haven't a word to say. You may stay here a week if you like, but I and my children will keep on shore hereafter. Won't you take us home as soon as possible?"

"Certainly, madam, certainly," replied Capt. Jack, "It is a pity though to cut Charlie's sport so short. Why, he is only beginning to enjoy himself."

"I have nothing to say about him," replied Mary, "he may suit himself, and I won't say a word; only put me and the children on shore, it is all I ask."

Capt. Jack complied with the request so readily, as almost to leave room for the suspicion that he was happy to be rid of his fair guest; and Mary, true to her word, consented to her husband's return with the Syren without a murmur; nor could she deny, when he came home at the end of the week, that he was vastly improved in health and appearance.

After that, he accepted frequent invitations to sailing parties from Capt. Jack, and was never obliged to make use of the proviso, "Wind and weather permitting."

MY LITTLE BOY.

BY L. DAME.

I LOVE at eventide to muse,
 Adown the river's side,
 And dream that by me skips along
 My little boy that died.
 Again I hear his merry laugh
 Ring out upon the air,
 And see the rose-tint of his cheek
 Gleam through his golden hair.
 When home returning from my toil
 I reach my cottage door,
 Methinks I hear his little feet
 Come pattering o'er the floor,

And while with half-formed words he tells
 Some childish tale of glee,
 A voice within my heart responds
 To his sweet melody.

I see him at his mother's knee
 Lipping his evening prayer,
 As when with little folded hands,
 He seemed an angel there.
 Alas! 'tis but a passing dream
 From which vain joys are shed,
 And leaves me conscious of the truth—
 My little boy is dead!

LINES.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

Oh! wherefore muse on banished days,
 And wherefore should we always sigh?
 Let's sip the cup that's sparkling now,
 Nor ask for goblets that are dry.
 The past was pleasant in its time,
 It brought us roses faded now;

But are there not some blossoms still
 Can make a chaplet for our brow?
 There's golden memories in my heart,
 More dear than any present joy,
 And yet the present's natch that's bright,
 I would not with vain tears alloy.

THE MAGIC OF WORDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

PETER CRANDALL was not an ill-natured, capacious, or fault-finding man, and yet the home of Peter Crandall was not a happy home. Very little sunshine streamed in across the threshold. Was it his wife's fault? A visitor, who saw her in her usual mood, might, if his conclusions were made from first impressions, lean to this opinion. She inclined to fretfulness and impatience; and often scolded the children when her husband could see little in them to blame.

The Crandalls were poor. Mr. Crandall was a mechanic, and earned only mechanic's wages. Mrs. Crandall was the mother of five children, the oldest of them thirteen years old; but their narrow income left nothing to spare for the hire of a domestic, and so all the work fell upon her. She was toil-worn and toil-weary at the dying of each day; and the same, although not to an equal extent, might be said of her husband. He had more strength for his work, and, therefore, could endure greater fatigue. He had the advantage, too, which was a most important one—of freedom from causes of nervous excitement, and the inevitable exhaustion that followed. He labored on at one kind of work, uninterrupted, all day long; while she was subject to perpetual and annoying interruptions, incident to her position of mother and housekeeper.

Between Peter Crandall and his wife there did not seem to exist much affection. They never spoke loving words, nor manifested, except on rare occasions, any pleasure at meeting, or any mutual interest. The little courtesies of life were something unknown in their cheerless dwelling. Rude, boisterous, quarrelsome, the children grew up, bringing discord into the house that was uncomfortable enough without that disagreeable inmate. The mother scolded and punished in anger; but saw no good result of her discipline. The father sometimes scolded in concert; but always felt an unpleasant sensation afterward, as if he had been doing something wrong.

And so the years went on, and the sunbeams came not across the threshold into their dwelling. Occasionally Mr. Crandall obtained a brief glance into some other homes; and as the pleasant vision passed, a sigh would disturb his bosom. Light and warmth were there.

Something was wrong in his own home; that

he had felt for a great while—and he did not wholly blame his wife. But the exact location of the wrong he could never clearly perceive. In the beginning it was different. Then there was warmth in the heart, and sunshine in the face of his wife. But it was in his memory, marked day after day as a dial records the advancing shadow, how the brightness of her face diminished steadily, until all was eclipsed. Ah! If he had dreamed of the cause! But Mr. Crandall was not a man who looked inward upon his own life—not a man who considered his actions in their effects upon others. He was, moreover, a silent, undemonstrative man; rarely expressing his feelings. He gave few outward signs by which any one could read his heart. Here lay the origin of the trouble at home—the beginning of the eclipse that left his little world in almost total darkness, when it should have been broad noonday. It was not enough for Mrs. Crandall, in the earlier years of their wedded life, to know that her husband loved her. Her heart asked for more. She wanted loving looks and loving words also; and for lack of these, its green things withered and its blossoms faded. Having told her in the beginning that he loved her; having afterward married her in proof of his declaration; and having ever since worked daily for the sustaining of his home, and keeping her as far above want as it was possible for him to do, Mr. Crandall saw no reason why he should be all the time passing compliments. He couldn't do it. It wasn't in him. He would have felt ashamed of it as a weakness!

And so, almost from the beginning, he failed to give those little outward signs of affection—those pleasant tokens of kindness so grateful to all. When his wife said, as was often the case, during the first year that succeeded their marriage, "Thank you, Peter," and smiled gratefully in return for some little act of kindness—or expressed pleasure when he came home from his work at evening, drawing her arm around his neck and kissing him—or told him how lonesome she felt all day, and what a light his coming brought into their little home—Peter Crandall felt a glow of pleasure in his heart. But it did not come within the range of his imagination—dull at best—to conceive that like words from

him would be to the spirit of his wife like dew to the thirsty ground. And so he never expressed pleasure at meeting; but rather affected, from a kind of false pride, a certain coldness, as though it were a lack of manliness to act differently. No matter how many little attentions his wife might show him—no matter what she prepared for his return, nor with what dainty skill she cooked the evening and noonday meals, he never praised; and rarely gave even the meagre reward of expressed gratification. But if things went wrong—if the coffee was bad, or the bread sour, or the meat burnt in cooking, he was sure to speak out; and not always in over choice words.

As Mrs. Crandall began to fail in outward signs of affection, Peter perceived their withdrawal as the gradual failing of sunshine, when clouds gather over the sky in filmy veils that deepen into obscuring curtains. But the cause was to him a mystery. He felt as of old to his wife; and worked for her as cheerfully as in the beginning. The home-feeling was as strong as ever; and, after withdrawing from the outer world, when the night-shadows fell, he had not the beginning of a desire to go abroad from his humble sanctuary, shorn as it was of a chief attraction—the smiles, and loving tones, and words of his changing wife.

From this inauspicious beginning went on, steadily, the unhappy change. The coming of children, which, on their advent, was like the falling down upon them of sunbeams through suddenly rifted clouds, increased instead of diminishing the unpleasant aspect of things in the house of Peter Crandall. If the mother's heart had been cheerful and strong—if her husband had not shut out the light it needed to keep its green things unwithered and its flowers in bloom—this would not have been so. The cheerful spirit would have given life to the body—would have filled every nerve with vital force, and every muscle with strength for daily toil. But the children proved more a burden than a comfort. There was, in their home, so little sunshine, that few green things flourished in their hearts; and the opening of a flower was a rare occurrence. But thorns to wound, and weeds to offend were there, and hourly they seemed to gain a ranker growth.

How it was in the home of Peter Crandall will be clear to every one now. There are, around us, thousands and thousands of such homes, all the chambers of which are made dark or cheerless, for lack of the "small, sweet courtesies" of life, so cheaply given, and so magical in their effect.

One day, Peter Crandall was sent by his

employer, to do some work in the house of a customer. This work happened to be in the family sitting-room, in which were four children with their mother. The lady spoke to him politely when he came in, and the children treated him respectfully. He had been at work only a little while, when his attention was attracted by a request from the mother for one of the children to go up stairs and bring her some article she named. We say request; for this was the form of words uttered. The child went instantly, and was back in a very few moments.

"Thank you, dear," said the mother.

Crandall turned and looked at the child. Her countenance was tranquil and happy.

"Jane, I will take these scissors, if you please?"

Crandall looked again. It was the mother who had spoken. One of the children was sitting on the floor, busily engaged in cutting out pictures. But she started up instantly and brought the scissors to her mother.

"Thank you, dear," was the mother's acknowledgment of the service, as in the former case.

"Will you want them long?" asked the child.

"No, dear; only a few minutes. Then you shall have them again."

The child stood patiently by her mother's side until the scissors were out of service, and then received them.

"Thank you," she said, as she took them from her mother's hand, and then danced back, singing, to her place on the floor where the pictures lay.

All this struck Crandall as beautiful, and he sighed as the harsher image of his own home intruded itself. While yet at work, the husband and father came home. His presence was hailed with delight. Every child had something to show or tell him, and he entered into the feelings of each, praising their little achievements, and approving wherever there seemed a chance for words of approbation. It was the same toward his wife. She spoke of some direction she had given to Crandall.

"That was right," he answered; adding, "How thoughtful you are!"

A pleased smile went over the wife's countenance.

"You forgot your pocket-handkerchief this morning," said the latter, handing a white linen handkerchief to her husband.

"So I did. Thank you, dear!" And he received the handkerchief with as polite an acknowledgment in manner as in words.

Many other little instances of home-courtesies

were observed by Crandall, who left the house, when his work was completed, with a new impression of life stamped upon his consciousness. The image of that pleasant home was fixed on his mind like a thing of beauty. He had dreamed, faintly, of such homes—or read of them in books; but the reality was now before him. The husband and father, whose presence had brightened that home, he knew, in a general way, as a thriving man of business, who came, frequently, to the establishment where he worked. His face wore, generally, a grave aspect—a little sour he had thought. He had not given him credit for much kindliness of feeling; and was, therefore, the more impressed by what he had seen.

The sweet, musical way in which "Thank you, dear!" had been said, reciprocally, by mother and children, many times, and on all occasions of service rendered, no matter how small, had found an echo in his mind, where it was continually repeated, until, "Thank you, dear!" as he mused at his work, came almost to his lips in vocal utterance.

When Crandall went home at nightfall, he was still dreaming over the picture in his mind, and the words, "Thank you, dear," were still echoing there in a kind of low music. He was very much subdued in feeling—almost sad; and there was an air of languor about him, as he came into the room where his wife was at work getting supper ready, that she observed as something unusual.

"Jane, take your father's coat and hang it up," said Mrs. Crandall, to her oldest daughter.

The girl obeyed, but there was no affection in her manner, as she moved, in a listless sort of way, toward her father, and reached out her hand for his coat—Mr. Crandall gave her the garment, saying, "Thank you, dear."

The words were spontaneous, not of design; and spoken with a tender utterance. He was but repeating the tones that were still sounding in his memory.

What instant life seemed to quicken through the child's frame! She gave one glance of surprise into her father's face, and then stepped away with the coat like one well pleased to render a service.

Mr. Crandall was surprised at himself; and, for an instant, half ashamed of what he had done, as if it were a weakness.

"Will you have a glass of water?" asked Jane, coming back to her father.

"If you please."

Mr. Crandall wondered at his own reply almost as much as his wife and children wondered. A

cold, abrupt "yes" or "no," was his accustomed answer to nearly all questions.

With what light feet did Jane trip from the room. In a twinkling she was back, with a cool glass of water for her father, who, as he received it from her hand, said, "Thank you."

To the child, all unaccustomed to such an acknowledgment for any service, these two little words were felt to be a sweet reward.

The father's altered manner and way of speaking, was perceived by the children as well as by their mother; and, as if by magic, the whole sphere of their lives seemed changed.

"Shall I bring down your slippers?" asked Jane, returning to her father.

"Yes, that's a good girl," he answered, "my feet are aching in these heavy boots."

As Jane left the room with springing step, Mr. Crandall commenced drawing off his boots. They were no sooner laid upon the floor, than two little fellows caught hold of them, each desirous of an approving word as a reward for service rendered their tired father.

"I'll put one in the closet, and John the other."

"What brave little men!" exclaimed Mr. Crandall, really pleased at heart, and manifesting his pleasure in the tones of his voice. "I'm a thousand times obliged to you."

Jane returned with the slippers in a few moments, and stooping down, drew them upon her father's feet. When she raised up, with cheeks glowing and eyes dancing in a new light, Mr. Crandall thought her face looked really beautiful.

"Thank you, dear." The words came, now, really from his heart.

Mrs. Crandall looked and listened, wonderingly, while a strange glow pervaded her bosom. What could be the meaning of all this? What new spirit had come over her husband? In a quiet, pleased way, the children gathered around their father, one climbing upon his knee.

"What have you been doing all day, Jimmy?" asked Mr. Crandall of the child.

"Playing," was the simple answer.

"Have you been a good boy?"

"Not all the time," answered the child.

"I'm sorry; Jimmy must try and be a good boy all the time. What have you been playing?"

"Oh, everything. Horses and dogs, and turning up Jack, as mother says."

Mr. Crandall laughed out at the reply, saying,

"You turned up Jack mostly, I suppose."

"Well, I guess I did."

Mr. Crandall laughed again. The spirit of good-nature was transfused into every heart. Even Mrs. Crandall, usually in a fretted state of mind, felt its genial influence.

"Jimmy's been a right good boy to-day," said she, in an approving voice. "His turning up Jack hasn't amounted to much."

Mrs. Crandall was moving busily about, all this time, preparing supper. Jane, who never willingly gave her mother any assistance, and who was rarely called upon because she grumbled whenever asked to do anything, now said,

"Mother, can't I help you?"

"Yes, dear." That "dear," which had fallen so unexpectedly from the lips of her husband, had been echoing in the mind of Mrs. Crandall ever since, and now it came into utterance quite as spontaneously as in the case of her husband. "Yes, dear, you may finish setting the table, while I dish up the supper."

Wondering almost as much at herself as at her husband, Mrs. Crandall, after seeing Jane move with a pleased alacrity about the table, went into the kitchen and soon had all ready. Quite enough to satisfy that appetite had Mrs. Crandall prepared; but her thoughts turned upon something else—something that would give her the opportunity to ask him if she should not get it for his supper. "Yes, dear." How she was longing for the words uttered in the gentle, loving way they had a little while before been spoken—but for her ears alone. At last she turned from the fire, and going to the door of the room, said very kindly,

"Shall I boil you a couple of fresh eggs for your supper, Peter?"

"Yes, dear, if you please."

How the wife's poor heart, which, for years, had lain almost dead in her bosom, leaped with a joyful impulse! What a light flashed over her countenance, making it beautiful, as of old, in the face of her husband. "Yes, dear, if you please." Not even in the voice of Grisi or Lind, would her ears have found such sweet music.

At the supper-table, Peter Crandall praised the coffee, and the fried potatoes, and said the eggs were just what he wanted. Mrs. Crandall looked happy, and was happy. With the vanishing of their father's usual morose silence, and their mother's sour looks and fretful tones, the children's spirits, changing like the chameleon, and taking the hue of things around them, rose into

new, better, and happier states. Contention ceased; and there was something like an emulation of kind offices among them, instead of a selfish grasping of whatever the heart desired.

Suddenly the eyes of Mr. Crandall opened. Even while he was wondering at the magical change produced by a few kind words, a full revelation of the truth came to his mind. A new leaf in the book of his life was turned.

Thought turned once in the right direction, Peter Crandall pondered this new fact in his inner life history—the magic of kind words—and going back to the very beginning, reviewed his own conduct toward his wife and in his family, almost day by day, up to the evening when by the power, almost of a single word, the whole scene changed, and quite as suddenly as we see it, sometimes, in a pantomime. He saw his error—saw and felt how unjust he had been; how cold, and even cruel in his coldness. Very carefully did he guard himself afterward; and very prompt was he in observing all the little social courtesies toward his wife and children which are so beautiful to see, and so sweet in all their influences. The green things flourished again in the heart of his wife, and the flowers bloomed there as of old. The children learned to emulate the kind words, and courteous acknowledgments for all little services, that soon became a habit with their father and mother; and into the kind words spoken, kind feelings soon flowed. It was the beginning of a new order of things in the home of Peter Crandall; where, in good time, the desert blossomed as the rose.

Words appear as little things in themselves, but they have great power. The magic of kind words is wonderful! Try them, ye silent Peter Crandalls, who have fretful wives and contentious children. Try the effect of a little wholesome praise on your tired, unhappy, over-worked companion, and see if it doesn't brighten her pale face as if a whole flood of sunbeams had been poured upon it. Try it with your children, and if you have in you the heart of a true man, you will be so pleased with the effect, that you will keep on trying, until you will scarcely recognize your own household.

LINES.

BY E. E. LAY.

WHAT tho' the casket of the deathless mind
Be not in costliest drapery enshrined;
What tho' the form be clad in plainest dress—
Would ye esteem the soul within it less?

Ye vainly judge, who only judge by sight,
A heart impure or stainless, wrong or right;
Cease then by looks alone the soul to scan,
But try the spirit by a nobler plan.

THE RECOMPENSE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was a June morning, as fair and fragrant, as jewelled with dews and melted with sunbeams, as was ever born of a night. On the west side of the State road, about a quarter of a mile from the village of Mid Haven, stood a small, old-fashioned, white brown cottage, with two silver poplars in the narrow front yard, flashing out like spangled green tents every time the wind blew among the boughs.

At the back of the house was a garden, not very large, but tastefully illuminated with flowers—pinks, and roses, and sweet Williams, while flourishing fruit trees and vegetables told their own story of thrift and cultivation. At the back of the house stood a young man, or boy, somewhere about eighteen years old, nailing to the boards a kind of frame, made of narrow slats and cords, for a young grape vine to clamber on.

He wore a dark pair of pantaloons, and no coat, and his light straw hat was set jauntily on his head. He had a well developed figure, and a sunburnt, but good face. It was very far from handsome. I should barely like to call it fine looking; but there was character in the moulding of the firm mouth, and the flashing of the eyes.

Occasionally as the youth worked he whistled the fragments of some old home tune, but in most of the time he looked grave and thoughtful.

"Ah, Rufus, you're getting on nicely with the frame," outspoke a pleasant voice, and a young girl stood in the kitchen door shaking a tablecloth. There was a strong family resemblance between the brother and sister. The girl was hardly beautiful, but she was really very pretty, with a soft rose blush breaking into the clear brown of her cheek; brown lashes, too, covered a pair of soft, brown eyes, and around her mouth were set half a dozen little dimples, through which smiles were always flashing.

Altogether, she looked fresh, and healthful, and happy, and just what she was, a country girl of sixteen.

"Yes, Mary, I'm getting on very nicely with my work. I shall have it done before I go to hoeing this morning."

"Mother says she knows we'll have a good

harvest this year, 'cause the spring was so late, it's a sure sign."

A slight incredulous smile hovered over the youth's grave mouth.

"Ah, I know you don't believe in signs, but I do. See here, I want you to get through so as to go to singing-school to-night: we're going to have a grand time. Now, do say you'll go with us."

"I can't, Mary, for I promised to recite my Latin lesson to the teacher. You know I have to get hold of him when I can."

There was a most becoming pout among the dimples, and on the cherry lips. "I don't see what in the world you want to be poring over that musty Latin for, eternally. What good will it ever do you—you, who'll be a farmer, of course?"

"What, if I don't choose to be a farmer, though?"

"Why, Rufus, there's no other way, you know. All we own in the world is this little piece of a farm father left us, and there's nobody but you to take care of it. You must be a farmer!"

"But what if I say I won't be one," and the youth lifted up his face to his sister as he said the words, and his mouth was locked up into such a look of resolution, and his eyes flashed out such a fixed light, that you felt that boy's "won't" was irrevocable; that he would compass it, no matter what obstacle lay in his pursuit; that, so surely as he lived, he would triumph.

"Rufus, you are a very strange boy," said his sister, looking at him with something unacknowledged of this feeling. "I wonder what you do intend to make!"

"Something you shall not be ashamed of, at least."

"Well, I don't know what'll become of mother and me, if you leave the farm. It's all our dependence."

"You'll get married some time, you know, and then the happy individual can take the farm off my hands, and welcome."

The girl's cheeks were the color of the eastern sky two hours before. "Oh, Rufus, I should think you'd be ashamed to talk so. I don't expect ever to get married."

"I don't think Joe Granger happens to be of

that same opinion," bending very intently over his nails.

Now the girl's cheeks were the color of the western sky at sunset the evening before, as she fluttered the table-cloth, and tossed her head.

"Nobody cares what his opinion is, any way. I'm sure I don't, and I should advise him to keep it to himself."

Rufus Long hummed a tune significantly. It was particularly irritating.

"Any how, I shall tell Lizzie Dwight that you are a book-worm, and prefer Latin to singing-schools and girls' company."

It was the youth's turn to blush now.

"You may tell Lizzie Dwight just what you please, I'm sure it's no concern of mine," he said, gathering up his nails, and throwing down his hammer on the bench, for the frame was fastened to the side of the house.

A few words will furnish the history of the brother and the sister: Their father was a plain, honest, God-fearing New England farmer. Five years before, while they were both children, he had been called from them, and the sexton said "the turf had never been turned over the grave of a better man."

Mrs. Long was a feeble but very energetic woman. She still supervised the cultivation of the small farm, until Rufus became old enough to take much of this on himself.

But his mother never quite comprehended his character and aspirations, and though she was too fond of him to place any obstacles in the way of his studies, she would have been quite contented to have had him follow the footsteps of his father.

And while Rufus and Mary Long stood chatting together that fair June morning, another brother and sister sat together in the sitting-room of their fair city home.

The former might have been twenty-four, the latter was not more than fourteen. She had a dark, handsome face, and a rather slight, but graceful figure; she was light, with a faint gold hue in her hair, dark blue eyes, and a face that ranged through great varieties of expression.

The young man seemed rather restless, and there was a half troubled, half moody expression on his face, as he sat there running his eyes over the damp columns of the morning paper.

At last the girl looked up, and out of the window, against which a weeping willow swung its long boughs. "Oh, Alvyn, isn't the morning beautiful?" she said, "we ought not to stay in the house another minute."

"I know it, sis, but somehow I don't feel the least like going out."

"You haven't got the 'blues' again!" a mental epidemic to which the young man was peculiarly liable.

"I suspect—what have you there, Wealthy?"

The girl rose up, came round to her brother's chair, and placed a steel engraving of Milton in his hands.

It was a most exquisite picture, representing the poet in his early boyhood, wearing a mantle of black velvet. There was a marvelous, seaphic purity about the boy's face, and an almost heavenly peace and sweetness informed the large, deep eyes, and lingered about the mouth.

It was a face that seemed, even in its childhood, absolved from every expression of evil; you almost expected to find a halo about the high forehead, around which fell the clustering hair, and it seemed as if the face was a poem and a prayer, tender, and sweet, and sublime.

"Isn't it beautiful, Al?" asked Wealthy Reeves, bringing her face down close to the picture, for she was rather short-sighted.

"Yes," looking at the engraving intently. "It is beautiful. Where did you get it, Wealthy?"

"Well, I sold that gold pencil aunt Martha gave me, and the medal I won at school, I wanted the picture so."

"And now you want me to get you a frame for it."

She laughed out a quick, happy, girlish laugh.

"Ah, you're a Yankee this time, Alvyn."

"Well, I'll see about it, but it's very hard to get any money now-a-days."

She leaned over him with a soft tenderness in her dark, mystical eyes. "Poor Al! I'm sorry you've got the blues. Has anything happened to trouble you?"

"Nothing that I can tell you. Wealthy, I wish this minute I was no older than that boy, and just as good as one feels he is, looking at him."

At that moment the bell rang, and a few minutes later there was a summons for Alvyn; a summons to the bedside of John West, who lay dying not far off that fair June morning.

"John West, John West," muttered Alvyn, as he rose up. "I'm sure I've heard his name."

"I think he was an old friend of father's."

"What can he want of me?"

"Oh, Al, don't stop to think now: only hurry away. How hard it must be to die this beautiful summer morning!" and tears choked up the words in the throat of Wealthy Reeves.

Alvyn and herself had been fatherless ten years, and motherless two. Mr. Reeves had failed in business a year or two before his death, and left his family little beside the home he had

built them, which was a pleasant granite cottage in the suburbs of the city.

His wife had a few thousands, which with strict economy had supported the family during her life, and defrayed her son's expenses through college.

He had intended to enter on his professional studies, when the somewhat sudden death of his mother materially altered all his plans. The young man found their pecuniary resources quite exhausted, and he was obliged at once to seek some situation to procure a livelihood for himself and sister, of whom he was very fond.

He procured a situation as book-keeper in some large, wholesale establishment, and though his salary was not large, still he managed to retain their home, and one domestic who was much attached to his family; but Alvyn's disappointment seemed to have soured his disposition and darkened his life.

He was not a strong character, or altogether a fine one, and would most likely be one of those very large class of men that are what circumstances make them. His situation was not altogether agreeable, but I do not think it was merely an intense hunger after knowledge so much as his pride that was disappointed.

Still Alvyn Reeves was a man that a mother and sister might have felt very proud and fond of. He had many fine social gifts, but without, as is often the case, any great length or breadth of intellect.

Half an hour later, the young man stood by the dying bedside of John West. It was in a grey, rambling, old-fashioned house, upon whose roof the storms of three-quarters of a century had beaten.

The dying man lay in the front chamber of his dwelling, and about him stood several distant relatives, who looked curiously at Alvyn as he entered.

The dim eyes of the invalid wandered over the youth's face as he approached the bedside, and then Mr. West gasped, "Leave me alone with the young man for ten minutes: I have a private message for him, that I cannot die without delivering."

Alvyn at once divined that the relatives were reluctant to do this, by the sharp, distrustful looks they fastened on him; but the basest of men can hardly refuse the prayer of the dying, and the three gentlemen and two ladies left the room.

Mr. West signed to Alvyn to look the door, and as soon as the latter had done this, he asked, "You do not know me, young man?"

"No, sir. I don't recollect that I ever had the honor of meeting with you."

"Well, I knew your father, and once I had the pleasure, which I have not often had in my life, of doing him a favor; and he promised me at that time, that if it ever lay in his power to serve me he would do it. I remembered this pledge when the doctor yesterday told me that I could never rise from my bed again, and now, young man, are you willing to take upon yourself the promise that your father, if he were alive, would surely reclaim?"

"I will take it," said Alvyn Reeves, solemnly, for a great awe stole over his soul as he looked on the cold, gaunt features of the dying man.

"Well, God will reward you for this, but what I say must be said to you quickly.

"Thirty years ago a man saved my life. I hardly know whether he did me a favor, for I should have gone into eternity with fewer sins to burden my soul than I shall carry there now, but he has not that to answer for, and he risked his life to save mine.

"It was in the town of Mid Haven, and there was a terrible freshet there; I had gone out in the evening with several others to see the river, which had risen rapidly to an unprecedented height. It was within a few feet of the bridge where we stood. Suddenly the abutments gave way, there was a swaying to and fro, a terrible upheaving of planks and timbers, and the next thing I remember I was in the surging, boiling stream. Twice I rose: the third time, just as I was going down, a man's hand grasped mine, and at last he succeeded in drawing me to the shore, himself completely exhausted, and I nearer dead than alive.

"Well, I meant to reward that man with something better than thanks, but as soon as I recovered I was summoned hastily to the West, and engaged in speculations there forgot him.

"But the memory of that deed has come back to haunt my dying hour, and I cannot leave the world in peace, carrying with me the thought that he is unrewarded.

"Young man, I can look only to you to help me at this time," and the muscles of the man's white face working with pain and the weariness of speaking, he fastened the imploring glance which dying eyes sometimes wear, on those of Alvyn Reeves.

"Oh, sir! tell me what it is! I will do anything to serve you," answered the latter, greatly moved.

"May God make your dying hours easier than mine for that speech!" was the fervent response. "Bend your ear down close to mine, for there may be listeners at the door. I have given all my property to my relatives, but it is not so

large as they imagine, and as I have been delirious through much of my illness, they would certainly dispute any will I should now make on the ground of insanity; they, who I honestly believe, would have left me to perish like a brute if it were not for the thought of my money, which has brought them here to watch with hypocritical faces my dying pangs. But it is not for such as I to accuse others of selfishness.

"The day before I was taken ill, I drew six thousand dollars in gold from the bank, intending to invest it in real estate; but God said, 'To-morrow thy soul shall be required of thee.' The money is in the upper drawer of that bureau, young man, in a small mahogany box. Will you bring it to me?"

And Alvyn went to the great, old-fashioned chest of drawers, unlocked it, and brought the mahogany box to its owner.

The old gentleman took it, and lifting his head grey with more than three-score years from the pillow, he said, "In this box are just six thousand dollars; you'll not need any key, for the owner will break it open. Now, young man, place your hands in mine." And Alvyn placed his hands in the cold ones of John West, and the latter said to him, "Promise me on your word and honor, and by the memory of this hour, and the thought of the one that is coming to you, that you will give this box and its entire contents into the hands of Richard Long, of Mid Haven, the man that saved the life of John West thirty years ago, or into those of his heirs."

"I promise you with my word and my honor," was the solemn reply of Alvyn.

"And may God do to you as you fulfill your pledge," murmured John West, the old bachelor, as his head fell back on the pillow; and then there was a quick knock at the door, the ten minutes had expired.

Obedient to a sign from the old man, Alvyn placed the box in his coat pocket, and admitted the relations again. They flocked in with ill-restrained curiosity and impatience, and applied various restoratives to the invalid, but his conversation and the emotion it induced had evidently greatly exhausted him.

Alvyn feeling himself now an intruder, at once took his leave, and ten minutes later the soul of John West too took its leave, going slowly out on that river under whose grey arches no barque hath ever returned, along whose still shores the lights that are set, and the signals that are hoisted, never gleam down to mortal eyes—the river upon which, sooner or later, all lives must sail out—the River of Death!

"See here, Al, you know we're to close up

to-morrow, on account of the death of Mr. Dill's child," said the principal clerk in the firm of Wells, Dill & Co., as he paused a moment before the desk where the latter was bending over his books.

Alvyn and this young man were warm friends. He looked up from his page with a smile, "I know it, Ross, and I'm glad enough to have a little respite from these tiresome figures."

"Well, 'spose we take a ride out into the country, and have a jolly day of it?"

"I can't, Ross, much as I'd like it. I've got to go to Mid Haven to-morrow."

"To Mid Haven—why that's fifty miles off. What in the world takes you there?"

"On business of a private nature for an old friend of my father's. I can take the morning train and get back before midnight."

"Well, I'm thoroughly vexed about it, Al. Of course you know your own business best, but I had some of a private nature with you too."

"You had? Well, they're closing up now, and it's two hours to dark yet. Suppose we go out in the Park and talk it over to-night, for I shan't have an hour of to-morrow to call my own."

Ross tapped his boot a moment meditatively with his slender cane. "Well, I 'spose I'll have to make a virtue of necessity and talk the thing over now: only make haste, Al, for it'll take some time."

So the two young men left the great, stone store, and went out among the cool shadows of the Park, where the birds sang among the boughs overhead the sweet lyrics of the country, and the fountain struck up its shafts of silver spray.

"Al, how much do you think your old home would sell for—six thousand?" suddenly asked Mr. Ross of his companion.

Alvyn looked surprised. "No, not more than four; but if we desired it the property couldn't be disposed of, as it was so arranged in the will."

The brow of the other clouded. "Too bad—too bad, and to let that fine chance slip," he muttered.

"What in the world do you mean, Ross?"

"Mean! why I mean, Al, that the finest chance has just turned up for you and I to become rich men at a single stroke, instead of drudging all our lives over a miserable salary, that fortune ever opened to anybody. I thought we could secure it for twelve thousand dollars at the lowest calculation. You know my mother has about three, and I managed to screw a couple more on extravagant interest out of my old miser of an uncle; and I thought you and I

might secure the chance by hook or crook. But I guess we shall have to give it the 'go by.'"

"But you haven't told me what this chance is," queried Alvyn, much interested.

And then Mr. Ross went on to state to his friend the opportunity that had recently been offered to him, to speculate in some real estate, owing to some commercial embarrassments of the owners.

The property was in the suburbs of the city, and would be sold for a mere song, although in a few years it could not fail to realize less than two hundred thousand. The young man continued to expatiate with all the eagerness and positiveness of youth on this golden prize, which only secured would make their fortunes. He soon enlisted Alvyn's interest in the matter, and they continued their walk and conversation until the night fell heavily upon them.

"Ah, Alvyn, we might be lucky fellows if we could only get the money," said Mr. Ross, with a sigh, as they parted.

"Ah, yes, if we could only get the money," echoed Alvyn, and then he walked homeward meditating on this thing, and while he meditated the devil entered into the head of Alvyn Reeves.

Every man has dark abysses in his soul that he never dreamed of, and if he of whom I write had looked into his own that moment, he would have shuddered and turned away. But the thought haunted him as he entered his home, and when Wealthy came and laid her soft cheek against his, and wondered at his late return; it haunted him too on that night when he went to his room; and at last this thought, this dark, haunting, fearful thought took him to the drawer where he had deposited the mahogany box.

He lifted it up and looked at it with a new regard and interest. "How lucky it would be," he murmured, "if I owned all that is inside of you!"

"It would make me a rich man in my youth, and there'd be no more toiling and slaving at an uncongenial business, but I could breathe free for the rest of my life. How I wish my father had been the man that rescued John West from the river that night, instead of this Richard Long, that nobody knows anything about!"

"Here's Wealthy, too, the little puss could have all the pictures and books she wants, besides a new piano—she said the other day she was ashamed to ask anybody to play on our old cracked concern."

"Ahem! I wonder if this Richard Long needs this money as much as I do? Nobody knows I've got it, and if I was to use it I might be able

to pay him in a year or two interest and all, but that wouldn't be honest, I suppose, though there's no particular harm in talking about 'might be's.' I must go to Mid Haven to-morrow, of 'course' I must."

That night Alvyn Reeves dreamed that he placed the mahogany box in the hands of James Ross, and that it grew up suddenly into a large tree, whose trunk was silver, whose boughs were gold, and whose blossoms were pearls and diamonds, and all rare and precious stones.

Then he woke up suddenly and sighed to himself that it was all a dream, and after that his slumber was broken, for the mahogany box haunted his soul.

It was a gloomy, lethargic sort of morning, and when Alvyn spoke of going to Mid Haven, his sister looked up from her coffee, saying quickly, "Ah, Al, you're not thinking of going off there to-day? I know it'll rain."

Somehow Alvyn caught at that, and he went to the window after breakfast and thought to himself, "I really believe it will rain, and I shall have a hard time of finding this Richard Long in a storm. I've a good will to put it off until some pleasant day."

Half an hour later the clouds broke up into a light grey. "I really believe it's going to clear off, after all," murmured Alvyn Reeves to himself; "but," looking at his watch, "there's no use of my thinking of getting off to-day. The cars start in half an hour, and I shouldn't have time to shave myself."

Then he strolled down town, and met James Ross, who was still more excited than ever in view of this land speculation. Alvyn became thoroughly convinced that vast fortunes were to be realized out of it, and at last inquired of his friend whether, could he obtain the money for this investment, it would be possible to repay it in a year or two?

James Ross was perfectly confident that the matter was beyond the shadow of a doubt to any reasonable man, and finding from this question that there was some hope of Alvyn's obtaining the funds, he pursued the theme more eagerly than ever.

At last Alvyn hesitatingly admitted that some property had fallen into his hands through an old friend of his father's, but in such a manner that he did not feel he had any right to use it, unless he could raise the entire sum to repay it in a year or two.

James Ross was too much excited to notice his friend's manner, or to entertain a suspicion that the money rightfully belonged to another person. He pursued his advantage, and did not

leave Alvyn until he had given a vague promise to do what he could.

The young man returned to his dinner in that bewilderment of mind, which usually accompanies a great soul conflict between good and evil.

The man who has looked farthest into his own heart will be inclined to be most charitable to others. That old Christ prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," may well follow us out from our cradles to our graves, and he that triumphs and "overcomes" in this great battle of life, is usually most pitiful to his brother, because he knows how sharp and terrible is the conflict.

Oh! Alvyn Reeves did not see the "witnesses" that ranged themselves on each side of his soul, as he sat there that summer noon and communed with himself.

Two hours the struggle lasted, and, with their shining wings, and their faces lighted with radiant triumph, the angels drew close to the young man's heart, they had almost crossed the threshold, but—

He went up stairs, he took the mahogany box from his drawer, and with slow steps went down stairs, and then with desperate ones he hurried to James Ross, and it was told in heaven, and written in the book that shall be unsealed, that Alvyn Reeves was a thief.

Eight years had passed. It was a winter's night, cold, and very clear with a golden illumination of stars, and blazonry of northern lights. In one of the front chambers of a large and fashionable hotel, sat four persons: one was a pleasant-looking old lady, in black silk dress, and lace cap; and the others were, a young man with a dark, thoughtful, scholarly face, and a lady, young, and with a bright, lovely expression that was more attractive than a considerable degree of beauty, as she bent down her head to the wooings of the sweet babe she held on her lap.

"It's almost seven," said the lady. "Baby'll be good, and stay with the nurse, while mamma and grandma go to hear uncle Rufus lecture. Oh!" lifting her hand suddenly, "isn't it too bad, Joe wouldn't come?"

"Yes, my dear Mrs. Granger," laughed the thoughtful-looking young man, "it's too bad your husband should be obliged to stay at home and measure off tape and ribbons, while his wife runs off to the city to see her brilliant brother spread himself. Well, he can never know what he's lost."

"Now, see here!" retorted the vivacious lady, "I won't have you making fun of my poor husband, Rufus Long, if you are a genius and a lec-

turer! He's the best man in the world, not even excepting yourself."

"I've always endorsed that opinion ever since he took the farm off my hands, for which most unselfish act I paid him off with the hand of Miss Mary Long."

"Come now, children, do talk sensible; you're always joking each other," interposed the pleasant faced old lady.

"Well, you know, mother, Mary's never quite forgiven me, because I would be a scholar instead of a farmer."

"Haven't I though?" answered the sister, and now her face was almost beautiful, as she lifted it suddenly, and flashed upon her brother a glance, full of pride and love.

"Forgive me this time, Mary, and I'll never say so again," and he leaned down and kissed her very tenderly.

And just at this time another brother and sister stood together in the parlor of a pleasant home in the suburbs of the city. You will recognise him at once, for the handsome face of Alvyn Reeves has not changed much in these years: except that its expression is more cynical and troubled than when we saw it in its early manhood; and looking at him, you feel, somehow, that the years have not passed pleasantly and smoothly with him—that there is, somewhere, a fountain of bitterness and unrest in his heart.

The parlor is very tastefully furnished, its predominating color being crimson and gold color. Pictures brighten the walls with the faces of genius, and the landscapes of the tropics; and valuable books, and a costly piano, indicate the æsthetic tendency of the owners.

"Are you quite able to go out this evening, Wealthy?" inquires the young man.

"Oh, yes, quite. Ah, I've gotten entirely over my cold. There, how do I look now in your new furs?" and she turned from the mirror and smiled before him.

He might well have been proud of her, as she stood there, her small, graceful figure enveloped in black velvet and sables. Yet, Wealthy Reeves was hardly beautiful. Her broad, overshadowing forehead—her dark, blue, variable eyes—the thin, pale features—the large, fine mouth, would scarcely, in repose, have won the commendation of an artist.

But every one who knew her well, felt the charm of her face, with its infinite varieties of expression—with its outflashes of laughter, and its tender shadowing of sadness. She was rather shy and reticent with strangers, and was very fond of books and studies, many of which were of an almost masculine character.

But those to whom she opened the caskets of her soul, had gleams of rare and wondrous treasures, and to know Wealthy Reeves, was to love her tenderly and forever.

"Well, I never saw you looking better than you do to-night. How becoming those furs are to you, sis!"

"Yes, and how kind you were to remember me with these, on New Years'! Ah, Al, you are the best brother a sister ever had."

And she looked at him very tenderly as she stood there drawing the kid gloves over her fair hands.

He was a brother, kind and tender as ever a sister had. Whatever sins might be laid to his charge, his fondness for that delicate orphan girl would always shine a beautiful and steady light over all that was weak and wicked in the character of Alvyn Reeves.

"Come Al, get your hat and shawl. It's quite time we were starting."

"Do you know who is to lecture, to-night, sis?"

"Mr. Long, I think, is the name. He's a young man. What makes you start so?"

"Nothing, I didn't know that I did."

An accident occurred at the hall, on the evening of that lecture, which seriously injured several people, as a part of the gallery had given way.

Wealthy Reeves sat under this, but as the hall was much crowded, her brother was obliged to take another place. A beam had struck, stunned, and most likely would have killed the young lady if the force of the fall had not been checked by the lecturer, who sprang from his desk, and struck the falling column aside.

"You have saved her life, sir, my precious sister's. How can I thank you?" said Alvyn Reeves, two hours later, as he stood in his parlor with Rufus Long.

"My dear sir, you do not owe me any thanks. I can only thank God that I stood near enough to rescue her. But you do not apprehend that she was in the least degree injured?"

"Not at all, the doctor and she herself assure me so, though she is very much exhausted with fright. What a terrible scene it was!"

"Terrible!" and both the young men shuddered.

"It was so unfortunate, just in the middle of your lecture too."

"Oh, that is too small a consideration to be named now; but here is my card. Will you allow me to inquire about your sister's health to-morrow?"

"We shall both be delighted to have you do us that honor," and so the young men shook hands very cordially, and separated.

Alvyn Reeves returned from the front door to the light in his parlor, and read the card, "Rufus Long, New Haven."

"He threw it on the table, and strode up and down the room, and his white face worked fearfully. "So," he muttered, "my sin comes back to curse me. Would to God I had never done that deed!"

That old speculation of his had in no wise proven as profitable as he anticipated; yet, occasional sales of the land, as it rose in value, had enabled him to supply his home with every comfort and elegance.

He still retained his old situation of book-keeper, and, with an increased salary, had become somewhat more reconciled to it, though he had never seen the time when he could conveniently right the wronged, by returning the property of which he had defrauded them.

The intention which he cherished of doing so had always been a narcotic to his conscience; but, of late, he had not frequently thought of this matter, until the sight of Rufus Long had aroused his memory and remorse.

The next day Rufus Long called, Wealthy was able to see him, and personally expressed her thanks. This, at once, removed all social barriers between the two young people, and their conversation diverged to other subjects, and there were many upon which they could sympathize.

Rufus Long remained a long time, and the pale, sweet face of Wealthy Reeves, lighted by the magical lights of her soul, haunted him all that day.

For the next three months he called very frequently at the residence of Alvyn Reeves, and a new bloom was sown in the cheeks of Wealthy Reeves, every time she heard the sound of his footsteps in the hall. Have I not said to know her was to love her?—and Rufus Long did know her, as no other man or woman on earth did.

One day the brother and the lover met alone in the parlor of the former's house, and Rufus said to Alvyn—and his voice wavered through the words, as a man's is apt to once in his life—"I have offered to her all that I have to give, my heart, my hand, and a name untarnished by one act of my life; I could not add to this now a fortune, but we are both willing, husband and wife, to wait together for this. Will you give me your sister, Mr. Reeves?"

For a few moments there was silence, then Alvyn sprang suddenly up, "I will answer you in three days from this time," he said; "but now, I am choking, choking!" and he hurried

out of the room, out of the house, and left his astonished, dismayed guest alone in the parlor.

Three days later the two met here together again. The small mahogany box, around which clung such a history, stood on the table between them, and for a long time Alvyn Reeves talked with his guest, in a low tone, with a lowered head, as though every word were a pain and a shame unto him, and his auditor listened with blanched face and wonder-struck eyes.

At last, in conclusion, Alvyn rose up, and taking the box, said, "So, that very day on which you asked for the hand of my sister, I had the opportunity of disposing of my share in this land, at a price which would just pay you interest and all the money which was your rightful due. I resolved to do, and have done it, and my Wealthy, when she goes to the altar with you, will go there the sister of an honest man—of a man who, having done wrong, has done what he could to repair it—and who, out of his own experience, can testify, that there is no peace to the wicked. Here, Rufus, is the money;" and

there was rejoicing in heaven over the soul of Alvyn Reeves.

The young man drew back, and there were tears in his eyes. "No," he said, "you have given me another, a better gift, you may keep the money!"

"Never!" cried Alvyn, striking his clenched hand down vehemently on the table, "a single dollar of it would burn into my soul, like a coal of fire. Take it for your sake and Wealthy's, Rufus." And Rufus took it.

Afterwards, this subject was never alluded to between the young men, and, in a little while, Wealthy Reeves became the most blessed and happy wife of Rufus Long: but there was a passage in the lives of her brother and her husband that she never read. Years afterward, too, Alvyn Reeves became an honorable and prosperous merchant, a beloved husband and happy father; and it may be, that the memory of the sin of his youth, made his whole after life higher and better.

Unto all of us, "oh, God, be pitiful!"

THE TWO GRAVES.

BY L. ST. JOHNS.

SLANTING shadows lie across,
Shadows of the yew and willow,
Where the summer breezes toss
White rose leaves upon her pillow—
High the sculptured marble shaft towereth over all.
Birds of spring, and birds of summer,
Tune their sweetest plaintive lays,
While the never-ceasing murmur
Of a brooklet softly plays—
Loving dear ones daily pray by the mossy tear stream pall.
Where the prairie winds blow roughly
Many, many leagues away—
Nought but prairie grasses wiry,
To cast a shadow all the day,

Save the wing of screaming wild-fowl, or a scudding cloud a sail.

There the wolf howls nightly requiem,
The serpent rattles o'er his head;
Burrowing owls hoot harshly round him,
Strange music for the lonely dead—
They who wait the wanderer's coming wait with watchings pale.

They who walked in life together,
Hand in hand and heart with heart,
Now sleep—one calmly as the other,
Though many, many a league apart;
One so wildly pillowed, one hedged about with love and art.

MAUD ADAIR AND I.

BY J. H. M'NAUGHTON.

ONE year ago we were sixteen,
Maud Adair and I;
With dapper tread we tript the green,
Maud Adair and I;
But Maud Adair is lying low,
She left poor me three moons ago,
We ne'er shall meet again below,
Maud Adair and I!
One year ago, with hand in hand,
Maud Adair and I,
We roamed the sunny hill and strand,
Maud Adair and I;

But one sad eve with tearful eye,
She whispered sweet a low "good-bye;"
We'll meet again up in the sky,
Maud Adair and I!
How happy were we, and how true,
Maud Adair and I!
Like elm and ivy upward grew
Maud Adair and I.
Oh, be thy spirit ever near
To whisper softly words of cheer—
While God doth guard, what can we fear,
Maud Adair and I?

TORMENTORS.

BY A. L. OTIS.

THE Tormentors didn't all go out with the Indians. By no means! We have an active race remaining, and a friend of mine, who is the victim of one set, has taken daguerreotypes of those she suffers under. This was an effort of pure philanthropy on her part, that others may know their enemies under the skillful disguises which they assume of friend, lover, relations, and self.

MR. VRUM.

Mr. Vrum is a "one-idea" man—so he thinks himself a genius. As his one idea can only express itself through the medium of a French horn, his genius may be supposed to be a blessing unacknowledged as such by his wife; especially as he claims prerogative of having, and cherishing, the infirmity of some great geniuses—a trying temper.

Whenever he makes a false note, some one beside himself is to blame, and he turns to snarl at his wife, or send his child out of the room.

He longs to impart his art to others. He must have a disciple to domineer over. In an evil hour his wife consents to learn of him, and he becomes her teacher. Thenceforth she is a slave to his call—cakes in the oven, coffee in the Etna, bread in the pan must be left instant, and go to destruction, for nothing on earth is so important as music.

When she cannot understand his long musical terms and phrases, he cries,

"Is such stupidity possible?" and leaves her to find out his meaning for herself—to sharpen her intellect. Does she make a false note?—a sudden start and emphatic ejaculation paralyzes her fingers. She cannot proceed for trembling, and he finishes the lesson by saying that he had rather work hard all day than drudge at teaching. With a whine he sighs out that this comes of an intellectual and musical organization being mated with—well, he will have forbearance!

When other music-mad professors come to perform with him, woe to his wife, children and guests! They must be mum, noiseless, and voiceless for four hours or so, on a stretch. He likes to be heard and appreciated, and bad luck to those in his power who disappoint him! If folks have not the good taste to prefer his music even to their own thoughts, they ought to be made to like it for their own good, and he proceeds accordingly.

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Mr. Vrum is looking forward to the time when his son will display musical genius. But I think the holy horror the child has imbibed of him and his horn, would overmaster, kill, and bury out of sight the genius of a Beethoven!

THE MISSES MANCIPATE.

They pride themselves upon outraging good taste, which they call "fashion and folly," not perceiving any difference between these three things. Not content to live out their independence modestly, they boldly demand your admiration for their eccentricity.

"We like to be in the stable and kennel. No mawkishness about us!"

"We need no man to manage our affairs. We can bargain and trade as well as any one."

"We may dress as we please—in Bloomer or not—we can afford to laugh at remark."

"We are not weakly to be turned from our course by the advice of friends."

Is this independence? Well, they think so, and they force acquiescence in this belief upon all with whom they come in contact—at the point of their tongues. Poisoned weapons, who can withstand?

MR. VANITAS.

He goes to visit a friend—stays a month at his house—makes himself generally at home by every kind of interference in his domestic affairs, and believes he has placed that friend under everlasting obligations to him for the pleasure of his society! He obligingly favors his hostess with his company all day long. Does she bid him not put himself to the trouble of such constant attendance—he replies, "Oh, he would sacrifice anything for the ladies' pleasure," so chivalrous as he is!

He will insist upon being floor-manager at his hostess's little dancing parties, and will be so obliging as to give instructions in the art of graceful carriage to the lady guests, assuring them that there is nothing so pleasing to himself and other gentlemen as grace, and if they cultivate that, their aim in life will be answered by their attracting favorable notice. Pretty attitudes, he says, are "so attractive in women," and he kindly spends hours showing them into what clumsy ones they can put themselves—if they try hard enough. He feels like Apollo. He thinks others see an Apollo in him.

There is nothing this man will not attempt to do, or teach, and nothing, I may say, that he will not fail in, except in raising a laugh at his own expense in the first week of his visit—impotent anger in the second, (for he is hint-proof,)—woe-begone despair in the third—and wild hope of a speedy and blessed deliverance in his fourth. The fates snatch him away at last. Thanks be to them!

MISS CROAK.

This dear creature's solicitude about her friends' welfare is excruciating. She accuses them of being ill—they deny it—she convicts them, and reiterates, until dejection overcomes them, and they yield themselves a feeble and unresisting prey to the headache she prophesies. "They must lie down." They don't want to—but they do. They just doze in the first bliss of conscious slumber, when she opens the creaking door to say,

"How are you now? Oh, I have waked you! I am so sorry! Can't I do something for you? A cup of tea, or strong coffee? a hot brick? a bottle? a flannel? a mustard plaister? a wet towel? another shawl? a foot-bath? At least a shake of the pillow! But dear me, I'm rousing you! Try to sleep—do."

The creaking door closes, and the patient drops off from the fret of answering into the calm of unconsciousness—when the door creaks again, and she comes once, twice, ten-times, with fifty fresh offers and apologies! "Oh, cruel kind!"

MRS. BUGABOO.

She is a lady of a very active mind in imagining dreadful things. What a comfort she is to her friends! Her husband has a store down town, and every morning there is a tender parting scene.

"Must he go? Must he run such fearful risks? He may meet a wild bull, or a mad dog. He may be garotted—he may be crushed by a falling house—he may be run over. Every time he returns he has been "miraculously restored to her," and must manifest sufficient joy for the occasion.

He wants a little sport in September. "Go shooting! Oh, fearful suggestions of the Evil One. No, indeed! She should die with fright if he only handled a gun." And indeed she has taken the precaution to spike his favorite fowling-piece with an old nail, and has put the gunpowder under the pump. If he will go—he will find her stiff and dead upon his return home, and will be forever after haunted by the remembrance of his barbarity. Her fears are too violent to be disregarded, and her husband is a prisoner.

He comes home tired and wants his fireside comforts. Run up stairs for his slippers as his boots are muddy? Risk her life for a little mud, or for the ease of slippered feet? Isn't it after dark? Perhaps there may be a robber in every closet, and under every sofa and bed, ready to catch her by the feet if she heedlessly approaches them. No, it wouldn't be silly of them to do that, for they would, of course, have taken care to inform themselves of the habits and customs of the family, beforehand, and they must know her voice always fails her in any danger! No, it's not foolish to fear robbers, and he needn't try to persuade her to do without her hatchet, (with which she threatens his life almost every night, mistaking him for a burglar,) for she couldn't sleep without knowing it to be under her pillow. And as for her watchman's rattle—it is very ill-natured of her neighbors to object to being roused now and then, on false alarms, because some day she may sound a true one! What if her family are afraid to stir at night lest the efficacy of her hatchet should be tried upon them? It is as well to keep them quiet, for the alarm of hearing anybody up in the night would be the death of her. No—she don't exactly believe there is a band of robbers stationed outside the front door every night, ready to burst in—but there might be, for all she knows! And the grocer's man, or the gas-men, who come into the house now and then, may examine the locks, and return at night to make use of their knowledge by picking them.

She thinks it behooves everybody to sit still after nine o'clock at night and listen for burglars. She constantly gives the alarm of danger—she hears clashing swords—and though this time it is only cleaning knives in the kitchen, some time or other it may be swords indeed! Well—if her husband had rather be run through at once, than strain his ear for years, she hadn't, and she should think a whole life's anxiety and listening well repaid, if she detected and escaped a robber at last by it! Akin to Mrs. Bugaboo is

MRS. FUSSY,

Whom, however, we can consider in but one or two of her most prominent aspects.

To go riding is a solemn occasion with her. Everybody in the carriage must give up conversation and look out for accidents. She devotes herself faithfully to that, expects as much of her friends. The unfortunate gentleman who drives, (she never rides with professional drivers, considering them frightfully rash and dangerous animals,) must mind his p's and q's. He must

have at least a yard's space between the wheels of her carriage, and those of any one which passes them. If the horses go out of a jog-trot, she will seize the reins, or more likely only one of them, and the more the obedient beasts turn, the harder she pulls it, exerting herself meanwhile to keep them tractable and calm by her screams.

Is the carriage to be turned?—let her out! No danger—a wide road! What nonsense! She had rather stand in mud ankle deep than run the risk.

What are those uncomfortable rolling stones in the bottom of the carriage? Only to throw at dogs, if any should spring out at them. It is such a comfort to be provided against emergencies. Never mind the damage to toes.

Hush! Wasn't that the railroad whistle? Stop the horses. Let no one speak. All strain their ears. She must get out and run forward to peep up and down the track. The cars passed half an hour ago, but that is no reason why they shouldn't pass now that she can see. The twentieth time she had been out of the carriage that day! Well, she would cheerfully get out fifty times for the sake of enjoying her ride in safety.

On a journey by railroad, she generally has to

stand, because she cannot decide which is the safest place to sit. She has to balance nicely between the risks of being smashed by a collision with a train coming toward her, or run into from behind by one overtaking her. One fate or the other she is sure awaits her, and makes up her mind to it with groaning and trembling.

If her husband has a headache, she is sure it is a symptom of small-pox, yellow fever, or cholera. He will surely die. Let her prepare for the worst, and learn betimes to resign her dearly beloved to his untimely grave.

Has she a finger-ache, heaps of medical works are consulted; for as doctors don't make enough of her pains and aillings, she scorns them. Every day her symptoms point to some new and fearful disease, under which she suffers tortures, until she reads the description of another malady, when behold—she has that, and is almost sinking under it. She has fifty incurable illnesses a year, and her friends are almost tempted to hope that some of them may prove fatal.

There—that will do for once.

Do you ever see the reflection of any of these tormentors, dear reader, when you look in the glass? If you do—beware of them—they are your worst enemies.

EFFIE.

BY LILIAS M——.

VINE-wrought shadows flock the casement
As the zephyr sways each leaf;
Woe-wrought shadows, dark'ning o'er us,
Fill our hearts with bitter grief;
Mingling with the pine tree's sighing,
Dirge-like, wail the sad wind-tones,
While each throbbing heart, replying,
Poureth woe in sobbing moans.
Twilight's mantle, slowly drooping,
Wraps the world for tranquil sleep;
Darkest gloom each heart encircles,
We can only watch and weep;
Weep and pray—for darling Effie
Lieth hushed like one who dreams;
Heeding not earth's deep'ning shadows,
Light from Heaven around her gleams;
For the pearly gates are opened,
Angel forms are flitting through,
Effie's spirit, filled with rapture,
Joys to catch the glorious view;
Yet fond eyes are watching o'er her,
Loving hands, with earnest clasp,
Fain would win her back from Heaven,
Clinging close with trembling grasp.
Effie dearest, e'en the angels
Woo thee not with love so deep!
Effie purest—our Evangel—
Leave us not alone to weep!

Heeds she not our bitter wailing,
Hears she not the anguished moans,
For bright angels, hovering o'er her,
Strike their glad harp's sweetest tones.
Brow and cheek are paler growing,
Faded is the red lip's hue,
Seems she like a stricken blossom
As we gaze with tear-dimmed view;
Yet a holy smile is gleaming,
Heaven-lit, o'er her lovely face,
Never more may earthly sorrow
On her cast its woeful trace.
Darling! tho' all life seem dreary,
Though with thee all joys depart,
Yet no longer will we bind thee
Weaving earth-cords round thy heart.
Fare-thee-well, our own sweet Effie,
Rose-buds white around thee lie,
Crowned with lilies we will leave thee,
Golden crown thou'lt wear on high!
We will tread our lonely pathway,
Lending oft a helping hand
To the pilgrim bands that wander
Onward to the Heavenly Land.
Effie dear, the path is gleaming,
Earthly shadows fade from view
In the glorious light that's beaming
Through the gates now open'd for you!

CATHARINE LINCOLN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM VOL. XXXIII., PAGE 451.

CHAPTER V.

"MADAM—Mrs. Lincoln!"

"Hush, Janet, not that name—not that!"

"And why not, I should like to know—will they even try to take your own lawful name away from you? Shame on them, for a set of mean, sneaking——"

"Don't, Janet! Remember my husband is dead, do not say anything that reflects upon his memory."

"It wasn't him—oh, no, I'll never believe it! Girl and woman I lived a many years in Robert Lincoln's house, and I know that the man who was so good to my lone mother fresh from the old country, couldn't do a thing like that. He was set on, I tell you, mistress, worked up to it by somebody; there's a plot somewhere, but if ever I find it out, as sure as my name is Janet Brown——"

"He believed me innocent, they were the last words he spoke!"

"Bless him for that! He had his faults, but he was a good man, was Robert Lincoln, and I know he couldn't long have had a doubt of you, his pride and blessing."

The lady lay back against the pillow of her chair, and a sudden movement of the head sent the long masses of pale brown hair, which took a hue like threads of gold in the sunlight, over her face, half concealing it from the sight of her companion. The sickly pallor about the melancholy mouth increased, and a shadow crept over the mournful eyes, which sank as if she would have shut out life and consciousness forever.

It was a low, scantily furnished bed room in an upper story of the old house, to which the homeless wife had been driven upon the night succeeding her husband's death.

The appearance of the room betrayed the poverty of its owner, but everything was scrupulously neat, and there was a painful attempt to make the room look cheerful and bright. The floor had been scrubbed until it looked clean and white, a narrow strip of rag carpet extended from the bed to the fire-place, where a small fire burned cozily. The rafters overhead were

white-washed, and a muslin curtain, carefully patched and darned, but which had once been finely wrought, as the half-worn embroidery showed, was gathered over the window to shut out the view of the wretched street below. A chest of drawers stood in one corner of the room, the top covered with a worn napkin, upon which were arranged the few treasures the poor woman possessed—few and humble enough they were, but from the cracked china teapot and cups down to the little broken wooden doll, they were prized by Janet Brown as the most costly articles of luxury never were by more wealthy possessors.

An old rocking-chair was drawn up near the fire, and in it sat Mrs. Lincoln supported by pillows, pale and exhausted, but with an eager expression in her face, which betrayed the fever within that gave strength to her worn-out frame. Her slender hands were clasped over her knee in an attitude habitual with her, and which gave a drooping, despondent air to her whole person, more painful than any audible expression of suffering.

"Mr. Morris does not come," she said at length, "can he refuse me even that?"

"Hark! there's a loud knock at the door down stairs—I'll run and look."

She hurried out of the room, and Mrs. Lincoln staggered to her feet, and moved feebly toward the door.

"He's come, he's come," exclaimed Janet, rushing back, "I heard them tell him I lived up stairs. Just go out into the other room and see him, I'll slip down the back way so as not to disturb you."

Mrs. Lincoln gathered up her feeble strength, and tottered into the outer chamber just as the old man entered. She could not speak—could only stretch out her arms with an imploring gesture, which Mr. Morris did not heed. He looked suspiciously around the room, glanced at her dress, and unconsciously his heart hardened a little.

"You sent for me, madam," he said.

"My child," she gasped; "tell me where she is?"

There was something so wild in her manner that it hardly looked like grief—it seemed rather as if she had determined to dare all sooner than relinquish a single claim.

"Where is May?" she repeated, passionately. "You have no right to keep her from me—you shall not do it! Give me back my sister."

"Some explanation appears necessary upon this point," returned Mr. Morris, unable to determine what feelings actuated her, and in spite of his justice, somewhat prejudiced by the accusations which had been poured into his ear since he last saw her.

"What explanation? I want my child—my sister."

"You know that before your father's death the child was legally adopted by my nephew!"

"Well?"

"No one else had any control over her——"

"I had," she interrupted, "she was mine!"

"At all events," he continued, hardened by her passionate tone, "in your husband's will she is taken from your care."

"Oh, no, no!" she shrieked, "not that, anything but that!"

There was an agony in her cry that made itself felt; Mr. Morris' eyes softened for an instant.

"It is so written."

"But it cannot be—he believed me—he would have given me my child again! No one on earth had the right to keep her from me—where is she?—tell me, let me go to her!"

"This violence is out of place, madam, it would only tell against you before the most unprejudiced."

"Violence! Can I be calm when they are tearing out my very heart-strings? You are a good man, they say, an upright and a just man—oh, do not torture me to this extent. Give back the child."

"It is out of my power, madam; the will strictly forbids it."

"Then I will contest that will!" she exclaimed; "it is an unjust, cruel will—my husband would have revoked it if there had been time!"

"Oh, madam!" returned the old man, "respect at least that husband's memory and your own reputation."

"I will have my sister, there is no law strong enough to keep her from me."

"Listen to me, madam," said Mr. Morris, motioning her to a seat. "I have no harsh feelings toward you, but I desire to do justice on every side. Your husband made that will believing it right to cast you off forever."

"But he knew that he was deceived—before he died he knew it."

"Alas, madam, we cannot tell! At all events the will is made, and you cannot alter it. Your character has not been injured by any report of the facts, and if you remain quiet no scandal will arise, but the instant you go into court to contest that testament everything must be revealed."

"But there is nothing—the charge was false, false!"

"But can you prove it? God grant that you may be able!"

"Prove it?" she repeated, in a bewildered tone. "Did I not prove it to my husband on his death bed—he believed me?"

"But have you nothing beyond this?"

"What could I have?"

"Then you are indeed to be pitied!"

"I do not understand you! But we are only wasting the time—take me to my sister at once—I tell you that there is no reason why she should not be with me."

She rose again from her seat as if she would have hurried away in search of the lost darling.

Mr. Morris looked at her, perplexed and unable to form any decision; he compassionated the expression of wearing anxiety in her face, but it was impossible for him to decide whether it was the anguish of a wronged and suffering woman, or the madness of remorse mingled with a hard determination to brave everything, and carry out the ends for which she had labored. His nephew's words came back to his mind—the promise which he had made by the bedside of that dying man to deal gently with her, to screen her from all consequences of her fault if she were guilty, to protect and do her justice if she ever proved her innocence.

"You must listen to me, madam!" he said.

"You cannot go to your sister, by your husband's will you are forbidden ever to see her."

She was looking at him now—her brain had freed itself from the mist of agony and fear—she listened and understood, making him a sign to proceed when he paused, standing there white and cold as if his words were slowly chilling her to marble.

"But there is a clause by which you are to have her again, if you ever prove those charges to be false."

"And who is to decide?" Still in the same singular tone.

"That decision rests with me, my nephew bequeathed it as a dying trust."

"And you will not believe me—you are what the world calls a good man—and you refuse to do this?"

"My own convictions can have no weight, madam, the evidence must be clear and conclu-

live as if I were seated on any judge's bench in the court room. Bring this evidence—prove those letters to be false—trace them to their author, and your rights will all be restored to you."

Her head sank, she pressed her hand over her eyes in a vain endeavor to think—to find some clue.

"All is over," she shuddered, "all is over!"

"The income which comes to you by right, as the widow of my nephew, will be regularly paid," pursued Mr. Morris, hearing only an echo of remorse in that moan, "it is sufficient to make you almost a rich woman——"

"And you think I would take it?" she interrupted, with something of her olden pride. "Ah, you do indeed believe me degraded when you propose this! I will not accept it—I have a right to my husband's entire fortune, or to no part of it."

"It is settled upon his adopted daughter."

"Then keep the whole for her—I ask no money—what could the wealth of the Indies do for me now?"

"But you must live, madam——"

"Not on that pittance doled out to me in commiseration of my helplessness, sir—I would die ten thousand deaths first! Do not believe me so fallen as that—at the worst, I have a friend who will work for me, struggle for me, and at last die with me," she continued, as Janet's honest face and strong will came back to her memory.

Mr. Morris turned away with a shudder of disgust, which she did not heed.

"Remember, madam, you are addressing the uncle of that dead man—do not insult him through me!"

"I tell you I will never touch a penny of that money," she returned, mistaking the tenor of his words, "by the labor of my own hands will I earn my existence rather than that."

Mr. Morris rose to go with sterner feelings toward the woman than he had ever before felt.

"The first instalment of your income will be duly paid by the administrators of the estate," he said. "For your own sake I advise you to remain perfectly quiet; any scandal which may arise only ruins you, and more than that, blights the existence of that child whom you profess to love so fondly."

"The child," she muttered, "the child!"

"I say this in all kindness, and it is this feeling which prompted me to offer you immediate assistance——"

"Do not insult my helplessness," she interrupted, while the inherent pride of her nature

broke over the pale face, "I am a woman and unable to defend myself, but at least respect the dignity of your grey hairs."

"You have misunderstood me," he said, moved to admiration instead of anger, by the nobility of soul which spoke in her look; "I am a just but not a cruel man. I shall now bid you farewell—at any time, and in any place, you will always find me ready to award you justice, if you can bring me proof that you have indeed been wronged."

He moved toward the door—she stood for an instant paralysed by the thought that all was over, no hope, nothing left but the reality of her despair. His hand was on the lock before she could utter a sound, then her white lips parted.

"One word more! Let me see the child once—only once! I will bring no disgrace upon her—I will do nothing to cast a shadow upon her future—let me see her once more."

"I have no power to grant your request; she is not under my care, and the will so strictly forbids any intercourse between you, that those who have the control would not dare permit it."

She made no answer, did not seek to detain him, or hear the few words of farewell he uttered as he left the chamber. The door closed, but she did not move, standing there motionless, her white face raised, and her eyes gazing at vacancy with a fixed, blank stare.

The door of the inner room opened softly, and Janet Brown crept into the chamber, trembling with fear for the effects of that interview upon her mistress. The lady did not stir or betray a consciousness of her approach. The faithful creature hurried toward her, terrified by the expression of those rigid features.

"Mistress!" she whispered, "mistress!"

Mrs. Lincoln did not move—those strained eyes never wandered, and no shade of softness came over the blank countenance.

"Mistress," she repeated aloud, in a frightened voice. "Speak to me, my own darling—tell me what it is!"

Still there was no answer, and the woman caught her arm in terrible fear.

"Do speak to me—it's Janet, your Janet, who loves you like her own child! Don't look so—don't try to bear it—only cry, do cry! I love you—you are not all alone—I love you."

"You love me, you love me!" she shrieked, and the frightful tension of her nerves so near to madness gave way. She fell into the arms of her attendant with a burst of hysterical grief, the first time she had wept during all those fearful days. Janet Brown drew her close, and laid the weary head against her own true heart,

sobbing aloud also in mingled sorrow and thankfulness.

"Don't try to stop—it'll go in your tears, you will come to yourself—cry, do cry!"

Before that passionate outburst was quieted, Janet had led her into the bed room and laid her softly on the bed, bringing every remedy that suggested itself to her quick thoughts. The wretched woman could speak at last, but the words came in broken sobs which seem to rend her very heart.

"She is gone—Janet, she is gone—I can never see her again—never! They have taken her—everything—name—child—oh, Janet, Janet!"

"Only wait, only be patient!" pleaded Janet.

"Patient, patient! I have nothing left—nothing to look forward to—why should I be patient?"

There was a fever beating in her pulses which Janet could not quiet; but she knew that illness, perhaps death would ensue, if she did not obtain some rest, for the poor lady had passed whole days and nights without repose. Janet found some laudanum among her little stores, and gave her a few drops to swallow, she darkened the room and sat down by the bedside, till the violence of the paroxysm should be past. At length Mrs. Lincoln grew more calm, her broken murmurings ceased, and she sank into a deep slumber, which was almost like death.

All that evening the faithful creature watched beside her suffering mistress, weeping softly sometimes as she regarded the pale face and thought of all the suffering in store. Late in the night, Mrs. Lincoln woke parched with thirst, but after drinking the cooling draught which Janet presented, sank again to sleep.

It was late in the morning before she again opened her eyes, very weak, but with the fever which had consumed her for days entirely gone.

"You are better," Janet said, bending over her, "you are better, thank God!"

"Have I slept so long—is it afternoon, or is the night over?"

"You have slept it through, and when you get dressed and have a cup of coffee you will be quite yourself again."

"My head feels so confused, Janet! Wasn't some one here?—did I not have news?"

"Yes, dear, Mr. Morris—"

"Oh, I remember now! I hoped it were all a dream."

"Don't think about it just yet, mistress, you will be stronger by and by."

"I must think—what I have to do must be done at once! Janet, I must know where my sister is—you must find her out."

"Don't, dear, it will only make all worse—wait a little."

"No, no, I must find her at once! I will not speak to her—they shall never know that I have seen her, but I must look at her face once more."

"But where can I go?"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know! Nobody will help me—nobody!"

"Stop," said Janet, "there's James that lived with Mr. Lincoln."

"Yes, he spoke kindly to me that day—I remember him."

"I'll go to his wife and find where he is."

"I will go too, Janet, let us start."

"I had best go alone, I won't be long."

"I must go with you! Call a carriage, Janet!"

She rose, and tried to walk, but her limbs sank under her, and she would have fallen to the floor if Janet had not caught her in her arms.

"You see, mistress! Now just drink this coffee, and lie still, I'll be back in no time."

There was nothing else to be done, and Mrs. Lincoln obeyed passively. Janet was ready in a few moments to depart, promising good tidings on her return.

"Only lie quiet, that's my good bairn," she said, and with a murmured prayer hurried away in search of something which might bring comfort to her loved mistress.

Mrs. Lincoln lay there during her absence, taking no notice of the flight of time—only waiting, waiting—yet conscious that there was no hope.

Janet returned at last—she heard her step without, and rose up in bed as she entered, looking the question she had no power to speak.

"I found James himself, mistress, he's here."

"Here! Let me see him. Have you learned anything?"

"Nothing that is like a hope," sighed Janet.

"I must see the man; help me up."

The woman assisted her to rise, and led her out into the chamber where the man was waiting. He started at the sight of her changed face—that face he had seen melancholy and proud, but never with a pallor of anguish like that.

"What can you tell me?" she exclaimed.

"Do you know where my sister is?"

The man hesitated to speak, awed and moved by that voice.

"Tell me the worst—I can bear it. Who has taken her?"

"I don't know, ma'am, I couldn't hear."

"But where has she gone?"

"To Europe," returned the man, slowly, for

the separation seemed to him almost like that of eternity.

"Europe!" she exclaimed, with renewed energy; "Europe! But with whom—can't you tell?"

"Not at all, only know the housekeeper said she was going immediately."

"And that is all you know? I thank you, James—you are a good man! Leave me! You have given me some hope—I can bear it now."

The man went wonderingly away, and when he had left the room Mrs. Lincoln sat for a moment in silent thought. Suddenly she turned toward Janet—

"Will you go with me to Europe?" she asked.

"To Europe, mistress!"

"Yes, if she is gone there I will have nothing to keep me here, at least I may find her and be near her."

"But it isn't certain—"

"Yes, she has gone, I am sure of it! I must follow, Janet, I should go mad to think the ocean was between us."

"But it costs a deal, mistress, and you are gentle bred!"

"Oh, I have money, Janet! not the dower—I could never touch that—but money which belongs to me, which did not come from him."

That little treasure—it seemed so small once. She had reserved it for the child, with the thought that something might one day occur which would render it useful—how she thanked Heaven for the impulse which had caused her to do it!

"Will you go to Europe with me, Janet?"

"I'll go to the world's end—I've no cause to stay here—I've nothing left—nothing but you—yes, I'll go, mistress, I'll go!"

"Yes, we will go and search together for the lost one. Let us start at once, Janet."

"But the things—the preparations?"

"Never mind—get me a newspaper, somewhere."

Janet went down stairs to borrow one of the man, and Mrs. Lincoln began pacing the room, forgetful of her weakness, in the tenacity with which she clung to that new found hope. She caught the paper eagerly from Janet's hand when she entered, and turned to the column of advertisements.

"It sails in two days—the packet—we will go then, Janet!"

The woman did not offer any opposition, but listened to the details which Mrs. Lincoln hurriedly gave.

"We must hasten, Janet, there is no time to lose! I can go out now, I am strong. The

money—the passage—everything must be made ready."

"If you've a hope now, mistress, you'll not despair again! Cling to the bright thought—don't give way, it'll give you strength to bear up any way."

"Hope! what have I to do with hope—nameless—forsaken? At least I shall be near the child—oh, they cannot prevent that! Hasten, Janet, hasten—we are going to Europe!"

She had at least found an aim, and to a nature like that woman's, it is only its lack which can produce utter prostration of the mind. She put off her despair—she flung back the crushing memories of the past days—she dwelt only on that vague idea—at least she should be near the beloved one—they could not deprive her of that blessing!

Walter Seaford stood on the wharf, near the departing steamer. A carriage stopped and a lady descended, followed by an attendant—it was the face which had haunted him for days.

He stood immovable—saw her ascend the side of the vessel—stood there while the bells rung and the confusion of parting increased.

All was ready—the wheels began to move, and the steamer rounded out into the stream.

Seaford was watching always that form standing on deck, not looking back on the land she was leaving, but afar over the waves, as if some great desire lay beyond and she were going forward to meet it.

For the moment, he would have given half his life had she but once glanced toward him—given him a sign of recognition. None came, the vessel bore her swiftly away, and was soon only a speck in the distance.

"Europe!" he exclaimed, rousing himself from his trance, "she has gone to Europe! For me this same weary life—will there never come a change—never? She did not see me—would not know me!"

He broke off abruptly, and walked slowly back through the crowded streets to the solitude of his chamber. Never in his life had he felt so restless—so utterly alone; yet unable even to himself to render account of the emotions which agitated him. A wild craving for change arose in his heart, but a long probation lay between him and the excitement of the wider existence for which he so pined.

But amid all his painful reflections, his anxious aspirations for the unknown which lay beyond, that face rose before his sight, and he could not realize that they had met and parted so hastily.

"It's almost out of sight, mistress," said Janet Brown, looking back to the receding shore, "the

city looks no bigger than a cluster of birds' nests."

"I hope so—oh, I hope so, Janet! Tell me when the last glimpse has disappeared—I will not look back, no bad omen shall follow me to the unknown land I am seeking—but tell me when it is gone, I shall breathe easier then."

There was silence again for a time, Janet was looking back upon the dimly perceptible streak in the distance, but Mrs. Lincoln gazed still over the broad ocean into which they had swept.

"It's gone, mistress, quite gone!"

"We are safe, then. Hark, the wind is beginning to blow—we shall have a storm—oh, Janet, does my very presence bring evil to all who approach me?"

"It'll not be a storm, see how bright the sun shines."

Mrs. Lincoln made no answer, leaning forward upon the railing of the vessel and looking over the blue waves. So she drifted out into that broad ocean as she had drifted forth upon the sea of life, and in all the wide world, as on that narrow ship, there was none to watch or care for her save that faithful attendant by her side.

CHAPTER VI.

THE golden glory of a spring sunset brightened over the old house where this story opened. Six years had passed, leaving no trace of all that had been in those great halls, no shadow from grief or death to cast a gloom around.

Upon the vine-shadowed colonnade in front of the dwelling stood the youthful heiress of that vast estate. Six years had borne May on toward girlhood, but her face still retained the spiritual beauty for which she had been so remarkable in her childish years. Her hair fell over her shoulders in a shower of bright ringlets, where the glory of the sunlight seemed reflected, and her deep violet eyes had a shy, innocent look, like those of a young fawn just startled from its covert. She was leaning over the railing, one hand clinging to one of the marble pillars which supported the verandah, the other reaching down to pluck some of the early summer roses that clambered in wild profusion to the very roof. There was something so unstudied and natural in her position, every movement was so full of grace, that the most indifferent eye could but have remarked and been charmed by it.

"Did you ever see such beautiful roses?" she said, turning toward a lady who stood regarding her a little way off, "look, Mrs. Davenant—such a lovely color."

"They are earlier than they were last year,

are they not?" said Mrs. Davenant, taking the flowers which she offered.

"Oh, this is such a nice spring, everything is growing so fast—who knows," she added, laughing in her pretty, quiet way, "but I may be coaxed into growing myself."

She was such a little fairy of a thing, and had such a charming, womanly way with it all, that it lent an indescribable charm to every look and word. May had been unlike most children all her life. Some vague remembrance of early sorrow lay like a shadow about her, and the solitude in which the latter years of her childhood had been spent, without playmates of her own age to teach her the unrestrained gayety which is one of the usual characteristics of that season of life, had naturally given her a quaint, sedate manner, which at times lightened into bursts of glee and merriment, that made the old house ring as if a whole nest of summer birds had flown through it.

After the death of her adopted father, and the days of excitement and grief which succeeded, May had been very ill; for weeks and weeks they watched over the couch where she lay consumed by fever, neither recognizing or addressing any one about her, but with an incoherent cry upon her lips for the sister, from whom she had been so mysteriously separated, and the kind parent who had loved her with an entire fondness seldom bestowed by a real father upon his child.

When life and consciousness came back, and she began slowly to recover from that terrible fever-dream and after oblivion, the events which had previously transpired seemed only like a strange vision. She comprehended that Mr. Lincoln was dead, and when she again asked for her sister, they told her that she was not cold and buried like her dear father, but as much lost to her as if the grave indeed separated them. With the singular instinct which children possess, she questioned no more, unable to understand what those mysterious words might be intended to convey, but confident that she only brought pain to those around her by the mention of her sister's name, and therefore forbearing to allude to it.

Mr. Jeffrys had brought her back to that old house where her early years had been spent, and there she dwelt in its beautiful seclusion, tenderly guarded, and fondly loved by those in whose care she had been placed. She had a warm, affectionate heart, which clung to all who evinced any signs of attachment for her, and so she glided on through her childhood shielded from care or pain, every wish gratified, and every desire granted, till her life seemed bright and joyous as that of some beautiful princess

in the fairy tales which were her chief delight during those years.

Mr. Jeffrys came at regular intervals to visit her, often during the summer season making his residence there for whole weeks together, and May perhaps loved him more unrestrainedly than any living creature had done for years. The winning manner which he could assume at will, was always exhibited to the little girl, and from the first his influence over her was unbounded. Taught by her governess to revere and esteem him beyond any other human being, he had been elevated in her mind to a position from which it would have been difficult to displace his image. If less childish now, May was not less constant in her attachment for Mr. Jeffrys. The days upon which he was to visit the house were festival days to May, in comparison with which all others sank into insignificance; days on which she brought out her fairy beauty and her brightest flowers in their most exuberant bloom. His room could be arranged by no other hands than her own, decorated and filled with blossoms until it looked like some Catholic shrine which blind devotees had adorned in honor of the saint within, and whose marble image was not much colder or more impassive than the worldly guardian. But to May he changed in his whole manner—whether even the ice about his heart thawed beneath her smile, or because he desired to strengthen by every possible means his influence over her, it would have been impossible to tell, but certainly in her presence he evinced more softness and sympathizing kindness than one would have believed to belong to his nature.

"These red roses," May was saying to her governess, "are the flowers that my guardian likes best"—she always pronounced the words "my guardian" with a sort of emphatic, absolute sense of her own right to claim him entirely. "Perhaps he will come in a day or two to see me."

"If not, you can easily send the roses to him, May," replied Mrs. Davenant, "he will be pleased with that."

"Yes, he likes me to remember him, he says so—dear guardian, as if I ever forgot him for a moment! Do you think he will be here soon, Mrs. Davenant?"

"This week, probably, you may hear from him to-morrow."

"Hark! I hear horses—can that be Mr. Jeffrys?"

"I don't hear carriage wheels," Mrs. Davenant said, listening an instant, "and he never comes on horseback."

"Who can it be?" said May, shading her eyes

with her hand, and looking down the avenue. "Why, it's Robert Morris, I do believe," she continued, as the rider appeared through the trees. "Yes, it is, Mrs. Davenant, it is Robert Morris!"

The boy caught sight of her eager face and waved his cap in a gay salute. May drew back a little ashamed of her own eagerness, but there was a glow of girlish happiness in her cheeks and eyes which would not be restrained.

"You see I am come," exclaimed the boy, riding up to the steps, and springing off his horse. "Take care of him, James," he said to the servant who approached, "I rode very fast."

He hurried up the steps and grasped May's hands, and gave Mrs. Davenant a respectful greeting.

"Are you glad to see me, May?" he asked.

"Very glad, Robert, I am always glad," she replied, with her truthful simplicity. "I did not expect you, though."

"Of course you didn't, I always come when I am not expected—I do everything in that way—I like surprises."

"And you are very certain of giving us a pleasant one when you come, Robert," Mrs. Davenant said.

"Thank you, ma'am, I am glad you like me to come, for I am never quite happy anywhere else."

"Did you see my guardian?" May asked.

"No, I called at his house, but he was not in. I have only been home a few days."

"We thought you were still South," said Mrs. Davenant; "we had not heard from you."

"Oh, I wanted to astonish you! Why, May, you are growing tall, I do declare, and your hair is longer than ever."

"You have grown black," she said, laughing, "I should think you had been in Guinea instead of South Carolina."

"Who wants to look like a girl? I'm sure I don't—I like to be dark, it looks healthy."

"Oh, you like to look like a man—I know your failings, Robert."

"Do you? See, Mrs. Davenant, she is beginning to persecute me already—how dreadfully ungrateful you are, May!"

"Don't be angry this time and you shall have some tea—are you hungry, Robert?"

"I am so glad to see you that I don't know, but perhaps I am a little."

"We'll have it out in the arbor—mayn't we, Mrs. Davenant—it's so nice and quiet!"

"Just as we used to do when we were children," said Robert; "don't you remember?"

May laughed and went into the house. Robert

seated himself by Mrs. Davenant's side, who smiled kindly down at him, for he, in spite of his boyish spirits, was a great favorite with the quiet, placid lady.

"Did you enjoy your journey, Robert?" she asked.

"Oh, immensely, ma'am, but the coming back is the best part of it. May looks more like a fairy than ever, don't she?"

"I never saw a fairy, Robert, so I can't say—she is so good that she always seems lovely to me."

"And to everybody—May is too good—that is her only fault."

"Hardly that; even May is not quite perfect."

"Then nobody is," returned he, warmly; "that's all I know."

He had such a frank, generous face, and it lighted up so pleasantly when he spoke, that Mrs. Davenant felt her heart yearn toward him—poor, motherless youth, so very boyish, although he was fast growing into a young man. But he had one of those fortunate natures which are really fitted for this hard world—good, sterling sense—shrewd, clever talent, which would make him a prominent man—not a particle of genius, and none of the over sensitiveness which goes with it—but a kind heart overflowing with generous impulses, which was better than all. Full of faults, but of a kind which only endeared him to those around, and with an energy and force of character which would in good time develop his faculties into strong and healthful vigor. There was nothing unnatural or precocious about him—a good student, but liking frolic better than his books. There was only one feeling which had gone beyond his years—that was his love for May—and he did love her without even acknowledging it to himself—it seemed so natural that he hardly thought about it—only knowing that he was never quite content except in her company and when listening to her voice.

He was a singular contrast to the youth described in an earlier portion of these pages—night and morning could not have been more unlike. The one was a boy, finding his happiness in the pursuits and pleasures of his age—the other had no childhood, and no spring of life—tortured by wild dreams and mad hopes, of whose brightness his poetic intuition taught him the falsity. Oh, they were a contrast, but Robert Morris, though not a genius, would make by no means an ordinary or a common-place man, and the coarser mould in which his nature had been cast, was much better adapted to this earthly sphere in which we dwell, hemmed in

and fettered by bonds which many never feel, than the delicate organization of Walter Seaford.

"Tea is ready," said May, returning to the verandah; "come out into the arbor—you shall both be my guests! Here is your shawl, Mrs. Davenant, I thought you might need it."

"You are always thoughtful," said Mrs. Davenant, smoothing down her fair ringlets; "you may not be a fairy, but you are a dear, good girl, and that's a better thing!"

"Who said I was a fairy?" she asked.

"That romantic young gentleman yonder."

"Oh, Robert, you might as well have called me a dwarf!"

"I romantic!" exclaimed Robert, too indignant at the charge brought against him to heed her remark. "Why, Mrs. Davenant, there is no more romance in me than in a stone—is there, May?"

"I shall not defend you, be certain of that—you called me a dwarf!"

"What a horrible no such a thing! Did you do that too, Mrs. Davenant?"

"Miss May's brilliant imagination originated the idea," replied Mrs. Davenant, laughing more gayly than she often did—those two bright young creatures were so blithe and happy, that the sight of their buoyancy would have reflected a gleam of sunlight upon the most care-burthened heart.

"Come down to the arbor," said May, "or you will have cold tea—the dwarf forgives you, Robert."

"Oh, May, I said you were a fairy."

"You might as well have said I was a witch at once—you shan't have but one lump of sugar in your tea, Mr. Morris, by way of punishment, and you couldn't have a worse, I know—I haven't forgotten how you always used to put your fingers in the bowl and steal second lumps of sugar, sir."

So merrily laughing, they went down the winding paths of the garden toward the summer-house, while Mrs. Davenant lingered a little behind, serenely smiling in the sunshine of their unclouded happiness.

"Now, Robert, you shall sit by me on the green root sofa, Mrs. Davenant shall have the rustic chair, and we will be so very comfortable—if my guardian were here—"

"Now, that's not polite," broke in Robert, "do for once be content with seeing me."

"Well, so I am; there—take your tea, I have put in the extra lump of sugar to show that we are reconciled."

They jested and made merry as the happy of their age should do, and Mrs. Davenant looked

on with smiling satisfaction, no restraint to their mirth or enjoyment.

"Oh, I had quite forgotten!" exclaimed Robert, suddenly. "Wait a moment, May!"

He drew out of his loose sack a small package, and untying it held up a couple of neatly bound volumes.

"New books!" said May; "I wanted something to read."

"Yes, but listen—'Poems, by Walter Seaford!'"

"Give me the book—do! Another volume of poems! isn't it astonishing, Mrs. Davenant?"

"They were published in England," said Robert, "but a friend sent me an early copy. They beat his other books all hollow—oh, he's very famous now—he's written a play that had great success—only fancy it."

"Just to think I never saw him, and he so intimate with my guardian," said May; "but he hurried off to Europe while I was away."

"Well, we've got his poetry at all events," returned Robert, "it's better than he—such an odd fellow as he was."

Then they opened the book and began to read. May's cheek glowing with enthusiasm, and Robert himself looking excited and moved.

"But it is so sad," May said, almost below her breath; "oh! how unhappy he must be."

"But a despondent, reckless misery unworthy of a man," said Mrs. Davenant; "he must have suffered though, poor fellow."

"If you want gloom, hear this," said Robert.

"Have I no place in life? Oh, God of light,
I struggle on this dim, chaotic shore—
Send down one gleam amid this fearful night,
And give a trust in man or Heaven once more.

Repel this fatal gloom where madness lies,
And leaves me shrinking 'neath its fevered breath!
Is there no spell in watching angels' eyes
To still the horror of this living death?

In vain! No hope amid this earthly tomb—
No answer to the anguish of our prayers—
No power to pierce the Future's hidden gloom,
And know if chaos dwell beyond the stars!

Peace, troubled soul—oh! suffer and be still—
Mark in the fading form how fast youth flees!—
Look on that nearing grave so lone and chill—
The woe is past—thou dost but drain its lees!"

"Oh! don't read any more," exclaimed May. "I can't bear it, it's so sad! I must ask my guardian what troubles him—I did once, and he said his digestion was bad, that he would eat all sorts of trash, and out of that came the poetry—fancy what a speech!"

"There may be more truth in it than you imagine," returned Robert, while he and Mrs. Davenant laughed heartily at her look of profound horror. "Don't you think poets have to eat?"

"Oh, I don't know! but I am very sure Mr. Seaford is unhappy."

"Mr. Jeffrys says a bilious man always is," said Mrs. Davenant; and then the two children—for they were little else—laughed again—not that they were unsympathizing or slow to feel—but from very light-heartedness.

They read on again till May was weeping from a vague sadness, and Robert closed the book indignant with any man who could bring tears into her eyes, even by his poetry.

"Here is another book, May—a novel, that is dividing popular favor in England with Seaford's poems. 'Resignation,' by Catharine Graham."

"What a singular name!—but as sad as possible."

He opened the book and read on until the gathering twilight rendered it impossible to distinguish the words. Then they entered the house, and continued the perusal of that book, which filled May's whole soul with the interest fiction possesses for the young. They read aloud by turns, and Mrs. Davenant sat listening—see the evening swept on into night, and the full moon glided slowly up into the heavens, as their young hearts were gliding toward the zenith of the invisible life to come.

CHAPTER VII.

PACING up and down his solitary room, restless and impatient—the old fever burning in his eyes and lighting up the weary face, was Walter Seaford!

Three years before, he had left America, had wandered far, won fame and distinction, but the nameless desire which desolated his boyhood was still unquieted. The dreams of the past had given place to the reality of life, but he found nothing new, nothing which he had not before understood by those mysterious intuitions which are the blessing or the curse of natures like his. The fresh laurels with which they crowned his brow only cast another shadow over his heart. Praise never once dazzled him into forgetfulness of the wearing pain within—and Walter Seaford, famous and the idol of the day, was as utterly alone as the dreaming boy of six years before.

Of all these things was he meditating as he paced his lonely chamber. The moonlight lay without hazy and beautiful, the soft spring wind blew in at the casement, and the hum of a great city was borne faintly up with a musical murmur like the flow of far off waters. The solitude at last became intolerable—he wanted to hear voices—gay music—and hastily changing his

dress, he went out into the thronged streets of that brilliant Parisian world.

"Seaford, is it possible? Why, my dear boy, I thought you had become a regular case of mysterious disappearance—I have looked for you everywhere except in the newspapers and *la morgue*—those I intended to search in the morning! Delighted to find you alive, gloomy-browed as ever, and entranced by this everlasting Favorita."

Walter was standing in one of the stalls of the Italian Opera, where he had strayed for want of amusement, and turned with quick gayety to answer his friend. In a moment his thoughts had fled—the prima donna burst into a flood of song, giving him an excuse for silence, but the melody was equally unheeded. A thrill passed like a magnetic shock through his frame, and by its revelation he knew that some event of importance was at hand; for foolish as it may sound, there are natures so susceptible to those mysterious influences which find a source in some unknown law of our being, that they are thus affected by the approach of those who are to exercise a control over their destiny, whether for good or ill.

Seaford glanced across the house—his eyes rested upon a box nearly opposite—he beheld the face which he had twice seen, years before, but which had haunted him like a prophetic vision. Often had it risen in fancy before him, sometimes as palpable as now, and for an instant he could have believed that it was only the work of his excited imagination.

"Do you see that woman in white yonder?" whispered his friend.

Seaford was breathless beneath the startled bound which his heart gave. "There, in that box—you must know her—you remember my powers of magnetism—I tell you that she is akin to you! One of your countrywomen—you have read her books—the first was published anonymously—Ingola."

It was the romance Walter had so loved, with which he had always connected that woman's memory!

"Who is she?" he asked, in a tone which sounded indifferent and cold.

"Mrs. Graham—Catharine too—isn't she like one of Shakespeare's heroines stepped into the real world? She interests me strangely, as she does every one who comes near her. Such eyes! one might think she were constantly awaiting some one who never came, the sound of a voice which would never reach her ear."

"True, true, for it never comes," muttered Walter, "never!"

"Let me present you, I know her very well—now, that's a lie, for she is ice to everybody! At all events we exchange bows and polite, frozen speeches—I want you to know her."

"Another time," said Seaford, hastily; "not now."

"But she so seldom goes out, you may not have another opportunity for weeks. I wonder I never mentioned her to you, I knew there was some one with whom you ought to be acquainted—it was that woman—come."

"Let me alone, do!" exclaimed Walter. "Go away, Duval, or we shall quarrel."

Duval looked at him—he understood Seaford's nature better than any other human being had ever done, and the strange far-sightedness of his magnetic powers gave him the ability to sympathize with and forgive that impetuous manner. He turned away in silence, perplexed, yet certain that some revolution was going on within the breast of his companion, and prepared to wait until the first violence of the shock should have passed, before he renewed his study of that peculiar character, which had for a long time so deeply interested him.

Seaford turned again toward the box where he had been gazing. There it was still, that face, in its spiritual quiet, beyond any mere beauty that he had ever beheld. Her eyes were fixed upon the stage, but Seaford remarked the expression of which Duval had spoken. She did look like one who had awaited for years the coming of footsteps and the sound of a voice—awaited them in passive wretchedness, with no power to arouse herself from the engrossing desire.

How Seaford's heart went back to that lonely evening ride of the long ago, when the sight of that face first sent a glow to his heart like the transitory breaking of sunlight over dark waters. Every painful memory of his past life welled up on the troubled tide—every unquiet aspiration, every restless dream—then he looked again upon that broad forehead, where the bands of hair lay like waving light, and the tumult in his breast was stilled as if by magic power.

Duval turned toward him at the conclusion of the aria, and wondered at the change in his face.

"What has come over you?—you look——"

"How do I look?"

"I can't describe—I am no poet, only a painter! You look as if you had found a new hope."

"Ay, a new hope," murmured Walter, and the whisper thrilled like music across his heart, "a new hope."

"I say, Walter, what has happened?—tell me,

what is it? Are you only dreaming?—a poetic fancy perhaps.”

“Perhaps,” faltered Walter, and the light faded from his eyes, the glow from his cheek—there had come the thought—if it should prove only a dream, a delusion like the rest,

“There, it is gone now!” exclaimed Duval.

“Gone, gone!” repeated Seaford, turning his gaze upon the silent occupant of the opposite box.

“You must be mad,” said Duval; “do sit still, anybody would think I was speaking of some person in the house.”

“You did say gone—gone!”

“Of course I did. I mean your face—the bright happiness—the new found hope.”

“Is it gone, Duval?”

“Quite gone—call it back again. Ah, now I see it—where are you looking, Walter, what is it?—whom have you seen?”

“Nothing—no one! My face isn’t a book open for every one to read who chooses. Mind your manners.”

“I shan’t—I choose to look! Open to read—I should say not! Egyptian hieroglyphics would be plain print in comparison with the mysterious revelations in your face. You trust no one—you suffer and will not speak—even to me, and yet I think you like me better than any one else.”

“You are a good fellow, Duval—I do like you, but we won’t be sentimental here, if you please—I hate scenes.”

“Ah, now I know you like me, because you say *tu* instead of that cold *vous*—English freezes me—one must talk to all alike in your language.”

He looked again toward the box upon which Walter’s gaze had been riveted.

“See, see,” he said, “there she is still! You must know that woman, she is like you, she might be your sister, the same inexplicable expression and manner!”

“Hold your tongue, Duval!”

“Come with me, I am determined to present you, and having made up my mind will take no refusal. See, she is looking this way—she raises her glass—one would think she recognized you.”

“More likely she recognizes you; didn’t you say you were acquainted with her?”

“No, no, it was you she looked at—I know it was you.”

Strange, but even in that moment Seaford hesitated! The interview of which he had so long dreamed was at hand, yet he trembled—some premonition from the future seemed to moan in his ear. He felt that the whole course of his life was to know a change—that all coming time would be colored by the events which should grow out of that meeting.

He stood irresolute upon the threshold of that new existence, which spread away into the very depths of his life—trembling, but not so much for himself as her—he feared that his own wayward destiny might cast its shadows upon all whom he approached, and to have brought happiness to that woman he would have turned aside from her path forever, even though he trampled his own heart down in the struggle.

“Come,” said Duval.

The voice of his friend, sounding low and indistinct upon his troubled sense, like tones heard from afar; “The curtain will rise soon, and then it will be too late—*allons, mon ami, je vois une lumiere de ton ame dans ses yeux, allons.*”

“*Allons!*” he repeated, with reckless passion. “When I die, Duval, write my epitaph—not unworthy, but mad.”

The warning was gone—the chill at his heart lost in the new glow of happiness which pervaded his whole being with its glad excess.

CHAPTER VIII.

“Don’t touch that everlasting pen to-day, mistress, I am sick of the sight of it.”

“You ought not to abuse it, Janet, we are growing quite rich through its assistance.”

“And you are wearing yourself out, mistress; surely we’ve got money enough now to live here quiet and nice, since you’ve given over flitting about.”

“Ah, Janet, I have nothing now to induce me to wander farther—you know well, that never in this world shall I find that which I sought so long.”

“I didn’t mean to make you think of that, mistress—don’t get sad, oh, don’t!”

“Do not fear, Janet, the thought that my sister is dead brings me no pain; it was only the knowledge that she was living, and that I could never see her, which maddened me; now I know that one day we shall meet where no human power can part us.”

“Ah, you are an angel, mistress, darling! Now let me lay these papers all away, and don’t touch them again this morning. See, here is a book—the verses you like to read so much—take this while I go out.”

Catharine suffered the kind old woman to remove the sheets of manuscript, and when she was alone sat idly holding the volume the attendant had placed in her hand, but making no effort to read. Something of the old unrest had gone out of that face, there was a patient, melancholy sadness in the lineaments, but the fever and passion of grief had faded, leaving neither

gayety nor happiness, but an unmurmuring submission beautiful to look upon.

Her sister, the little child so watched and cared for, so eagerly sought and wildly mourned, was dead—these were the tidings that came after two or three years spent in fruitless search. After that she sank down wholly, prostrated by a terrible illness, which was the result of toil and wearisome journeyings to and fro, whenever there seemed the slightest possibility of obtaining information concerning the dear one. For weeks the angel of death hovered about her couch, and faithful Janet Brown watched upon the other side; human love and tenderness were for once rewarded, and Catharine recovered.

She had labored faithfully, and only as those who tax body and soul, devoting all her earnings to that search for her lost sister. Several works had been given to the world, attracting much attention from their singularity and the genius displayed in their pages, and the popular favor thus gained had furnished her with sufficient means to live at least with comfort and elegance.

But the child was dead—she had nothing to struggle or hope for more! At length, another and not less important aim presented itself—that doubt which rested upon her past—upon the name which she had cast aside, choosing to work one out for herself—could she live to clear it—could the mysterious plot but be unraveled and laid bare! For this she now toiled and bore on; not so much for her own sake, as to leave no stain upon the memory of her dead husband in the minds of those to whom the misery of that time had been revealed.

Was there still another reason now—had life suddenly caught a gush of sunlight which never brightened it before?

A month had passed since her meeting with that passionate-souled poet, whose lays had so long thrilled her heart with their fervid eloquence—a month in which had been concentrated a whole life of rest and happiness to the fiery heart of that youth who had so long sought in vain the likeness of that ideal form which reigned supreme within his bosom.

Was it of these weeks that she dreamed, sitting there in her silence, with those earnest eyes seeming to look far beyond the present scene, to catch a glow from the tranquil beauty whereon she gazed?

There was a low knock at the door, and unannounced, Walter Seaford entered the chamber. That month had changed him greatly; the worn, tired look about the eyes was gone—the proud, impatient curving of the mouth had softened into a smile, which changed the whole expres-

sion of his face into one of even child-like sweetness.

"I did not think to find you at home," he said, in a voice whose softness a casual acquaintance would hardly have recognized, "so I came in to wait for you—even to wait here is a great pleasure to me."

Catharine smiled dreamily, and a faint shade of color stole into her cheeks.

"I have been in doors all morning," she said, in her clear, distinct tones; "I meant to have written, but Janet positively forbade that, so I have been reading I believe——"

"Dreaming, you mean?"

"How do you know that?"

"By your eyes. I can see the bewildering fancies playing there still."

"And you—what have you been doing since last evening?"

"Wondering if last month were all a dream, and if I must at length wake again to the suffering which went before."

"Never, I hope," she said, gently; "never again."

"No, at least I shall have the memory of these weeks to look back upon, even fate cannot deprive me of that."

"Fate is often kinder than man, I am not afraid of her—it is only the agency of human beings that I dread."

"Those I defy!"

"Because you have never been placed in a position where one man could take your whole future destiny into his hands and fling it out wheresoever he willed, and you powerless to struggle against the misery forced upon you, unable even to point the source from whence it came."

"I cannot understand that—it is one of those mysterious allusions which you make at times but never explain—I will not have you sadden yourself on me this morning! I wonder if you know how much happiness you have given me during these weeks!"

"Have I indeed? You make me very happy when you tell me that I yet possess the power of giving pleasure to any living soul, Mr. Seaford."

"You promised not to call me by that cold, formal name—say Walter!"

He sat down on a low ottoman at her feet, with that winning childlikeness of manner which he could assume at will, but which had nothing unmanly in it.

"Walter," she murmured; "it is a pleasant name, I do not wonder you like to hear it."

"It sounds very sweet to me when you repeat it," he replied, not in the tone of one paying a

compliment, but raising his eyes to her face full of beautiful revelations, to which no language could have given expression.

"What a feeling of quiet and peace there is in a spring morning like this!" she said, glancing out of the window where the sunlight lay golden and warm.

"I never felt it before these last weeks," Seaford replied; "spring has always been peculiarly sad to me—I was more restless and impatient than during any other season."

"But now?" Catharine said, as if she understood that which he would have added, and was pleased with it, "but now?"

"Ah, now, all is so different! As I sit here at your feet, the very sunlight seems to warm my heart as it never did before; but my sunshine is within this chamber."

That peculiar light which in moments of enthusiasm illuminated her countenance, flooded it with its soft glow as he spoke—no one could have called her plain in that moment, and to one that saw and understood the purity of soul which shone broad and lambent in her clear eyes, she was more than beautiful.

"You are Shakespeare's Catharine," he said, smiling up at her till the sweetness of her face seemed reflected in his own; "you seem to stand so wholly apart from the world that I never think of you as breathing and moving by the same petty laws which shackle the rest of us poor mortals here."

She shook her head, but not sadly, there was a spell in that quiet scene which kept her heart from going back to the harrowing memories that had made her wretchedness during all those years.

"You were to read to me this morning," she said; "have you forgotten your promise?"

"Do I ever forget? It is only a fragment from my new tragedy—I want your advice and assistance."

"I who have never written a line of poetry—the idea of my advising you!"

"You have never written a page which was not teeming with it! I don't consider that language must be divided into a certain number of feet and lines in order to be poetry."

"I am glad you think so—I was afraid it was only another of my heresies which gave me the belief. But come, I must not be cheated out of my reading. Take this easy-chair—poets should have lofty seats."

"It becomes a throne since you have sat in it," he replied, sinking into the chair from which she had risen. Catharine sat down on the ottoman by his side, and making a pretty gesture as

if imposing silence upon herself, motioned him to proceed.

So he sat and read to her those burning poesies, while her face was as a glass in which he saw mirrored every varying emotion called up by his tones. All that pleasant afternoon he read from those newly written pages, which had taken a more lofty flight than anything that had gone before; pausing at times to look down into the beautiful eyes from whence his soul had drank the inspiration which prompted that poem, and listening to the broken words of appreciation which were often murmured amid her tears—tears that had no bitterness or grief in them, but which found their source in the enthusiasm and tenderness awakened by his lines.

He ceased at length and closed the volume, waiting for a moment in a silence which Catharine did not strive to break.

"Shall I complete the tragedy?" he asked, at length; "is it equal to my last one?"

"You feel, you know that it is immeasurably superior—you could not leave it unfinished if you would."

"It is superior," he replied, "because I have caught my inspiration from a higher source—I thought of you as I wrote, and in the intervals of my labor I have sat down in the sunshine of your presence until my whole soul was kindled with it."

She was silent again, but the moss-roses blooming on her table wore no richer bloom than that upon her cheek.

"You feel this, Catharine, you know what you have become to me—you know how I have sought you for years, how my soul pined for the meeting which fate had so long denied. I felt as if I had not yet begun to live, as if the suffering and unrest of all those years were only a wild dream, from which I should awaken when any voice could reach my heart that would have power to break the spell——"

"I know that feeling," she murmured, "I know it well!"

"Always when I awaited that voice I seemed to hear the utterance of your tones, that ideal shape that haunted me took the likeness of those features seen only for a moment, but which stamped themselves indelibly upon my heart."

He paused for a moment, but the power upon his soul would not allow him to remain silent—he must give release to the pent-up feelings which swelled like sunlit waves within his bosom.

"That past seems—I can hardly realize that it was I who thus suffered and struggled! Tell me that I shall never be condemned to return to

it—promise me that you will keep me from that terrible agony which was like madness.”

“If I have any power to bring you peace it shall never come upon you again,” she replied, in a low, steady voice, which was like an inward prayer; “never again.”

“Bless you for those words, Catharine! During these weeks I have lived so wholly in their happiness, I have scarcely told you of my past.”

“The past,” she answered, and her clasped hands began to tremble, “the past!”

“But you know how I have suffered, and you will not condemn me! Speak to me, Catharine, assure me that this is indeed the real life—tell me that you love me.”

“Your words have wakened me,” she said, in a changed tone, and the light went out of her face, leaving it pale and cold; “why did you break the spell with that terrible word? I too have had a past—a past of which you know nothing, but I can be silent no longer.”

“Tell me only that you love me—”

“Hush, Walter—that past, that past!—will that gulf separate us?—will—”

“There is no gulf so deep,” he interrupted, “that my great love cannot bridge it over—no cloud so dark that the sunshine beyond will not disperse it.”

He rose from his seat and would have taken her to his heart, scarcely heeding the almost terrified expression of her face.

“Catharine,” he murmured, “my Catharine!”

Before she could answer or stir from her shrinking attitude the door opened, and without warning some one entered the chamber; the sound aroused them—each looked toward the door—Walter started forward in amazement, but Catharine sank back in her seat, pale and rigid as if some ghost of past suffering had suddenly started up before her—there in the door-way, calm and impassive, stood Mr. Jeffrys!”

“Is it possible?” Seaford exclaimed, after the first instant of surprise, and going toward him with his hand extended. “Can this be you?”

“I believe so,” he replied, returning his greeting, but with his eyes fixed upon the woman who seemed suddenly frozen to silence. “I am sorry

to have startled you—sorry that my appearance should have disturbed any one.”

“Mrs. Graham,” Walter said, turning toward her, “this is my guardian and best friend—Mr. Jeffrys.”

Mr. Jeffrys bowed low, but the smile on his face seemed to wither everything on which it fell. Catharine did not stir—she was gazing forward in blank dismay. Seaford looked from one to another in silent questioning, lost in astonishment at the singular scene.

“Walter,” Mr. Jeffrys whispered, “you must go with me at once—do not hesitate—you have a heavy stake in this.” He took up Seaford’s hat and gently pushed him toward the door. “I am very sorry that Mrs. Graham does not remember an old acquaintance!”

“Old acquaintance!” gasped Walter.

Catharine struggled to her feet—as of old the indomitable pride swept across her face.

“I remember you,” she said, in a distinct, measured tone, “I remember you!”

“Hereafter I shall hope to be allowed to renew that acquaintance,” he continued, with the same smile. “Seaford, I am sorry, but important business depends upon your haste.”

“One moment,” exclaimed Walter, “I will join you in an instant—go on.”

“I fear I must be rude enough to insist—your presence is necessary, and the moments are precious—I am sure Mrs. Graham will excuse you!”

She made no answer—she was looking forward again with that dreary, expressionless gaze.

“Mrs. Graham—Catharine!” exclaimed Seaford; but Mr. Jeffrys laid a firm hand upon his arm.

“Mrs. Graham will pardon your unceremonious departure,” he said, very quietly.

That voice made her shiver from head to foot, as if a chill blast had swept across the spring air.

“Go,” she said, “go, Walter!”

“I shall see you again very soon, very soon!”

Mr. Jeffrys drew him away, while Catharine sunk back in her seat, those white lips murmuring still,

“Go, Walter—it is forever!”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BEAUTY AND LOVE.

BY C. L. THOMPSON.

GENTLY—gently falls the snow,
Gently robing earth in white;
So the folds of Beauty flow
O'er the soul, like robes of light.

Gently—gently flowers grow,
When the snow has passed away,
So Love's flowers will ever blow,
When Youth and Beauty both decay.

THE YOUNG AMAZON.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"KATE, if you think I am going to admire your rueful face in silence any longer, you are mistaken!"

The speaker was a very beautiful little blonde, Miss Flora Hastings by name, and the person she addressed was her most intimate friend, Miss Kate Elliot. Our heroine, Kate, is of medium height, with a perfect figure, tiny hands and feet, and free, graceful movements. She had large hazel eyes, a brilliantly fair complexion, with a rich color in her cheeks, dark, chesnut hair, falling in large, thick curls upon her neck, and most beautiful features.

"Well, Flora," she said, with a deep sigh, "Walter Elliot is coming to-morrow."

"Well?"

"Father has gone to New York for a fortnight, and my cousin Walter is coming to propose to me——"

"Well?"

"Well, well! It ain't well, it's very ill. I don't want to marry him!"

"Then refuse him!"

"I can't!"

"Why not?"

"Oh, I thought you knew all about it. Walter Elliot is my father's brother's son; my father and uncle had one sister, an old maid, very wealthy. About three years ago she died, and left her money to Walter and myself, if we married each other. Father is rich; so is uncle George, but whoever of us refuses the other loses aunt Lizzie's money. Last week Walter became of age, and, as I am seventeen, our respective papas have concluded that we are old enough to settle this matter, so Walter comes to-morrow. Father, who was obliged to leave home this morning, charged me not to refuse my cousin, and if he should take a fancy to me, Harry says——"

"I thought Harry was at the bottom of it; but talk of angels—here he comes."

The new-comer, a tall, handsome young man, Harry Grahame, and Kate's husband elect, in case the formidable cousin did not propose, sprang up the steps of the balcony, and seated himself between the two young ladies.

"What's the matter? Katy darling; you look ugubrious!" was his first question.

Kate told her troubles, concluding with "Oh, Harry, tell me how to make him hate me!"

"Can't think of any way, upon my honor; if a description of the young gentleman, whom you say you have not seen for six years, will help you any, here it is: Walter Elliot is very good-looking, excessively refined, and very dandified; thinks ladies should be the pink of neatness, sweetness, quiet obedience and submission; by the way, Kate, if you marry him you must calculate to give up shooting and riding."

While Harry had been speaking, Kate's face had brightened up wonderfully: as he finished, she sprang up, clapping her hands together, and cried,

"I've hit it!"

"Hope you didn't hurt it much," said Flora.

"But," said Harry, "I thought this matter was all arranged. I promised to call him out and shoot him."

"Nonsense, Harry! but set your mind at rest; I've hit upon a tip-top scheme. Here Adam! Adam!" she cried, waving her hand to a man who was weeding in the garden below them, "harness up Billy in the carry-all. Harry, you shall drive me into town. I want a whole lot of things. Let me see: I want a black wig, some walnut dye, a more jockey-looking cap, a pair of green spectacles for Flora, a larger riding-whip——"

"Kate Elliot," said Flora, seizing her by the shoulders, and looking straight into her face, "have you taken leave of your senses?"

"No, I'm only considering how to take leave of my lover; but come, we must dress for a drive, and as we go to town, I will tell you both my plan."

The next day, in the afternoon, Walter Elliot arrived at his uncle's house. Flora met him at the door, and introduced herself as Miss Straight-lace, Miss Elliot's companion. She was dressed in a high-necked dark dress, with a plain linen collar, wore a white muslin cap, coming close around her face, and a pair of green spectacles. When they entered the parlor, they found Harry extended on the sofa, and he also was completely metamorphosed. A jockey's dress, red wig, highly rouged cheeks, and a large patch over one eye, altered him beyond recognition.

"Mr. Elliot," said Flora, "allow me to introduce you to Mr. Patrick O'Bryan, Miss Kate's instructor in riding and shooting."

"The top of the day to ye," said Pat, lazily rising, and shaking Walter's hand vigorously.

"I do not see my fair cousin here," said the discomfited dandy.

"Oh, Kate!" said the pretended Irishman; "she's about somewhere."

At this instant the report of a pistol was heard. Walter's hat turned round on his head, and then fell to the ground.

"Hit it, by Jove!" cried Kate's voice, and then a figure sprang in through the window, and the same voice said, "Why, man, have you no more manners than to keep your hat on before Straighty?"

I said Kate's voice; for the figure was very little like Kate. Her own brown curls were concealed under a black wig, which was arranged in a very blowzy, unpicturesque manner; her little jockey cap was placed jauntily on one side of her head; her dark, green riding-habit, although it fitted admirably, was torn in several places, and revealed a pair of gaiters, two or three sizes too large for the pretty feet they covered; and her own fair complexion was dyed to the hue of an Indian.

"How d'ye do, coz?" said Kate, carelessly, as she threw her gauntlets upon the table. "Oh!" she cried, pointing to a curl upon the top of her cousin's head, and at the same time drawing another pistol from her belt, "what a splendid shot. What will you bet now, coz, that I can't singe that curl, and not touch your face!" and she pointed the pistol full at the dandy's head.

"Cousin, for Heaven's sake don't shoot!" cried the horrified Walter.

"Not shoot! Why not? Nonsense, I *will* shoot, but make your bet first."

"Excuse me, I decline being made a target of, at the risk of having my brains blown out."

"What risk? I'm sure to hit. Pat, you put something on your head, and let Walter see what a shot I am; name a bet first."

"Well," said Harry, "if you hit, I kiss you; if you miss, you kiss me."

"Kiss that fellow!" groaned Walter.

"Call me a fellow again, and I'll pitch you out of the window!" shouted Harry.

"Come, come gentlemen, don't quarrel," said Kate, "Pat, I agree to your bet. Here, put this apple on your head, and kneel down before the east window."

A close observer could have seen a hole in the apple piercing it from side to side. Harry took it, put it on his head, and knelt down before the

east window. Walter looked another way; the pistol which had no ball was fired; and then Kate caught up the apple and triumphantly exhibited the hole in it. The next moment "that fellow" was taking his bet.

"Could you aim a pistol at my head?" he whispered.

"No," was the reply; "cousin Walter really believed the little stone you fired at his hat was my ball. Now, you get out of the way with Floy as soon as you can."

"If you please, Miss Kate," said a little stable-boy, putting his head in at the door, "the chestnut filly has got the staggers!"

"What!" cried Kate, seizing the boy by the collar, and dragging him into the room. "What!" she cried again, with a scream of passion. "How dare you come here croaking?" and she plied the riding-whip about his shoulders, till the poor fellow thought his promised dollar was hard earned.

"If you please," sobbed the unfortunate victim, "the groom sent me, and he says, what shall he do? Oh, dear Miss Kate! please! how that whip stings! Oh, ow! oh—" and a long drawn howl completed the sentence.

"Pat, dear," said Kate, "will you go see about the filly: and you, stupid," she added, speaking to the boy, "see if you can take my gloves and whip into my room. Gracious! how my hair is blowed by riding!" she said, as soon as she was alone with her cousin. "Oh! Walter," and she popped down beside him, "I want to tell you all about my ride this morning. You see, there was a party went to see Mr. Peters and I run a race. I bet my diamond pin against a gold chain on a steeple-chase. Well, we started! First, there was a run on level ground, then a ditch to leap, then a fence and ditch, then a hedge and fence, and then all three at once. Off we went; Selim pulled to take the lead, but I held him in, until we came to the fence: over we went, in fine style; but my habit caught on a nail, and tore this great piece out, and it is hanging there now for aught I know. I vow! See the chain, is it not a beauty? When we are married I must have plenty of riding! I adore riding and shooting. There! I forgot that curl; do stand up now, that's a good fellow; you know what a shot I am. When we are married—"

"Zounds, cousin, we never will be married."

A flash of triumph shot over Kate's face.

"Nonsense, man; don't get into a passion. You know we must get married. Why pa won't let me flirt a bit, because I'm engaged to you; and so I can only coquette with Mr. Peters and Pat, and Joe Sanders, and—and—oh, cousin, do

smooth down that curl, it really is too tantalizing. I will play for you," and catching up a French horn that was on the piano, she blew such a blast that Walter clapped both hands over his ears.

"Oh, cousin," cried the hoyden, throwing down the horn, and dragging him to the window, "see, there is my groom with the chesnut filly, as well as ever he was. Won't I give it to that little liar for scaring me so? Only let me catch him, and I'll cure him of lying for one while. Ain't he a beauty, cousin? When we are married, you must give him the very best place in your stable; and oh! cousin, I want a sulky like James Brown's when we are married; pa won't let me have one now; but I mean to do just as I please when we are married."

"We never will be married," screamed the unfortunate dandy. "I'd as lieve marry the Witch of Endor."

"Yes; but, cousin, we must be married; we are engaged."

"I will write to your father, declining the alliance."

"Don't, cousin, he would scold so. But if you insist, there are pen, ink, and paper: but don't, please, be too hard on me."

"There, Kate, there is the note, and now I have the honor of wishing you a very good day."

"Nay, nay, cousin, you must not go. You came to stay some weeks, and you shall not go to-night. I expect Mr. Graham and Miss Hastings to spend the evening with me, and I will be

as quiet a girl as I can if you will only stay. Here come my friends."

Harry and Flora passed through a second introduction in *propria persona* without exciting the least suspicion, and Kate left them to entertain her cousin while she went to change her dress.

When she returned, she wore a white dress with short sleeves and low neck, and her clean face and hands looked whiter than ever from the contrast they afforded to their late dyed state. The ugly black wig was gone, and her own brown curls fell in rich profusion over her snowy shoulders; a tiny pair of exquisitely fitting slippers completed her fascinations.

Walter arose in perfect astonishment.

"Oh! cousin," said Kate, holding out both hands, "I am delighted to find you still here. What!" she exclaimed, as he imprinted a kiss upon her lips, "you are willing to give me some cousinly regard then."

The evening passed pleasantly with music and conversation, and Walter stayed three weeks with his charming cousin. All that time he did not know whether to be furiously jealous of Harry, or to congratulate himself upon an escape from a wife who could shoot and ride like his cousin Kate. Flora, who admired his face, figure and manners, had a share in making him finally adopt the latter course of thinking, and about the time that Kate became Mrs. Graham, Walter carried the lovely Flora to share his city home.

THE LOVED.

BY E. E. LAY.

WHERE are they gone—the best beloved of earth—
The young—the beautiful—the wondrous fair,
With all the music of their kindly mirth,
And loving laughter on the joyous air?
Where are they gone? The earth is dim and lone,
As though the sunshine of its skies had flown.

We list, at eve, beneath the whispering vine,
And breathe their names, yet hear no fond reply,
Till the heart sickens with the slow decline
Of hopes that blossomed but to droop and die.
And deep it feels, that through the shadowy years,
Its strength must faint beneath the weight of tears.

The loved! the loved! Oh, heart of trusting youth,
Hast thou the power thine image to forget?
Has not the tablet of thy bosom's truth
The dear impression all too deeply set?
Aye, thou may'st smile again, but never more,
As thy glad spirit smiled with those of yore.

And when the revel and the song pass by,
And forms of grace to notes of joy are led,
Shall memory bring before thy spirit's eye
The spiritual beauty of the dead;
And restless longings for the lost shall be
The heart companion of thy revelry.

And oft and oftener will thy weary soul
Pant through the prison of its clay to break,
And strive with upward wing to reach their goal,
And all the sweetness of their sphere partake—
That sphere of love, where soul communion high
Is not of earth, and is not born to die.

Yet must life's duties on; nor vain regret,
Nor sorrow's power thy pilgrim feet may stay!
Faith has for thee a glorious promise yet—
A prize that knows no shadow nor decay;
But when thy bosom weeps its treasures gone,
Look up, and say, "My God, thy will be done."

KING PHILIP'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

THE house of Samuel Parris, the minister of the church of Salem, stood in a solitary place, a little out of the village, which lay between it and the sea, whose interminable beat could be heard throbbing like a pulse along the beach.

When everything was still, and the hum of insects asleep in the forest, which, boundless as the blue ocean, stretched in an opposite direction, dark and teeming with mysterious shadows, then, especially, the sweep of these waves, coming with distinctness to the minister's house, and blending with the shiver of the forest leaves, and the cry of such birds as sing to the darkness, rendered the night-time one of peculiar mournfulness in that out-of-the-way dwelling.

But the young girl who sat in the little family room, late one autumn night, had learned to love the dark hours, and so listened to the throb of those waves with strange sympathy. The dull tick of an old ebony clock, whose coffin-like frame was heavy with carvings, seemed answering the eternal anthem with its small voice, like a human mind striving to answer the universe of God; and the petty sound irritated her nerves, while the everlasting sweep, afar off, made her heart swell and her eye kindle.

As Abigail Williams, for such was the name of the young girl, sat waiting, an old Indian woman, the only female servant of the minister's household, came into the room, and sat down on the floor at her feet. The woman did not speak, but lifted her face, wrinkled like a dried plum, to that of the young girl, and waited to be addressed. The large, earnest eyes of Abby Williams looked down upon the Indian.

"It is late, Tituba," she said, "the clock has struck eleven, and no sign of his coming!"

"He will be here—Wohpee would have been home long ago, if anything had kept the young king away. Are you sleepy, Abigail?"

"Sleepy! no, I shall never be sleepy again. The knowledge of who I am, and what they are in whose bosom I have slept all my life, keeps rest away from me—I know well how Judas felt when he sold his Lord."

Tituba shook her head. She had no Bible,

and could not be made to comprehend what one meant, though she had lived with the minister at Salem since Abigail was an infant—hers was a wilder and more romantic religion—the Manitou of the Indians was her god, and she read his word in the leaves of the forest and the rush of the mountain stream. With her, treachery to the whites was faith to the Indian. Had Judas betrayed his enemy, she would have considered him a hero; but to betray his Master—old Tituba could not have understood that!

"You look like her now," whispered the woman, folding her hands over her knees, and rocking back and forth on the floor, as she always did when about to talk of the past.

"My mother—do I look like her?" said Abigail.

"About the eyes, when there is trouble in them; but hers were blue, like a periwinkle in the morning, while yours are darker, and change so."

"And her—that other woman—that grand, sweet-spoken woman, whose spirit will not rest—Anna Hutchinson—my grandmother? Have you seen her, Tituba?"

"Yes, when the warriors brought her into the forest for sacrifice. I was there. I watched the woman, while they gathered pitch pine-knots, and scattered turpentine over the wood which the braves heaped on her death fire!"

"Did they torture her?"

"No. The wood was piled high; the Pequot women had brought heaps of pitch pine; the warriors, who held her and her little ones, came forward, ready to throw them on the flames together; they only waited for the chief!"

"And she stood ready for this terrible death?" broke in Abigail. "Was she brave, or was it only in speech that she proved valiant?"

"Brave! The warriors grew proud of their victim, she looked death so grandly in the face. The chief came, and his eye flamed brightly when he saw her. She was worthy of the death fire they had kindled in his honor."

"And he, a king, stood by and saw this brave woman tortured?"

"Why, would you have them offer a meaner victim before the sachem?"

"It was a fearful cruelty," said Abigail, shuddering.

"She was brave for herself, but not for her children," continued Tituba. "When her little ones clung around her, holding to her garments, pale and terror-struck, she flung up her arms, and called aloud for some one to take them away and save them from the torture. She asked the warriors to think of all their powers, and heap the pain on her; she would bear everything; they might be days killing her; only take her children away, and keep them out of sight and hearing, while she died!"

"And did no one take compassion on her—even those warriors, fiends incarnate?"

"The same blood that burned in their veins, beats in yours," answered the Indian woman, severely. "Who took compassion on her, when she was tied to a cart and whipped by constables from village to village, like a vicious hound? Ask yourself if the death fire was not mercy compared to that! The warriors knew how to respect her courage; but her own people mocked while they tortured her."

"Both were horrible. But her little children? My mother was one of those helpless creatures—she told me so!"

"There was a law in our tribe, maiden, by which a bereaved mother might adopt a captive, if she wished, in place of the child she had buried. By the side of the sachem stood a woman, who had lost a child, bright as the May blossom; and her heart was heavy with grief when she saw a little girl, with hair like the sunbeams, clinging to that wretched woman, with its eyes, large like those of a young fawn turned on the fire. Maiden, Manitou sometimes sends the soul of a dead child home again in another form, when its mother's heart is breaking—the woman knew that her child had wandered back from the great hunting ground, with its hair turned golden, and its eyes blue like the sky in summer. So she went to the chief with many tears, and asked for her child. The same mother bore the Pequod sachem, and the woman who claimed the little girl: so he gave her leave to take, not only the golden-haired child, but both Anna Hutchinson's children. The other was a brave girl, who stood between her little sister and the flames, till her hands and clothes were scorched by them."

"And the Indian woman took them both?"

"They would not be torn apart. When Anna Hutchinson saw this, she beckoned the Indian woman, and besought her to take the two sisters deep into the forest, where they would not hear her death cries. The sight of that little child

made the woman's heart soft. She could have cried, but that the females of her race are ashamed of tears. When your grandmother saw this, she stooped and whispered, 'Take them away, and you shall fire the pile; you shall kill me with your own hands if it will please you.'

"So the Pequod woman took the two children, one a young girl, the other a little thing so high; and led them away to her own lodge. When she went back to the death fire it was flaming high. The warriors had drawn close around it; the trees above were heavy with smoke, and crisping in the hot wind. Anna Hutchinson was ascending the death pyre. Her arms were tied with thongs of bark, and her hair was thick with silver threads that shone in the light; for the flames had already seized upon her garments and were creeping up the folds, hissing as they went. She stood firm, looking toward the path where her little ones had disappeared. When the woman came back she called out, with a great sob, 'My children, my children!' 'They are safe in my lodge,' answered the Pequod woman.

"Then the hot flames surged up, and the warriors saw a smile break over Anna Hutchinson's face, while her hands, which had broken loose from the thongs, were folded softly over her bosom, veiled by the golden cloud of fire. The Pequod woman was young, and had a soft heart. She could not bear to see the woman who had brought back her child writhing in the flames. So she sprang into the fire and cleft that broad, white forehead open with her tomahawk. It was a terrible kindness, but she was glad when it was done."

"It was a brave, a kind act," cried Abby, while the tears, that had stood in her eyes, flashed downward like unstrung diamonds. "And was this the woman who died uttering curses, and denouncing her persecutors; and whose maledictions cling to my own life? Tituba, tell me! Did you hear Anna Hutchinson's curse come out from those death flames?"

"No, maiden—that was wrong from her when her family were butchered at Aquiday, to which place she had been driven by the people of Boston. Then she grew mad, and words fell from her lips like hot coals; for the sight of her mangled children made her a prophetess; but afterward, when the two youngest and bravest of her children were safe, she broke into smiles amid the flames, and so died!"

The old woman spoke in the Indian language, and her narrative took a depth and force which no modern tongue can reach. Abby Williams sat trembling under the influence of the fearful

picture she had drawn, for the blood of Anna Hutchinson beat loud in her heart.

"And the Pequod woman—where did she go with the children?"

"She took them to her lodge, and loved them both as her own children. But when her tribe was broken up, and Uncas dead, she wandered with them among such fragments of the Pequods as still dwelt in the old hunting-grounds. But the elder maiden never took kindly to the woods; her heart turned to her mother's people; and she pined for a sight of them. The Indian woman had a soft heart; so she came with the maiden and her little sister to the sea-shore, to find a home for them among the whites."

"Ah me! I know it all," cried Abby. "They came here into this very town. She, my mother, was driven forth to the wilderness, as her mother had been, driven with the constable's scourge. She was found almost dying in the woods by King Philip, who made her his wife. I know how he fought and died, leaving that woman a widow with two children. One, a noble boy, was sold into slavery, and toiled up to manhood under the hot sun of Bermuda, from which he has but just escaped to be a fugitive and an out-cast in the woods, where his father had reigned. The other was brought by the dying widow to this dwelling, and left with the golden-haired daughter of Anna Hutchinson, who had become the wife of her sister's judge, Samuel Parris. The fair minister's wife, and King Philip's widow, met in this very room. The widow was dying from exposure, grief, and starvation; and fled to find shelter for her child before she joined her husband. From her cold lips, the minister's wife heard, for the first time, that she was Anna Hutchinson's child; that her only sister had been scourged by the orders of her husband. The truth killed her. That night her child, Elizabeth Parris, was born. Two days after, King Philip's widow and the minister's wife were laid in the burying-ground back of that meeting-house. The two children were left together, and grew up lovingly, as sisters should, till all the mournful details of this story were told to King Philip's daughter, by her fugitive brother, the Bermuda slave. Then all the sweet love of her nature was turned to gall; she dreaded the sight of that fair being who had slept with her in the same trundle bed, who had been her second life. She trembled with constant fear that her heart would fall back to its old love again. The sight of these rude walls reminds her no longer of domestic peace, but of her mother's wrongs. She is embittered by her grandmother's curse. Oh! Tituba, Tituba, this

fearful thing have I become, I, Abigail Williams."

"No, not Abigail Williams. That name was given in the meeting-house, out there, and does not belong to King Philip's daughter. He called her Mahasha."

"Yes," said Abby, and her head fell forward upon her bosom in deep despondency, "that is my name; it is burned upon my heart! All the waters of the ocean would not wash it out."

She looked up again, after a little, with something of animation.

"But the Pequod Indian—what became of her? If the savior of my mother is alive, I must see her!"

Tituba cowered down to the floor again.

"She could not help it. They tore the two children apart. One was drawn into the forest; the other was carried into the meeting-house, and baptized with a new name, by the very hands that had driven her sister to the woods. In this golden-haired child, the soul of her own offspring had entered. How could she leave it to follow the other? Were not the wolves and panthers more merciful than the men who kept the little one? The Indian woman went into the edge of the woods, and built herself a bark wigwam; she gathered shells from the beach and strung them into wampum, which was money, as gold is now. She gathered willows from the brook, and made baskets which she carried on her back to the village, thus gaining a sight of the little one. Sometimes she would go into the meeting-house, that she might catch a glimpse of the beautiful one, who was possessed of her own child's soul, from the dark corner where these godly people allowed the Indians and negroes to creep and watch them as they worshiped God. They saw the Indian woman come Sunday after Sunday with her sorrowful face; so in time they began to regard her as a praying Indian, and one who might attain the salvation of her heathen soul, by looking at them from afar off. She was a harmless, humble creature, who asked but to follow the steps of her child like a dog, and this without making it known that the little girl was anything to her; like a dog they let her pass from dwelling to dwelling on week days, and in the meeting-house on Sundays, without hindrance. Sometimes she got a chance to speak to her child, to give her a bit of wampum, or a tiny basket to pick whortleberries in; and this was all the happiness she asked. One Sunday the Indian woman went into the meeting-house as usual. From her dark corner she peered out, looking for her child in the old place. The girl was not there, but down, close

by the pulpit, she found her clothed in white like a spirit from the far hunting-grounds. By her side was the minister, Samuel Parris, the man who had sat in judgment on her sister. Another minister preached in the pulpit; the people looked around restlessly, during the long sermon, and when he closed there was a rustling of dresses all over the house, like the stir of leaves in the forest. The Indian woman turned cold in her seat: for a little time she could not see; but when her eyes grew clear, her child, her beautiful child, whom she had worshiped afar off like a slave, that child stood in her white garments before the communion table, with her hand in that of the old minister, and before them stood the man who had come down from the pulpit, muttering words that could not reach the dark corner where the poor Indian stood. But she knew that they were giving the young girl to that stern old man for his wife. Filled with horror, she strove to cry out and protest against it; but the tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, and she was dumb. When she struggled to get down from her high place in the gallery, and make her way to the pulpit, the beadle stopped her rudely. 'Indians were not permitted,' he said, 'to enter there.' While she was struggling to pass him, the meeting broke up. The crowd came down the aisles, almost sweeping her away; but she stood firm, till that old man came forward, leading her child by the hand. His bride saw the Indian mother, of whom she had but a knowledge of vague kindnesses, and smiled softly as she drew near. Then the poor creature knew that it was too late; that her white enemies had bound the young one to them forever. So she forgot her own people, and followed the old man and his bride sorrowfully home to his house. There was no servant in the kitchen. She crept in through the back door and went to work. Her heart was full of bitterness and love: hate for him, love for her, the gentle one, who came in her meek beauty and settled down like a dove in his rude home. At first the Indian watched for an opportunity to tell the young wife that she had married the son of her mother's persecutor, for the father of Parris had been one of Anna Hutchinson's judges; and he, her bridegroom, had been among the worst enemies of her own noble sister; but when she saw the young wife settling down in her new home, so serene and contented, the Indian's heart failed her, and she drudged on from day to day, putting the cruel duty off, till at last one night—"

Abby, who had been greatly excited during this recital, suddenly threw out her hand, laying it heavily on the old woman's shoulder.

"Do not speak of that. Do not tell me again how my poor mother, King Philip's widow, came to this house, three weeks after his murder, and claimed the protection of Samuel Parris' wife for her last born child, not knowing that it was to her old enemy that gentle sister was married, till the death throe was upon her. I cannot bear to hear in words what is in my own remembrance, like a vague, wild dream. Enough! My mother died in that chair; her sister, Elizabeth Parris, died the next day, with a new-born infant slumbering in her arms. That infant is my cousin Elizabeth. The meek, old man, whose heart began to break that night, was my mother's cruel, cruel judge. But the Indian woman—what became of her?"

The old woman folded her arms more tightly about her knees, and looked up with the glance of a faithful dog.

"Her children were dead, but their little ones had no mother, so she staid in the kitchen."

"And died there?"

"Is Tituba dead that you ask this question of her?"

Abby stooped down, trembling all over, and drew the old woman up to her bosom. She kissed her withered face and her swarthy hands, with a burst of passionate feeling.

"And is it so? God forgive me that I did not guess this before! And you have been our slave, our drudge? The meanest work of the house has always been put upon Tituba. Poor, old Tituba, who saved our mothers from the flames, who followed us from wilderness to settlement, who left her own people for our sakes. And you are so old too! How many years, Tituba, has it taken to make this hair so grey?"

"Tituba is almost a hundred years old; but she can see like a night-hawk, and hear like a fox. When her children want help, they will find her thought keen and her feet swift!"

"But you shall work no more. I will save you from drudgery at least."

"No, no. Let Tituba alone. She is used to it. Work—work—work. What would Tituba be without work? Let her plod on in the old way, Mahasha. The tree thrives best in its own soil. Dig honeysuckles and wild strawberries from the wood—plant them in your garden, and they will grow. But when an old hemlock begins to die like this, let it stand."

The old woman touched her grey hair as she spoke, and drooped into her old position. Abby sat looking at her with tender astonishment. She could understand the great love, which had brought that noble savage from the wilderness to be a drudge in her uncle's kitchen; it exalted

the old, withered creature at her feet into a heroine.

"And for our sakes you gave up your people, your free life, all that makes the happiness of a forest child; and came here to be a slave!"

"Tituba only followed her child!" was the simple answer.

"But oh! Elizabeth Parris knew nothing of all this? To her you are only——"

Abby broke off, for she felt that the truths she was about to speak were cruel.

"I am only old Tituba to her, but she is all the world to me."

"And yet you hate her father—her stern, kind-hearted father, for that the minister is."

"He was your mother's judge, before he became her father!"

"And she is the grandchild of Anna Hutchinson, equally with myself!" said Abigail, musing.

"But not the child of King Philip. Not the sister of the last chief of the Wampanoags, who now wanders like a wild beast through the lands his people once owned. She, my golden-haired child, is not the one who must avenge her grandmother's wrongs. From the beginning, she and her mother were like singing birds to be fed and cared for. You and your mother were eagles, that swooped on their enemies and your own. Elizabeth must never know the events that are making your face so dark."

"But why, why is the sunshine all for her, the darkness for me?" answered Abigail, with sorrowful bitterness.

The old woman began to weave her hands together, and rock to and fro with a troubled look.

"The eagle soars; the mocking-bird sings. One seeks her nest in the leaves; the other sits on the crags."

"The bleak, bare crags for me—flowery hollows for her," said Abigail, despondingly. "It was so with our mothers; it must be so with us."

As she spoke, the outer door of the house opened, and Wohpee, an old Indian, who, like Tituba, had been for years a hanger on of the minister's kitchen, entered the sitting-room. He had been absent some days, and it was in expectation of his return that the young girl and Tituba had been sitting up so late.

The Indian seemed tired with travel. His dress of homespun linen was torn in places, and the rents pinned up with thorns just plucked from their trees. The lank hair was moist, and a rain of perspiration glistened on his tawny forehead. Abby rose from her seat, and went eagerly toward him.

"Wohpee—Wohpee, have you seen him?—where is he now? Have any number of his

people joined him yet?" Wohpee shook his head.

"Ask Wohpee nothing; he has no words. Give him bread and dried-beef. The Wampanoags have planted no corn, and they have no muskets to shoot down the deer, that look in their eyes without moving as they file one by one through the woods; for even the young fawns grow bold, now that the warriors have given up their guns."

"And is he near and hungry!" cried Abby, hastening to the kitchen, where old Tituba was dragging forth bread from a huge oven, in which it had been left after the week's baking; and crowding loaf after loaf into a flour sack, she helped to lift it on Wohpee's back.

Both Abigail Williams and Tituba would have followed the old Indian into the forest; but he curtly ordered them back, and went on himself carrying the sack of bread. They stole after him at a distance, notwithstanding his interdict, till they came to the meeting-house. Here they paused. The shadows upon the brink of the woods were black as death; and as the old man entered them, he was lost in an instant.

"Let us wait," said Tituba, "they will come out together. Metacomet will come to his mother's grave; and then we shall know what he is doing."

Abigail went silently after the old woman, and sat down on a flat stone, half buried in moss and ferns, at the foot of a huge pine tree, which sheltered two graves, that seemed covered by a vast pall, the shadows fell so heavily upon them.

Tituba dropped down at Abby's feet, and gathering her limbs together, began a low chant, that mingled with the shiver of the pine leaves with inexpressible mournfulness.

Abby leaned her head against the trunk of the pine, and listened. "Strange to say, that chant, instead of depressing, kindled her spirit. She never came to that spot, and heard the mysterious whispering of the leaves, without a wish for action, an unaccountable desire to plunge into the wilderness and remain there forever. Only one week before, she had wandered to the same spot, and there, for the first time, learned from his own lips that she had a brother; that the blood of King Philip mingled with that of Anna Hutchinson, the martyr, in her veins; and that on both sides the most terrible wrongs had been done to her ancestors, by the very people with whom she had unconsciously worshiped; nay! by the man whose roof had given her a loving shelter, from the cradle up.

On that spot, she had seen her kingly brother, in all the grandeur of a noble presence inherited from his father, blended with the softened grace of a mother, whose pure white blood softened

the eagle glances of his eyes and gave a glow to his face, that kindled that which would otherwise have been saturnine into the poetry of an ever changing expression.

The slave chief had broken his chains in Bermuda; concealed himself in a trading vessel; and after wandering over many countries, and studying things that were far beyond the grasp of a mere savage, had come back to his native forests, to gather up the fragments of his people, and claim their rights, or avenge their wrongs. Night after night, he had waited by those graves, under the pine tree, hoping that his sister would come and meet him.

She came at last, a thoughtful, innocent girl. The gentle romance of affection, for there could be little more in a child who remembered her mother only as she thought of her dreams, led her to the edge of the wilderness. She went away again, wounded by a terrible knowledge—a sybil in her imagination, the pledged avenger of her mother's wrongs, and of her father's and her grandmother's murder.

Thus the son and daughter of King Philip had met, for the first time since their childhood. The boy knew that he still possessed a sister, and this thought had inspired him to great struggles; but Abby Williams learned, for the first time, from her brother's own lips, how it chanced that her brow was darker than the sunny forehead of her cousin Elizabeth; and that wrong and death had scattered her family abroad, leaving her a dependent, where she should have been an avenger.

All that week, the hopeless girl had brooded on the terrors of her birth, and the wrongs her family had suffered; her days were one long, vague dream—her nights restless with tossing thought. Never again would she know what tranquil peace was under that roof! Her uncle Parris and cousin Elizabeth were in Boston. A journey of fifteen miles only separated her from them so far as space was concerned; but there was no means of measuring the interminable distance, that had grown up between their souls and hers in one single week.

That night, she had again spoken of her parents, and again expected to see her brother. During the hours that she waited, old Tituba had crept to her feet, with new revelations and more startling surprises. The young girl listened, seated in the very chair that had been her mother's death couch. She was a creature of sensitive feeling and keen imagination, a thoughtful, ardent girl, to whom such knowledge came like fire to steel, melting and hardening at the same time.

And now she sat waiting for her brother, but in vague expectation only, for Wohpee had given no account of his chief's movements, and Abby could only listen for the sound of his footsteps on the forest turf.

All at once, as her eyes wandered toward the woods, she heard a movement, but not in that direction. The meeting-house stood close on the verge of the forest, and the arched window, back of its pulpit, was almost touched by the swinging tree-branches. Between them and the building, Abby saw a human figure moving swiftly through the gloom.

"Tituba, Tituba—look up," she whispered, hushing her very breath, for the figure came out into the star-light, and glided toward them like a ghost.

Tituba lifted her face, and held the chant trembling on her lips; they were both in the deep darkness of the *halls*; but the woman, who came forward, had the star-light on her face.

"Is it—is it my mother?" whispered Abby, prompt to believe anything strange in the excitement of the moment. "See how sad, how beautiful she is."

Tituba pressed back against her young mistress, striving to bury herself more deeply in the darkness.

"Is it my mother—or the one you loved so much?"

Tituba drew a long breath, but did not answer; for the figure came close up to the two graves, and stooping down, tried to make out the moss-grown letters on the stones, tracing the outline with her fore-finger when the light proved insufficient.

"Mother!"

The word died on Abby's lips, and was carried off in the whisper of the pine leaves.

Tituba lifted her hand, grasping that in Abby's lap with a warning force.

"Elizabeth—yes! it is Elizabeth—Elizabeth Pa-r-ris! The moss chokes up the name, but it is here. Poor girl—poor young wife!" murmured a low, sweet voice from the grave. "And this grave, so close, with the vines creeping over both. Who can this be? Elizabeth Parris was an orphan, a beautiful charity child of the church—who can be lying so close?"

The woman knelt down, as she uttered these disjointed words, and touched the foliage on the two graves lightly with her hands.

"Here it was they buried the old man's heart. I almost feel the blossoms springing out of it!" murmured the voice. "Oh, if there were only a place for another here—surely this spot would be quiet and roomy enough for us all."

The strange woman took a ribbon slowly from her waist, as she spoke, and held it in the starlight.

"I have but to tighten this about my throat, and lie down—a pang or two—a struggle, and when the light drives these shadows back into the woods, some one would find me here—in charity they would dig through the turf a little, and lay me down by sweet Elizabeth Parris. Who would know of it? Who, on the broad earth, would care? It would only be a poor, lone woman, dropping into death before her time—a wanderer, worn out with travel through a weary, weary world, who asked only to lie down and be still."

The tender sadness of these words—the despondency in that face, touched Abby Williams to the heart. She was about to rise; but Tituba held her back.

The woman's hand dropped, trailing the ribbon on the grass. She seemed to fall into thought. Her eyes were uplifted towards the stars, and with solemn mournfulness, she spoke again:

"A little while, and this soul would be yonder, standing before those bright gates, and asking for that love in heaven, which earth has denied to me; asking this of God, who has not summoned me there, but who will look first on the crimson mark on my neck. No, no, even death is not mine to take—I must wander on and on, till God is merciful and calls me!"

With a slow, weary movement of the hands, she tied the ribbon around her waist again, and sitting down on the grave of Elizabeth Parris, folded her arms, with a gesture of unutterable despondency, as if she was waiting patiently for the death she dared not take.

That moment, there was a movement in the forest. Abby and the Indian woman looked that way, but it was only a young fawn, who came leaping through the brushwood, and basked a moment in the starlight before she returned to the thicket, from which some stronger animal had frightened her.

When Abby looked toward the grave again, nothing was there. The cool, green leaves twinkled in the starlight, as if no human thing had touched them. She arose and searched the grass. No footprint could be found, and the open space, which lay between them and the meeting-house, was vacant. She looked at the Indian woman in vague alarm.

"Who was this woman? and where has she gone?"

Tituba shook her head. She was a firm believer in ghosts and witchcraft. The apparition

had filled her with terrible awe. Once before, in her life, she had seen the same face gleaming before her in the starlight of a summer's evening; and after that came sore trouble on the household.

"Was it my mother searching for rest? Will she wander forever and ever, unless I avenge her?"

"Come into the house, child, it is near morning: the chief will not come to-night."

"Tell me," cried Abigail, solemnly, "for I must know: was it my mother?"

"I did not see her face. Something came across my eyes and blinded them; but she was tall and stately like your mother."

"She need not come again, I will not falter," said Abigail, with sorrowful earnestness.

They went together into the house, full of vague dread. Tituba followed the young girl up stairs, and forcing her to lie down, coiled herself up at the foot of the bed, and lay with her bright, black eyes wide open, till the morning broke. Then she arose softly, and going down to the kitchen, began to prepare breakfast. Wohpee had not yet returned from the woods, and there was no one to provide for but the young girl up stairs; but the old woman mixed her corn bread, stamped the pats of golden butter, and set her rye coffee down to boil in its conical tin pot, with as much bustle of preparation as if the whole family were to partake of the meal she was preparing.

When all was ready, when the round, cherry-wood table was turned down from its place in a corner of the sitting-room, and drawn up to the window, through which the sweet summer air came rippling among the wild roses and bitter sweet vines, Tituba went up to the room where Abby was sleeping. It was a singular face, upon which the old woman gazed. The masses of raven hair, the long, inky lashes, and the small mouth, so beautifully red, possessed a rare beauty, which the agitation of other features could not altogether destroy. But the forehead was contracted with a frown, the lips writhed with a troubled expression, and her billowy hair rippled to and fro on her pillow from the constant change of position, sought for in her restless sleep.

"Abby—Abby!" whispered the old woman, "come, wake up, it is most seven o'clock, and the breakfast all ready."

Abby turned on the pillow, and her forehead gathered into a heavy frown.

"Do not call me, mother. Why will you wander on—on—on forever and ever, so restlessly, as if your child would not keep her oath? Wait

a little, while I look on your face. The wave of your white garments troubles me. The starlight is dim. I cannot hold you in my look, or grasp you with my hand—oh——”

She awoke with a groan, and sat up in bed. The gentle shake which Tituba had given her, seemed to wrench the garments, she had seized upon in her dream, rudely from her grasp.

“Breakfast is ready, child.”

“Breakfast!”

“Yes, child, breakfast; warm Johnny cake, and a nice little bit of ham. Don't think any more about it. If the Great Spirit sends witches, he knows how to keep 'em under.”

“I will come down,” said Abby, closely holding one hand to her forehead.

“That's a good child—and do try and look a little like old times. What if the minister and our Lizzy should come back to-day?—who knows?”

“Heaven forbid!” cried the young girl, in pale affright. “I am not ready yet. How can I tell what the woman wants till she speaks to me? If Anna Hutchinson must be avenged, explain how the evil thing is to be done. Dear Tituba, tell me truly. You don't expect the minister home to-day?”

“Why, how can I tell for certain? He ought to have been home a week ago.”

“Am I changed, Tituba? Hold up the looking-glass, and let me see for myself.”

Tituba raised the little looking-glass, in its carved cherry-wood frame, and held it before the girl's face.

Abby shook her head mournfully.

“How old I look! What a strange glitter comes and goes in these eyes. It is the Indian blood, I suppose. That, and the things I have been told, Tituba. Don't it seem a great deal more than a week since the minister went away?”

“I don't know—yes! I shouldn't wonder if it seems so; but Tituba counts time from the week when Miss Elizabeth went off to visit Lady Phelps in her grand, new house at Boston. Oh! it will be like a bird getting back to its nest when she comes home.”

“A bird getting back to its nest—old Tituba? Well, why not? She will sleep quietly, and dream sweetly as ever. It is only I—I. Come, old Tituba, let's go down to breakfast; at least we have twelve hours of day before us: who knows what another night will bring?”

“Yes, yes—come to breakfast; it's unhealthy talking on an empty stomach.”

As they went through the little entry way, below stairs, a soft knock came to the outer door. Abby went forward and sat down at the

breakfast-table, while Tituba lifted the wooden latch and opened the door.

A lady stood on the step, wrapped in a black silk mantle, with the hood drawn over her face. She was pale, and seemed to have walked a great distance, for her light boots of foreign make were torn at the sides and soiled with moist earth, while the edge of a light grey silk dress, which fell an inch or two below her mantle, was frayed and spotted, as if it had been dragged over wet grass.

The woman lifted her eyes to Tituba an instant before she spoke; then, in a voice singularly low and gentle, she inquired if Mr. Parris had reached home yet.

Old Tituba replied, with a little unaccountable hesitation, that the minister had gone to Boston; that he intended to bring Miss Elizabeth home with him; but that there was no saying, for a certainty, when they would come.

“You may expect them within an hour or two,” said the stranger, gently, “so I will step in and wait.”

She glided softly into the hall while speaking, opened the sitting-room door like one used to the house, and went in.

Abby had seated herself at the table, but she arose as the stranger entered, naturally looking that way. The thrill that passed through her frame amounted almost to a shock. Two contending wishes seized upon her. She longed to dash through the window and flee; yet was impelled toward the stranger, by a power which she could neither understand, nor resist.

With this conflict of the nerves, visible on her face, she came forward and laid her hand in that of the stranger. Again the thrill passed over her, but as those soft fingers closed upon her hand, this singular agitation went off in a pleasant shiver, and the two females smiled sadly on each other, like persons who had met for the first time after some severe bereavement.

“The old woman tells me that the minister is not at home yet,” said the lady, “so I have ventured to come in and wait. Do not let me disturb you at breakfast though; I will walk toward the meeting-house yonder; it seems a quaint, old building.”

She turned as if to go, but Abby could not give up the hand in hers without a feeling of emotion amounting almost to pain.

“No, lady, stay and take breakfast with me. I am alone, you see, for old Tituba never sits at a table, but eats her meals as she goes about her work. You look tired, and as if a warm cup of coffee would refresh you. Take off your mantle and sit down in this chair.”

Abby drew the great oak chair up to the table, and stood with one hand on the back, waiting for her guest to throw off her mantle. But the lady only pushed the hood back to her shoulders, revealing a quantity of splendid hair, that was swept from her fair temples in heavy waves. The face, thus exhibited, was not young, nor would a common-place observer have called it handsome; but it was a grand face nevertheless, and one which no great-hearted man or woman could have looked upon, without a glow of enthusiasm.

She sat down in the oak chair, took the earthen coffee-cup which Abby had filled for her, and began slowly and wearily to drink the contents. She broke off a morsel of the corn bread now and then, with the indifferent air of one whose appetite is forced, but did not fail to say a few gentle words to her hostess, with that delicate,

self abnegation which makes a well-bred woman forget her own weariness or suffering, at all times, where the feelings of others are concerned.

The reaction of a strong excitement was on Abigail. But the fascination, which surrounded this woman, was so irresistible, that she forgot everything but the charm of her presence.

Old Tituba came in and out of the room, clearing away the breakfast things, as the two females drew back from their meal, and eyeing the stranger with keen interest. At last the old woman drew close up to the oak chair, and peering over the lady's shoulder, said, in her curt way,

"You forgot to tell me what your name was when you asked for the minister."

"My name," said the lady, with a faint smile. "Yes! I did forget it. My name is Barbara Stafford."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

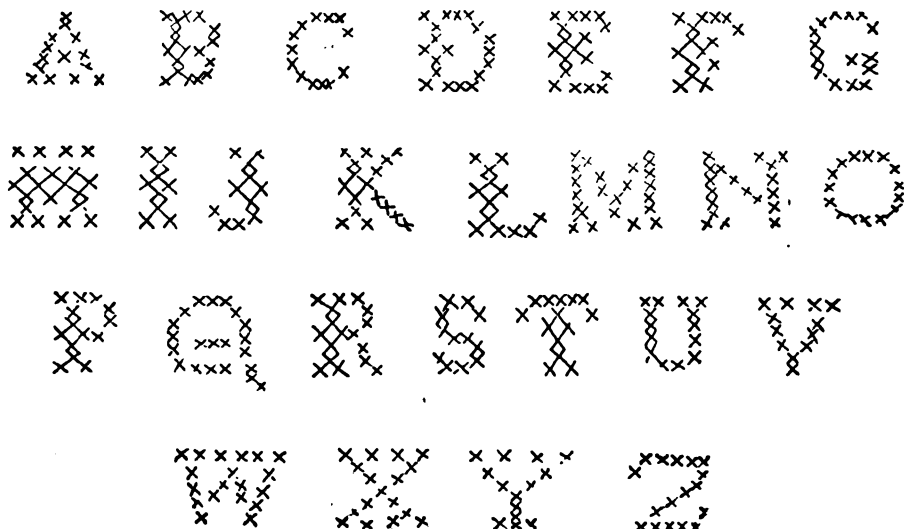
IMPROMPTU.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

Oh! sing again; oh! sing, my love,
That all-entrancing lay;
Such as the seraphim above
Are singing far away.
It comes as some familiar strain,
Once heard in Heav'n, now heard again.

For sure, as olden sages tell,
We are not all of earth;
The soul, by some mysterious spell,
Has glimpses of its birth:
And memories of things divine
Thrill o'er me at that voice of thine.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



OUR DICTIONARY OF NEEDLEWORK

NO. VII.—KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IMPLEMENTS FOR KNITTING.—Needles, (or pins, as they are sometimes called,) of bone, ivory, or steel. They should be evenly thick throughout, except the ends, tapered to a point, without any sharpness. Some have knobs of ivory to prevent the work from slipping off at one end. Unless when, from the size of the work, long needles are indispensable, short ones will be found by far the most convenient.

CASTING ON.—Hold the end of cotton between the third and little fingers of the left hand, and let it pass over the thumb and forefinger. Bend the latter, and straighten it again, so that in the operation the thread shall be twisted into a loop. Now catch the cotton over the little finger of the right hand, letting it pass under the third and second, and over the forefinger. Take up a knitting-needle and insert it in the loop on the forefinger of the left hand; bring the thread round the needle; turn the point of the needle slightly toward you, and tighten the loop, while slipping it off the finger. Take the needle now in the left hand, holding it lightly between the thumb and second finger, leaving the forefinger free. This needle is kept under the hand. The other rests over the division between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, and the thumb lightly pressing against it, holds it in its place. The forefinger has the thread carried from the left hand over the nail of it. Insert the point of the right-hand needle in the loop of the left-hand one; put the thread round it, and let it form a loop. Transfer the loop to the left-hand needle, but without withdrawing the other needle from it. Again put the thread round, to form a fresh loop, which slip on the left-hand needle, and repeat the process.

PLAIN KNITTING.—Slip the point of the right-hand needle in a loop, put the thread round it, and draw it out in a new loop.

PURLING.—Slip the right-hand needle through a loop, in the front of the left-hand one, so that its point is the nearest to you. The thread passes between the two, and is brought round the right-hand one, which is drawn out to form a loop on it. The thread is always brought to the front before purl stitches, unless particular directions to the contrary are given.

TWISTED KNITTING.—Insert the needle in the stitch to be knitted, at the back of the left-hand one, and, as it were, in the latter half of the loop. Finish the stitch in the usual way.

TWISTED PURLING.—Insert the right-hand needle in the stitch, not crossing the left-hand one, as is usual, but parallel with it. When the loop is on it, it can return to its usual place, and be finished like any other purled stitch.

TO MAKE STITCHES.—To make one stitch, merely bring the thread in front before knitting a stitch, as, in order to form the new stitch, it must pass over the needle, thus making one. To make two, three, or more, pass the thread round the needle in addition: once, to make two; twice, to increase three, and so on; but when the succeeding stitch to a made stitch is purled, you must bring the thread in front, and put it once round the needle, to make one stitch.

TO TAKE IN.—(*Decrease.*)—Either knit two as one, which is marked in receipts as $k\ 2\ t$; or, slip one, knit one, pass the slip-stitch over the knitted. This is either written in full, or decrease 1. When three have thus to be made into one, slip one, knit two together, and pass the slip over.

TO SLIP.—Take a stitch from the left to the right-hand needle, without knitting.

TO RAISE A STITCH.—Knit as a stitch the bar of thread between two stitches.

TO JOIN A ROUND.—Four needles are used in stockings, mittens, gloves, and any other work which is round without being sewed up. Divide the number of stitches to be cast on by three. Cast a third on one needle. Take the second needle, slip it into the last stitch, and cast on the required number. The same with the third. Then knit two stitches off from the first needle on to the third. The round being thus formed, begin to use the fourth needle for knitting.

TO JOIN THE TOE OF A SOCK, &c.—Divide the entire number of stitches, putting half on each of two needles, taking care that all the front ones are on one needle, and the sole on another. Knit one off from each needle as one. Repeat. Then pass the first over the second. Continue as in ordinary casting off.

TO CAST OFF.—Knit two stitches; pass the one

first knitted over the other; knit another; pass the former over this one. Continue so.

BRIOCHE STITCH.—The number cast on for brioché stitch must always be divisible by three, without a remainder. Bring the thread in front, slip one, knit two together. It is worked the same way backward and forward.

GARTER STITCH.—Plain knitting in anything which is in rows, not rounds. The sides appear alike.

MOSS STITCH.—Knit one, purl one, alternately. In the next row let the knitted stitch come over the purled, and *vice versa*.

TO KNIT RAPIDLY AND EASILY.—Hold the needles as near to the points as possible, and have no more motion in the hands than you can avoid. Keep the forefinger of the left hand free to feel the stitches, slide them off the needle, &c. The touch of this finger is so delicate that by using it constantly you will soon be able to knit in the dark.

RIBBED KNITTING.—Knit and purl alternately

so many stitches as two. In rounds the knitted must always come over the knitted, and purled over purled. But in rows, the purled stitch will be done over the knitted, and *vice versa*. Thus if you end a row with a purled stitch, that stitch must be knitted at the beginning of the next row, to make it right.

CONTRACTIONS IN KNITTING.—K. Knit (plain knit.)

P. Purl.

M. Make (increase.)

K 2t. Knit two as one. K 3t. Knit three as one.

D 1. Decrease one, by taking off a loop without knitting; then knit one, and pass the other over it.

D 2. Decrease two; slip one; knit two together, and pass the slip-stitch over.

Sl. Slip.

R. Raise.

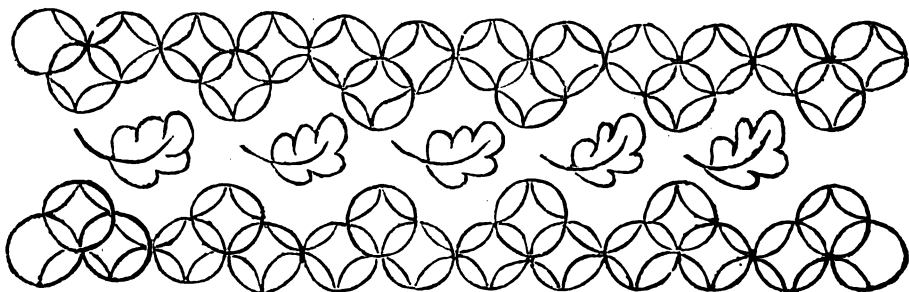
T.K. Twisted knitted stitch.

T.P. Twisted purl stitch.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



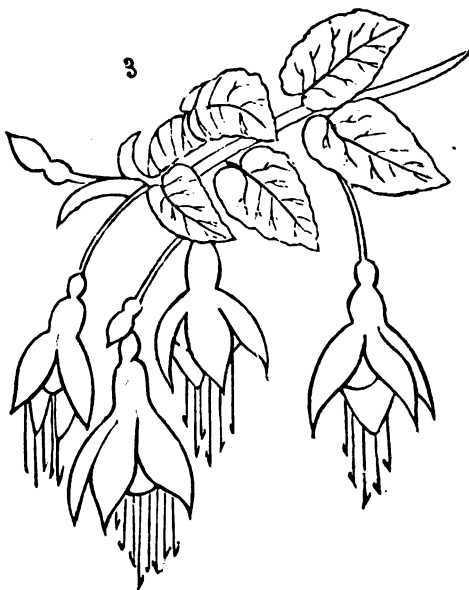
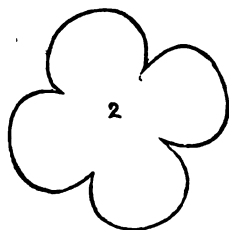
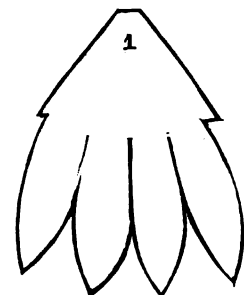
FUCHSIA PATTERN FOR FLANNEL.



WHEEL AND LEAF PATTERN.

DIRECTIONS HOW TO MAKE A FUCHSIA.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



MATERIALS.—Carmine paper, purple tissue paper, small green cups, stamens made of pink Mannillo or thread, green leaves, twisting paper, &c.

Cut an equal number of No. 1 and 2, No. 1 of the carmine paper, No. 2 of the purple tissue paper; gum the edges of No. 1 the same as directed for Honeysuckle; the purple petals should be moulded in the hand with the medium sized moulder; touch the stamen with gum to keep the petals from coming off; slip on the purple first, then the carmine; finish with a small green cup; branch like No. 3. Leaves

and stamens can be had ready prepared, also the buds.

* MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.—

Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for Pinks, Dahlias, and red Roses, variegated for Japonicas, Pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 32 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

BABY'S BASSINET COVER IN PERSIAN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS beautiful article, an engraving of which we give in the front of the number, is arranged for execution in a new stitch, partaking half of the nature of crochet and half of a sort of knitting. It requires a needle made for the purpose, which consists of one of the long knitting pins having the exact resemblance of the usual crochet needle at its end. This allows a great number of loops to be on the needle, and consequently articles of very large size to be produced. To

commence the Baby's Bassinet Cover, a simple chain is worked in the usual crochet stitch the length required. We do not call this a row, but simply the foundation for the first row of the Persian Crochet, which is done as follows:—Work one chain into each stitch, retaining each stitch upon the needle, so that at the end of the row all the loops are on the needle in the same way as in knitting. This forms the first row. The second is done as follows:—Make one, put your needle under the wool, and draw it through two loops, dropping them off the needle. Repeat the last stitch to the end of the row, when but one stitch will be left on the needle. This row gives the work the appearance of having loops on its surface. The third row:—Miss the outside stitch, and put the needle into the first loop, drawing the wool through, and each successive loop the same, retaining them all on the needle

as in the first row. It must be remembered, that the first row is used only in commencing, it being the second and the third which in reality form the pattern. This work is also done backward and forward without turning the work or breaking off the wool. The Baby's Bassinet Cover is extremely pretty worked in stripes, five stripes of white Berlin wool, and five of a soft pink or pretty blue, either of which are extremely suitable.

But it must be remembered, that the colored wool must always be joined on at the right hand, in commencing the colored stripe. A narrow border must be added. The one we have given is composed of three rows of the two colors, say white, blue and white of five chain looped in, on the last row eight stitches of single crochet are worked into every loop with the blue wool, giving it the appearance of a button-hole edge.

ESCALLOP SHELL FRINGE IN CROCHET.

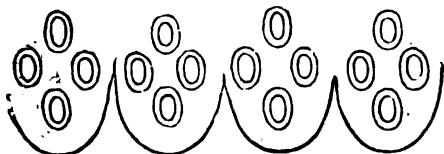
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS pretty fringe, an engraving of which we give in the front of the number, must be worked with a reference to the purpose for which it is intended, in either coarse or fine cotton. Another row added to it, and worked in coarse cotton, makes a very handsome finish to a light summer counterpane.

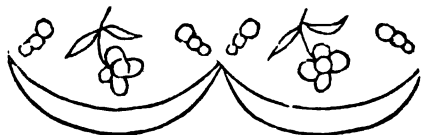
In working it to go round a cover, it can always be joined at the corners without showing the slightest blemish, and this prevents so long a portion being worked in one piece. Make a chain, on which work one long, one chain, in every alternate loop. 3rd row: Twenty-two chain, loop in single, six chain, nine single, six chain, loop in, continue twenty-two chain, &c. 4th row: Work one long, three chain, into every alternate loop of the last twenty-two chain, six chain, seven single, six chain, repeat. 5th row:

One long, three chain over the last, making the bars always come over each other, continue all round the scallop, six chain, five single, six chain, repeat. 6th row: One long, four chain, continue round the scallop, six chain, three single, six chain, repeat. 7th row: One long, five chain, repeat all round, six chain, one single, six chain, repeat. 8th row: Chain seven, loop in short, continue all round. This row is the one on which the fringe is tied in. The top is finished by seven chain loop in. The last row work eight single on each loop. This forms a sort of button-hole scallop. The fringe is tied into each loop according to the length and thickness required, but about three inches long and fourteen threads in thickness makes a very pretty size—that is, when cut before being inserted, seven threads, six inches long, for each knot.

PATTERNS FOR EDGINGS.



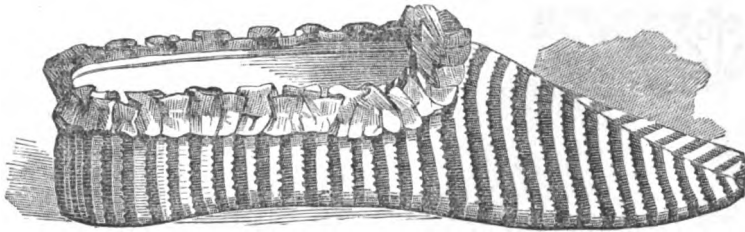
EDGE OF CHEMISE.



BOTTOM OF CHILD'S PETTICOAT.

A BED-ROOM SLIPPER FOR A LADY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—One ounce each of bright violet and stone-color 4-thread Berlin wool; a pair of cork socks. No. 2 Penelope hook. $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of violet binding ribbon; 4 yards of violet satin ribbon, one inch wide.

This slipper is worked in stripes alternately of violet and stone-color, in ridged crochet, that is, by always taking back loops instead of the front.

VIOLET.—21 ch turn back; 20 dc 1 ch T; (or turn on reverse side;) loop in the stone-color to this violet ch; pull the violet wool as tight as possible.

Make another tight ch of the stone-color; now 10 dc; (taking back loops;) 2 ch 10 more dc. This row is now increased to 22 loops; make 1 ch T. Cut off the violet to within an inch of the dc.

VIOLET.—Loop into the stone color; pull the latter very tight; make another tight ch in the violet; work 11 dc 2 ch; 11 more dc 1 ch T. Cut off the stone-color as the violet.

STONE-COLOR.—Loop it into the violet ch; pull the latter tight; another tight ch in the

stone-color; 12 dc 2 ch; 12 dc 1 tight ch. (This ch at the end is to prevent any diminution of the number of stitches on either side, but is never worked into, and merely permits the hook to be inserted in the first stitch.)

Continue working and increasing in the same manner, till 9 violet and 8 stone-color rows are completed; run a piece of white cotton in centre of the violet row. Now work 9 more violet rows, increasing these as before; but work the 9 stone-color rows without increasing.

Now count 11 stitches from the centre; commence on the 12th stitch from centre, and work 21 rows of violet and the same of stone-color, to form one side; but omitting to work the 22 stitches which form the instep. Now work the other side the same, and, when completed, turn on drab side; crochet the two sides together at the back. Cut the ends of wool off round the edges, but not too close; bind the upper part with narrow ribbon, and sew the under round the cork sole, but sewing it inside, so that the stitches will not show through. The quilled ribbon should be about an inch in width.

MOURNING PURSE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—One and a half skeins black crochet silk, No. 2, (French.) Nine skeins of silver thread. Tassels as represented in the engraving, of black and silver, and slides to match. Crochet hook, No. 21.

Of course this purse can be made in any other combinations of colors, and being extremely simple, is very suitable for a learner.

Make a chain of five, and close it into a round with the silk.

1st Round.—Sc, 2 in 1 all round.

2nd Round.—Silver and black, † 1 silver, and 1 black, † 10 times.

3rd Round.—† 1 silver on silver, 2 black on 1, † 10 times.



4th Round.—† 2 silver on 1, 2 black on 2, † 10 times.

5th Round.—† 3 silver on 2, 2 black on 2, † 10 times.

6th Round.—† 4 silver on 3, 2 black on 2, † 10 times.

7th Round.—† 5 silver on 4, 3 black on 2, † 10 times.

8th Round.—† 1 silver on the same stitch as last black, 1 more silver, † 3 black on centre 3 of 5 silver, 2 silver, 2 black on centre 1 of 3, 2 silver, † 9 times. 3 black, 2 silver, 2 black.

9th Round.—† 1 silver on last stitch, 1 more silver, † 2 black, 1 silver, (on centre of 3 black,) 2 black, 2 silver, 1 black, 2 silver, † 9 times.

10th Round.—† 1 black, 3 silver, 1 black, 2 silver, 1 black, † 9 times. The 10th time finish with 2 black.

11th Round.—† 2 silver, 2 black, 1 silver, 2 black, 2 silver, 2 black on 1, † 9 times. The 10th 2 black on 2.

12th Round.—† 1 black, 2 silver, 3 black, 2 silver, 3 black, † 10 times.

13th Round.—† 2 black, 5 silver, 4 black, † 10 times.

14th Round.—† 3 black, 3 silver, 5 black, † 10 times.

15th Round.—† 4 black, 1 silver, 6 black, † 10 times.

16th Round.—All silk, without increase.

17th and 18th Round.—All silk, † 5 dc in 1, miss 4 † 22 times. In the 18th and all following rounds, the 5 dc are worked in the centre of the 5 dc of the previous one.

19th Round.—The same, in silver, with 1 chain between every 5 dc.

Repeat these three rounds, 2 in silk, and 1 in silver, 5 times.

For the opening, with silk only, † 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, † work backward and forward twenty rows.

Form again into a round, and work the 17th, 18th, and 19th rounds, as before, but 7 times instead of 5.

To close it up, work a row of sc, taking the stitches of both sides.

Work round the opening in sc, with silver thread.

CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

As many fair readers will make our acquaintance, for the first time, with this number, we give here directions for transferring this and similar patterns in embroidery. Scrape some red or blue chalk; brush it lightly over a sheet of thin tissue paper, shake off the loose grains, lay the chalked side of the paper on the muslin, and over it the pattern, which you will trace with a hard, sharp-pointed pencil, and the de-

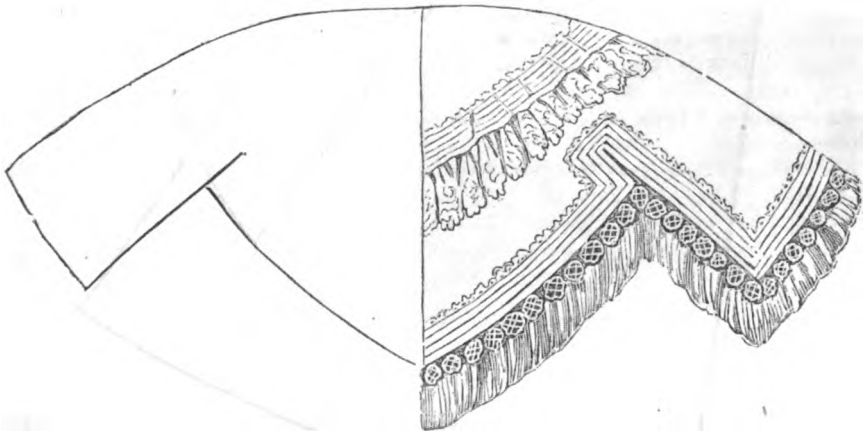
sign will be clearly marked, and require no further trouble. When any parts of the pattern are repeated—as the quarters of a cushion or a handkerchief, or the scallops of a flounce—have only the pounced pattern of one quarter or section, and mark all from that one. It will be found a much more accurate mode than that of making the whole paper pattern perfect.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.

THE SCARF MANTLE

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, a pattern for a beautiful, new style summer mantle; and also a diagram by which to cut it out.

No. 1. A Front.

No. 2. Half the Back.

Join the two pieces at A A and B B, along the shoulder seam. We give one half trimmed, and

one plain, so that our subscribers may see how to put the paper together. It is possible that the pattern given may require to have more taken out of the neck, so that it will show the shoulders. It must be observed, that it is slightly cut up to give freedom to the arm. The diagram is on the next page.

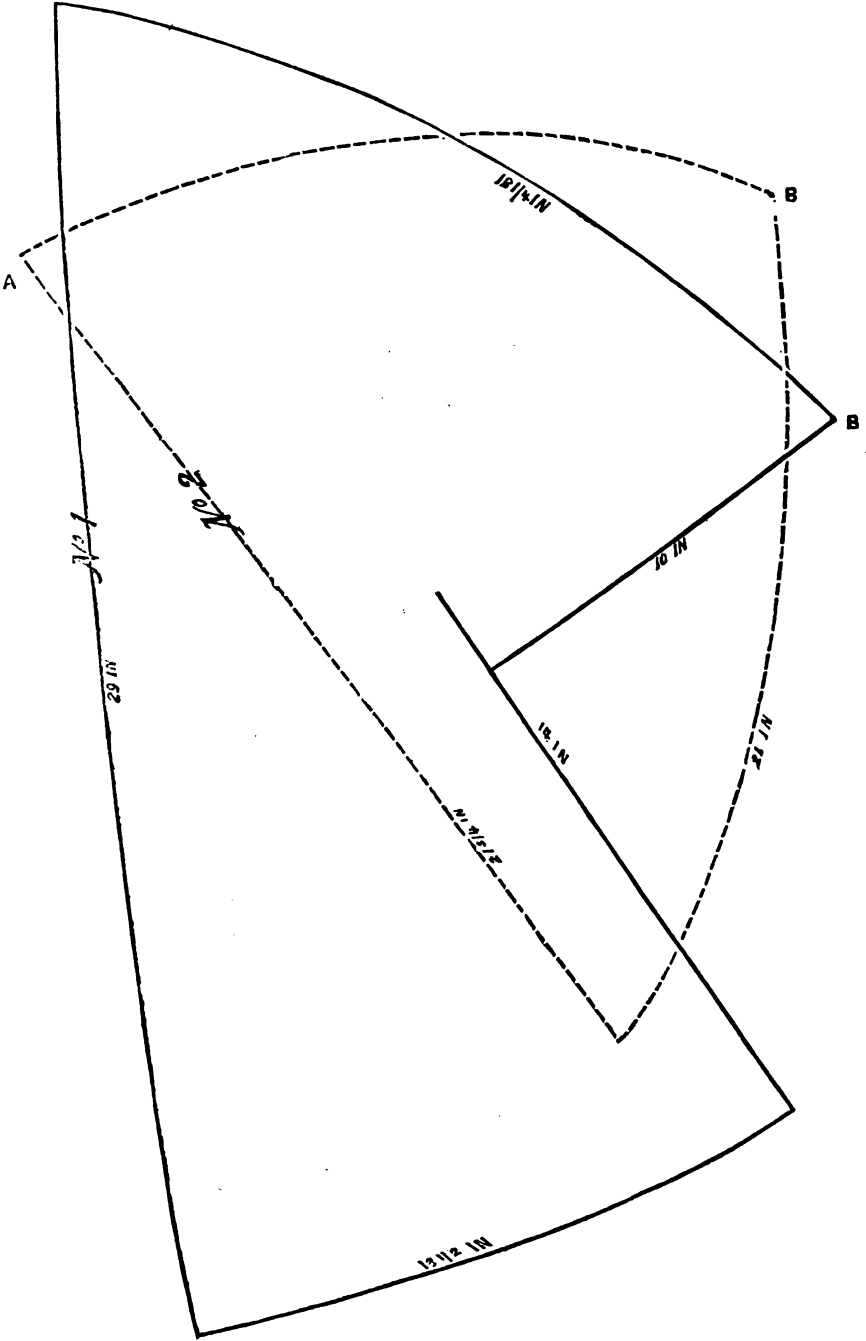
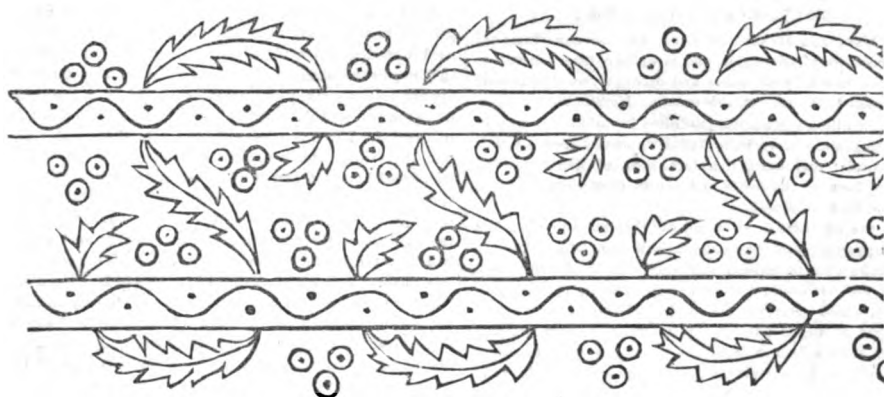


DIAGRAM OF SCARF MANTLE.

PATTERNS IN NEEDLEWORK.



EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL OR MUSLIN.



EDGING.



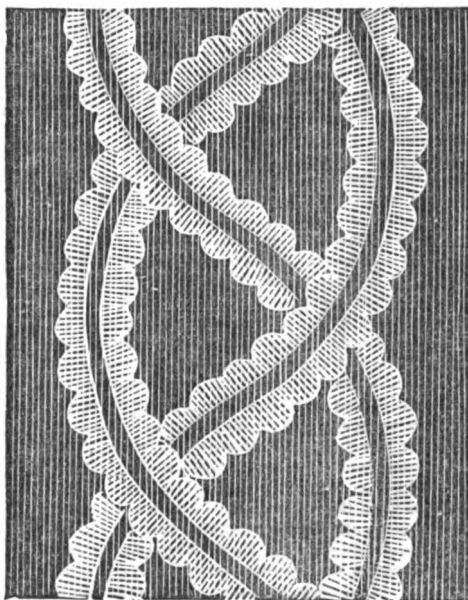
BAND AND SLEEVE OF CHEMISE.



INSERTION.



EDGING.



SHIRT FRONT.



EDGING.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

TO MAKE AND MANAGE AN AQUARIUM.—As aquariums are becoming very fashionable, and as we have been solicited to describe how they are made and managed, we devote part of a page to the subject, this month. Heretofore, the directions for filling aquariums, published in various newspapers and magazines, have been copied, unaltered, from English periodicals; and have, therefore, been of little practical utility, because the fishes and plants, most suitable there, are not all to be found here.

To the uninitiated, we would say that an Aquarium is a self-supporting, self-renovating collection, in which the various influences of animal and vegetable life balance each other, and maintain, within the vessel, a correspondence of action, which preserves the whole. The water is not to be changed at all, or only at rare intervals, because growing plants always form a feature in the collection, and because such plants, in a state of healthy growth, exhale more oxygen than they absorb, and thus supply to the fishes, what the latter require, for maintaining healthy respiration; and the water thus remains unchanged. The bottom should be composed of coarse river sand or pebbles, which should be *thoroughly* washed before being placed in the tank—the plants should then be arranged and planted, before the water is introduced; and any common aquatic weeds will answer, if they are found growing *entirely under water*: a few of the most desirable for such a purpose are the *Anacharis*, *Myriophyllum*, *Vallisneria*, *Potamogeton*, *Ranunculus*, and *Canna Vulgaris*. The plants should become well settled in the water for a day or two, before the fishes are admitted. The first thing to guard against is overstocking with animal life; taking large fish with small, two or three to every gallon of water, is the utmost that should be attempted; and if the tank is not large, the smaller fish will be found the most desirable. The minnow and banded dace, the roach and the carp, or gold fish, are probably the most desirable and most easily procured. The sun-fish is objectionable on account of his carnivorous nature, and there are other kinds which the aquarian soon learns to banish from his tank. Snails and mussels are necessary to complete the operations of the tank, they performing the duties of scavengers, the snails by eating off the objectionable growths, and the mussels by straining off of matters held in suspension in the water. There should be three to four snails to every gallon of water, and one mussel to every two or three gallons. It will be necessary to occasionally sponge the sides of the glass when they become coated with a green scum; but if this species of vegetable growth increases rapidly, try an additional supply of snails. Be careful to keep the tank free from decaying matter, animal or vegetable. The tank can be made in the shape of a square box, with sides of glass, and open at top; or it may be constructed in a more fanciful shape, if expense is no object.

ENGLISHMEN AND DINNERS.—Among the good things, which we find in that racy new book, "The Wit of Douglas Jerrold," is a hit at the English habit of celebrating everything with a dinner. "If an earthquake," said Jerrold, "were to engulf England to-morrow, they would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event."

LOSS BY LOVE.—"Nobody ever lost anything by love," said a sage-looking person. "That's not true," said a lady, who heard the remark, "for I once lost three nights' sleep."

ACIDS IF TAKEN IN EXCESS FATAL.—It is a habit, with many persons, to take acids, especially vinegar, in excess. When used in moderation, acids are often beneficial; but in excess they impair the digestive organs. Experiments on artificial digestion show that if the quantity of acid be diminished, digestion is retarded; if increased beyond a certain point, it is arrested. There is reason, therefore, in the popular notion, that vinegar tends to avert corpulence. Young ladies, who dread to be considered "fat," can actually arrest the disappearance of those graceful curves, and preserve their sylph-like figures, by drinking freely of vinegar; but it will be at the expense of their health. The quantity of acid which will keep them thin, will destroy their digestive organs. A late medical writer gives a case which should be a warning. "A few years ago," he says, "a young lady in easy circumstances enjoyed good health; she was very plump, had a good appetite, and a complexion blooming with roses and lilies. She began to look upon her plumpness with suspicion; for her mother was very fat, and she was afraid of becoming like her. Accordingly, she consulted a woman, who advised her to drink a glass of vinegar daily: the young lady followed her advice, and her plumpness diminished. She was delighted with the success of the experiment, and continued it for more than a month. She began to have a cough; but it was dry at its commencement, and was considered as a slight cold, which would go off. Meantime, from dry it became moist; a slow fever came on, and a difficulty of breathing; her body became lean, and wasted away; night sweats, and swelling of the feet and of the legs succeeded." In short she died. We fear, too, that this was only one case out of many.

THE BRAIN IN CHILDHOOD.—Too many parents, in the United States especially, are given to forcing the intellectual development of their children. To have prodigies of learning in comparative infancy, they sacrifice the health, if not the lives of their victims. Sir Henry Holland, in his "Mental Physiology," has left his testimony against this practice. "It is a fact," he writes, "attested by experience, that the memory may be seriously injured by pressing upon it too hardily and continuously in early life. Whatever theory we hold as to this great function of our nature, it is certain that its powers are only gradually developed; and that if forced into premature exercise, they are impaired by the effort. This is a maxim, indeed, of general import, applying to the condition and culture of every faculty of body and mind; but singularly to the one we are now considering, which forms in one sense the foundation of intellectual life. A regulated exercise, short of fatigue, is improving to it, but we are bound to refrain from goading it by constant and laborious efforts in early life, and before the instrument is strengthened to its work, or it decays under our hands."

WORK IS THE LAW OF NATURE.—The habits of children prove that occupation is congenial to our nature; for they delight in being busy: they are fond of employment for its own sake; being ignorant of the value of time, their instinct tells them that their happiness consists in doing something. Occupation mitigates a great part of earthly troubles. All have trials, griefs, and disappointments in a greater or lesser degree; but, whether afflicted in body or mind, occupation is the best prescription; it will blunt the edge of the sharpest grief, and enable us

"To brave the blast, and dare the storm,
In humble, calm serenity."

A CHARGE OF PLAGIARISM.—A correspondent of the "Cleveland Review" affirms that the following poem was written many years ago by an English lady, and suggests that it may have furnished the hint to Poe for his "Raven." A charge of plagiarism is always a delicate one, and even when priority of publication can be proved, cannot always be maintained; for the history of literature, as well as the experience of every writer, establishes the fact that similar ideas often occur originally to different persons. In this particular case the entire evidence against Poe consists of the assertion of an unknown correspondent, who does not even give the name of the supposed author of the poem. Besides, the similarity, between the "Raven" and the following, is hardly such as to justify a charge of plagiarism. The most that can be said is that one poem might have suggested the other.

From thy dim and drear dominions
On the night's Plutonian shore,
Oft I see thy dusky pinions
Hovering darkly round my door—
See the shadow of thy pinions
Glance along the moonlit floor.

Often from the oak-wood glooming,
On some high ancestral tower,
From the lurid distance looming—
Some high, solitary tower—
I can hear thy storm-cry booming
Through the lonely, midnight hour.

There I see thee grimly gliding—
See thy black plumes waving slow—
In its hollow casements hiding,
When their shadows yawn below,
To the sullen tarn confiding
The dark secrets of their woe.

When the midnight stars are burning
In their cressets silver clear—
When Ligeia's spirit yearning
For the earth life, wanders near—
Where Morella's soul, returning,
Weirdly whispers, "I am here."

Then all night I see thee wheeling
Round a couch of India's loom,
Where a shrouded form congealing
In the ceremonies of the tomb,
Sleeps beneath the vaulted ceiling
Of Rowena's bridal room.

Once, within a realm enchanted,
On a fair isle of the leas,
By unearthly visions haunted,
By unearthly melodies,
Where the evening sunlight slanted
Golden through the garden trees.

Where the dreamy moonlight dozes,
Where the earthly violets dwell,
Listening to the silvery closes
Of a lyric loved so well,
Suddenly among the roses
Like a cloud thy shadows fell.

Once, when Ulalume lies sleeping,
Hard by Auber's haunted mead,
With the ghouls a vigil keeping
On that night of all the year,
Came thy sounding pinions, sweeping,
Through the leafless woods of Wier!

Oft with Proserpine I wander,
On the night's Plutonian shore,
Hoping, fearing, while I ponder
On thy loved and lost Lenore;
On the demon doubts that sunder
Soul from soul forever more.

Trusting, though with sorrow laden,
That when life's dark dream is o'er,
By whatever name the maiden
Lives within thy mystic lore,
Lives, in that far distant Aënn,
Shall his Charmion meet once more.

PURSE IN CROCHET.—This beautiful purse, which we have printed in colors, is to be worked in crochet; and needs no direction, the pattern being a sufficient guide.

SOME OLD EPITAPHS.—Pettigrew tells of an epitaph, in a country church-yard, as follows:—

"My wife's dead,
There let her lie;
She is at rest,
And so am I."

This, from a Welsh church-yard, is very like an "Irish bull."

"Here lies John Thomas
And his three children dear
Two buried at Oswestry,
And one buried here."

Here is one of unequalled beauty:—

"She took the cup of Life to sip,
Too bitter 'twas to drain;
She meekly put it from her lip,
And went to sleep again."

HOW WE KEEP OUR PROMISES.—In the Prospectus for 1858, we promised to give a copy-right novelet by Mrs. Southworth; an original novelet by Mrs. Stephens; and an original novelet by Charles J. Peterson. The first we have already published. The second is begun in this number. The last will be published as soon as Frank Lee Benedict's novel is finished. We shall thus have fulfilled our promise with regard to the three novelets, besides giving one extra, and that not the worst of them. What other Magazine can say the same? For many years, the newspaper press has complimented us on the superiority of our contributors; but in future the stories, novelets, &c., of "Peterson," will be better than ever.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.—The engraving, this month, is after a very celebrated picture; and one that fully deserves its reputation. What humor! What spirit! The cost of engraving this fine embellishment was more than twice the ordinary price. But so long as the public sustains us so liberally, so long will we spare no expense to make "Peterson" excel, not only in literature, but in illustrations.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, two new lyrics, the words and music of both by J. H. McNaughton. One is called "My Home is a Cave by the dark Sea Wave," and the other, "Father and Mother, a song for the Home Circle." We have also received from the author, J. B. Menny, Philadelphia, the "National Song," dedicated to Miss Ernestine Laban, of St. Mary's, La.

YOUNG AMERICA.—"Johnny," said a mother to a son, nine years old, "go and wash your face: I am ashamed to see you coming to dinner with so dirty a mouth." "I did wash it, mamma," he said, and feeling his upper lip, he added, gravely, "I guess it must be a moustache coming."

WHAT WE CAN ALL BE.—We cannot all of us be beautiful, but the pleasantness of a good-humored look is denied to none. We can all of us increase and strengthen the family affections and the delights of home.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Mary Derwent. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Phila.*: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We noticed, in our last number, this work, by our co-editor, as announced for publication. We now welcome an early copy to our table, in all the beauty of type and paper which distinguishes the duodecimo publications of T. B. Peterson & Brothers. As it was "Mary Derwent," in its original crude state, that first gave Mrs. Stephens her national reputation; so the same novel, in its present perfected condition, will be that one of her numerous works by which she will, we think, like best to be remembered. The scene is laid in a beautiful valley of Wyoming,

and the work breathes the fragrance and charm of this poetic spot, on every page. A series of exquisite pictures, diversified by stirring incidents, fascinate the reader, till he or she catches the inspiration of the spot, and warms under the author's genius. The work is a brilliant epic in prose. It has all the absorbing interest of Indian novels, without their often shocking details; all the romance of a pure love story, without the least bit of sentimentalism. We do not say this in any partial spirit. The public verdict, long ago, placed Mrs. Stephens at the head of American female novelists, not merely on account of her remarkable power, but also because of her faithfulness as an artist. And of this latter quality, "Mary Derwent," as it now appears, is a striking illustration; for, when compared with the prize-story, on which it is founded, it shows what a wonderful improvement time and study works, even on a first-rate intellect.

The Wit and Opinions of Douglas Jerrold. Collected by his son, Blanchard Jerrold. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Though necessarily imperfect, from the impossibility of recovering everything that its hero said, this book gives, nevertheless, a better idea of Jerrold's wit than all we have read of it heretofore. Many of the remarks are as full of wisdom as others are of point. Reading these pithy sayings, we regret the more that so many are lost forever, through the proverbial treachery of memory. Still, there is enough left to preserve something of the aroma of Jerrold's wit, and to justify, in part, the high reputation he enjoyed, among his associates, while living. A pleasant article might be compiled, merely by culling the best of the good things in the work before us.

Wyoming. Its History, Stirring Incidents, and Romantic Adventures. By George Peck, D. D., with Illustrations. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this volume has enjoyed unusual facilities for the study of the history and localities of Wyoming. It was forty years ago when he first visited that lovely valley; and his acquaintance has been kept up with it ever since. The work contains a brief annal of Wyoming, followed by a series of historic scenes, which, in the writer's own words, "constitute natural amplifications of the general outline." Many excellent engravings, from drawings taken in the valley, embellish the volume. The book appears at an opportune moment, when the novel of "Mary Derwent," by our co-editor, is attracting attention again to the valley of Wyoming.

Quentin Durward. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The thirty-second and thirty-third volumes of the already famous "Household Edition" of Scott's novels. Next to "Ivanhoe," as a master-piece of the romantic fiction, comes "Quentin Durward;" and on the continent of Europe, it is considered, we believe, better than "Ivanhoe." We have so often spoken of the merits of this edition, that we can only say, at present, that its superiority in paper, typography, &c., is faithfully kept up.

A Woman's Thoughts about Woman. By the author of "John Halifax." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carlton.—Every woman, interested in the destinies of her sex, ought to read this work. The reputation of Miss Mulock alone would be sufficient to recommend it; but we speak "by the card" when we say that it is one of the best ever written on the subject. We are glad to hear that it is having a large sale.

Fred Markham in Russia; or the Boy Travelers in the Land of the Czar. By N. B. Kingston. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is just the book to fascinate a boy. Stirring incident is combined, however, with descriptions of scenery and manners, so as to mingle instruction with amusement. The volume is full of spirited illustrations.

Ursula. A Tale of Country Life. By Miss Sewell. 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The usual merits which characterize the works of this author distinguish "Ursula." Like "Amy Herbert," "Ivory," "Dynevor Terrace," and others of Miss Sewell's former fictions, it is full of quiet domestic scenes, and breathes throughout a calm, religious air. Some of the characters in the present novel, however, seem to us better drawn than usual in this writer's books. A succession of incidents, skillfully managed, keeps up the interest from the first chapter to the last. The volumes are neatly printed.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

TO TAKE A PEN AND INK SKETCH OF YOUR FRIEND.—Take a soft quill pen, with plenty of ink in it, and a strip of paper that will not absorb too readily; ask a person to write his or her name thereon, in bold and deep characters; then, instantly, before it can have time to dry in the least degree, double the paper in the centre of the writing, lengthways, rub the two folds together on the unwritten side with the thumb; then open the fold, and you will have the result. In all names, by some magical process, there is an indication of a face. The dots for the eyes and nose are afterwards added.

In some names, where the letter "I" occurs more than once, also the "tailed" letters, the effect is most ludicrous, and sure to elicit roars of laughter.

"It never occurred to me," adds the lady who favored us with this pastime, "that this sport could be turned to account; till a week or two since, I was sitting amongst a very grave party, perpendicular as conventionalism could make them; certain it was, their gravity nearly upset me, when I introduced this pastime, and a merrier set of elves never sported in the sunshine, than we did under the galelight. Many letters were torn up, all the envelopes that could be mustered; then we went begging for paper, and, shame, be it said, hours flew by over this amusement; while all the party took home portraits of their friends to mystify them with."

AN EGG PUT INTO A PHIAL.—To accomplish this seeming incredible act, requires the following preparation:—You must take an egg and soak it in strong vinegar, and in process of time its shell will become quite soft, so that it may be extended lengthways without breaking; then insert it into the neck of a small bottle, and by pouring cold water upon it, it will reassume its former figure and hardness. This is really a complete curiosity, and baffles those who are not in the secret to find out how it is accomplished.

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ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR PRESERVES.

To Preserve Crab Apples.—Wash your fruit—cover the bottom of your preserving-kettle with grape leaves, put in the apples, hang them over the fire with the addition of a very little water, cover them closely, and do not let them boil, but only simmer gently until they become yellow. Then take out of your kettle, and spread them over a large dish to cool; after this pare, and core them, put them again into your kettle, with fresh vine leaves, and hang them over the fire, leaving them simmer (not boil) until they become green. Then take them out of the kettle, weigh them, and allow one pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Add to the sugar just enough water to dissolve it. When the sugar is quite dissolved, boil it and skim it, and then put in your fruit, and boil it until it is quite soft. Place the fruit in jars, and pour the warm syrup over it.

To Preserve Cherries.—Morella cherries must be stoned and then measured; to twelve pints take four pounds of sugar. Put your cherries and the juice into a preserving kettle—but do not add the sugar—and boil them for four hours, stirring often to prevent them from burning; then add the sugar and boil gently for one hour longer, stirring pretty constantly. Carnation cherries must be cut open. Take half their weight of sugar, and make a candy syrup; then put in your cherries and boil till clear.

Peach Chips.—Pare and slice your peaches, and boil them clear in a syrup made with half their weight of sugar; lay them on dishes in the sunlight, and turn them until they become dry. Pack them in pots, sifting powdered sugar over each layer of chips. If any of the syrup remains, continue the process with other peaches.

To Preserve Pine Apples.—Cut them into thin slices, (after carefully paring them,) and sprinkle them with sifted sugar the night before preserving them. Boil them slowly in a thick syrup of loaf sugar, pound for pound. Twenty minutes will be sufficient for boiling your fruit.

Peach Jam.—To twelve pounds of peaches take four pounds of sugar; boil the fruit tender, press them through a sieve, and boil them three hours, stirring them constantly.

To Preserve Water-Melon Rind.—Divest the rind of its outer skin, and cut it into various pretty and fanciful shapes; put them into alum water, sufficient to cover them. The alum water is prepared by placing in water a piece of alum the size of a hazel nut to each pound of the rind. Let the rind remain in the alum water for twenty-four hours; then put it, with fresh alum water into your preserving-kettle, and boil it well for an hour; then take out the rind, and place it in cold water. Whilst there, prepare your syrup, by adding half a pint of water to one pound and a quarter of sugar; boil it over a slow fire, and whilst boiling put in your spices, which must consist of race ginger, cloves, mace, &c., according to your taste. After the syrup is sufficiently boiled, add in the rind, and boil it slowly until it becomes clear and green.

To Preserve Cucumbers.—Let them remain in salt water for two or three days, and then soak them in fresh water for several days, after which boil them in a solution of alum water until they become clear; then take them out, and put them in cold water; when cold, cut a slit in them lengthwise, and fill it with mace and lemon peel, after taking out the seeds of the cucumber. Tie a string around them, and prepare a good syrup. Take one pound of sugar to one pound of cucumbers, put in the fruit and boil until it is sufficiently cooked; take out the cucumbers, and boil the syrup until thick enough, and then pour it over them.

To Dry Cherries.—Stone your fruit, and save the juice: weigh your cherries, and allow one pound of brown sugar to three pounds of the fruit. Boil it with the juice, put the cherries in, and stew them for fifteen or twenty minutes; take out the cherries, drain off the syrup, and lay the fruit on dishes to dry. Keep the syrup, and pour it over the cherries, a little at a time, according as they dry—turning them over frequently. When all the syrup is used, pack the fruit in pots, sprinkling a little sifted sugar between the layers.

Peaches in Brandy.—Plunge your peaches in boiling lye; wipe them carefully with a soft cloth, in order to divest them of the down, skin, and lay them in cold water; to one pound of fruit take half a pound of sugar, and as much water as will cover it. Boil and skim the syrup, then put in your peaches, let them cook until you can run a straw through them, and lay them on dishes to cool. Boil your syrup until it becomes thick, and then pour over your peaches equal quantities of brandy and of syrup.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR PUDDINGS.

A Bread and Butter Pudding.—Cut some slices of bread moderately thick, paring off the crust, and butter them nicely. Butter a deep dish, and cover the bottom of it with slices of prepared bread. Have ready one pound of currants, picked, washed, and well dried, and spread one-third of them thickly over the bread and butter, strew some brown sugar over them, then a layer of bread and butter, succeeded by currants, and sugar. Finish with a third layer of each article, and pour over the whole four eggs, beaten very light, and mixed with a pint of milk, and a wineglassful of rose water. Bake an hour; grate nutmeg over it when it is done. Serve it warm.

Lemon Pudding.—To six eggs, take half a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, three large table-spoonfuls of grated bread, and one lemon carefully pared and seeded. Line your plates with a nice puff paste, and after the ingredients are well mixed together, pour the mixture into them. Bake in a slow oven; this receipt is sufficient for two pie plates.

Soda Pudding.—The ingredients are: Four eggs, four tea-spoonfuls of flour, two tea-spoonfuls of sugar, one tea-spoonful of melted butter, and a tea-spoonful of soda, dissolved in a little milk. Bake in a mould, and serve it with wine sauce.

Poor Man's Pudding.—The ingredients are: Two and a half tablespoonsful of melted butter; two teacupful of milk; one cupful of sugar, one pint of flour, two teaspoonsful of cream of tartar sifted into the flour, and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a small portion of warm water.

The sauce for this pudding, consists of one teacupful of sugar, five tablespoonsful of butter, as much wine or brandy as is agreeable to you. Melt and mix the articles together by holding them over a boiling kettle.

Custard, or Pudding, for Omnevalents.—One pint of milk, two tablespoonsful of flour, three eggs, and as much sugar as you please. Beat the eggs well, add the sugar, then the milk and flour alternately. Put the mixture in a bowl or pan, place it in another pan filled with hot water, set it where it will cook, and when a custard forms, take it off, and let it cool.

Monterey Pudding.—One pound of grated bread, one pound of suet, one pound of currants, two eggs, one wineglassful of brandy, half a pound of sugar, and one teacupful of cream. Mix the ingredients well together, and boil the pudding in a bag for two hours. Serve it with a sauce made of butter, sugar, and eggs, mixed until it becomes white and stiff.

Potato Pudding.—Half a pound of butter; half a pound of butter worked to a cream; half a pound of potatoes, boiled, skinned and passed through a sieve; eight drops of essence of lemon; four eggs well beaten; and one teacupful of cream. Add in spices to your taste, and a small quantity of rose water.

Apple Pudding.—Rub one pint and a half of stewed apples through a sieve, and add five eggs, well beaten, a lump of butter the size of a large egg, two wineglassfuls of good wine, half a grated nutmeg, and sugar to your taste. Bake in a fine paste.

Boiled Indian Pudding.—One quart of milk, three half pints of Indian meal, and a gill of molasses. Mix all together, put it into a nice clean cloth, and let it boil for seven or eight hours; the water must be boiling when the pudding is put into it.

Nursery Pudding.—Slice some white bread, and pare off the crust. Pour scalding milk over it, and let it stand until it is well soaked, then beat it well together with four eggs, a small quantity of sugar, and some grated nutmeg. Bake in small cups half filled.

Wine Sauce for Puddings.—Dissolve some corn starch with boiling water, until it becomes of the thickness of clear starch; it must not be put over a fire. To one pint of this, take butter the size of a tencup, some nutmeg, sugar, wine, or brandy—as much of each article as is agreeable to you.

Whortleberry Pudding.—The necessary ingredients are: One pound of flour, nine eggs, one pound of butter, one pound of brown sugar, two quarts of whortleberries, half a pint of milk, one wineglassful of wine, one wineglassful of brandy, and some nutmeg. Serve it with wine sauce.

Cocoa-nut Pudding.—To one large cocoa-nut, grated, take six eggs, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, one-quarter of a pound of butter, one wineglassful of wine, and season with nutmeg to your taste. Bake in a fine paste.

Baked Butter Pudding.—Mix into a batter three pints of milk, nine tablespoonsful of flour, twelve eggs, and a little salt. Bake it for three-quarters of an hour, and serve it with wine or cream sauce.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR PASTRY.

Fine Puff Paste.—To every pound of fresh butter, allow one pound and a quarter of flour. Sift the flour into a deep pan, and sift some also upon a plate, to use for sprinkling and rolling. Divide the butter into four equal parts. Cut up one portion into the pan of flour, and then divide the remainder into six pieces. Mix the flour and butter with a

knife, adding, by degrees, a little cold water, until you have formed a lump of stiff dough. Then sprinkle some flour on the paste, and take it from the pan with a knife; roll it out into a large, thin sheet, and with a knife spread one of the pieces of butter all over it, at equal distances; then fold up the sheet, flour it, and roll it out again; add, in the same manner, another piece of butter, and repeat the process until it is all used. In using the rolling-pin, observe always to roll from you, (instead of toward you.) Bake your paste in a moderate oven, but rather quickly than slowly. No air must be admitted.

A Buttered Tart.—Scald eight or ten large apples, and when cold skin and core them; beat the pulp very fine with a silver spoon, and then mix in the yolks of six eggs, and the whites of four eggs—which must be well beaten; squeeze in the juice of a Seville orange, and mix it in with its rind—shred finely—and some grated nutmeg and sugar. Melt a portion of fresh butter, and beat in with the other ingredients enough of it to make the whole look like a firm, thick cream. Make a nice puff paste, and cover your pie dish—carefully—with it, and then pour in the above mixture; do not cover it with the paste, but let the top remain open. Bake it a quarter of an hour, then slip it off the dish upon a plate, and sift fine white sugar over it.

Pumpkin Pie.—Pare your pumpkin very carefully, and then stew it until it becomes quite soft. To one pint of stewed pumpkin, add one pint of milk, one glassful of Malaga wine, one wineglassful of rose-water, seven eggs, half a pound of fresh butter, one small nutmeg—grated, and as much salt and sugar as is agreeable to you.

Cream Pie.—This dish is made by forming a rich paste, which must be spread upon the bottom of a dish; upon this must be placed a layer of butter the thickness of a cent; then a layer of flour; then one of sugar, (all of the same thickness), and fill your dish up with cream.

Rice Custard Pie.—Boil together three tablespoonsful of rice flour, and one pint of wine. When cold, add three eggs well-beaten, and one tablespoonful of essence of Vanilla. Put in as much sugar as suits your taste. Bake in a good pie crust.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR MADE DISHES.

Italian Cheese.—Boil a knuckle of veal; when perfectly cooked, strain the liquor, skim off the fat, then take the bones out of the meat, chop it fine, and add one (grated) nutmeg, and half an ounce of each, of cloves, allspice, and whole pepper. Put the entire mixture on the fire to simmer gently, and when the liquor becomes a jelly, pour it into a mould, and let it remain thus until the next day. By way of improvement, you may line your mould with hard boiled eggs, cut into slices.

Kidney.—Cut a kidney into small pieces, removing carefully all fat and muscles. Then cover the kidney with cold water, and let it stew slowly until it becomes tender, changing the water two or three times. Season it with salt, pepper, a piece of butter rolled in flour, and some sweet marjoram; add also a small portion of wine—and then stew it for a short time. Your taste must decide the quantity of seasoning.

Noodles.—One egg, half a pint of flour, and a little water—just sufficient to make the paste stick together; add a little salt. Roll out the paste very thin, sprinkle it with flour, and place the sheets upon nice clean cloths to dry. When used, cut them up very fine. They may be used in soup; or you may prepare them similar to macaroni.

Imitation Oysters.—Grate twelve ears of corn, and wash the cobs in a teacupful of milk; add to the above three eggs, two tablespoonsful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt; form the batter into small cakes, and bake them on a griddle. They have the flavor of oysters, and are very nice.



Omelet.—To one egg take a skimmerful of milk and a small portion of salt, with some pepper. Beat well together, and fry in butter. Turn it carefully.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

A Perfumed Soap.—Take four ounces of marshmallow roots skinned, and dried in the shade; powder them, and add one ounce of starch; the same of wheaten flour; six drachms of pine-nut kernels, two ounces of blanched almonds, an ounce and a half of kernels husked, two ounces of oil of tartar, the same of oil of sweet almonds, and thirty grains of musk; thoroughly incorporate the whole, and add to every ounce half an ounce of florentine orris-root in fine powder; then steep half a pound of fresh marshmallow roots, bruised in the distilled water of mallows (or orange flowers,) for twelve hours, then squeeze out the liquor; then, with this liquor and the preceding powders and oils, make a stiff paste, to be dried in the shade, and formed into round balls. This soap is excellent for smoothing the skin, or rendering the hands delicately white.

Moths in Carpets.—Camphor will not stop the ravages of moths after they have commenced eating. Then they pay no regard to the presence of camphor, cedar or tobacco. Nor will the dreaded and inconvenient taking up and beating always insure success. But take a coarse, crash towel, and wring it out of clean water, and spread it smoothly on the carpet, then iron it dry with a good, hot iron, repeating the operation on all suspected places, and those least used. It does not injure the ply or color of the carpet in the least, as it is not necessary to press hard, heat and steam being the agents; and they do the work effectually on worms and eggs. Then the camphor will doubtless prevent depredations of the miller.

The Most Correct and Tasty Way of Arranging Flowers for Vases.—Much depends upon the formation of the vase, also the position in which it is to be placed. It is imperative that a due regard to the contrast of colors be studied; placing the larger and darker flowers in the back-ground, or centre, as the case may be. By no means over-crowd the vase—the majority of bouquets being spoilt in effect by that one fault: as the natural beauty and elegance is much enhanced by a light and easy distribution in the arrangement.

The Cheapest and Simplest Method for Preserving the Skeletons of Leaves.—Make up a book of good, stout writing paper, (letter size,) and fasten down each skeleton leaf (when thoroughly dried) to the paper by means of a fine needle and thread, catching hold of the centre or main stem of each leaf only. Beyond this nothing but care is required to keep them in a high state of preservation. I made up my book in this way three years ago, and they are as good now as they were the first day I put them in.

How to take Fruit Stains out of a Muslin Dress.—Boil a handful of fig leaves in two quarts of water until reduced to a pint. With a clean sponge, dipped in this liquor, rub the part affected, and the stains will be entirely removed. Or—Rub the part on each side with yellow soap, then tie up a piece of pearl-ash in the cloth, and soak well in hot water, or boil; afterward expose the stained part to the sun and air until removed.

Baked Pears.—Take half a dozen of fine pears; peel them, cut them in halves, and take out the cores. Put them into a pan with a little red wine, a few cloves, half a pound of sugar, and some water. Set them in a moderate oven till tender; then put them on a slow fire to stew gently, with grated lemon-peel and more sugar, if necessary.

Fire in the Chimney.—In cases of fire in the chimney, it is an excellent plan to put salt on the fire in the grate below, as it acts chemically on the flaming soot above. This has been found to extinguish the fire in a short time, and deserves to be more generally known.

To Clean Paper on Walls, first lightly sweep off the dust with a clean broom. Divide a loaf a week old into eight parts. Take the crust in your hand, and beginning at the top of the wall, wipe it downward, in the lightest manner, with the crumb. Do not rub crossways nor upward. The dirt of the paper and the crumbs will fall together. Observe, you must not rub more than half a yard at a stroke, and when all the upper part is done, go round again, beginning a little above where you left off. If the rubbing is not done very lightly, the dirt will adhere to the paper.

Raspberry Sandwich.—Take half a pound of sifted sugar, half a pound of butter, two eggs, and two ounces of ground rice, work them well together, then add seven ounces of flour. Spread half this mixture upon buttered writing-paper, in a shallow tin or dish, then a layer of raspberry preserve, and next cover with the other half of the paste. Bake in a quick oven, and when required for use, cut it into thick pieces like sandwiches, having previously sifted a little lump sugar over it.

To Keep Brewer's Yeast, and Correct its Bitterness.—Pour three times the quantity of water upon it, stir it well up; pour the stale water off, and put on fresh every day, and it will keep for weeks. All brewer's yeast should have water poured on it, and be left to settle until the next day, it is then poured off, and the yeast carefully taken out, leaving a brown sediment at the bottom. Bread made from yeast prepared in this way will never be bitter.

To Remove Freckles without Discoloring the Skin.—The following will answer your purpose:—Rectified spirits of wine, one ounce; water, eight ounces; half an ounce of orange-flower water, or one ounce of rose-water; diluted muriatic acid, a teaspoonful. This, when properly mixed, should be used after washing.

The Best Way to Obtain the Skeletons of Leaves.—The skeletons of leaves may be obtained by soaking the leaves in a weak solution of sulphuric acid, which eats away all the body of the leaf, leaving only the fibres, in the form of a delicate network.

Cherries, to Candy.—The fruit must be gathered before it is ripe, prick and stone them, boil clarified sugar, and pour it over them.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—A BALL DRESS OF SEA GREEN SATIN, trimmed with three founces of wide Brussels lace. Head-dress a wreath of green leaves. Opera cloak of Broussa silk, lined with white, and trimmed with fringe and tassels.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE TABLETAN, trimmed with seven founces, each founce edged with a puffing of tabletan. Side-trimmings are formed by clusters of blue flowers and strings of pearls. The head-dress, and corsage, and sleeve trimming correspond with the skirt.

FIG. III.—DINNER DRESS FOR A WATERING-PLACE.—Skirt of apple-green silk, made long and very full. The body is of white, thin muslin, made round at the waist, and confined by a broad ribbon sash. This muslin body is trimmed with ruffles and bows of ribbon.

FIG. IV.—LACE MANTILLA.—Mr. George Bulpin is splendidly located in his new store, No. 415 Broadway, New York, where his beautiful variety of spring and summer Mantillas are displayed to the best advantage. We have selected two choice specimens for illustration. The first consists of a small Mantilla of plain lace surrounded by a circular founce: the body of the Mantilla is enriched by rows of fancy trimming, chenille, gimp, and guipure insertion: in the centre is a row of rich drop button trimming. The founce is decorated in like manner, and headed by a row of guipure lace edged with fringe.

FIG. V.—LACE MANTILLA from the same establishment, is of fine French lace arranged in the form of a circular, sur-

rounded by two deep flounces of the same material, arranged with considerable fullness, and headed by a drop button trimming mingled with jet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The Raphael bodies are very much worn, as well as bodies made high and closed up the front with buttons. The *basque* is but little worn, except as an in-door morning dress, when the jacket is made very deep, forming a short skirt, which is trimmed to correspond with the skirt of the dress. Instead of lappets or basques, the bodies are now cut in deep points, (as shown in a former number,) in front, at the back, and on the hips; or with points in front only, and a small postillion jacket at the back. Plain skirts, with side-trimmings, double skirts, and flounces, are all fashionable.

SLEEVES are made in a variety of ways. The most fashionable are the very full bishop with deep pointed cuff; the sleeve with two large puffs; and the very wide, bell-shaped sleeve, falling over large puffed sleeves of muslin or lace. For summer, wide and open sleeves with pretty undersleeves, are far more appropriate than closed sleeves.

MANTILLAS are made somewhat larger than heretofore, and trimmed less. The pointed hood is quite fashionable.

BONNETS are certainly larger than those worn in the winter, and have a decided point in front; some of them are even bent down on the forehead. We give engravings of two bonnets, from the establishment of Mr. White, Philadelphia, which are printed in colors, at the beginning of the

number. One is a Leghorn bonnet, with an outer trimming of ribbon on the right side, and of ostrich plumes on the left; with a face trimming of tulle and flowers. The other is a child's hat of the gipsy pattern.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL, OF BLUE AND WHITE PLAID CHAILE.—A loose basque of the same material is made with wide, open sleeves. Leghorn flat with a long, white plume.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LARGE GIRL, OF GREEN SILK, WITH A DOUBLE SKIRT.—The upper skirt has a side-trimming of gray plaid, woven in the silk. The sleeves and body have a trimming corresponding with the skirt. A plait of plaided ribbon is around the hair.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY, OF WHITE MARSEILLES.—The body is cut in the Raphael style. The trimming consists of a broad, white cotton braid, figured. Straw hat and plume.

GENERAL REMARKS.—One of the prettiest dresses which we have seen for a little boy, consists of a short skirt of plaid chale, buttoned at the waist, to a white linen jacket made like a shirt. The bosom is ruffled down the front. A loose sacque of the same material as the dress, cut round in front, is made to wear on cool days, or on the street. Small caps of white or grey hair with a plaid brim, and the small, round straw hats with cord and tassels are worn.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

THE UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY.—The June number was everywhere pronounced one of the best we have published. In fact, the press generally, as well as our large list of subscribers, declares that "Peterson" is always seeking to improve. Says the Plymouth (N. C.) Crescent:—"We have been exchanging with this periodical for years, and have always found it to be the first on hand, and always coming up to all that it promises." Says the Ottumwa (Iowa) Courier:—"Everything considered, this is the cheapest Magazine published." Says the Windham (Ct.) Co. Telegraph:—"With its accustomed regularity, this Magazine for June is on our table. Ladies who wish to keep pace with the fashions, will do well to place this publication on their list." Says the La Grange (Mo.) American:—"Our better half gives it the preference over all other Magazines. The reduced price at which it is published places it within the reach of every one." The Easton (Pa.) Whig says:—"The cheapest and best Magazine published in this country is 'Peterson's.' It is only two dollars a year, and far surpasses the three dollar monthlies." The City Item, published by Col. Fitzgerald, Philadelphia, a capital authority, says:—"The rapidity with which Mr. Peterson has succeeded in introducing his work into the most select and cultivated families in the land, is in one aspect, wonderful; but when we regard the intrinsic excellence of the matter it contains—its remarkable cheapness—the price being but Two Dollars per year—and the completeness with which it fills a want, which, prior to the establishment of the Lady's National Magazine, was much felt in the reading world, the success of the scheme is not at all a subject of wonder. There are sixty-six embellishments and illustrations in the May number, at present under review. This department is a special favorite with the ladies. The latest fashions in dress, the prettiest and sweetest patterns of every style of costume, are discussed with complete fullness each month; and the book should, therefore, be consulted by every lady of taste and fashion in our community. Those who have it not, should subscribe *instantly*."

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the names of your post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Pennsylvania, New York or New England bills preferred. If the sum is large, buy a draft, if possible, on Philadelphia or New York, deducting the exchange.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—When additions are made to clubs, no additional premium is given, until sufficient names are forwarded to make a new club. For three subscribers, at \$1.66 each, we give a premium; for five at \$1.50; or for eight at \$1.25. Where four are added at \$1.25, to a club of eight, we do not give a premium: there must be eight.

WHOM TO ADDRESS.—Letters, intended for the Magazine, must be addressed to Charles J. Peterson. The house of T. B. Peterson & Brothers is entirely distinct. We have no interest in it, nor has it any in the Magazine.

"PETERSON" AND "HARPER."—For \$3.50 we will send a copy of "Peterson" and "Harper's Magazine," for one year. But where part of a remittance is intended for another publisher, we do not take the risk of that part.

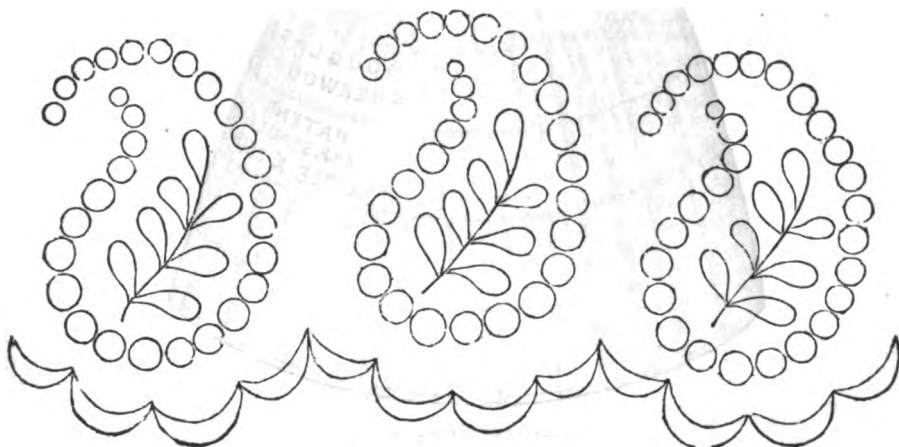
POSTAGE ON "PETERSON."—This, when *pre-paid quarterly*, at the office of delivery, is one and a half cents a number, per month, or four cents and a half for the three months: if not pre-paid it is double this.

NEVER TOO LATE.—It is never too late in the year to subscribe for "Peterson," for we can always supply back numbers, to January inclusive, if they are desired.

PREMIUM.—When entitled to a premium, state, distinctly, what you prefer. Where no such statement is made we shall send "The Casket."



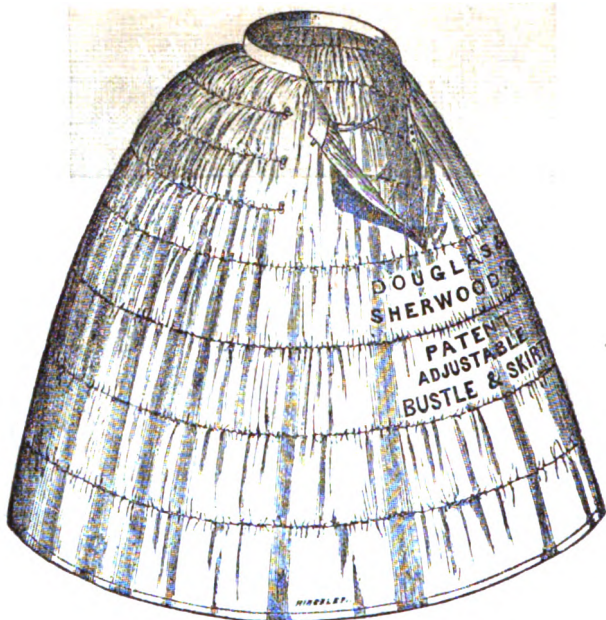
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EMBROIDERY FOR BOTTOM OF PETTICOAT.



RAPHAM BODY



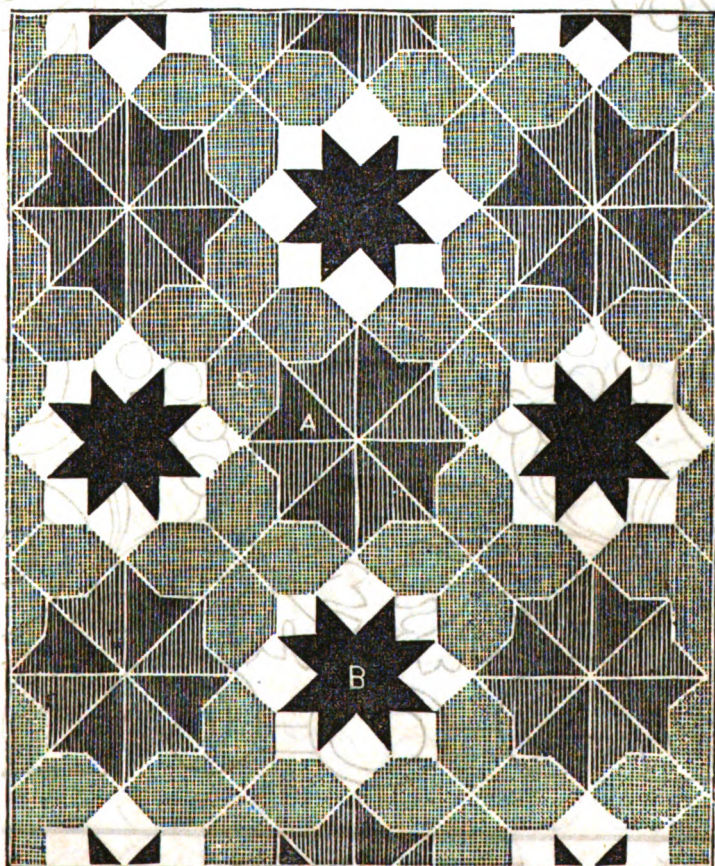
PATENT ADJUSTING SKIRT.



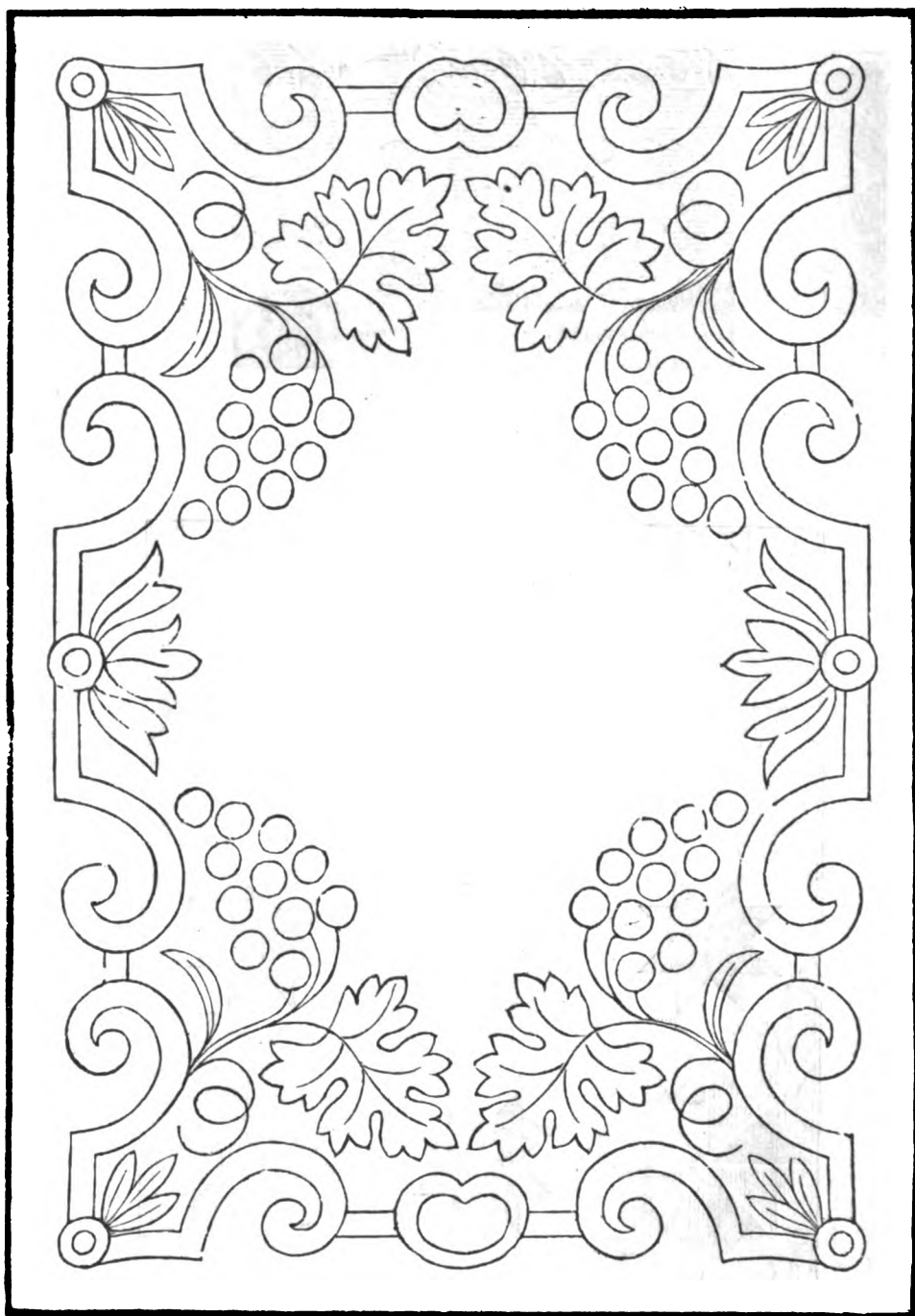
HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



BOTTOM OF CHILD'S DRESS.



PATTERN FOR PATCH-WORK QUILT.



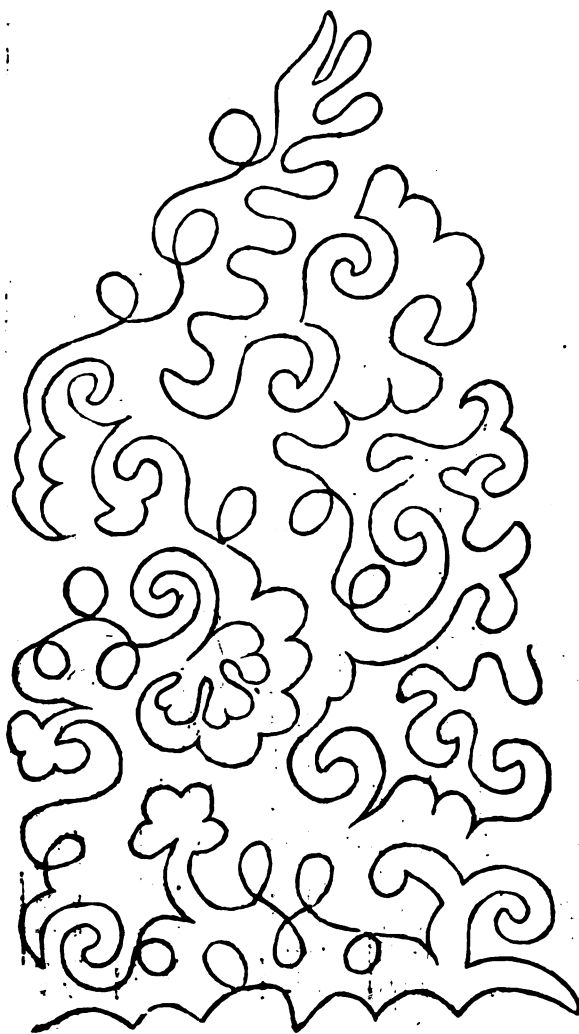
TOP OF GLOVE-BOX IN APPLIQUE.



INITIALS FOR MARKING.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



NIGHT-CAP IN CHAIN-STITCH.

SOUVENIR A POLOGNE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

ALLEGRO GRAZIOSO.

The musical score is written for piano and features a variety of musical notations. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'ALLEGRO GRAZIOSO'. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and 'sf' (sforzando). There are several measures of triplets, indicated by a '3' over the notes. A section of the score is marked 'Sra.' and 'loco.' with a dotted line. The score is divided into two parts: '1st time' and '2do.' (second time). The notation includes various note values, rests, and articulation marks. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

First system of a musical score. The upper staff features a complex melodic line with many beamed sixteenth notes, marked with a forte *ff* dynamic and a *loco* fingering. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Second system of the musical score. The upper staff continues the intricate melodic pattern, while the lower staff maintains the accompaniment. The notation includes various rests and rhythmic values.

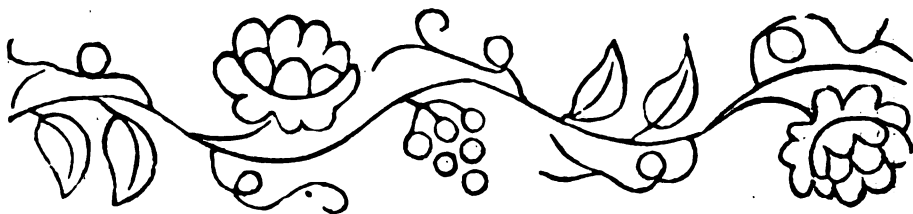
Third system of the musical score. The upper staff includes a section with a *loco* marking and a *ff* dynamic. It also features a sequence of notes with fingerings 1, 2, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. The system concludes with a final chord in the upper staff.



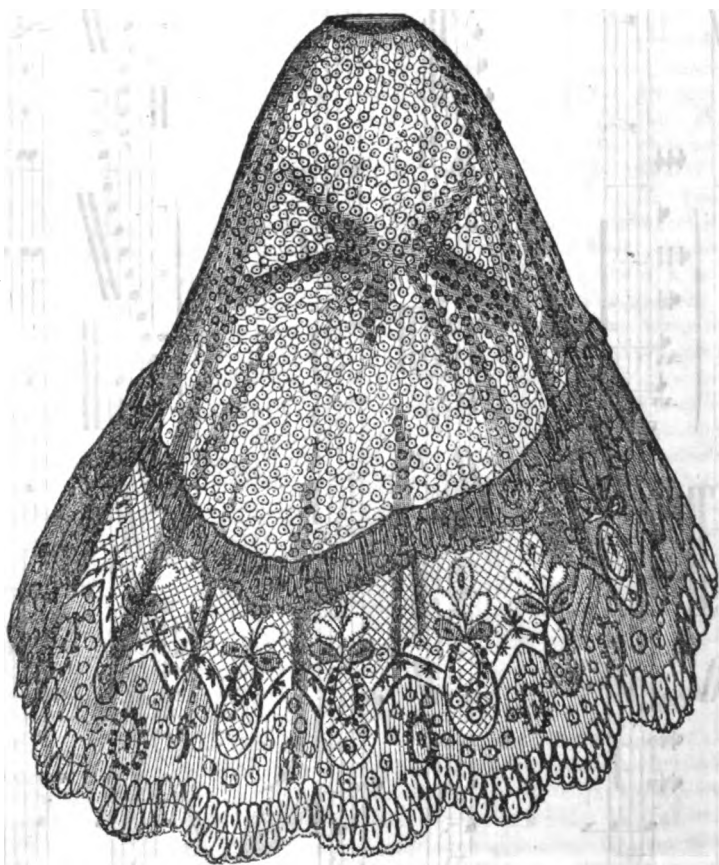
INSERTION.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



INSERTION.



BLACK LACE MANTILLA.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1858.

No. 2.

NERVES.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

BRAG as you will, my friend, of your thrift, foresight, economy, riches, blessings, even you are not without this household annoyance. Either in wife or child, demented brother or sour maiden-sister, either in rats, rogues, or dogs, or—(we'll drop the catalogue,) there is always something to worry you; did you know it? Good Christian though you be, paying your pew-tax promptly, and giving all the benevolent movements your heartiest sympathy—never scolding your wife, indulgent to your children, a pattern to your neighbors, that trouble stands between you and unalloyed pleasure.

There's Livewell, say you; what has he to trouble him? He owns his house, lays by a sum yearly for the stormy day that seems never to cloud for him, owns besides a nice little investment in a pretty wife and rosy-cheeked children. Heigho! some folks go through the world and never see the copper side of the shield. Every Saturday night the market-basket, heaped with delicacies, marches round to his kitchen gate, empties itself and disappears.

Every morning the milk-can comes out smiling with satisfaction, and the meat-cart cuts capers till it stands before his door, cutting steaks. In church, be sure the longest string of pink and blue bonnets belongs to him. On change the finest beavers tip to his nod. He takes plenty of holidays, carries his family to the beach a dozen times during the summer, and verily, luck seems to have taken up her abiding place in his premises.

Ah! but one unlucky day we visited this paragon of a household, and there we found that the pest of this delightful family was—nerves!

Now nerves, like a good door-bell that ting-a-lings readily and strongly at the first touch—are very desirable articles: but nerves out of order, like the weak tones of the broken down wires, give an uncertain sound. Or it may be that

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our comparison is rather a weak one, for Mrs. Livewell, who has bundles of these disorganized nerves, gave very certain and audible sounds, not to be mistaken. At first we were in love with her pretty face, admired her exquisite taste, and envied the redoubtable Mr. Livewell, till the nerves, like so many magnetic batteries applied to our system, gave us shock after shock.

"I've a very unfortunate head, my dear Mr. Livewell, will you step out and ask that scissors grinder to go farther up or down the street, or out of it altogether?"

"Mr. Livewell, will you put Sophia out of the room? the child will set me crazy."

"My dear, are you aware that you will use that creaking rocking-chair? It must annoy our friend! it will kill my head;" and patient Mr. Livewell moves to another chair, and folds his paper with one eye on his wife to be sure she doesn't hear—and stops short in the midst of a mellow, hearty laugh, and keeps saying, "S—h," in a way that sets our teeth on edge, but which seems to afford infinite satisfaction to nerves—and grows very red and frowning if an itinerant opera-grinder sets his monkey on the gate-post and turns the spit—we mean the crank of a very wheezy organ, though we have caught him watching the grins and the evolutions of red-coat Jacko with delightful interest—when out of sight of home.

Poor Mr. Livewell! despite his comforts, his pretty children, his elegant wife, his beautiful house, he is always happiest when his face is set like a good-natured flint, office-wards.

There's a literary man troubled with just this sort of thing in another shape. Heaven have mercy on the author if he has nerves! When his cherished productions appear in print, and his "roses" are changed into "potatoes"—his "jewels" into "duels," and his "smiles" into "biles"—we say heaven have mercy on him, her,

or it, (there are "its" in authorship.) But the newspapers don't trouble our friend much—neither mutilated poems—but—listen, oh! earth! he is fretted by a pest in the shape of an ungrammatical sister, whose natural abilities never flowered into prodigious capabilities, and who confesses her admiration of her distinguished relative by a double negative on public and private occasions. Consequently in her presence he is nervous and irritable.

Whose fault is it, sir, that the good, and humble, and honest sister, who would make herself into shirts for you if you needed them, who is giving her best days and her best strength to a work which, though lowly, has your perfected genius to show as the grand result—whose fault is it that she cannot astonish your guests with

something of that lore and brilliancy that in you enchants them? Would you neglect her after all she has done for you—and consign her to some remote solitude, because your ears and her grammar are antagonistic?

Take care, ungrateful author, less provocation than that has turned the current of prosperity.

And thus in a thousand shapes this trouble assails us. It sits by the fireside—takes up its abode in the brain—and establishes itself in the heart. We are, none of us, free from nervousness on some account. The prick of a pin's point is more agonizing to some organizations than the amputation of a limb to others. A frown seems fit occasion for suicide in some melancholic, or perhaps we should say cholicky temperaments.

YEARS AGO.

BY LENA LYLE.

We together played in childhood,
We together roamed the wildwood,
Gathered flowers, and gathered shells,
By the lake, or in the dells,
As we wandered to and fro,
Years ago.

And we lay beneath the willow,
With the green moss for a pillow,
While the long twigs bent above us,
Like the hearts of those who love us,
Dreaming dreams that none might know,
Years ago.

As we sought with eager fingers,
Where the fragrant violet lingers,
Fancies beautiful and fairy,

But alas! so very airy,
In our hearts did burn and glow,
Years ago.

As we plucked the scented flowers,
In those sunny, childish hours,
As we twined the graceful wreath,
We, with quickly coming breath,
Told our visions high and low,
Years ago.

Now beneath the turf thou'rt lying,
And the flowers are o'er thee dying.
Leaves are showering o'er thee fast,
Like my memories of the past,
When you and I roamed to and fro,
Years ago.

THE LAKE OF DREAMS.

BY MISS MARY A. LATHBURY.

Oh! a beautiful lake is the lake of dreams,
With its mystic shadows and sunlight gleams,
With its half seen shore on the other side,
Where forms of beauty forever glide;
While within its blue depths silently,
Visions of beauty float slowly by.

Oh! as still, and as calm, and as full of light
As a starry sky on a Summer night,
When the hoofs of glittering orbs on high
In the depths of a quiet lakelet lie,
Is the lake of dreams, when on its breast
The gems of our scattered fancies rest.

Oh! a lovely sight is this same bright lake

When the Night, with her maidens, the Hours, in the wake,
Comes sweeping past o'er the darkening land,
With the beautiful moon held aloft in her hand,
The Hours, twelve maidens, who follow the night,
In robes of shadow and wreaths of light.

On the flowery shore of the lake we stand,
As the Night looks down on the darkened land,
And visions of beauty come and go
On the distant shore—in the lake below;
Till a boat comes gliding soft and still
As the night wind wandering over a hill,
And the boatman Morpheus' light our gleams,
As he pilots us o'er to the Land of Dreams.

DOCTOR MANNING'S WIFE.

BY MARY W. JANVEIN, AUTHOR OF "PEACE; OR, THE STOLEN WILL."

CHAPTER I.

DR. PAUL MANNING was unmistakably and undeniably a bachelor. Anybody could have told that by the square bow of his neck-tie, the faultlessness of his linen, his creaking boots, the scrupulous neatness of his household, and his holy horror of children. And, moreover, Dr. Paul Manning was getting bald. Time was when no young man in Dentwood had glossier or softer hair, curling in thick waves over a handsome, high forehead; but forty years had brought one or two deep wrinkles across that forehead, and now there was a little round spot on the doctor's head where the hair obstinately refused "to grow."

Yes, the doctor was getting bald, and yet I don't think he would have used a hair dye or restorer, or any of the much lauded modern inventions warranted to produce "a fine and healthy growth of hair," for the world; for Dr. Paul was a man of sturdy independence of character, and scorned innovations.

"What's the use?" quoth the doctor, surveying his rapidly thinning locks one morning in the mirror with a little sigh. "The fact is, I'm getting old. No use in disguising it. The hair she used to twine—ah, well! I'm growing old!"

Yes, Dr. Paul was getting to be an old bachelor.

Miss Susy Short "kept house" for Dr. Manning. I think Miss Susy's name was a synonym of her nature. Her words were spoken in little, jerky accents, as though she begrudged too liberal a use of the king's English.

People said Miss Susy's situation as housekeeper was a mere sinecure, with nobody but the doctor, Tim, the Irish gardener and coachman, and herself. To be sure it was a great house Dr. Manning owned, but then it was kept shut up most of the year round, and no company ever came to litter the great parlor, sleep in the nice, spare chambers, or disturb the even tenor of the spinster's daily life. I think Miss Susy would scarcely have hesitated to apply the same broom she wielded against the flies and spiders, to the luckless housewife or neighbor who had the temerity to invite herself "to tea" at Dr. Manning's. People said, too, that because Miss Susy hoped one day to see herself installed in a

higher capacity than housekeeper, it was for her interest to hinder all attempts at familiarity among the Dentforders, lest some bright-eyed girl might entice the doctor into matrimony.

Miss Susy was, furthermore, very attentive to her master's likings. Every morning she baked a little stereotyped cake of corn-meal—churned fresh butter in a large, wide-mouthed bottle—carved two thin slices of ham—and made black tea for his breakfast; for the doctor fancied himself a dyspeptic, though none would ever have suspected the fact from a glance at his face, full figure, and his hale, rosy cheeks. But then Miss Susy knew how to humor his whims.

"I suppose nobody has a better housekeeper than I," the doctor would say, folding his napkin squarely, and placing his spoon evenly in his china teacup, "nobody in Dentford leads a quieter or happier life than you and I, Miss Susy."

"Yes, sir," Miss Susy would reply, with a faint attempt at a smile; and when the doctor had left the room, would toss her head till every corkscrew curl was sent flying with quick, jerky movements, only deducing her own conclusion for the acknowledgment of her necessity to her master's comfort.

I said the doctor had a holy horror of children; and yet I am half inclined to think that this story was one of the spinster housekeeper's own coinage, purposely to frighten away the little urchins who used to peep longingly through the white picket fence into the gay flower garden in front of the mansion, and into which the windows of the great square room the doctor used as his office looked directly—for certain it is, that, one morning, the doctor himself came out and distributed generous handfuls of gay hollyhocks, bright-eyed pansies, and even plucked his great red peonies; and straightway a little file of sun-bonneted girls were on their way to the old, red school-house, declaring in delighted accents that "Dr. Manning was the goodest man in the world!"

There was another garden in the rear of the mansion, where Irish Tim wrought with spade and hoe to cultivate the vegetables that supplied Miss Susy's dinner-pot, all of vastly more use in the spinster's practical eyes than "flowers

and sich like trash;" but I think the doctor must have loved his gay blooming garden, since year in and out the hollyhocks and prince's feather grew taller, the peony root in the centre of the circular bed bloomed more profusely, the Iceland moss crept all over the borders, the flowering almond's spikes bent under their blushing burden, and the cinnamon roses bloomed and cast their petals down on the garden walk.

But a change came over the doctor's quiet household. One day that good gentleman took a letter from the post-office—told Miss Susy to pack his valise for a short absence from home—and three days afterward the Dentford stage set down the doctor, a little girl of some twelve summers, and a black trunk containing all the worldly goods of the girl aforesaid at the doctor's gate.

All Dentford was surprised, but Miss Susy Short was horror-stricken when the doctor walked into the sitting-room with his charge, saying quietly, "Miss Susy, this is Ruth Blanchard. Her mother is dead, and I have adopted her. Will you have a room ready shortly?—the south chamber, for I suppose little Ruth is tired enough with her journey."

Miss Susy was shocked. At first I think she would have spoken, but the words broke off short in her throat—then, observing a look on the doctor's face she had never seen before—she contented herself with a scowl, and without deigning a glance at the girl, who, at the doctor's bidding, had removed her bonnet and sank into a seat, flung herself out of the room.

"To think of it!" she exclaimed to herself, when she had found breath, "to bring a stranger right into the house, and never give a body a hint of it. Did ever! Wonder who this gal is? Won't ask him, if it chokes me. Never hearn of a relation of the doctor's with a chick or a child! The best room, too!—best carpet—best curtains—best kiverlid, and everything! Ruth is tired!—hum! whoever cared if I was tired?" and she jerked back the blind, letting the afternoon sunlight fall brightly into the pleasant chamber.

All that day Miss Susy went about the house in a pie-crusty mood. The doctor said nothing, but he was very certain that the doors slammed continually, that the usually quiet Tabby cat was glad to seek refuge anywhere beyond the kitchen precincts, and that Irish Tim even ventured a series of expletives in choice Celtic as a return to Susy's scoldings.

And next morning, the pattern housekeeper even forgot (?) her customary avocation of burning fresh butter, averring to herself in a

grumbling undertone, that "Salt butter was plenty good enough for folks as made trouble for other folks!"

The doctor ate his corn-cake and sipped his black tea in silence, even fasting the butter which little Ruth bountifully spread on the smoking biscuit; and yet Miss Susy felt vastly more uncomfortable than if he had administered the severest reproof.

But when the meal was finished, and little Ruth had gone out into the garden, he spoke,

"Miss Susy."

No answer; for, in the vigorous rattling of the dishes, she pretended not to hear him.

"Miss Susy, be so kind as to sit down. I have a few words to say to you."

This time the spinster could not pretend deafness, and ungraciously flung herself into the seat.

The doctor did not walk the floor, or awkwardly twist his handkerchief, as had hitherto been his wont when on the point of asking a concession from his housekeeper—for it must be confessed that she had held iron sway in that house—but came directly to the matter. The fact was, Dr. Manning began to gather the reins into his own hands.

"Miss Susy, are you dissatisfied with your situation in my house?" he asked, gravely.

The spinster looked up in surprise. "Why, who said——" she began.

"There is an old saying that 'actions speak louder than words,'" rejoined the doctor. "But, Miss Susy, it is best we understand each other. For ten years and over, you and I have lived together in peace and harmony—isn't it so?"

Miss Susy nodded.

"Well—we have lived together in harmony, but all alone. Last Wednesday I received a letter from a woman who lay ill, and whom I had known in other days," and the doctor's voice softened. "But no matter about that—I had known her, she was a dear friend once, and she lay dying—a poor widow with an only child. I went to her—I promised that dying woman to be a father to her child. Susy, I have enough of this world's goods and to spare—I have lived a selfish, close life, but I mean to live a different one in future. This girl will cheer up this great house and make you and me young again. Of course she will make work and care for us both; but I will not have her feel herself a burden. You did not like it yesterday when I brought her here—and if it goes on so, poor, motherless Ruth will be miserable. Much as I set by you, Miss Susy—and I should hate to part with you—still——"

There was a pause. Miss Susy Short sat in silence. For worlds she would not lose her situation; besides, there was a little tender spot down deep in the spinster's heart, and those words, "poor, motherless child," had reached it. She also had been an orphan.

"Doctor," she said at last, rather confusedly it must be confessed, "I did feel a little put about it. I thought, at least, you might a told a body. But let it all go now; I'll do my best by Ruthy—"

"That'll do, that'll do, Susy! I knew you'd see what's proper—you always do, Susy," and the doctor rubbed his hands. "It'll seem a little odd at first; of course. But Ruth's a dear child—and it never did any one any harm to have young people in the house. And, look here, Susy!" he called out, as she was bearing away a tray of dishes, "it's no matter about the fresh butter any more for breakfast. I've been thinking that perhaps I'm too particular—and really this butter of your churning was so nice this morning that I've concluded to try it all the time. Ruth thought it very sweet."

There was a roguish smile on the doctor's face; but Miss Susy did not see it. This was a drop too much. On gaining the kitchen she sank into a chair with a sigh. "To think of it!" she said to herself. "Here, for this five year, I must churn his fresh butter—and I'd as soon thought of his forgettin' to visit his sick folks as my forgettin' it—(ah! Miss Susy, whose fault was it that morning?) and now that little gal's coming has completely upstod it. Well, it's the way o' the world—kicked aside to make room for somebody else—that's the way I shall go. Bimeby she'll be growin' up to queen it here. 'Ruthy likes my butter,' and he'll eat it too," (again Miss Susy forgot whose fault this arrangement was,) and with a long sigh she began the task of washing her dishes.

Poor Susy! a hard battle her heart kept up that day; and I fear had not the words, "poor, motherless child" haunted her, and a little girl in black stole shyly into the kitchen to watch her at her work, I verily believe she would straightway have resigned her post as Dr. Manning's housekeeper.

CHAPTER II.

"RUTHY!"

"Well, uncle?" and a gay, rosy-cheeked girl, whom we should fail to recognize as the pale orphan of a year before, bounded to Dr. Manning's side, and began twining his sparse, soft curls around her white fingers.

"Do you know that I'm going to send you away to school—to Bradford?"

"But supposing I don't want to go to Bradford!" pouted the girl.

"Of course you will not refuse the opportunity to study all the languages, ologies, and isms, necessary to perfect a young lady's education now-a-days," smilingly said the doctor, lifting her to his knee. "I want my little girl to grow into an accomplished woman."

"But I'm very happy here," persisted Ruth. "Didn't I hear farmer Stubbs tell you the other day that, 'If a woman knew how to make a puddin' and knit a stocking, she was eddicated enough?'" and she mimicked farmer Stubbs' nasal twang to perfection—"and even Susy praised that pudding I made the other day, and you declare you never want any warmer stockings than mine," and she glanced roguishly into his face.

"But that does not prove farmer Stubbs' theory mine—besides, I choose to educate my little Ruth differently, so she must prepare herself to go from home awhile," said the doctor.

"And by-and-by, when you get me all nicely accomplished, I suppose you'll send me off to market, as farmer Stubbs does his best loads of wood, for somebody to take me off your hands!" she said, gayly.

A spasm of pain shot across Dr. Manning's face for a moment. In that speech there was a foreshadowing of the woman. Ruth would not always be the young girl who climbed his knee and played with his hair.

"That is usually the fate of woman," he answered. "And I never would be selfish enough to withhold my little girl when she gets old enough for somebody to love her sufficiently to take her off my hands. Yet, if that should happen, the old man would be left very lonely," and the forced smile faded from his lip.

"There! don't call yourself old man, uncle!" said Ruth, pettishly. "Why you look younger and handsomer to me than anybody in Dentford," and she stroked his face caressingly. "And, as for leaving you, I'll never do it—and, uncle, if you ever think of such a thing, I won't go away to school—I won't get accomplished—I'll be such a perfect fright that nobody'd ever think of looking at me at all—so now!"

"Well, well—we won't borrow trouble about that!" said the doctor, smiling at her earnestness—"it is enough that my little Ruthy loves me now, and grieves at leaving me; and it's for your own good that I send you away to school, my dear."

"Ruthy!" said Susy's voice from the kitchen.

"It is strange what a hold that girl has obtained on Susy's heart—strange that in one short year she should have become so necessary to me!" mused the doctor, as the girl's gay laugh floated to his ears—"and yet, why 'strange,' since she is so much like her?" and a mist crept over his genial blue eyes.

Long he sat alone; and ever and anon a half sigh, shaping itself into the word "Ruth," passed his lips.

And in the kitchen, where she flitted about, assisting Susy in preparing dinner, Ruth's tongue chattered glibly. "Yes, it's real mean that uncle's going to send me off to Bradford! I don't care a bit how lonesome he is when he comes home from visiting all his sick people, if he will send me away!" stoutly exclaimed the girl, vigorously beating eggs for Susy.

"Ruthy, don't run on so, child!" was the reply. "The doctor knows what's best, and wants to eddicate you for a fine lady—though I don't believe you'll ever forget all I've learned you about cooking. To my mind, no gal's eddication is finished unless she can make a good batch o' bread, a puddin', and——"

"And 'knit a stocking,'" interrupted Ruth. "Why, Susy, that's just what farmer Stubbs believes, too! Strange, how much you two think alike! Is that what you talk about when he makes such long calls? I declare, you're actually blushing! Oh, Susy!"

"Ruthy, Ruthy! do mind! You're spilling them eggs all over your apron!" said the spinster, confusedly. "Farmer Stubbs—pahaw!" and she gave a little jerk to her head—"can't a body call to rest themselves, and get a drink o' cool water, without——? but do mind them eggs, child! I shan't have one left for my puddin'—and I want an extra nice one 'cause that young gentleman is goin' to dine here."

"What young gentleman, I should like to know?" queried Ruth, looking up in innocent wonder. "It isn't Mr. Stubbs—is it?"

"Have done your nonsense, child! Hasn't the doctor told you that he's going to take a student into the office to learn medicine, and he expects him here to-day to dinner?"

"Why, no, indeed! Ah, I see! that's what uncle wants to get rid of me at school for! I'll tell him so!" and away darted Ruth to the doctor's office.

CHAPTER III.

THREE years had passed and Ruth was at home again—"Ruthy" still to Miss Susy, who, meantime, had seemed to grow younger—(perhaps the frequent calls and cheery conversation

of stout, red-cheeked farmer Stubbs, had something to do with this fact,) but at a wide remove, Dr. Manning thought, from the little girl who used to climb his knee and stroke his hair.

To be sure, when the coach set her down at his gate, the doctor ran out in dressing-gown and slippers to receive her; but when he beheld, instead of the young girl, a tall, elegant young lady, he drew back with an expression of mystification on his face.

"Why, uncle, don't you know your Ruthy?" and with a musical laugh the gay girl stood on tiptoe for a kiss. "See, I'm not up to your shoulder yet!—and I should laugh if you were not going to recognize your 'accomplished' girl, who comes home to you with her head crammed with French and all the classics of a boarding-school—here, uncle, please take my traveling-bag, will you?"

And yet, despite her gay frankness, the doctor—never very much at home in ladies' society, save as he encountered them in the sick room—could not feel quite at his ease; and, further, when he listened to the gay, sprightly conversation which she maintained with his student, Edward Southard, at the tea-table, he seemed less at ease than before.

"What is the matter, uncle? You are so silent—I know you must be ill!" said Ruth, with affectionate solicitude at the close of the evening.

"No, thank you. I am quite well, Miss—Ruthy, I mean!" stammered the doctor.

"'Miss!' why, uncle Paul, you must be demented! I am Ruthy—your Ruthy. You are not going to turn me out upon the world a stranger so soon?" said Ruth, laughing, and putting up her lips for a good night kiss.

Dr. Manning smiled, but he blushed too—yes, that sedate bachelor of forty-four actually blushed, as he confusedly kissed the upturned pair of scarlet lips, and encountered a bright, saucy pair of eyes gazing into his own.

"What can ail uncle? Don't you think he's ill—and wouldn't it be best to make him a nice bowl of herb tea, Susy?—ah, Mr. Stubbs, how do you do? It was very kind of you to come over to welcome me home," exclaimed Ruth, with a sly smile toward Susy, as she suddenly entered the kitchen.

"It seems so like the old days—bright, beautiful, and young, so like her!" sighed Dr. Manning, passing his hand over his eyes as he gained his chamber. "I suppose I shall get used to it—but I wish she were a girl again. Ruthy—Ruthy!" and the doctor sat long in silence.

"Sparkling, witty, and beautiful. The child has matured into the glorious woman," wrote

the young, black-eyed Virginian, Edward Southard, that night in another chamber of that mansion. "They say, too, that she will heir Dr. Manning's comfortable patrimony. I 'guess' (with these Yankees) that her boarding-school heart isn't fettered, and flatter myself that Ned Southard has the good looks and 'cheek' to win it. Congratulate me, Bob, for coming to this out-of-the-way country village to study, not only Physic, but the lore of Cupid."

"Well, what is it, Miss Susy?" said Dr. Manning to his housekeeper, who detained him one morning in the breakfast-room after the student and Ruth had left it, and now stood awkwardly twirling the corner of her wide apron.

"What is it? Oh, about the dinner! I guess we'll have a roast to-day, with Carolina potatoes and one of your bird's-nest puddings!" and the doctor laid his hand on the door-knob. (Who that heard Dr. Manning give out orders for his dinner, would have imagined that he once lived on stale bread and black tea!)

"But, doctor, it isn't anything about the dinner," said Miss Susy, stammering, and awkwardly twisting the apron hem about her fingers. "You see Mr. Stubbs has been waiting so long, and he thought at last I'd better speak to you, and——" here Susy broke down, and turned very red in the face.

"Mr. Stubbs, oh!" and the doctor withdrew his hand. "I didn't know I owed him anything. Thought I settled with him for those last two cords of wood. Foolish of the man to wait—he needn't have been afraid to ask me for it. Well, I am getting old, certainly, when I forget to pay my bills," and he drew out his pocket-book.

Miss Susy almost groaned, then made a desperate plunge. Was ever man so stupid as the doctor on that particular morning?

"But you don't quite apprehend, doctor. (Miss Susy meant comprehend, reader.) The fact is, you don't owe Mr. Stubbs a cent—but you see—oh, dear!" and the spinster's corkscrew curls quivered in her general agitation—"you see it's now going on four year since Mr. Stubbs has been in the habit of callin' in—and you know when a man has lost his pardner, it's dreadful lonesome-like to live all alone, doctor—and last night he said he didn't feel like waitin' any longer, there'd be plenty'd be glad to go over to the Mills Place, and he thought I better not put it off, but tell you right way how I thought of changin' my situation."

Esen now the doctor failed to comprehend.

"Why, Susy, I thought you liked here! Strange that Mr. Stubbs should want my house-keeper!"

"But, sir, supposin' a body preferred to keep a house of their own," said Miss Susy, somewhat tartly, provoked at her master's obtuseness.

A light broke on the doctor's brain. Amazed at his own stupidity, he burst into a hearty laugh, which vexed the spinster still further.

"Why, Miss Susy, pardon me. But are you going to marry Mr. Stubbs!"

"I suppose so—what is there to laugh at in that?" she jerked out.

"Oh, nothing—nothing! I beg your pardon, Miss Susy. I assure you I was only amused at my own want of comprehension. But really, I shall miss you sadly," and the doctor's voice was full of feeling as he went nearer Miss Susy.

"I know it—I know it," almost sobbed the spinster, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron. "And I kept puttin' Simon off and off—but he says now Miss Ruthy has came home to keep house for you there's no further x'cuse—and now or never; so I'm in a strait 'twixt two, you see, doctor."

"Ah, well, don't feel so badly, Susy! Mr. Stubbs isn't to blame. It's perfectly natural he should wish to hurry you a little, especially after waiting four years or so. I have no doubt but you'll be happier in a home of your own—and we all need somebody to love us and care for us in our old age!" and the doctor sighed heavily. "Yes, I've no doubt but you'll be much happier—and though I shall grieve at parting with you, still I feel that I've no right to retain you. God bless you, Susy!" and warmly wringing the spinster's hard hand, he went out quickly.

Poor Miss Susy! I don't doubt but if, just then, farmer Stubbs with his team and his "gee up!" and "haw!" had come within range of vision or hearing, the sobbing woman who sat down and buried her face in her checked apron, would have been sorely tempted to bid him "go along" also, and retained her station as house-keeper in Dr. Manning's home; but this was not so ordained.

Besides, after a good cry and she had wiped away her tears, other thoughts came into Miss Susy's mind; and, gathering up the dishes, she soliloquized, "I wonder what the doctor sithed so for, when he said we all need somebody to love us and care for us in our old age! Hum—hum! I guess he'll find out," and she tossed her head—"I guess he'll find out who cared for him! Well, he's got nobody but hisself to blame—he knows that; and dear knows that if ever I'd a thought he'd come to the pint, I never'd encourraged Simon Stubbs. But it's too late now—and I shall marry Simon, that's settled—and the Mills Place is one o' the best farms in the

country—butter and cheese and eggs a plenty!” and thus consoling herself, Miss Susy took up her tray of dishes *en route* for the kitchen.

CHAPTER IV.

WELL, Miss Susy was Miss Susy no longer, but Mrs. Simon Stubbs, and comfortably settled on the Mills Farm, whither, Ruth averred, she never went except to find her engaged in beating eggs, churning, or knitting yarn hose for “Simon;” a stout Bridget was installed in Dr. Manning’s kitchen; “Ruthy quened it alike in kitchen and parlor,” the doctor said; and Edward Southard, who had completed his studies in the doctor’s office, from whence he had gone up to Cambridge to attend a course of medical lectures, was now at Dentford on a visit preparatory to leaving for his Virginian home.

I’m sure I don’t know whether or not he had whispered love words to Ruth; but certain it was that she, like any young girl who fancies her first love-dream the legitimate blossoming of the tree whose fruit is *le grande passion*, blushed foolishly, and felt her heart beat a painful tattoo in his presence—and one day Dr. Manning came suddenly upon the young man holding her hand in close proximity to his lips.

Silently the doctor withdrew, for he had been unobserved by the pair; and feeling himself *de trop*, went back to his office, where he sat for a long time that quiet summer’s afternoon, with head bowed upon his table, and when he raised it, something more than mist dimmed his eyes.

“Poor old fool!” he said, with a dash of contempt and bitterness. “Why should I—old enough to be her father—have dreamed of that? But thank God she don’t know it—Ruthy don’t, and she shall be happy if I—if I——” but the words died on his lips.

Next morning, at breakfast, there was a brilliant sparkle in Ruth’s eyes, a tender smile on her lips, and she blushed whenever Edward Southard’s gaze met hers.

“Ruthy, I am going to see my patients now,” said the doctor, rising and going to the window to watch Irish Tim bringing his buggy round to the gate; “but will you come into the office after my return? I want to have a little talk with you.”

“Uncle seems in excellent spirits this morning,” said Ruth, glancing after him. Ah, if she had known what a barren, wintry heart his genial smile covered!

“And I have some letters to write, darling,” said Southard, as, after lingering long beside Ruth in the breakfast room, he went up to his chamber.

Ruth went about her morning duties with a softer smile around her sweet mouth, and that new pet name sounding in her ears. It was so blessed to be beloved.

After the lapse of an hour or two a loud ring came at the door, and, answering it herself, Ruth recognized a worthy young farmer, who anxiously inquired for Dr. Manning to visit his young child suddenly attacked with the croup.

“Uncle has gone on his morning rounds; but Dr. Southard is here. Shall I not call him?” asked Ruth.

“Yes, and tell him to come quick!” said the anxious father; and the two rode swiftly away in the farmer’s wagon.

After his departure, Ruth busied herself in arranging the flowers in the vases on the parlor table; and then, with a smile, bethought herself to gather a fresh bouquet for Edward’s room, as a pleasant surprise. Going into the garden, she plucked the newly blossomed roses, and arranging them with sprigs of myrtle and the bright-eyed pansies, ascended to his chamber: “I will place them on his writing-table,” she said, approaching it.

One or two letters, sealed and superscribed, lay there beside his desk, and on the desk a partly written sheet which he had evidently left in haste. In the act of placing her flowers in a glass near the desk, Ruth’s eye fell casually upon her own name. Of course it was wrong—I don’t pretend to justify her, reader—and Ruth could hardly account for the impulse, which at any other time she would have rejected with scorn, but which now caused her to read one or two sentences of that written page.

“Yes, Bob, the deed is done, the instrument is ‘signed, sealed, and delivered,’ (barring old Dr. Manning’s consent which I am sure to gain,) and your friend, Ned Southard, is actually ‘engaged’ to this charming little piece of rusticity, Ruth Blanchard. Wonder what my aristocratic sister Belle will say when she becomes cognizant of the fact, of which, like a dutiful brother as I am, I have just written her! But I neither know nor care, for I do love the girl and her estate in prospective. Family pride and lineage, and all that sort of thing, are well enough if one has the wherewithal to bolster them up; but when the son of ‘one of the first families in old Virginia’ is forced to study a profession to live by, it is no worse to try for a comfortable little fortune, if one is obliged to take along with it the incumbrance of a pretty little wife into the bargain. But, deuce take me, I hardly meant that word ‘incumbrance.’ Ruth, (or ‘Ruthy,’ as this clever, old-Bettyish doctor uncle or guardian

of hers calls her,) is a loving little thing; and, though she lacks the 'style' and '*distingue* air' about which my lady sister discourses so much, will make a good, perhaps a much better wife, than your devil-may-care chum deserves."

Yes, reader, Ruth read all that, and she did not faint or scream as a genuine novel heroine would have done, but she quietly took the bouquet from the table—flung it far from the window into the garden—and then, with a fearful whiteness about her lips and a scornful blaze in her eyes, walked from the room.

"Deuce take it! how careless of me to leave my letters about so!" soliloquized Edward Southard on his return. "Confound that old-womanish farmer and his sick child! What if she had come in here and read this? But, pshaw! of course Ruthy wouldn't do that! But it'll learn me a lesson, I reckon!" and he seated himself to finish his letter.

"You see I am punctual, dear uncle! and what is it of such importance that you neglect your morning nap to give audience to your Ruthy?" said the girl, gayly, advancing and laying her head on Dr. Manning's shoulder. You would not, on that smiling lip or cheek, have read token of the torn, wounded heart throbbing below; but Ruth was a brave girl, and in the hour just past had lived and gained whole years of woman's suffering and strength—and not for worlds would she have unveiled that to her guardian.

"Why, Ruthy—I thought—that is, I have seen how you and——" but the doctor stammered so that one could have scarcely understood the nature of his communication—"I was only going to tell you that I gave my consent, and would do anything to promote your happiness—but what! ah, what does this mean? Crying, as I live!—why, Ruthy!" and for the first time since her return he folded his arms tightly about her and drew her down to her old place on his knee—"Ruthy, what is it, little one?" he said, in perplexity, as a passion of sobs shook her frame.

"Nothing—nothing!—it only means that you must never, never—promise me, dear, best friend—that you will never send me away from your home and heart!" and she clung closely, weaving her white arms about his neck.

"Why, I thought—I thought that you and Edward—is it possible I could have been mistaken? I was going to assure you of my consent!" and, I'll warrant, that at that moment Dr. Paul Manning was more perplexed than at any "consultation" in which he had been engaged during his twenty years' practice.

"Well, I shall never marry Edward Southard—

I never want to hear his name spoken! I would not leave your warm, sheltering heart for anybody in the wide world, much less for one so—so——" but she did not utter the words that trembled on her lips, but proudly crushed them back.

"Then I was mistaken! Oh, Ruth, you don't know how I feared, and what I suffered, when I thought this. You will not leave me to my desolation and my loneliness—you will cling to the heart which would fain shelter you forever;" and, in that sudden outburst of feeling, the heart, the young heart of that man into whose thin, glossy hair grey threads were stealing, beat hard against her own.

Ruth started up, at first with a frightened, confused air—it was so sudden—then, like a weary child, let her head fall heavily again upon its resting-place. It was so pleasant to know that there was one heart in the world, long tried and trusted, and always true.

But Dr. Manning felt that perhaps he had offended her, and fondly stroking her hair as one would a pet child's, said softly, "Forgive me, my child, if I have pained you. I have been premature—I know not what made me open my heart to you in this hour—but had I found that you loved another you would never have learned it, Ruthy. But if you are free, and can love me, and do not think me a selfish and exacting old man—and yet, Ruthy, perhaps I am wrong in asking this. Listen, Ruthy," he said, after a long pause. "Years ago, twenty years ago, I loved your mother. We were to each other brother and sister, so she said—ah, I never told her how I loved her better than any brother could have done, for I saw how her love was given to another, your father. I smiled when she was married; but oh, Ruthy, my heart ached—and henceforth all women were alike to me till you grew up here, so like her that it seemed as if twenty years had been taken from my life and I were young again. Now, Ruthy, you know all—why, since you came back to me, I could not treat you as a child, because I loved you as a woman. Don't answer me now—don't say a word—I would not have you mistake gratitude for a warmer feeling—you need tell me nothing till to-morrow, next week, a year, never, unless it is your own wish. Leave me now, darling!" and, kissing her forehead, he put her gently away from him.

Ruth did not come down that day to dinner; and when Edward Southard inquired for her, Bridget replied that her mistress sent down word that a headache would keep her in her chamber. Perhaps, if honest Bridget had ren-

dered it "a heartache," it might have been nearer truth.

But strong, deep natures work out their own cures, and so did Ruth's. Some one has written, "The deepest of love makes bitterest scorn," and I think Edward Southard soon received evidence of the truth of that—and yet I question if the deep, silent undercurrent of her heart had been reached—only its froth and foam had been stirred from the surface. But you should have seen her proud, pale face, and the shame-stricken countenance of the young Southerner, as, that afternoon, she knocked at his door, and in answer to his light "Come in," entered, and laying her engagement ring on the writing-desk, said briefly and cuttingly, "You should have added a postscript to your letter, Mr. Southard, stating that Miss Blanchard had changed her mind!" then as quietly walked out again.

Of the discomfiture and mortification of Edward Southard it were useless to write; sufficient to state, that the evening train bore him *en route* to Boston, and the next week saw him among "the first families of old Virginia" with his profession, but *minus* "that charming little piece of rusticity," his heiress wife.

And Ruthy did not wait "a year" before she quietly laid her hand in Dr. Paul Manning's, and said, with a happy smile, "As my best friend and benefactor you have deserved my gratitude, but my love is a free gift."

Not then, indeed, could she bring herself to confess how unworthily she had bestowed her first "fancy;" but afterward, relying fully on the deep, serene, enduring love which filled her soul—founded, as that love was, on the deepest esteem—afterward she revealed all, and how nigh her happiness had come to shipwreck.

Of course there was the usual *quantum sufficit* of gossip in Dentford, because Dr. Paul Manning, whom everybody had set down a confirmed bachelor, appropriated to himself his young ward; but Susy, Mrs. Simon Stubbs, averred that she always knew how it would turn out from the first day "Ruthy came under his roof," and the doctor took to giving up his dyspeptic food and ate the very things "Ruthy liked."

And no one who lingers in that happy household, looking upon the girlish, yet matronly Ruth, and her noble, young-hearted husband, would say she is too young to be "DR. MANNING'S WIFE."

THE ORPHAN'S CRY.

BY MRS. BELLA Z. MINTER

Oh! mother, come back, for my young heart is breaking,

I can't tread the paths of this world all alone;
I can't live without the soft voice that is speaking
In accents of love to the poor orphaned one!

I hear the wind pass through the boughs of the willow,
It sighs of the darkness surrounding thy tomb;
I hear the fierce dash of the sea's angry billow,
And see the white spray through the soul-chilling gloom.

Oh! mother, come back, for my young feet are weary
Of treading the deserts of life's burning sands!

Oh! mother, come back, for my young life is dreary,
As I tread my lone way 'mid the wreck-covered strands!

Sweet birds are oft singing and flitting about me,
As sadly I wander where thy feet once pressed;
But this music's unheeded, uncared for, without thee
To list to their songs, while I rest on thy breast.

Dear mother, come back, for my passionate pleading,
Let me lay my hot head on thy bosom and weep;
Pour balm on my heart, for its tendrils are bleeding,
And hush with sweet songs thy poor Tilla to sleep!

BY THE BROOKSIDE.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

I'm sitting by the frozen brook,
And tardily the minutes go,
While I am waiting for the Spring
To make the fettered waters flow.
The North wind blew a bitter blast
And froze the silver wavelets o'er:—
The ice has lain so long, I fear
The brook will sing to me no more.
My heart cannot forget the night
That hushed the music of the song,

That made such 'witching melody
For my enraptured soul so long.
Full many and many a year must pass,
Before I can forget the woe
That smote me when the ice-king checked
The dancing brooklet's gleeful flow.
I'm weary waiting for the Spring
To kiss the ice with melting breath:
What joy 'twould be to know that still
The living waters flow beneath!

THE STRANGER IN MAPLETON.

BY LIZZIE WILLIAMS.

A STRANGER in Mapleton—and such a stranger! Tall, and of fine proportions, with a face of “classic” beauty; a regal brow, shaded by waving masses of glossy raven hair; eyes of midnight darkness, from which shot forth glances of wondrous brilliancy, like lightning glancing from a midnight cloud. These were some of the attractions of the strange gentleman who had just arrived in Mapleton. Now, when I inform my readers that Mapleton is one of the dullest, most obscure, out-of-the-way villages that can be imagined, so that any arrival would cause a sensation, they may easily infer that this particular arrival created a *furor* of excitement. The news spread with the telegraphic speed known to all country-places, and ere Mr. Alfred Ramsey had been an hour domiciled in the “Washington Hotel”—as the landlord ambitiously termed his two-story inn—“everybody” was busy speculating as to who he was, what he was, where he came from, where he was going, and principally, what did he come to Mapleton for?

Pretty soon these important questions, at least the most important of them, received an answer. For Frank Lewis—son of old Judge Lewis, and undisputed leader of the ton—had no sooner heard of the arrival than he was seen hastening at a most unfashionable pace to “the Washington,” and, to the surprise of all the idlers in the bar-room, (be sure there were plenty of them who chanced in just then,) he sprang at a bound into the parlor, crying out, “Ha, old fellow! have you found the way here at last?” and then to the chagrin of listeners, the door was closed so that they heard no more; but luckily the upper part of it was glass, so that if they could no longer hear, they could, at least, see; and they saw the stranger and Frank shake hands with all the hearty cordiality of warm and long parted friends, and then sit down on the lounge and fall at once into a long and apparently interesting chat. This fact was soon noised abroad, and it was edifying to notice how wise “everybody” grew instantan. Frank Lewis and the stranger had been college friends, and the latter was now here in fulfilment of a promise made to the former. Yes, everybody could tell that—and everybody could tell, too, that Frank had an object in view when he gave the invitation.

Had he not two unmarried sisters, who held themselves above the Mapleton beaux? Yes, that was it, of course, the surmise received immediate credence, and was indisputable when it was learned that Mr. Ramsey was a wealthy Southerner.

“A splendid match for one of the judge’s daughters,” said the gossips; wondering in the next place which would be the one.

“That’s easy known,” said one, with the air of an oracle. “Who would think of Emily when once they saw Lillian?”

“Lillian!” echoed another, in a sort of scornful surprise, “why she can’t begin to compare with her sister in any way. Take my word for it Emily will win the prize.”

And many were of the same opinion.

“No, no, Lillian will be the chosen one—that I know,” said the first speaker. And many agreed with her.

So the controversy went on, and sometimes produced unpleasant feelings, so uncompromising was each party. One would have thought that the matter rested solely with them, and that the sister having the most numerous and unyielding champions would forthwith be honored with the offer of Alfred Ramsey’s hand, heart, and fortune, which, of course, she would accept with delighted alacrity.

Much amused the stranger would have been, no doubt, had he know how constantly his name was upon the lips of old and young in Mapleton. To be sure, he could not be altogether ignorant of the “sensation” he was causing; but the knowledge made no change in him, for he was (for a man) wonderfully free from conceit or vanity. He was just what he seemed to be—a noble-minded, whole-souled fellow, who was sure to win the “golden opinions” of all with whom he came in contact. But that only made it a matter of more general interest whom he would marry.

“I declare he takes a long time to make up his mind,” said lively Kate Ogden, chatting one day with a group of young girls.

“Long? why he has scarcely been here a month yet.”

“Well, a month is a long time. Anybody might fall in love and propose in a month, much less a Southerner.”

"Why a Southerner quicker than 'anybody' else, Kate?"

"Oh, you know they are such an ardent, impulsive race—at least people always say so, but I'm sure I see nothing of the kind in Mr. Ramsey. I always thought a Southerner would fall in love at first sight, if at all; and would 'pop the question' wherever he chanced to be, in the house or in the street, at church or in the theatre, without any regard to the conveniences of time or place."

A burst of laughter followed Kate's speech.

"Oh, Kate! Kate! You silly child! Then that was the very reason you looked so shy that evening Mr. Ramsey led you into supper at Mrs. B——'s. You thought he had fallen in love with your pretty face, and would propose at the very table."

"And what would you have said?" asked one, archly.

"Oh, never doubt he would have been rewarded with a softly whispered yes; Kate would not keep him long in suspense."

"Which of you would?" asked the merry Kate, joining in the laugh which had been raised against her. "There is not one of you who would hesitate a moment about referring him to 'pa' or 'ma.'"

The girls laughed, and did not deny the soft impeachment. For in truth, very few of the village belles were inclined to allow either of the judge's daughters to win the prize without an effort, at least, of rivalry. Many were the cunning plans laid, many the little "feminine arts" put in practice, but, alas! without effect—the handsome Southerner pursued the even tenor of his way, polite and courteous to all, but, apparently, as unimpressible as the most cool, phlegmatic Northerner. I say apparently, for, to let my readers into "a secret," Alfred Ramsey's heart had been already taken captive; but not by Lillian or Emily Lewis—not by any other of the young beauties whose bright eyes so often glanced smilingly up to his. No indeed! On the very first Sunday of his sojourn at Mapleton, his attention had been attracted by a voice of surpassing sweetness and expression among the choristers. Eagerly searching for the owner of the fine voice, he found that her personal charms were of quite as pleasing a nature; not so striking or brilliant perhaps as those of some with whom he was already acquainted, but hers was a style of beauty just suited to his taste. Every succeeding Sabbath he feasted his ears with her sweet, melodious tones, and stole an occasional glance at her pale, spiritual countenance; but through the intervening days he saw her not.

The festal scenes "got up in his honor" were never graced by her presence, evidently she was not one of the ton. It was provoking; but Mr. Ramsey, though chagrined and disappointed on these occasions, acted quite reasonably for one so much in love as he really was with the fair unknown. Unwilling to excite notice by direct inquiries regarding her, he trusted to chance to befriend him, and ere long chance very obligingly came to his aid.

There was a pic-nic in a charming grove near Mapleton. All the village beaux and belles were there, and as a matter of course the Southerner, who was on this occasion the favored cavalier of the "judge's daughters." Sauntering with them through a leafy aisle, he espied at a distance a cluster of brilliant wild flowers, and wishing to give the ladies a pleasant surprise he started to gather the blooming treasures. On returning, he found that they had joined some of their acquaintances, who were resting on the greensward beneath some spreading oaks. Emily Lewis' voice raised in uttering an exclamation of surprise first made him aware of their proximity; and while yet a few paces from them, and screened from their observation by the thick foliage, Lillian's reply fell upon his ears.

"I told you how it would be. I knew Mrs. Morton only consented to come so that she could bring that girl," (the last words spoken with a bitter, scornful emphasis.)

Alfred glanced in the direction to which the group were looking, and beheld a lady whose features wore an expression of touching melancholy, and beside her—imagine his delight—was his unknown charmer! He saw her to advantage now. Her small, graceful head had no covering but its wealth of golden curls; her face, usually pale and pensive, was flushed and brightened with pleasant excitement; and as she moved onward with light, easy grace, he watched her with increasing admiration till the intervening trees hid her from view. Bringing his eyes then to "objects nearer home," they fell on the little party under the trees, who were now chatting on some pleasant theme; and no tones were more gay and pleasingly modulated than the Lewises; but recalling the contemptuous allusion to "that girl," he turned away, and—I am ashamed to record against my hero an act of such childish petulance—he flung far from him the bright flowers he had gathered with so much care, as if they had been to blame for the words still rankling in his bosom. A short walk, however, served to dissipate his fit of anger, and retracing his steps he was soon beside Lillian Lewis, who was sitting in "sullen

solitude." That young lady, irritated at his long absence, received him with cool dignity; but his frank, pleasant smiles and words restored her good-humor, and they were soon chatting as sociably and agreeably as was their wonted custom.

"I observe there are some ladies here with whom I am unacquainted," said the gentleman, after a time. "Will you do me the kindness of introducing me when opportunity offers? In a frolic of this kind it is pleasant to be on speaking terms with the whole company."

"I do not think that is always desirable," said Lillian, drily. "And I believe you are already acquainted with all the ladies here, save one."

"There are two walking beside the stream; that tall lady, you perceive."

"That is Mrs. Morton. She was one of our gayest belles, but since the death of her husband, which occurred very shortly after their marriage, she has lived almost secluded from the world. I will introduce you to her with pleasure."

"Many thanks, lady fair. And to her companion?"

Lillian's brow darkened. "Pardon me, Mr. Ramsey, I have no acquaintance with a cobbler's daughter. Perhaps Miss Ogden will gratify you," she added, coldly, as they met that young lady.

"Certainly, if it be in my power," was her ready response, and taking his offered arm the two strolled on, Lillian haughtily turning away.

"Introduce you? most willingly," said Kate, as he explained the favor he desired. "You will be greatly pleased with Mrs. Morton, I know; she is a very charming woman. And Jessie Ward is a very charming girl—but I must not say you will be pleased with her lest I offend."

And Kate's merry blue eyes turned mischievously upon him.

"Wherefore that fear?" was the laughing query.

"Like a genuine Yankee, I shall answer your question by asking another. Are your 'tastes and proclivities' altogether of an aristocratic stamp? If they are, you will be shocked to learn that the bewitching Jessie is the daughter of—prepare yourself for an overwhelming revelation—the daughter of the village shoemaker!"

Alfred Ramsey was much amused by his companion's mock solemnity, and laughingly assured her he was not altogether "overwhelmed" by her "revelation."

"Ah! then you are not so immensely aristocratic as some of our Mapleton grandees, who

would think themselves disgraced forever if they condescended to notice the plebeian Jessie."

"Yourself and Mrs. Morton are not included in that class, I presume?"

"Oh, I could never 'set up' for an aristocrat, I have not stateliness or dignity enough for such a character; and Mrs. Morton is very independent in her way, and apt to do things which her fashionable friends consider 'shocking;' but she only laughs at their consternation. So that, being very much attached to Jessie Ward, she makes no secret of her partiality. Besides, it is a sort of hereditary friendship, their mothers having been schoolmates and constant friends."

At this moment they came in sight of Mrs. Morton and Jessie. The introductions were given in due form, and soon the four were chatting together as cosily and pleasantly as possible. Jessie at first was rather shy, and backward in taking part in the conversation, but her timidity once banished, Alfred found that her mental charms were quite in keeping with her personal ones. Need I say that for the remainder of the day he devoted himself to her and her generous patroness?

"After all I was right in my notions about Southerners," said Kate Ogden, toward the close of that lovely day. "Mr. Ramsey has fallen in love with Jessie Ward at first sight, and I do believe he will propose before they leave the grove. How absorbed he seems in what she is saying! and that glance 'speaks volumes,' as the novels say. Ah, girls! none of us ever brought that expression to his eyes; just look!"

"How absurd you are, Kate Ogden!" said Emily Lewis, angrily, shaking off the hand Kate had laid on her arm to make her "look." "Any one can see that he is only making fun of her."

"Can they indeed? Funny eyes they are that can see that," laughed Kate.

The Misses Lewis were in a state of towering indignation, as may be supposed, and they thought to punish the offender by accepting the escort of another gentleman on returning home, and giving a haughty refusal to Mr. Ramsey, when he felt constrained, however unwillingly, to offer his services. But to their dismay, instead of seeming hurt by their refusal he turned away with a bow and a smile, and in a few minutes they saw him in Mrs. Morton's carriage, with that lady and the despised Jessie.

That the lover did not allow the acquaintance, thus happily begun, to drop, we may be sure; and so—to pass over tedious preliminaries and come at once to the point which my reader's sagacity has already divined—when the hand-

some Southerner left Mapleton early in the autumn Jessie went with him, a loved and loving bride. Kate Ogden acted as bridesmaid on the occasion, thereby incurring the severe disapprobation of certain haughty young ladies; for whose "weighty displeasure," however, the lively, independent Kate cared not "one particular straw."

TO ONE IN DREAM-LAND.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

THERE is a clime in which I wander oft—
The shadowy land of dreams. In it I've passed
My sunniest hours, tho' all the world seem'd false
And cold; and now at this loved twilight hour,
Thou steal'st upon me like some gentle dream,
That thrills my heart with soft, elysian joys.

I know that thou art fair and beautiful—
A being formed to cast a sunny ray
Into the loveliest heart, and lighten up
The brow of care with sweet and joyous smiles.
I know that thy young heart is fresh and pure,
And that the spirit of the Beautiful
Is ever twining brightest wreaths for thee.
Each fair, and pure, and lovely thing that strews
Thy daily path—the budding flowers of Spring—
The soft-toned zephyrs whispering 'mong the leaves—
The streamlet's dreamy song of mirth and glee—
And yon sweet stars that smile so softly o'er
The hushed and slumbering world—all have a pure
And simple language for thy gentle heart.

I cannot think that one so good and pure
As thou, should ever know what 'tis to weep
O'er faded dreams, or see one cherished star
In youth's bright glowing sky grow dim,
And vanish from thy gaze. The false, cold world,
Can never quell the happy gushings of
A spirit such as thine; and over 'midst
Life's thorniest paths and rocky steeps, thou'lt pluck
Bright fancy's fairest flowers to deck thy fair
And youthful brow, and ever keep thy young
Heart fresh and pure.

Ah, yes! I love such hearts
As thine, and love thy sweet and childish fancies.
There's sympathy and kindness in each word,
And tho' "unknown," my heart would whisper its
Full happiness; and oft when I am sad,
Will long again for music-breathing words
Of thine.

NIGHT.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

THE wind is sighing mournfully,
Is sighing soft and low,
And the waters murmur tunefully
In their rippling, bounding flow.
And the stars are shining, seemingly
Like myriad eyes of love;
And the moon is smiling beamingly
From her star-gemmed path above.
The world sleeps in tranquillity,
Beneath God's watchful eye,
Nor sound breaks night's serenity,
Save streamlet's song and wild wind's sigh.

I seem to hear the throbbing beat
Of Nature's mighty heart,
And earth and Heaven with soul replete,
Seem of some boundless life a part.
Alone with God's immensity
At silent midnight hour,
How long with wild intensity
The spirit for the power,
To drop the fetters that restrain
Her flight, and soar away
From this dull world of care and pain,
To realms of endless day!

I'M SAD.

BY J. S. M'EWEN.

OH! that mine eyes were tears,
To give my heart relief;
Or that this bursting heart
Could melt with hidden grief!
Time's cold and changing scenes
Bring, perching on my brow,
Despair in furrows deep,
Though smiles conceal it now.

NONE know the inward pain
Some hearts are wont to bear:
None know what shafts remain
Embedded—hidden there!
A joyous smile oft lights
That mirror of the soul—
As like the placid streams
O'er pearls and pebbles roll.

OFF CAPE HATTERAS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THE night was setting in cold and blustering, with every appearance of a storm. The day had been raw even for November, and rifts of ragged, gusty clouds, driving before a bleak northerly wind, had chased each other across the firmament, now hiding the sun in their thick folds, and now, as they rolled apart, disclosing his cold disk to our eyes. The wind had kept up a constant moaning, such as can only be heard in the more wintry months, when the seas are roughened with continuous foam, and the icy breezes of Labrador sweep down our stormy coasts. As night drew on, and the clouds grew gloomier in the northern horizon, the gale sang shriller than ever through our rigging, whistling wildly along over the fast blackening waters, and making us shiver involuntarily. The breeze, too, was perceptibly damper. Snow-flakes began to fall.

"It's going to be a wild night," said the captain, "and I fear Hatteras is under our lee. We must close reef and get an offing."

He spoke anxiously, so that all thoughts of sleep were dismissed from my mind; and going below for my 'nor wester, I prepared to spend the night on deck. As the hours wore on, the storm increased; the wind howled wilder through our hamper; the rain drove fiercer across our decks. The cold was intense, and the rain became at length sleet. Out to windward, only the white caps of the billows could be seen: to leeward, nothing but a waste of driving foam met the eye. Oh! how we longed for morning.

At last the dawn came, but slowly and heavily, as if unwilling to supplant the night. To eastward, the dusky clouds were seen, heaving like a misty curtain. Gradually the light increased, the dusky curtain parted; but a misty veil still hung over all. The schooner groaned as she struggled on, now sinking into the trough, and then rising, buoyant as a duck, and shaking the spray gallantly from her sides. Suddenly I was startled by the voice of the look-out shouting,

"Breakers ahead!"

I looked to leeward. There, hardly two cables' length distant, they were, just discernible through the dim light: a whirlpool of white, angry foam. A tremendous current combined with the wind to drive us toward them with frightful velocity.

"Hatteras, God help us!" cried the captain, at my side.

How often had I heard that name as a name of terror; but with only a vague idea of it after all; for I had never expected to be brought face to face with it and death. But now I was in the very presence of the dread monster, whose ravenous maw had devoured thousands, whose bowels were full of the bones of countless victims. I could almost throw a biscuit into the breakers. In less than five minutes I would be in their midst.

These reflections rushed across me, swift as lightning, during the pause which the captain made, to take breath. Then his stentor voice shouted,

"Down with the helm. Haul in the sheets. Hard—harder."

The wheel whirled around; the huge sail came heavily in; and then a moment of awful suspense followed. Would the schooner lie any closer? She quivered and seemed to drift bodily toward the surf. I grasped a rope instinctively. A groan rose from the little crew.

"Cut loose a reef," thundered the captain. "Never mind untying, but out with your knives. Stand by, some of you, to haul and belay."

The expedient was little short of madness. But it was our only hope. It seemed as if all was over. As the sheet flew out, it gave a jerk that nearly heeled us on our beam ends; then, catching the full fury of the gale, it dragged us wildly along; plunging us headlong through the giant billows, while the water foamed around, rolling in cataracts over the deck, gurgling and hissing as it swept astern.

"Keep her to it," shouted the captain, holding in the weather-ratlines, as he watched the straining mast above.

Just ahead, the breakers ran out into a long point, beyond which was comparatively smooth water. If we could weather that point there might be hope. We were shooting toward it, with the velocity of an express-train. If a rope should part; if the wind should lull for a second; if the current should get stronger, we would be lost. Even without these it was doubtful whether we could rasp by. The spray of the boiling surf was already around us.

At that moment came a roar as if the heavens were exploding. I glanced, fearfully, up, supposing it was the main-sheet splitting. But no! the stout sail stood firm. I saw the mast, however, bending like a whip-stalk in the gale, a sudden increase in which had caused the noise. At the same instant, the schooner crashed through a huge billow, throwing the foam in cataracts over us, and when I next looked to leeward, the breakers were whitening astern, and we were in comparatively deep water.

We could scarcely credit our escape. For a moment or two, the crew gazed silent and bewildered on the receding surf, as if just aroused from a dream. Then, simultaneously, all broke into a huzza.

"Huzzah God!" said the captain, beside me, "a little more, and I should never have seen Mary or the children again." And I think he

wiped a tear from his eye, with the cuff of his jacket, as he turned away.

A moment after I heard him, in his old voice, from which every particle of emotion had passed away, say to the man at the wheel,

"You may ease her a little: the shore shelves away in here, and we shall have no trouble in getting an offing now."

"Ay, ay, sir—she's a gallant vixen," laughed the old tar, gruffly.

We soon gained an offing. Before noon the gale had subsided; and when night came down upon the seas, the coast was far away. Meantime the wind hauled round once more to the south; the clouds toward nightfall broke away; and the last rays of the setting sun lingered on our mast-heads, like the smile of a departing spirit.

I have never since been OFF CAPE HATTERAS.

TO LOTTIE LINWOOD.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

THE gift of Poesy indeed is thine!

Thy touch awakes the soul from dreamy slumbers,
To list enchanted to thy flowing line,
Breathed forth in joyful, sweet, harmonious numbers.

The human mind thou swayest e'en at will,
While the ethereal music softly flowing,
Steals o'er the senses with delight, until
The soul with love and happiness is glowing.

Thy songs possess the freshness of the leaves,
With dew-drops bathed, in fair, luxuriant bowers—
For Poesy—with Art—and Nature weaves
Her fairest forms amid life's frailest flowers.

A world of beauty opens at thy behest!
Long may thy harp attuned to sweetest measure,

Whisper its love-tones from a spirit blest,
With genius rare, a sacred, Heaven-born treasure.

Let life's sweet roses 'mid thy golden hair,
With laurels dark, their tendrils closely wreathing—
Cluster in richest, rarest beauty, there,
A welcome fragrance round thy pathway breathing.

Thy heart is young! thus may it ever be,
And free from care and every bitter sorrow;
May all that earth can give belong to thee!
Then ne'er for future days one trouble borrow.

But may thy sun set clear, full-orbed, and bright,
As ends a pleasant dream or Persian story;
While thy pure spirit seeks a world of light,
To dwell forevermore in endless glory.

THE SPRING FLOWER IN AUTUMN.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

Oh! wherefore, wherefore art thou here, thou gentle child
of Spring?

Fierce storms are gathering in the sky, and mournful tem-
pests sing,
A gloom is on the desolate earth, a sadness in the blast,
And hosts of crimson forest-leaves are hurrying swiftly
past.

The cold rain beateth on the graves where all thy kindred
sleep,
And solemnly the grieving wind chantheeth his anthem deep.
No sunbeam smileth on thee, and thy gentle, meek, blue
eye
Casteth its timid, upward glance to a sternly frowning sky.

Oh! lonely one! the last of all thy frail and gentle race!
They died while yet the wreaths of Spring bedecked earth's
lovely face.

Summer hath faded from the hills, and Autumn made them
drear,
Since thy pale sisters turned to dust, then wherefore art
thou here?

Ah! not in vain hast thou sprung up in beauty from the dust,
Thou speakest in a voiceless speech of faith and holy trust.
For He who can, through frost and storm, protect a fragile
flower,
Can surely guide us through life's path, though clouds may
darkly lower.



THE NEW BABY.

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CATHARINE LINCOLN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52.

CHAPTER IX.

THEY reached the street and entered the carriage before Walter broke the amazed silence into which he had been thrown. Mr. Jeffrys asked his address, and the sound of his voice aroused him; he gave the number and they hurried away.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Seaford. "Do you know Mrs. Graham; and your sudden arrival—you had not written to me that you were coming over!"

"Have a little patience, Walter, don't overpower me with questions! You shall hear everything in its proper order; but let us get safe to your rooms first."

When the carriage stopped, Seaford sprang out, and Mr. Jeffrys followed him up to his apartment in silence. When they had entered, Walter closed the door, and turned hastily toward him.

"Don't torture me any longer! I could almost think something terrible were coming, only you always bring pleasant news," he added, striving to laugh, and thus shake off the nameless fear which had come over him.

"It is dark here, Seaford," said Mr. Jeffrys, "can't you find a light?"

The room was growing dusky with the gathering shadows, but in his agitation Seaford had not noticed it. He lit the lamp with nervous haste, set it upon the mantel, and turned again to Mr. Jeffrys.

"Have you anything to tell me, sir—has anything happened? What could have brought you to Europe so unexpectedly?"

"It was on your account that I came."

"Mine? What is it? I can think of nothing—no affairs—no—"

Mr. Jeffrys waited for him to conclude, but Seaford only made an impatient gesture, growing troubled and pale.

"I believe you have found me always willing to advance your interests in every possible way," Mr. Jeffrys said, in his deliberate, passionless way.

"Always, sir—always. You have been a true

friend," returned Seaford, with eager haste, strangely at variance with the manner of his companion. "But tell me what it is you have to say—I am getting as nervous as a woman."

"I have come to take you away with me, Seaford."

"Where do you wish to travel?"

"To America."

"America! But I have no reason for returning there at present—my business keeps me here—I am writing a play for one of the London theatres."

"You will be able to finish it in our own country."

"Excuse me, sir," said Seaford, with something of his usual haughtiness when irritated; "but will you have the goodness to be a little more explicit? there is nothing to be gained by talking in riddles."

"I never do that, Seaford, you know."

"Were you acquainted with Mrs. Graham?" Seaford asked, quickly. "Did you know her in America?"

"Mrs. Graham!" he repeated the name with a sort of icy contempt which made Seaford quiver with indignation. "I was acquainted with her, and I knew her in America."

"What does this mean, Mr. Jeffrys? I demand an explanation! I am not a child to be treated in this way."

"Do you mean to remind me that you have no longer any need of my friendship or favor?" asked Mr. Jeffrys, with cold politeness; "I knew that you had grown famous, but I did not think—"

"You wrong me, Mr. Jeffrys, indeed you do! I am not ungrateful, but you torture me by this hesitation."

"Do you love this woman, Walter!"

A light came over Seaford's face—his bosom heaved—his proud eyes grew clear and untroubled—he threw his head back with a noble pride,

"Yes," he said, "I do love her."

"And you know who she is?"

"I know only that she is a good, grand woman,

and that I love her, and would proclaim it before all the world."

"Do you know what her past life has been?"

"Her past!" repeated Seaford, and Catharine's singular agitation recurred to his mind. A terrible shock passed over him, but he cast back the unworthy doubt.

"No!" he exclaimed, defiantly, "but there is nothing which she need fear to have known—I would stake my life upon her goodness."

"You would lose the stake!" replied Mr. Jeffrys, in his stern, unpitiful voice.

"Mr. Jeffrys!" Walter sprang toward him, with his clenched hand raised, as if he would have felled him to the ground in the whirl of passion which those words had aroused. "Take that back," he exclaimed, "retract those words—an angel from heaven should not repeat them before me!"

"Sit down, Walter, you are going mad, I think—more of her work, I suppose."

"Explain! explain!" urged Walter, fiercely; "but do not repeat those words—do not repeat them!"

"I would not give you needless pain, Walter; but you must listen to me calmly, and without passion."

"How can I be calm? Go on, Mr. Jeffrys, go on."

"You must leave Paris for a time."

"Why?"

"Because you must be removed from that woman's influence until you are yourself again."

"I am myself, Mr. Jeffrys, for the first time in my whole life; it is only in her presence that I have begun to live, and there is no power on earth or in heaven strong enough to separate me from her now."

"You rave—I cannot talk with a madman."

"I am not mad, sir; but you seem determined to drive me so by your words and manner."

"Walter, I have never yet asked you a favor: will you refuse me the first?"

"What is it? Let me hear what you desire."

"All through your life I have granted you everything you asked, without even demanding your reasons—you cannot trust me so far it seems."

"Mr. Jeffrys, this is cruel—I have done nothing to deserve such reproaches—you make me frantic with your implied suspicions of a woman whom I prize beyond life itself, and then ask me to listen to you calmly and without passion! What is it you wish me to do? You know that I would give my right hand to serve you."

"I wish you to leave Paris, and promise me never to see that woman again."

"No, by Heaven, that I will not do—nothing shall induce me to trample my own heart under my feet."

He walked up and down the room with hasty strides, agonized by the conflicting feelings within. Mr. Jeffrys sat by the table silently awaiting until the first violence of that mental storm should have spent itself, his lips compressed, and his whole face revealing the unalterable determination which he had formed.

"What reason have you for demanding this?" Seaford said, pausing before him in his hurried march. "Why do you come here with these damnable doubts, thrusting yourself between me and my happiness?"

"I have intimated nothing which I cannot prove," he said.

"Then prove it—let me know the worst at once—I will bear this no longer."

"I have asked you to trust me, Walter! I have been your friend for years, it seems to me not much to ask."

"Not much, to bid me tear my own heart out and fling it at your feet!—not much, that you would have me outrage the woman I reverence and adore! No, Mr. Jeffrys, I will not do it, you have no proof—there is something here which I do not understand, but I will trust her, she would not deceive me! Speak out—what is it?"

"For your own sake do not force me to say more!"

"Speak, I say!"

"That woman has deceived you—she is false, body and soul!"

The words fell icy and cold, stinging Seaford to the very verge of insanity.

"It is a lie!" he exclaimed, "a mean, miserable lie! Mr. Jeffrys, you have severed the last bond between us—farewell."

He moved toward the door, but Mr. Jeffrys rose and detained him in a strong grasp.

"Wretched boy, where would you go?"

"To her—to the woman whom you have slandered! This is not your work, you could not be so vile—you have been deceived, but the very suspicion separates us—let me go."

But Mr. Jeffrys held him firmly, his own face pale, and revealing some hidden passion which was more like hate than grief.

"You shall not go—I command you to stay."

"You command me!" exclaimed Seaford, shaking off his hold; "a legion of demons should not stop me—how dare you speak thus?"

"Because I have the right," returned Mr

Jeffrys, while Walter stood paralyzed with passion and doubt.

"The right, the right!" he stammered. "No, never, you have none—stand back, you are powerless here!"

He would have rushed from the chamber, but again Mr. Jeffrys' voice staid him.

"Ay, the right! I command you to listen, because that woman is wicked and depraved—because you are my own son, Walter Seaford, and she has been to me what she is now to you, or would be if you desired it."

Seaford fell rather than sank into a chair, gazing upon the speaker with his frenzied eyes, while the whiteness of death settled over his face.

"Now will you believe me, young man? You have wrung forth the secret of a life—are you satisfied?"

Still there was no answer—Seaford was looking into his face with the same dull stare. At length his head fell slowly forward and was buried in his hands, while he trembled beneath the shock which had so nearly maddened him.

"Walter," Mr. Jeffrys said, in a softened tone, "Walter!"

"Don't speak to me—leave me alone!"

"Only a word—this must be settled now and forever! Listen—try to understand—we are going away on the instant! A steamer sails from Havre to-morrow, in that we return to America."

Seaford sprang to his feet, and a despairing cry broke from his lips.

"Unsay those words—tell me that you did not mean it, and I will follow you to the ends of the earth."

"Walter, I am your father!"

"I know—I know—not that! I can bear shame—disgrace—but tell me that Catharine—"

"I charge you never to mention that name again—you dare not violate the laws of God and man by loving a woman who has been——"

"No more—do not go on! Let us go where you will—when you will—but leave me alone!"

Mr. Jeffrys went slowly away closing the door behind him, and shutting that wretched young man in with the terrible solitude about him—a solitude which could never be removed. That iron father wore a look of demoniac exultation—standing in the dimly-lit passage—his hands clenched, while his compressed lips hissed forth some broken words.

"Catharine—woman—in my path again!"

Walter Seaford remained motionless where that man had left him. He could not think yet—his brain was too dizzy for that—but through the whirl of frenzy and despair came the recol-

lection of those fearful words—a gulf had been dug between him and that woman, which neither could ever pass. He thought not of shame or disgrace, both he could bear, but he was separated forever from that happiness which had seemed so near.

He dashed his arms down upon the table with frantic violence, biting his foam-specked lips to keep back the cry which burst from his breaking heart. All that lonely past came up—the bliss of the last few weeks taunted him with its memories—the future stretched out before him, stormy and desolate—no refuge and no haven in sight—nothing but the heaving of the billows and, the starless sky overhead. A mad prayer for death escaped him—that vainest moan which rises from the hearts of the youth before suffering has made it strong to endure.

Nothing came—there was no response to his anguish! He sprang up and rushed to the door; there was no collected thought in his soul, only a longing for death, a mad desire to look once more upon her face; it seemed as if fate would have done with him then, that destiny would be appeased.

At the door he met Mr. Jeffrys, who started at the sight of that face which was so contracted by despair, that those moments seemed almost to have done the work of years.

"All is ready," he said, "your servant will follow to Havre with your baggage."

"Ready," he repeated, mechanically, "ready?"

Mr. Jeffrys took a flask from the table and poured out a glass of wine.

"Drink this," he said, "it will bring you to yourself a little."

Walter drained it at a draught, and allowed himself to be led down stairs and placed in the carriage without resistance.

All that night they were speeding away, the moan of the steam whistle sounding in the ear of the sufferer, and seeming to his excited fancy like the cry of a fiend. When morning came they had entered Havre, the quaint, old city, and drove away toward the steamer.

An hour after, they were out upon the blue waves, and Walter Seaford was straining his eyes to catch a last sight of the land, where he had found and lost all of happiness that heaven itself had power to bestow upon him on this side the grave.

Oh, that voyage! The days spent in pacing up and down the deck like some caged animal—the consciousness that a score of idle eyes were watching and commenting upon every movement—the sleepless nights, when the stars looked down so unpitifully upon his misery, and the

ocean wind seemed sounding a requiem over the unburied past. Even the calm was so unendurable! Storm—danger—anything would have been better! But the spring air was balmy and soft, the bosom of the great deep smooth as if no breeze had ever ruffled it. Then the reaction when the unnatural strength gave way, and he could only lie upon a couch listening to the careless mirth around, and looking afar over the bright waters, which laughed and played in mockery of his wretchedness!

The approach to that land where only added misery awaited him—the attempts to converse from the careless and unconcerned—the very presence of that man whom even to shun was a sin—oh, it was terrible!

After the first days, Seaford really believed that he should die—he believed it, and prayed that it might be so! Could he have yielded up his last breath and gone to rest beneath those singing waters; but day after day wore on, and though he lay there weak and spent from the reaction of that strong excitement, he grew no worse, and there seemed to be no actual illness preying upon him. But a fever from within burned on his cheek and blazed in those unquiet eyes—a fever which had no name, and which no human skill could have cured, but it was consuming the very pulses of that tortured heart, and wearing out life and strength from that weakened frame.

Catharine sat in her room after the departure of Seaford and that dreaded man, until the night gathered about her with its solemn gloom. She knew what awaited her, and sat there stunned by the unexpected blow.

Janet Brown's voice aroused her.

"In the dark, mistress, and alone! I have just got in, the young gentleman is gone!"

"Gone?" she repeated, springing up. "Oh, Janet, come with me—come with me!"

The astonished woman threw a shawl over her and followed her mistress into the street. They hurried in silence to Seaford's lodgings—it was too late—he had left a few moments before—whither no one knew.

What mattered it where?—he had gone from her—he knew all—he despised and forsook her!

She reeled and fell into the arms of her woman.

"Take me back, Janet, take me back and let me die!"

"Mistress—mistress!"

"Don't speak, Janet—don't comfort me—it is death this time—oh! it is death."

So the dream ended—the bright, beautiful dream, which had seemed so glowing and so real! The one lying mute and unconscious in

that sickness which was like death, the other away upon the deep, dark sea, and between those parted souls flowing a gulf deeper and darker than the ocean's treacherous waves, a gulf which neither might cross to claim that happiness which had been so suddenly snatched from their grasp.

CHAPTER X.

THE voyage came to an end at length! Looking out through the port-hole of the narrow room in which he lay, Walter Seaford watched their approach to the beautiful shores which he had left with such eager longings, feeling that ere they again brightened upon his vision life would have undergone an entire change. This was the return! The warning was fulfilled—life had changed! The wild dreams and vague unrest had given place to the desolation of experience.

He did not rise from his berth, or heed the bustle of excitement going on around him. The June sunlight lay golden over the waters, and brightened the lovely city in the nearing distance, but its glory only pained those weary eyes and mocked the anguish within his soul.

The mad passion of his despair had worn itself out for a season, leaving him weak and incapable of reflection as a child. He only asked quiet—to be left alone—to hear no human voice and meet no human face. It was well that the very violence of that mental conflict had staid it for a time, or it must have left him wholly a wreck, with every faculty shattered and broken down. There he sat and watched the shores which they were so rapidly nearing. The guns boomed out as they passed the islands, which looked like fairy barques moored in the sunshine—on they swept through the narrow channel—the confusion overhead growing louder till Seaford turned from the light and sat with his face buried in his hands, until his servant aroused him with the tidings that they had landed, and the passengers were already leaving the steamer.

Seaford arose slowly and went on deck, his step feeble, like one recovering from recent illness, and his pale face looking sorrowfully haggard and worn. Mr. Jeffrys approached him with some words of pleasure at his improved appearance, but Walter could only bow his head in reply; that man's presence filled him with an indescribable pang, which he strove in vain to subdue. No farther explanation had passed between them—Walter desired none—if there were grief and wrong he would not know it—let that past be buried along with his own, and the weight of their added ashes lie upon his heart until their chill pressed life slowly out!

"My house is shut up," Mr. Jeffrys said, after giving some orders to the servant, "so I will drive with you to a hotel, if you please. An hour's rest will set you up again, and then I would like to persuade you out into the country."

Walter submitted passively—anything rather than being obliged to exert his own will! He followed him off the vessel, and they drove away to the hotel Mr. Jeffrys named. Walter lay down upon the bed in the room to which he was shown, not sleeping, but too utterly worn out to make the slightest unavoidable exertion.

Late in the afternoon, the servant came up with a message from Mr. Jeffrys—it was time to start.

"Shall I never be left alone?" muttered Walter. "Even to die in peace seems denied me!"

But he went down, silent and indifferent, after the first momentary fretfulness had subsided.

"We go by railway," Mr. Jeffrys said, "and we must be off, for it is almost time for the train to start.

Walter did not recognize the route they took—probably a new road built during his absence, and he was too careless as to their destination to inquire. They got out at length at one of the way stations, and drove along a road which circled around the curves of a small river.

"You have not even asked where I am taking you," Mr. Jeffrys said, cheerfully. "Look, you can see the house on the hill yonder."

"Ah!" Walter said, languidly. "A new purchase, is it not?"

"It belongs to my ward—you have heard me speak of her. I hope you will stay with us some time—you remember what I said one day during the passage?"

"No, really——"

"Never mind, we will speak of it soon again."

The sun was setting as they drove through the iron gates and entered the forest-like grounds, losing sight entirely of the house for a time, until a sudden turn in the avenue brought them in full view of the imposing front.

The sound of the carriage brought several of the servants around, and the excitement at Mr. Jeffrys' arrival roused May in her quiet chamber. She hurried down the hall and threw her arms about his neck with a glad welcome.

"I am so happy to see you again. How could you leave us in that sudden way?—but to come back so soon—how good you were!"

Then, for the first time, she perceived a stranger, and started a little, blushing and surprised.

"May, this gentleman is an old friend of mine, and a great favorite of yours—Mr. Seaford. Walter, your poems will find a warm admirer in Miss Lincoln."

Walter smiled in an absent manner, but May seemed such a child that he scarcely noticed her, and the girl herself was so moved and astonished by the mention of his name that she shrunk into herself, pitying the pale sadness of that face, and feeling almost as if some melancholy shape from his books had suddenly appeared before her.

The evening passed quietly away; Walter reclining near the open window, while May sat by her guardian's side and watched Mrs. Davenant prepare the tea. Her cheerfulness had all come back, and she was chatting merrily with Mr. Jeffrys, but often turning to look, unperceived, upon that mournful countenance. Once as she did so, she met those dark eyes fixed upon her face with an expression which she could not comprehend, and which almost embarrassed her. A sudden tone in her voice had reminded Walter of Catharine, and as he looked at her, there was something also in the fair forehead and golden hair which was like hers! Then he smiled at that folly of suffering which makes one start at every footstep, with the wild hope that the lost one is near, and conjure every shape of beauty into a pain, from its fancied resemblance with that which is gone!

It had the effect to make him draw near the young girl and converse with her, in order to convince himself of the fallacy of his imagination. May listened to him with new pleasure, it seemed so strange to find herself in the presence of one of whom she had thought and dreamed so much, and the mysterious language of those poet eyes filled her with vague compassion for the suffering which she read there.

When Seaford was alone in his room that night, Mr. Jeffrys entered with his usual gentle knock and quiet manner.

"I saw the light and knew you were not yet in bed—I wanted to speak with you."

"Is it anything of consequence, sir?—I am very tired."

"I will not detain you long, but what I have to speak of will admit of no delay."

Walter leaned wearily back in his chair, shading his eyes with his hand. Mr. Jeffrys was watching him with his old scrutinizing gaze which seemed to read his very thoughts. The wary man had carefully chosen his time; in Seaford's state of wretchedness and mental fatigue, he was incapable of struggling against a will like that which had marked out and decided upon his future course.

"You were pleased with my ward, May Lincoln?"

"Of course—a charming little thing."

"Do not look so absent—I wish your attention.

That girl's fortune was placed wholly in my hands—I acted as I thought best for her interests—unfortunately it seems. I engaged in speculations which I believed would advance them, and they have failed—I must account for the money placed in my hands to that girl's husband—Walter, I wish you to marry her and save your father's honor."

He had spoken clearly and without hesitation—it was his way, and he knew well also the character of the young man with whom he had to deal.

"Marry May Lincoln—why she is a child!"

"Hardly—she will soon be fifteen."

"But this is impossible, sir, I cannot do it."

"You prefer perhaps to see me disgraced—no one will believe that I acted from the best motives—you will hear your father termed a scoundrel and a villain."

Walter shuddered at that word father—he could not help it—such terrible doubts of shame arose—doubts which he did not possess the courage to resolve to certainty.

"But the poor child—she does not care for me—does not even know me."

"She will love you, she would love any one that treated her kindly, she is at the right age for that; besides your fame, your appearance, all attract her."

"But this is terrible, sir!"

"Only be rational, Walter! To-morrow, any hour, May is liable to meet with some one who will try to win her for herself or her fortune—that day witnesses my total ruin and disgrace! I call upon you to save me—shall I ask aid in vain of my son?"

Words of terrible reproach rose to Walter's lips, but there came a thought of his dead mother, and he checked them—she had loved that man—she had commanded her child to obey his will in all things.

"And I," he said, striving to speak calmly, "are my feelings nothing? Can I go to that young girl with a lie in my mouth?—can I go through my whole life acting a lie?"

"Your feelings may change——"

"Anything but that—upon that theme you shall not touch!"

Mr. Jeffrys clenched his hand over the table, but his face did not change.

"We will not argue the point," he said, "the question is a simple one—a father calls upon his son to aid him, will he consent or refuse?"

Walter was utterly desperate before—he had nothing to lose—as well one form of suffering as another!

"But I will not have the ruin of that poor girl's happiness upon my soul!" he said.

"There is no reason why you should—my word for it, she is in love with you already."

The words jarred on his listener's ear like sounds of revelry in the midst of a funeral requiem.

"But there is time enough for this marriage—a year hence——"

"There is not a day to be lost—the wedding must take place at once. It may be as private as you like—a secret marriage would perhaps be best on all accounts. You will leave here at once—go to South America for a year or so, by the time you return you will find a charming bride awaiting you."

"Great heaven!"

"Your answer? I must have it at once, I will lose no time for boyish scruples and nonsense."

"And I will not make that child wretched."

"You are mad! She loves you already—before she ever saw you she had some girlish dream, of which you were the hero. Enough—your answer—no hesitation—your answer?"

"I will marry her."

"At once?"

"At once—what matters it?—when and how you will? Are you satisfied? Then leave me, in heaven's name leave me!"

He flung himself upon a couch with reckless passion, his face hidden in his long hair, lying there motionless in the apathy of suffering. Mr. Jeffrys looked at him for a moment—read the truth of his resolve in his very desperation—then went quietly away, gliding like a shadow through the moonlit halls.

CHAPTER XI.

"MAY is there—go in."

Walter Seaford made no reply, but opening the door noiselessly, entered the room where Mr. Jeffrys had left the young girl, after an interview which lasted for several hours.

She was seated at the farther end of the apartment, her cheeks looking paler from its contrast with the crimson cushions of the chair against which she leaned, and trembling still from the surprise and agitation which that conversation had caused her. She looked up, at the sound of Walter's footsteps, but her shy, frightened eyes sank again, without even glancing at his face, while a bright, feverish crimson mounted into her cheeks.

He sat down by her side, and gently took the little hand that lay quivering upon the arm of her chair, took it with nothing of passion, but kindly as a brother might have done.

"May," he said, "May!"

She bowed her fair head in token that she heard his voice, but made no effort to reply.

"Is it true what they have told me?—are you willing to become my wife?"

She felt that he was pausing for a response, and while the color rushed in a torrent to her temples, and her eyes glanced up for an instant like those of a startled fawn, she strove to speak:

"Yes, Mr. Jeffrys—I—he has told me.

"I know, May; but you—do your own feelings revolt at the idea?"

"Spare me, Mr. Seaford," she said, piteously; "I am such a child, do spare me!"

"I do not mean to frighten you, but I must know that this thing is not done against your will."

"No, no—it is best," he says, then she remembered the instructions which she had just received, and paused abruptly, without speaking her guardian's name.

"You are very young, May, your heart has scarcely yet spoken; but, tell me, is there any other whom you have fancied might one day be dear to you?"

"No one," she said; then her thoughts went back to her childish days, and that noble youth who had been her playmate and constant friend. But she believed that the affection that had grown up between them was such as a sister might have given to a brother, and only marvelled that the thought of him caused her a strange pang which she could not comprehend. But she forgot even him in a moment, for Walter spoke again, and there was a plaintive music in his voice which stirred her affectionate nature to tender and mournful interest. She pitied him so much—there was a sorrow in those deep eyes which she felt but could not have explained—there was a spell in the celebrity of his name which must have attracted any visionary girl; was it true, as her guardian said, that she could bring happiness to that man by becoming his wife?

It was all very singular—so sudden and unexpected that her brain was confused, and she longed for a mother's arms where she could weep away the vague regret and fear which troubled her.

"You know that Mr. Jeffrys deems it expedient that we should be married at once—did he not tell you so?"

"I believe—yes."

"Then, I shall leave you to your books and your quiet life which I have so unexpectedly troubled with my presence."

"You have not troubled me," May said, in a firmer voice, "I am glad —"

"And you do not grieve over this hasty wedding, so strange, so improbable? When I am gone you will not be pained to remember that I am your husband?"

"No, I am so young, Mr. Seaford—I do not know how to answer, but I know that I can trust my guardian."

Walter shuddered at that name—he could not tell if her young heart revolted at the idea of this union, or if it was only the timidity of her age. Then he remembered Mr. Jeffrys' words—"My fate is in your hands, ruin or success depends upon your decision!" That man was his father—oh, God! his father! He called upon his son to save him—he dared not refuse—there was his pledge to his dying mother! All rushed like a tornado through his mind—there was no hope—no release—no space for reflection or regret!

"And you will not learn to dread my coming back—for I shall return one day, May, I shall return."

She raised her eyes to her face, those eyes from whence all the truth of childhood looked, so full of trust for all things beautiful and bright; the unnatural flush left her cheek, and her voice grew strong, as she replied,

"You will be my husband; I shall never dread your return, but will trust and believe in you as I have always believed in my guardian."

He was deeply touched by the words, and yet they struck a chill upon his heart! That guardian so confided in and loved, how had he fulfilled his trust? That poor child's fortune—what was it to be? She looked so unfit to bear even the ordinary troubles forced upon woman—what lay beyond? There was no time to give these feelings their due weight; each of those two beings was forced on by a will strong and inexorable as Fate itself; the struggles and agony must come afterward, when there was no appeal from the destiny which had been forced upon them.

"Mr. Jeffrys waits, May; shall I tell him that you consent to this—at once as he wishes?"

"At once—now?"

"Are you frightened, May?"

"No, no, not that! It is so sudden—it takes my breath away! Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Seaford, I do not dislike you—I am not afraid—I would do anything to make you happy—to gratify my guardian."

"I will come back—stay here, May."

He went out to the room where he knew Mr. Jeffrys awaited him.

"It is settled," he said, in a hoarse, abrupt voice. "Are you satisfied?"

"But the ceremony must not be delayed—to-night—this very hour all must be irrevocably arranged."

"Do what you will—am I not in your hands? As for that child—well, well—if misery come to her, may God pardon you, it will have been your work."

"Never mind, Walter, you are agitated—there is nothing so terrible in all this."

"We will not talk of it, sir—there is no time! Make ready—I am prepared to do your bidding."

"Simple enough the plan is! We will drive into the city—there is no train for several hours. I know a minister whom we can trust—the thing will soon be settled."

"Settled!" Walter repeated the word in mingled bewilderment and horror. "Settled—and the future—the years beyond—we are young—who knows when this suffering will cease!"

"As you say, there is no time for all these fancies," Mr. Jeffrys said. "Return to the fair trembler, who in her heart is both frightened and overjoyed at the romance—I will call you when the carriage is ready."

Seaford stood where Mr. Jeffrys left him—stood there, and Catharine's image came out from the past and stationed itself beside him! That thought was madness—he could not endure the recurrence of those memories! But soon he was aroused—that man came back, placid and smiling above the dark abyss of his own thoughts.

"Ungallant bridegroom—but come along! The carriage is waiting, and May is in it; I have ordered a horse for you, because I don't want your face and wild manner to frighten the girl into the belief that she is taking a maniac for a husband."

Seaford followed him out, mounted his horse and rode down the avenue after the carriage. Their departure occasioned, of course, no surprise among the inmates of the house, and so they went away, those two, going on to their fate beneath the guidance of that man.

It was growing dusk as they neared the city. Suddenly Seaford glanced about him—that winding road—the hill—the little red farm house—the moss-grown trough by the way-side, into which the water trickled with a musical plash—all seemed strangely familiar to him. Then like lightning came the remembrance—it was in that very spot that he had first met Catharine!

He almost fell from his horse beneath the overpowering agony of the thought—he glanced around almost expecting to see her form arise before his sight. Another instant and he had

spurred on like the wind, nor once looked behind—escape from that spot was the only refuge from the frenzy which surged over his soul.

They were in the city at last—passing through the less frequented streets until the carriage stopped before the house which Mr. Jeffrys had indicated. At the sight Walter mechanically checked his horse, dismounted, and followed the guardian and his helpless charge up the steps.

They waited in the dimly-lighted room into which they had been shown, while Mr. Jeffrys sought the clergyman to explain, as seemed best to him, the circumstances of the case.

May had seated herself in a darkened corner, awed and trembling from vague emotions and fears. Walter made no effort to comfort her—did not even approach her chair, but paced up and down the room unable to remain quiet for a single instant. Once the girl heard him murmur some broken syllables, but she was too much confused to hear or give them much heed. So the moments passed, and it was not until they heard steps upon the stairs that either moved. With a quick impulse Walter sprang to May's side and seized her hand in a convulsive grasp.

"Whatever comes, promise me that you will believe I have acted for the best—that you will believe and pardon me?"

"I promise," she said, more terrified and bewildered than ever by those strange words, whose memory would recur to her one day in that shrouded, mysterious future.

The door opened, and Mr. Jeffrys stood upon the threshold motioning them to follow him. Walter still held May's hand, and led her up the staircase into a chamber where was seated the yielding clergyman.

They were a striking pair as they stood before the minister, the young man pale, and his brow wet with the perspiration from the reawakened fever within, the girl shrinking, yet full of courage beyond her years to perform that which had been pointed out as her duty.

So they were married, those two young beings, Mr. Jeffrys looking calmly on, and the faithful servant, who had been summoned from below, too much accustomed to such sights even for astonishment.

May tried to swallow a few drops of the wine they offered her, but her hand shook so that she could not hold the glass, and Walter motioned his sternly away without a word.

"We must go back now," Mr. Jeffrys said. "Come with me for a moment," he continued, to the clergyman, "there is one thing I must say to you."

When they had gone out, Walter returned to May's side, from whence he had risen at Mr. Jeffrys' words.

"I am going to leave you now—think of me kindly, May, do not reproach me."

"I shall remember that you are my husband," was her reply.

How the word jarred upon Walter's ear, but he was not yet sufficiently aroused from the sort of apathy which had been upon him for weeks, to feel as he would afterward all the bitterness and despair there was in that holy name. "Good-bye, May, good-bye!"

He took her hands between his own—looked pityingly into her clear eyes, but uttered no expression of tenderness, and imprinted no farewell kiss upon her brow.

"Farewell," she murmured, and there was a dreary sound in the word which struck painfully on her heart.

He moved toward the door—his hand was upon the lock—again he returned to her side.

"You will remember what you have said—years hence—we cannot tell what may happen—you will remember and pardon!"

"I will—indeed I will!"

"Poor May, poor, little, frightened bird, farewell now!"

He laid his hand for a second upon the bright curls—looked again into her face with that strange, pitying gaze, and rushed from the room. Overpowered with the emotions of the day, May sank back in her seat with a gush of irrepressible weeping, but they were no longer transient tears, such as she had shed in the sunny past—the events of the last few hours had forced her on from her childhood forever.

In the hall Seaford met Mr. Jeffrys.

"Take her home," he said, "take her home."

"But you—where are you going?"

"Anywhere, only to be away from here!"

Mr. Jeffrys caught him by the arm, startled at the wild look in his eyes.

"Stop, Walter, you must not rush off in this mad way—what do you intend to do?—we must arrange everything."

"You have arranged everything already—God knows you might be satisfied now—let me go! You will hear from me—I will let you know where to send if you want me—only let me go."

He freed himself from the other's grasp and hurried on down stairs, out of the house, and rushed like a frantic man through the streets.

Mr. Jeffrys entered the room where the weeping May awaited his return.

"Come, child," he said, in the gentle tone

which his voice always took when he addressed her, "we will go home now."

He sat down by her, allowed her to lean her aching head upon his shoulder, and weep until her agitation had calmed itself. She looked up at length and wiped away her tears, striving to exercise that self-control which the worldly man had always impressed upon her as the one great necessity in the formation of her character.

"I am ready now," she said; "he is gone?"

"Walter?—yes! You will be calmer to-morrow and better able to think. You are a good girl, my ward; one day you will be a happy wife."

"I have obeyed your wishes, and that is happiness enough—you have been my father and my friend."

He led her away, and in the calm repose of that moonlight evening they drove back to the lonely house which had been the witness of so many varying scenes, but where May would find no more the perfect rest and peace which had made her early years so beautiful.

CHAPTER XII.

For hours Walter Seaford wandered aimlessly through the streets, dwelling upon a single thought which had fired up amid the leaden weight upon his brain. For the first time he realized all that he had taken upon himself—the strife and wild contention had dispelled the apathetic languor which had been so long upon his soul, and he grew mad again beneath the harrowing agony which came back.

At length he found himself near the hotel to which he and Mr. Jeffrys had driven upon their arrival. He went in, was shown to a room, and sat there through the whole night, struggling against the frenzy which seemed rending his very being.

One idea came up palpable and strong; he must see Catharine once more, it might be wrong, wicked, he knew not, cared not—he must find her once again! After that it mattered nothing to him what came—death must be near—no human frame could long endure the anguish which fevered his veins.

When morning came he went out, made preparations for his departure; all with an outward calmness, but still he had only one thought—Catharine's name rose continually to his lips, and many times he was conscious of murmuring it aloud, but still had no power to check the utterance. The motion of the carriage grew insupportable, it seemed to him that they did not move, and unable to endure it he stopped the

coachman, sprang out and hurried on through the streets, momentarily relieved by the fresh air and sense of freedom.

The sunset of that day Walter Seaford watched out upon the broad ocean—watched the gorgeous colors brighten and then fade from the west, burning their gold out against the pallid sky, as every earthly hope had burned its glory to ashes upon his heart.

Again the same weary round of days—the sleepless nights—the ceaseless singing of the summer waves! He almost thought that he was still pursuing the voyage of the previous weeks, and that the memory of the brief sojourn in his native land was only another of those troubled dreams which had so often haunted him in the dim past.

One thing he had refused to do—he would not go to South America as his father had arranged. He turned stubbornly back upon his old path of travel, hoping perhaps to gather some stray grains of gold from the heavy soil of the past, or more likely from a vague desire to learn something of the woman he still loved, but must forever avoid.

They were on shore at last, and he was journeying through beautiful Normandy on to Paris. When he reached the city he did not intend to see Catharine, but could not resist a wild impulse to inquire about her. He drove to the house where he had caught the sole glimpse of paradise this world had offered him. He was out of the carriage almost before it stopped, and rushed up to the old concierge who stood in the entrance, when the man recognized his face, he called out,

“Madame is gone.”

“Where, where?”

Really he did not know! A great English lord had the apartment now, and another floor beside.

“But, madame? For heaven's sake, speak.”

He was stricken to the heart at his inability to inform monsieur—but stay, Rosine, his daughter, might know. So he called her, and out tripped Rosine, pink ribboned and smiling, and began a voluble account, which gave no more information than her father had done, and Walter was in the carriage and driving away before she had finished.

He could not breathe in Paris! In another hour his passport was signed and he speeding on in that aimless journey. For two days and nights he did not sleep, scarce tasted a morsel; a burning thirst consumed him which no draught could allay, but the very sight of food was sickeningly loathsome. He exchanged railway car-

riages for the diligence, but hardly noticed the change, the one seemed not slower or more tedious than the other. He reached Geneva, but he could not rest there, hurrying forward, still forward.

The sun was setting as Walter descended at the little inn in the village of Chamouni. He was so exhausted that he could scarcely stand, but the idea of repose was still hateful to him. At last there he was alone—there was no danger of meeting any human being who had the right to address him. The house seemed close, and its stillness grew irksome after the first moment.

He was in a state of breathless expectation, as if some one were awaiting him out in the sunset, and yet, as I have said, it was only to find complete solitude that he had come to Chamouni.

Seaford left the house, passed down a lane to a road which wound through the open fields, and stood in the very shadow of Mont Blanc. The village bells were ringing for vespers, filling the air with their clear melody; floods of mingled gold and rose-color bathed the distant peaks, and spread like a veil over the narrow valley, while above him towered the summit of the mountain, dazzling in its awful whiteness, and lending a solemn majesty to the whole scene. Seaford remained transfixed! So near that she might have heard the sound of his footsteps stood Catharine, motionless amid the stern grandeur of Nature's solitude.

He knew not if he cried out, but she turned, saw him, took a few steps forward and sank into his extended arms.

“You have come back, Walter; oh, I knew that you had not left me forever!”

He forgot the terrible revelations which must separate them—he lifted that wasted face to his bosom and swept back the long, golden hair, that he might look far down the depths of those truthful eyes—heedless, unthinking, feeling only the clasp of those dear arms, and her quick breath warm on his cheek.

“Speak to me, Walter! How you have suffered!—but you have come back to me, oh! thank God, you have come back.”

Then the tide of memory surged over his conscience, but there came also the conviction of her truth.

“It is all a mad dream, Catharine, tell me so with your own lips—say that all he told me was black falsehood.”

“Oh, I remember, Walter! Walter, that man has been my evil destiny, he made my life a torture, then thrust himself between my heart and yours!”

"That man, Catharine—he is my father! Oh, it is not true—he was not—you never loved him! Never by your own weakness gave him this terrible power over us."

She started from his embrace and stood there erect and still. Suddenly she flung out her arms with a wild gesture.

"It is all a maze—I can understand nothing—your father, he your father? And he has told you that I loved him? Once he dared breathe words in my ear, from which a wife turns with indignation—never but once, though their memory has lain on my soul like a degradation. I stand in the world nameless, disgraced, forsaken; but the bitterest pang of all has been to know that I breathed in the same sphere with that man—yet God forgive what I say, he is your father."

"He lied—thank God, he lied!"

"Let us never think of it again! You are ill—you can hardly stand. Come with me—Janet and I will nurse you—we will go South, far away to bright Italy—happiness will follow us there! Oh, Walter, I could not answer you on that day when you pleaded for a single evidence of my love, but I tell you now that even death itself shall not separate us."

"My God, oh, my God!"

"Forget this past, Walter, we will find a new life beyond! We have suffered so much, struggled so long, but I remember nothing of it now—the sister they tore from my arms is in heaven and watches over us in this hour."

"Sister, your sister?"

"My sister—my own darling! He died, my husband, before he could revoke his terrible will—they took my sister from me—I hurried to Europe in search of her—worked, toiled only to regain her—but she died, yes, and now I am thankful for it—you are left me still."

"Your name, tell me your name!"

"I am Catharine Lincoln, and she was my little May."

"May, May! Stop—do not approach me—curse me—kill me—that girl is my wife."

She comprehended nothing—gazing in his face with a horrible fear that the suffering of those weeks had made him mad.

"She is dead, Walter, little May is dead!"

"She lives—it was only a lie like the rest—she lives, and I have married her."

"May lives, and is your wife? Now I am crazed! It was not that you said—say that it was not, Walter."

"Oh, Catharine, let us die—at least we may die together. Look up—those precipices above where the sunlight dazzles—come with me, there is nothing left us but death."

"Let me look in your face, this thing cannot be true!"

"It is the only truth in this web of lies—look at me, Catharine—what do you read in my face?"

She sank upon the ground, clasping her forehead with her hands.

"Tell me everything, Walter, make me understand all clearly; at present I am like one struck blind with the sound of an approaching torrent in his ear."

There he stood and related the history of the past weeks, speaking in a cold, hard tone, and his burning eyes fixed upon the snowy peaks, beyond whence phantom hands seemed to beckon him away to death.

"Now, what is left us, Catharine? Don't sit there, neither seeing nor hearing; what remains to be done?"

"Nothing, nothing! Go your way—there is a heaven—a God; we shall meet hereafter."

She rose dreamily and moved away, never once looking back till his agonized voice broke through the mist which enveloped her senses.

"Stop, Catharine, stop! You shall not go—you cannot! Is there a heaven—a hereafter? then let us seek it—I will not lose you, let me rush to death clasping you in my arms!"

"Pray for strength—pray to God!"

"I cannot. He hears me not—our agony and our prayers are alike unheeded. Come with me, Catharine—we will not die—come with me far from the whole world—man has no right to wrest happiness from our grasp! We will go to Italy—we will find a new life there—you consent, Catharine, come!"

He was straining her to his heart, raining kisses on her cheek and brow, murmuring insane words in her ear; but she pushed him away, looking into his face as a sorrowing angel might have regarded his impious prayers.

"It is not you who speak, Walter, you will be yourself when the shock is over. Go—you must stay no longer—go at once."

"Catharine, Catharine!"

"Do not speak my name, I cannot bear it! Walter, I cannot bear it! Do you think I am not human? Is not my heart crushed and broken like your own?"

She wrung her hands in strong anguish; for the first time the great tears streamed over her face, and her whole frame writhed and shook with despair.

"You cannot endure this, Catharine, you will go mad too!"

"No, I shall die, I thank God—I shall die,

"Die, and leave me alone? Promise that you

will not! Let me feel that you are at least on earth! Oh, Catharine, do not heed these scruples of narrow minds; we are free, each morally free, or, at least, the law that bound me can give liberty."

"A divorce—consent to that mockery—a divorce granted by man that I might wed my sister's husband!"

"True, true, I had forgotten! Oh, for some hope, some way of release!"

"Never here, Walter, there is none; but the life beyond, trust in that!"

"And if we fail to meet in that hereafter—if we find ourselves strangers beyond the stars. I cannot believe, I will not wait! You shall go with me, Catharine, I will not lose you now."

Tempted, and sorely tried; but her pure soul never yielded. She stood there and prayed

aloud, till he cowered beneath a sense of his own weakness and degradation. She turned, pressed her lips upon his forehead, cold and pure, then motioned him away. He obeyed without a word, passing down the narrow road toward the village. Once he looked back—the sunshine had faded, leaving the grey of twilight around—she stood in the gloom looking toward the peak where a single gleam yet lingered.

"Catharine! Catharine!"

His whole soul went out in that cry. She raised her hand slowly, and pointed upward! Walter understood the mute farewell, uttered no other entreaty, looked not back again, but rushed onward, with the sound of the evening bells chiming in his ear, the weight of an eternal despair billowing across his soul.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONG.

BY HATTIE H. CHILD.

THE dear old days come back to me
In many a glorious dream!
The ringlets bright—the laughter free,
I seem to hear—I seem to see;
Her thrilling voice, her footsteps gay,
Leave echoes yet that sweetly play
In dreamy music through the night;
But never in the flush of day
Come they upon my sight!
In dreams, in dreams, by Lotus shade,
I wish them not to come but then;
The spiritual light would fade
Before the gaze of men!
Tis not beneath the eye of noon
That holy thoughts may best revive;
They shrink from glare but softly come
With us to sweetly strive.

When hushed our hearts, we lift our souls
To Him who loves, creates, controls:
And this, my angel-vision, floats
Down, down the dim ethereal way,
At midnight hour, or twilight grey,
And melts erewhile away, away!
It was a beauteous sisterhood,
It lingered but a day!
Oh! why must all things beautiful
In life so soon decay?
But she below looks timidly
Along the shining way,
Up where the other beckons her
With some familiar lay;
Far sweeter, since the silvery tone
Is softer sung, and holier grown,
To chant with angels near the throne!

THE SOWERS.

BY J. B. S. SOULE.

WHEN gone are Winter's storms and snows,
And soft the gentle South wind blows,
The busy farmer plows and sows
His fertile plains;
And all around him heedless throws
The precious grains.
But think not that those grains shall die,
Or hidden there, forever lie;
For every germ shall by and by
Take rapid root:
And on its branches, broad and high,
Wave golden fruit.
Tis thus, like wide extended lands
Of fertile fields, and shallow sands,
The human intellect expands

A varied soil;
And myriad are the tillers' hands
That on it toil.
Thoughts are the fruitful seeds they sow,
Those busy planters, as they go
With frequent footsteps to and fro
Upon that plain;
Nor dream that to the skies shall grow
The scattered grain.
But think not thou those seeds shall die,
Or in the heart unquicken'd lie;
For every thought shall fructify
And upward shoot:
And reaper-angels soon shall fly
To bind the fruit.

TRUE STORY OF "THE LADYE OF BURLEIGH."

BY DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

BROWNLOW CECIL, of Burghley, in Northamptonshire, second Marquis, and eleventh Earl of Exeter, is an Englishman of much wealth and influence, and now Lord Steward of Queen Victoria's household. He is directly descended from William Cecil, Queen Elizabeth's confidential Secretary-of-State and Lord Treasurer, better known as Lord Burghley, the title she conferred upon him in 1571. He is connected, by intermarriages of his ancestors, with half of the older nobility of England. Yet, with all this pride of lineage, this self-same Marquis of Exeter is himself only the son of one Sarah Hoggins, daughter of a Shropshire miller.

Respecting this nobleman, an English journal lately had the following:—"A romance of real life attaches to the history of his lordship's mother, gracefully known in poetry as 'The Ladye of Burleigh.' The tale is briefly this: Henry, tenth Earl of Exeter, his lordship's father, distrustful of the courtly circles in which he moved, resolved to lay aside the artificial attractions of his coronet, and, under the simple designation of 'Mr. Cecil,' seeking some country maiden who would wed him from disinterested motives of affection. In furtherance of the plan, he selected for his place of residence a pretty village in Shropshire, and, while living in the seclusion of a farm-house, wooed and won the beautiful child of his host, Sarah, daughter of Mr. T. Hoggins, of Bolas. In a brief space it became necessary for Mr. Cecil to resume his title, and to introduce his rustic bride, which he did, as Countess of Exeter, at his princely seat of Burghley House, near Stamford. The surprise her ladyship experienced on first learning the elevated rank of her husband, is strikingly alluded to by Tom Moore, in one of his exquisite Irish melodies. Her ladyship lived but six years after her marriage, and died in 1797."

The real story, which is as follows, may interest some readers:

Henry Cecil (afterwards tenth Earl of Exeter, with landed estates to the yearly value of one hundred thousand pounds, and the palatial residence of Burghley, with its statues, paintings, and articles of *vertu*, said to be worth five hundred thousand pounds) married a Miss Vernon,

from whom, owing to her violation of the marriage vows, he was divorced in 1791. Almost heart-broken by this disgrace and misfortune, immediately after the divorce, he betook himself to a retired country village in Shropshire, named Bolas, about one hundred and twenty miles from his own beautiful Burghley. Of that place, however, he was not lord then, nor until the death of his uncle, the ninth earl, in 1793.

At Bolas, he actually became a farm-servant to one Thomas Hoggins, who, besides his farm, had a mill, in pretty full employ. Cecil's chief work was in this mill, and he labored like any other servant, fairly to earn his wages. He had frequently to call at the house of the Rev. Mr. Dickenson, the clergyman of Bolas, where, according to the custom of the time and place, he was always invited to rest in the kitchen, and take "a mug of ale." He seldom was tempted to enter into conversation, but spoke so well, when he did converse, that Mr. Dickenson's household gave him the name of "Gentleman Harry." It was not long before this *sobriquet* and its cause, became known to Mr. Dickenson, who put himself in the way of meeting this strange miller's man, and became so much interested in him, that instead of being asked to rest and refresh in the kitchen, "Gentleman Harry" was regularly invited into the study, where the good pastor used to join him in a draught of home-brewed and a pipe of the Nicotian weed.

Ere long, Mr. Dickenson, who had freely lent him various books, hinted his suspicion that "Gentleman Harry" belonged to a higher position than he then occupied. This was confessed, with an assurance that there was no disgrace connected with his *incognito*, and a promise to reveal the secret at no distant day.

Thomas Hoggins, the miller, had one daughter, named Sarah, known far and wide, as "the beauty of Bolas." About this time she was scarcely twenty. She read and wrote correctly, had some slight acquaintance with the French, and played tolerably well upon the harpsichord. It came to pass that Miss Hoggins turned a favorable pair of bright blue eyes upon "Gentleman Harry." Alas, for the romance of the story, his *premier jeunesse* was gone—for he was

in his thirty-eighth year. It happened, also, that he became interested in her: so much so, that he called at the parsonage, one evening, to consult with Mr. Dickenson—in a word, to entreat him to marry them privately; and then, making a clean breast of it, “Gentleman Harry” confessed that he was Mr. Henry Cecil, next heir to the earldom and estates of Exeter. He bound over the clergyman to secrecy, not allowing him to disclose his personal secret to Mr. Hoggins, not even to the fair Sarah. It was a difficult matter for the clergyman to obtain the miller’s consent to the marriage, which was celebrated on the 30th October, 1791. The happy couple lived upon a small farm during the following two years, until Mr. Cecil casually learnt from a Shrewsbury paper that the death of his uncle had placed a coronet upon his brow, and immense wealth at his disposal.

Still concealing the secret of his rank from his wife, Cecil told her that he had determined upon a change of residence. She prepared to accompany him, leaving her native Bolas with regret, for she had been happy there, as maid, wife, and mother. She accompanied her husband, and they came, at last, to Burghley, the beauty of which greatly struck her, as they rode by it in their humble conveyance.

Her husband told her that it was a show-place, and she gladly assented to his invitation to alight and see it. They entered the demesne, walked up the broad avenue with its double fringe of stately oaks, went through the garden

and conservatories, and finally made a tour of the mansion. At last, returning down the grand staircase into the stately hall, around which were arranged figures in antique armor, and family portraits, from the days of Holbein and Vandyke down to Reynolds, her husband asked her how she liked the place? “Beautiful!” she exclaimed. “Oh, Henry, what a paradise to live and die in!” By this time a small crowd of relatives and attendants had made a circle around them. “Sarah,” said he, as he kissed her white brow, “this place is yours. I am Earl of Exeter.” Then turning to the company, he said, “This is the Countess of Exeter.”

Hazlitt himself, a Shropshire man, (Wem, his birthplace, being near Bolas,) has told this story, and adds that the surprise was too much for the peasant-Countess. She fainted at the disclosure, and, he says, her mind never wholly recovered its balance.

Her children were, a daughter, born at Bolas, in 1792, (whose daughter, wedded to Lord Charles Wellesley, will probably be Duchess of Wellington ere she die,) and two sons, the eldest of whom, born in 1795, is the present Marquis. The peasant-Countess died in 1797, and her disconsolate husband married a third wife in 1800. He was elevated to a marquise in 1801, and died in 1804.

This is the real story of “the Ladye of Burleigh,” as narrated by Mr. Dickenson, of Bolas, as lately as 1851, when he died.

MY LOVE AND I WENT SINGING.

BY C. L. THOMPSON.

My love and I went singing,
Through flowery meads afar,
And merry sprites were ringing
Their flower bells,
In rose-clad dells,
’Neath many a glittering star.
Oh, richly, sweetly swells
That chime of flower bells,
With a melody unknown,
Felt by the soul alone,
Flowing wave-like, and in tone
With the cadences of love—
Lifting yearning hearts above
The music of the earth
To sounds of heavenly birth,
To the melody of stars
In their bright and glittering cars.
And my love was very fair,

And her presence to the air
A trembling loveliness imparted,
And the beauty of her face,
With its saintly, radiant grace,
Gave a thrill at which the flowers started—
They started—shrinking quick aback,
And trembling sadly—oh! alas—
How their petals shrunk and withered—
How the blushing roses quivered,
And the bells—those flower bells,
In those vine-wreathed, rose-clad dells,
Ceased their melody; and silence—
And an awful thrilling silence
To the blue-bells and the lilies taught,
Words which my listening heart thus caught:
“Ye blue-bells, and ye rose-leaves fall,
A lovely woman out-vies you all.”

WILLIE.

BY WINNIE WILLIAN.

"Angels of Heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all!"

"You must keep up a good heart, sonny," and the dear mother's voice trembled as she spoke. Willie was going away from home for the first time to mingle in the world and battle for himself. His trunk, ready packed, stood in the hall, and they all sat down in the little parlor to await the coming of the stage; father, mother, little Nannette and himself.

"You are fourteen now, Willie," said his father, "you are almost a man. I would not have you go away if I could help it, but we are poor, and you must do something for yourself. You will be exposed to many temptations, but remember, 'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.' Be very careful about choosing your associates, Willie, and do not forget the holy truths we have endeavored to impress upon your mind from a child."

"It will not seem like home to you at first," said the mother, "but you must not get lonesome. Write to us very often. I have put a Bible in your trunk, Willie, and I want you to read it daily, and above all, do not forget your Father in heaven."

Willie essayed to speak, but could not, and covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears. In an instant a pair of chubby arms were clasped around his neck, and a little curly head nestled in his bosom.

"Don't cry, brother," sobbed Nannie, "God will take care of you."

The old stage just then came rumbling up the road. "Good-bye, Nannie," and he unclasped his sister's arms, and kissed her fondly. Dear little Nannette! would he ever see her again?

He turned to meet the loving glance of his mother's eye, and was folded in her tender embrace. Her parting kiss thrilled his heart for many a long year after.

"Good-bye, my son," said his father, grasping his hand. "God bless you!"

The trunk was strapped on. Willie took his seat within, the driver cracked his whip, and the little cottage was out of sight. Willie was gone! Nannie cried herself to sleep in her little crib that night, and Willie's pillow was wet with

many tears. He dreamed he was at home again, and that Nannette was dying.

"Nannette!" he cried, and then awoke sobbing, to find himself alone in a great city.

Ah! not alone, Willie, for the

"Angels of Heaven are on thy side,
And God is over us all!"

II.

"Oh, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quick-sands—life hath snares!"

WILLIE had been gone two years. He had not seen his home since that morning he first left its roof. Traveling was so expensive, and Willie's letters had been so encouraging, that the family had schooled their hearts to endure the separation a little longer. Then they trusted their place would be paid for, and Willie should come home and make them a long visit.

"I am afraid Nannie is going to be very sick," said the mother, as she anxiously gazed on the feverish face of the little sleeper. "You had better go after the doctor, and on your way home stop at the post-office, Willie has not written for a long, long time. Oh! there is such a heavy weight on my heart. I am fearful all is not right, and Nannie sick too," and the mother's tears fell on the little hand she held in hers.

"Do not distress yourself, dear wife," said her husband, cheerfully, "let us hope for the best. Willie's letter may have been miscarried, and as to our dear little Nannette, I will send our good doctor along immediately, and please God she will be well in a few days," and so saying, he left the house.

The doctor pronounced Nannie very sick, prepared medicine, enjoined good nursing and quiet, and then withdrew.

"Any letters?"

"Not this time," answered the husband, hopefully, "I presume we shall have one to-morrow."

Two days passed away, and Nannette was sleeping her last sleep, her hands meekly folded across her bosom, and snow-white blossoms twined in her bright hair. "Brother Willie!" were the last words she said. As the mourning parents stood by the little coffin, a letter was placed in the mother's hands. Hastily glancing over its contents, her pale face grew as white

as the one before her, and with a deep sigh she fell senseless in the arms of her husband. The long expected letter filled their cup of sorrow to overflowing.

"Prepare yourself to lecture, mother," wrote Willie, "although it will not do any good. I am going to sea. Our ship will sail in about a week. Such a capital chance, and I always thought I should like to go. There's no use fretting about it, for go I will. I may be home in a year or so. Kiss Nannette for me: goodbye."

Could this be Willie? Yes, sorrowing mother, the same Willie you so often cradled on your breast, so innocent, so gentle then—and now thou little knowest how changed! The father wrote Willie to come home immediately. Besought, nay, commanded him to abandon all idea of a sailor's life, unless he wished to add more sorrow to their already heavy burden.

"I have kissed Nannette for you," wrote the heart-broken mother, "she was sleeping, but it did not wake her up—my little Nannie! Oh, Willie! how can you break my heart? Nannette is dead, Willie, dead. I cut off this curl as she lay in her coffin, and now send it to you. If you love me, Willie, if you love the little one who died with your name on her lips, I beseech you not to go."

Nannette dead? His little Nannie?

He had loved her better than any one else on earth. Willie's tears were falling fast on the sunny ringlet. He would go home.

"You're more of a fool than I took you to be! Going home because the baby took it into her head to die, and the old woman feels bad. Be a man! Come along, the ship will set sail in less than an hour, and you may never have another such a chance for seeing a little of the world. You'll get over this in a day or two. Here, let me take your bundle," and the unfeeling wretch fairly dragged Willie to the docks.

Week after week passed away—no tidings of Willie. How the father and mother had changed! Sorrow had traced deep furrows on their brow, and strewed their hair with many a thread of silver. The sunlight of their home had died out. Nannette, their joyous, merry-hearted Nannette, was sleeping in the grave-yard, and Willie was speeding far away over the blue waters.

III.

"In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind,
But watch-worn and weary his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind."

NANNETTE'S death affected Willie deeply for a time. The thoughts of his sorrowing parents,

and the sight of the little curl overwhelmed him with torturing reproaches, but he determined "to be a man," and banish all unpleasant reflections. He had already learned to quaff the deadly poison, and taught his tongue to take his Maker's name in vain; so in the reckless habits of the sailor's life, he was fast steeling his heart against the memories of the pure and good.

One night, as, when retiring to his hammock, he looked at the little ringlet for the first time in a long while, a head peeped over his shoulder, and a coarse voice said, "What's this, hey?" and then snatching it from Willie, he dangled the soft, golden curl from his rough fingers, exclaiming, "See here, boys! see what Bill's got; suppose we give this love token a taste of the salt water," and amidst the laughter and jeers of the sailors, it was thrown in the blue waves—dear Nannette's little curl. Willie's heart gave a sudden bound, but he joined in the laugh, and then sought his rest. He slept at last, and dreamed he was at home, and Nannette was playing with him in the garden just as she used to do; her bright curls dancing over her white shoulders, and her blue eyes sparkling with happiness. Suddenly she was transformed into an angel, robed in white, with bright wings and a glory surrounding her head; and slowly began to ascend to heaven. As he looked after her, she smiled and pointing upward, disappeared in a cloud.

"Come back, little Nannie!" he cried, and then awoke to find the ship tossing from side to side, a heavy gale raging furiously, and confusion reigning on deck.

IV.

"I will arise and go unto my father, and say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

"Just five years ago to-night since Nannette died," said the father, in a tremulous voice, as he watched his wife make ready their evening meal. She stopped and kissed her husband, her tears falling on his head, only saying, "We shall be with her soon," and then proceeded to arrange the table.

"Why do you put on three plates?" asked her husband. "Do you expect any one to tea?"

"No," she replied, and her lip quivered slightly, "I first happened to see Willie's plate, and I thought I would put it on. It would seem so natural."

"So it would," said the father, "dear Willie!"

The door opened gently, and a young man, arrayed in a sailor's garb, entered, and threw himself at the mother's feet.

"Mother!"

"Willie!" she sobbed, falling on his neck,
"my little Willie!"

"God bless you, Willie!" said the father, "I
knew you would come before I should go to
Nannette."

They all wept together.

"See, mother put on your plate to-night," said
the father, "we're all here but little Nannette."

Willie's tears fell like rain. The mother
drew his head to her bosom just as she used to
when he was a little boy, and kissed his tears
away. They could not any of them eat that
night, so the father took down the old Bible and
read,

"For this my son was dead, and is alive
again, he was lost, and is found!"

IN DREAMS.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

Thou com'st to me in midnight dreams,
With form and face so fair,
And soft the golden light doth gleam
Upon thy wavy hair.

Upon thy cheek the rose is red,
The clear light in thine eye,
And yet I know that thou art dead,
And grave-cloids o'er thee lie.

Why dost thou come to me in dreams,
With brow and cheek so fair,
To cheat me with a visioned gleam,
Then doom me to despair?

Canst thou not come when twilight's shades
Creep in the dark'ning room—
When the rosy light of day doth fade
In night's black fearful gloom?

Thy spirit stand beside me there,
And whisper soft and low,
And calm the storm of wild despair,
The tempest winds that blow?

Canst thou not make thy footsteps heard,
And voice of music sound,
The stillness of this room be stirred
By spirit voices round?

Oh! if the parted spirit may
Come where it loved on earth,
Thine will not linger far away
From this familiar hearth.

We yet shall feel the glad surprise,
Thy angel soul to greet,
If death gives thee what life denied,
Thy kindred souls to meet.

Come to me in my midnight dreams,
Come to the darkened room,
Let me but see the brightened gleam
That lights thy spirit home.

Say, wilt thou wait and greet me there,
When weariness shall close
Mine eyes to every earthly care,
And give me sweet repose?

Yes, by the banks beyond the tide,
That soon shall waft my soul
Over the stream and to thy side,
In that long wished-for goal,

Thy spirit hand shall clasp mine own,
The chain no more be severed,
Where parting words are never known,
Forever and forever.

UNCHANGED.

BY LIZZIE M. WILSON.

Upon the roof the red light shines,
Down through the chestnut leaves;
With crimson bloom the wild rose twines
The low and mossy eaves.
The blue brook sings across the plain;
The hills are bathed in light;
And, on the waves of rustling grain,
The sun lies, warm and bright.

I sit me in the old, old place,
Beneath the chestnut tree,
And watch the streamlet's happy face,
And hear its silver glee.
Swift, busy years have hurried by,
Long years of bloom and blast,
Since, thus, beneath the Summer sky,
I looked and listened last.

But grassy hill, and homestead low,
Bright brook, and breezy glen
Are smiling in the sunset glow,
As softly now as then.
The very winds that o'er me pass,
The clouds of snow and flame,
The quivering shadows on the grass,
All are the same—the same.

Some silver threads my dark locks show,
Some lines my brow have crossed,
And somewhat of youth's eagle glow
These eyes, perhaps, have lost.
But from the thronged and sultry street
A heart as light I bring,
As ever in my bosom beat,
In life's rejoicing Spring.

THE STOLEN RING.

BY OLARA AUGUSTA.

I.

THE cold January winds whistled and roared dolefully in at the crevices of the widow Everett's humble dwelling. The great sycamore tree, by the single glass window, moaned as if in agony when the wild blast rushed over its aged limbs. The snow, which had been falling since early morning, filled the wintry air with fine, cloud-like particles, and beat relentlessly against the miserable abode.

Within, it was almost as gloomy as without. A handful of coals gave out a dim, sickly light, barely serving to reveal the occupants of the cheerless apartment. In one corner of the room was a wretched apology for a bed, over which the snow had woven a white garland. There were no chairs—a few three-legged stools serving instead. Poverty and want were there, in their ghastliness; and hunger, with her wasted form, presided over the cold hearthstone.

A pale, attenuated woman was hovering over the smouldering fire, holding her almost transparent hands to the faint heat. Opposite to her sat a younger person—her daughter evidently—for the same marks of patient suffering were drawn around her small mouth, and upon her white, blue-veined temples. A garment of the most exquisite embroidery lay across her lap, upon which she had been employed until the early darkness had made work impossible.

"Letty," said the old woman, raising herself from the stooping posture which she had assumed, "oh! that I should have lived to see my daughter—she whose infancy was so tenderly watched, so carefully cherished—oh! that I should live to see her starving! Oh! God! oh! God! hast thou indeed forgotten us?"

"Hush, mother, hush," said the young girl, softly, "He can never forget! It is true that there are shadows around us, but He can make all bright," and Letty raised her blue eyes devoutly upward.

"You are young and hopeful, my child, you look only on the sunshine and forget the shade. Heaven forbid that I should wish you to do otherwise—but oh, Letty, when I saw that gay, young girl yesterday, so full of happiness—so anxious to have that gorgeous robe wrought fair and tasteful, I thought of my own buoyant youth

and happy womanhood—of my wedded life when I was the cherished of one good and noble—of the time when your infant eyes unclosed on life, of your guarded childhood, your happy youth—but dared I look farther? Oh, Letty! the dark hours came, and your father was torn from us by death—and added to all our grief and despair, we were penniless! Gloom only broods over us! Will the clouds never break? Will the sun of happiness never shine through? Letty, to live thus—"

"Dear mother," winding her arms about her parent's neck, "it grieves me to hear you speak so. I will work for you, mother—I am ready and willing. My hands are young and strong, and my heart is hopeful. When Miss Josephine's dress is finished I shall have eight dollars, and then we will have wood, and something nice for you to eat, mother! Miss Josephine, I know, will pay me immediately; she must be good—she is so beautiful! Mother, is not every one good who is beautiful?"

"Alas! my child—would that it were so! Josephine Howard is very handsome; but report calls her heartless. Nevertheless, I dare say she is honorable toward those whom she employs. But you cannot work to-night, Letty. There is no candle, and these poor coals give but a feeble light."

Letty laid aside the rich velvet which was to drape the queenly form of Josephine Howard on her coming birth night; and opening the door, she looked out into the night. She shuddered as the cold wind penetrated her thin garments, and closing the door, she returned to her mother's side.

"It is a fearful night, mother; how thankful we should be for even this poor shelter!—there are others in this great city more destitute than we."

Fainter and fainter burned the fire, the storm-demon howled more loudly, and the deep darkness grew deeper. Mrs. Everett and Letty crept shivering into their scanty bed; and sleep, which comes to both rich and poor, spread its rosy wings over them.

Morning dawned, cold and grey. The storm had ceased, but the sky was still overspread by cold, dun vapors. Letty Everett was early at

her work, for it was to be finished on Thursday, and it was now Tuesday. Wearily the time passed, but the busy fingers stitched hopefully on, the thought of the coming compensation making the arduous task comparatively easy. Thursday evening arrived, and the last stitch taken, Letty, with a lighter heart than she had borne for many a day, put on her coarse shawl and faded hood to take the fabric to its beautiful owner. With a buoyant step she threaded the busy streets, and halted before a palace-like building. Timidly she mounted the marble steps and rang the silver-handled bell. A richly-clad servant ushered her into Miss Howard's *boudoir*. Josephine sat on a damask lounge, chatting merrily to a half dozen young lady visitors, who were eulogizing a set of Brussels lace which lay on the dressing-table.

"Ah, Miss Everett, you have brought the robe, have you?" exclaimed the lovely creature, half turning, as Letty tremblingly entered the apartment. "Well, let me examine it. So you have really kept your engagement—have you? Well, really, this is done very well," drawing forth the work from its wrapping and holding it up to view, "quite elegant—isn't it, Miss Lester? Crimson becomes me so well! You can go, young woman," she added, seeing Letty lingered, "I will call round in a week or two and pay your bill"—and the young lady turned to the pier-glass to arrange a stray ringlet.

"But, madam," returned Letty, imploringly, "couldn't you pay me to-day? We are very much in need of the money, or I would not ask you," and tears, which she strove in vain to keep back, sprang to the beseeching eyes.

"Quite impossible, Miss Everett—it isn't convenient. If I give you your own price you can afford to wait—I cannot be troubled with these matters to-night. Eight dollars can make but little difference; I will call around, as I said before, some time soon, and pay you."

Letty passed once more into the thronged streets. No fire! no bread! not one morsel of food! She had twice been refused credit by the grocer with whom they dealt; but food they must have. For her mother she would even beg. She bent her steps to the grocery. Mr. Hardsoul was there, behind the counter as usual, ready to attend to his moneyed customers.

"Will you not let me have a loaf of bread, sir?" cried Letty, clinging to the counter for support; "I will pay you in a fortnight all that we owe you."

"Young woman, who do you take me for? I am worn to death with, 'Mr. Hardsoul, can't you trust me for this?' and, 'Mr. Hardsoul, won't you

trust me for that?' It is enough to try the patience of Job himself!"

Without another word, Letty left the shop and went home. Her mother divined all ere she could find words to express it; and putting her arms about the weeping girl, the mother and daughter knelt in prayer. Their devotions were not finished, when a knock—a quick, imperative knock—aroused them. Letty arose to open the door, and two men in the garb of police-officers entered.

"Good evening, madam—Mrs—" said the elder—"ah! Johnston, what brazen impudence! See, there is the very ring on her finger! Young woman," addressing Letty, "I confess that I am greatly surprised at seeing that ring so conspicuously displayed——"

"The ring! what of the ring?" hastily asked Mrs. Everett.

"Oh! you are ignorant, ma'am, are you? Well, I'll enlighten you," said the official. "You must know that Miss Josephine Howard had presented to her, a few days ago, by a rich uncle, a ring of peculiar form and value, a serpent with emerald eyes; well, shortly after receiving the present, a party of young friends having called, the ring was brought forth for their inspection. About the same time a certain young woman, whom Miss Howard had mercifully employed to do embroidery, came in with her work; and since then the ring cannot be found about Miss Howard's room. The servant-maid declares that she saw this young woman take something from the table, where the ring had been laid, and secrete it about her person; and a respectable tradesman, Mr. Hardsoul, afterward saw the identical ring on her finger."

"The ring! Great heaven! you cannot mean it! The ring was given to my daughter by her dying father! She did not steal it! God forbid!" exclaimed the agonized mother.

"It is all very fine prating, ma'am, and keeping us here losing our valuable time. The sooner you prepare yourself, Miss, to accompany us peaceably the better," said the policeman, waxing wroth at the delay.

"My mother may go with me, may she not, sir?" asked Letty, raising her beautiful, though tearful eyes to the face of the stern man.

"If she likes," was the reply.

That night Letty and her mother slept within the walls of a prison.

II.

THE court-room was thronged. The case was one of great interest. A beautiful young girl,

who had once moved in the highest circles of society, was to be tried for theft. Every eye rested on poor Letty, who sat in the prisoners' dock, calm and composed, but colorless as the mountain snow.

The proofs against her were most conclusive. The ring found upon the finger of the prisoner, not only corresponded exactly with the one stolen from Miss Howard, but the very initials of her uncle's name, Richard Elmington, were engraved on the inside!

The prosecution opened the case. The attorney was an old, experienced lawyer, and arbitrary withal. Miss Howard's dressing-maid, a brazen-faced girl of some five and twenty, swore roundly that she had seen the prisoner take some small article from the table, where the ring had been laid but a few moments before, and hide it about her person; and also, that she appeared in a hurry to get away from the house.

Mr Hardsoul testified to the defendant's having called at his store to obtain trust for bread. He had noticed at the time the curious ring upon her finger, which he could identify with the one now in the hands of the court.

The case was about to be given to the jury, for Letty had no money to employ counsel, when there was a hurried movement near the door of the court-room, and a stately, determined form strode into the arena. "Judge Harrington!" cried the crowd.

The new comer, after saluting the justice upon the bench, approached the pale prisoner.

"The nature of the case excuses any liberties I am about to take," he said, addressing Letty, "allow me to inquire if you have no one to speak in your behalf?"

"Alas! sir," returned Letty, half raising her hopeless eyes to his face, "who would plead for the poor and fatherless?"

"God and justice!" returned Judge Harrington, emphatically, "and I, as their humble instrument, will sift this affair to the bottom! Please state to me, briefly, your history from your birth up to the present time."

Letty obeyed, relating the most important circumstances in a few words

"Did Miss Howard pay you for your work?" inquired Mr. Harrington.

Letty hesitated. "No, sir, it was not convenient."

"H'm! very many things are not convenient with the rich—your father's given name, if you please?"

"Roger—Roger Everett."

"Very well. Take courage, Miss Everett."

Addressing the court, he said, "May it please

your honor, and gentlemen of the jury—I stand before you in behalf of one whom I believe innocent of the crime with which the mistaken justice of individuals would brand her—inno cent as the angels, who, from their places around God's throne, are looking down in sorrow upon the deed which you were about to consummate! A few moments, gentlemen, and I will sum up, briefly, the facts in the case: A young, tender girl is left an orphan! In the blank darkness of midnight, death stiffens the form of a beloved father, and stills the warm pulsations of his heart forever! Care and devotion, not even love, could save him, and the cold grey of morning looked in upon a corpse! Even a more anguishing scene saw that same morning light—a desolate widow! a distressed orphan! An examination of the affairs of that dead husband and father tells a fearful story! Unlucky speculations have swept away, with one fell swoop, his once princely fortune; and from the bosom of splendor to the feet of abject poverty his helpless family have fallen! A change to those who could look around and count not one missing from the circle of household darlings—a bitter change!—but to that poor widow and stricken orphan, with the damp, cold blight of death hanging over all, it was indeed terrible! Plain sewing, and occasionally tedious embroidery—those last resources of reduced gentlewomen—are resorted to. Aching brain—weary fingers and breaking heart! A fashionable lady, one rich in this world's goods, engages this friendless girl to ornament a robe which is to fall around her peerless form on her birth-night. It must be magnificent, it must be wrought with exceeding great skill; would a clumsily embroidered fabric be a fitting drapery for the fairest of city belles? A meagre pittance—a trifle to the rich, life, hope, everything, to this poor, suffering child of poverty, is offered in recompense. Weary days, with cold, and want, and hunger ever present; and the work is finished. Cheered by hope, it is taken home. The young belle cannot pay the laborer—it is not convenient. The poor, wan seamstress entreats, with the white face of a starving mother before her eyes—she pleads—she talks to stone! She goes from the presence of the rich out with all her load of care and grief! She applies to a being bearing the resemblance of man, for one loaf of bread, promising to pay in a few days. It is refused! The last hope is fled! She thinks of the ring upon her finger; but she banishes the temptation. It is the last gift of her departed father—it contains that which keeps his blessed

memory green in her heart, and she cannot part with it even to conciliate death! She goes to her cold, bare home, and her wretched mother, empty-handed! They kneel to implore the assistance of that God who they deem has forsaken them—their devotions are disturbed by the so-called officers of justice. And why? simply, from the possession of the young belle, the owner of the embroidered robe, a ring has been stolen—a valuable and costly ring of peculiar and costly workmanship, and very highly prized by this young lady as a gift from an absent uncle. A servant, a minion of this same lady, affirms to having seen the seamstress take some article from a table where this valuable ring had been placed! The heartless provisioner to whom the desolate seamstress applied for bread, testifies to having seen the ring upon the finger of his customer! The police-officers also noticed the same thing. They place her under arrest for a presumptive crime, and the cold stones of a prison, no colder than the bare walls of her misdeed home, and the blank, black night enclose her! Upon this apparently circumstantial evidence you would condemn her! Doom her to a fate worse than the grave! Make her the despised, the outcast of her sex, and affix to her name the everlasting stigma of disgrace!”

Having made these remarks, he began to cross-examine the servant girl, now replaced on the stand, by consent of the Attorney General.

“Did the ring which was stolen from Miss Howard contain upon the inside anything more than the initials ‘R. E.’?”

“It did not,” said the girl.

“Did you have access to the room of your mistress at your own option?”

“Yes,” was the reply, hesitatingly given.

A visible murmur in favor of the prisoner ran around the room.

Judge Harrington paused, and the hush which reigned in the court became oppressive. Maintaining silence until the full effect of what he had said should be felt, he resumed,

“And now, gentlemen, one thing more: this ring, taken from the hand of the prisoner, it becomes my duty to examine.” The ring was handed him by the prosecuting attorney. He took it—pressed his finger along upon the inside, and a spring flew open, revealing in the action a small but life-likeness of a gentleman of middle age. He held it up to view. Several gentlemen, who pressed forward, identified it without a moment’s hesitation as the portrait of Roger Everett, the father of the prisoner!

The excitement became so intense, that the

Sheriff and police were under the necessity of adopting stringent measures to preserve the dignity and decorum of the Court.

Closing the spring, Judge Harrington placed the ring in his pocket, and turning his face, terribly beautiful in its righteous indignation, toward the principal witness for the plaintiffs—the servant girl, he thundered, “As you hope to escape from the fires of eternal punishment, reveal where you have hidden your mistress’ ring!”

The voice, the look, the manner was so terrible, that the affrighted girl fell upon her knees, and shrieked out,

“Save me from him! I—am guilty! In my trunk you will find—the ring! keep him away from me—oh, keep him away from me!”

No more was needed. Judge Harrington looked at Letty. Holding her mother’s head upon her breast, her calm, truthful eyes, now full of joyful tears, were raised to heaven.

The form of acquittal was gone through with, and Letty was released. Judge Harrington called a carriage, and supporting the half-fainting Mrs. Everett, with Letty holding her hand upon the other side, he passed out of the room, followed by the warm plaudits of the admiring crowd.

At the carriage door, after assisting the ladies in, the Judge paused, Letty timidly took his hand, “God will bless you, sir; I never can,” she faltered, “but morning, noon, and night will I implore God’s blessing for you!”

Judge Harrington, deeply affected, said, “I will call and see you to-morrow, ladies,” and the carriage drove away.

The next morning, Judge Harrington called. It would be vain to attempt to express the grateful thanks and blessings which were showered upon him by Mrs. Everett, and the tearful earnestness that filled the blue eyes of Letty as she strove to find language for her gratitude.

It was merely accident, the Judge said, which had insured his presence in court on that eventful morning. On his way to Washington, where he held the seat of United States Senator, he had been detained by a trifling business matter until too late for the morning train, and while waiting the succeeding conveyance he had strolled into the court-room out of idle curiosity. The remainder they already knew.

Randolph Harrington lingered long in the humble little abode of Mrs. Everett. The parlors and costly adornments of gilded luxury had never possessed power to detain him a moment from his business, but that cheerless hovel held for him a charm. He went, at last, followed by

the blessings of the widow and the fatherless—"more precious than gold—yea, than much fine gold."

The ensuing evening, a strange sound was heard at the door of Mrs. Everett's cottage—the postman's knock. He brought a letter directed to Miss Everett, and containing these words: "Accept from a sincere friend the accompanying trifle—as a tribute to virtue and innocence."

It bore no signature, but enclosed a check upon one of the city banks for five hundred dollars, signed and endorsed by the most respectable firm in the city. After much debate, Letty went to the firm whose names endorsed the check, and endeavored to discover who sent it. But they would give her no satisfaction. So, finally, she drew the money from the bank.

A better lodging and some necessary comforts were immediately procured; and that night Mrs. Everett and her daughter, for the first time in many months, slept peacefully and comfortably.

The affair of the ring was noised about, and the Everetts were visited and sought after by

many kind, noble-hearted people. Under these favorable auspices, Letty, whose education was superior, opened a school for young ladies desiring to learn the languages.

Four months after their removal to their new abode, the Everetts were most agreeably surprised by a visit from Judge Harrington. The good Senator appeared most happy to see them, but he was apparently thinking of something more important than the mere formal salutations his lips were uttering. Eloquence and worth seldom fail to win, and he, whose forensic endowments had been world-admired, pleaded not in vain for the object of his heart's first love—Letty Everett.

Long after their marriage, the happy Randolph confessed to having sent the note and the generous gift, because, he said, "Letty was too dear to me even then to suffer when my hand could avert it."

As the wife of the famed and esteemed Senator, the devout, honest, upright man, Letty is supremely happy.

WHEN LIFE WAS YOUNG.

BY LIBBIE D——.

WHEN Life was young, and Hope elate

A heart was linked to mine—

On those twin-altars burned a flame

I fondly dreamed divine—

I did not think that fire might die

Unfed by loving care,

Nor saw it dim, until one hour

I looked—it was not there.

Life still was young—but seemed not so,

With hope evaporating—

Chill—chill and cheerless was the shrine

Where warmth had erstwhile been,

And wounded by a Brutus stab;

Ah! friend! the hand was thine!

Pierced, bleeding, numb, I wept before

My desolated shrine.

When Life was young—ah! foolish youth!

I prayed that I might die—

I thought the sun would never shine

Since clouds were in the sky.

But life with me is waxing old,

And I have conquered pain—

But the lonely altar has no fire,

And ne'er will glow again.

THE CUP OF LIFE.

BY OLARA MORETON.

I HOLD with trembling hand the rich full cup
Of Life, which God has given me to drink:—
Such generous dote, that not one added drop
Could fall within, and not o'er brim its wealth
I would my hold were stronger, but alas!
The strongest arm is weak enow against
The purposes of God; yet He can give
The trembling hand, so wills He, all the strength
It needs. But strong and weak must bend before
Life's storms whene'er they come, and blest be he
Who still can give God thanks when all the wine
Of Life has gone, and naught is left him but the lees.

Could'st thou, my heart? What didst thou do but moan,
When on a time, a North East wind did breathe
Upon thy calm?—vexing thy life with plaints
That would have best befitted a tempest storm.
But now the wind has lulled, 'tis just and well
To search thy heart and question of its strength,
That if again, a few drops from thy cup
Are swept unto the ground, thou shalt not grieve
As if the richness of thy draught were gone.
Take time to thank thy God for what He leaves,
Faint heart, and thou wilt find the hours grow few,
Wherein thou mournest over what He takes!

KING PHILIP'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64.

CHAPTER II.

AN old man and a young girl, followed at a little distance by a staid-looking man-servant in the gubernatorial livery, all mounted on fine horses, moved briskly through the forest road, that ran between Boston and Salem, on the morning when Barbara Stafford presented herself at the minister's house. They had been abroad since the dawn, had watched the sunrise shed its first gold on the pine tops and budding hemlock branches, with the exhilaration which springs from a bright day, and it was with difficulty that the young girl could keep from giving her horse the bit and dashing forward, she was so buoyant with animal life, so gay with the sweet joy that filled her heart. Elizabeth Parris could never do wrong in her father's eyes, so when she now and then gave her horse the rein and dashed under the forest boughs, scattering the turf with a storm of diamonds as she passed, the old man could only follow her with an anxious smile, till she wheeled again and made her steed come dancing toward him on the sward, laughing so gayly in her saddle that the very robins sang louder as they heard her, as if some mocking-bird had challenged them to a musical rivalry.

"Look, father, look how beautiful the morning is," she cried, wheeling her horse around the trunk of a great elm tree, that stood out on the highway, and caracoling up to his side again; "every footpath which leads to the forest seems paved with gold, and all the branches overhead quiver again as the dew that wets them begins to burn in the sun. You are right, father. I feel it in the depths of my heart; you are right in the pulpit and out, when you tell us to bless God forever and ever, that he has made us this grand, beautiful world. Oh! I could sing like a bird this morning, but with a new tune, father; nothing that I have ever learned is joyous enough for this heavenly morning."

"Heavenly! my child," said the minister, with a gentle effort at rebuke. "Remember that the holy place, where our Lord rests, is sacred, and must not be compared to things of earth."

"Why not, father? The same God created the heavens and the earth and all that in them is. So when everything here seems like heaven, why not say so in sweet thankfulness?"

The minister shook his head.

"Indeed, I can't help it!" continued the girl, dashing up to a thicket where a red-winged black-bird had settled, and frightening the pretty creature deep into the woods with her impetuous admiration. "It's a beautiful morning. I'm going home. Every minute brings me nearer—I shall see cousin Abby. Oh! how her heart will leap for joy, when we come up; and old Tituba, bless the precious old soul, and Woh-pee; upon my word, father, I think I am sure that is Wohpee coming yonder, with that young man in the hunting-frock. Indeed, I'm quite sure it is: he's coming to meet us perhaps. Wohpee, Wohpee, you blessed old Indian, how are you? how are they all at home?"

She rode forward on a gallop, dashing through the shadow, over patches of sunshine, and calling out for her father not to be afraid, she only wanted to speak first to dear old Wohpee; but just as she came up to the spot where he had seemed to be standing, she saw only a young man in a hunter's frock of dressed deerskin, with leggins of crimson cloth, and a cap striped with blue and red cloth, which fell in a point to the left shoulder, where it terminated in a tassel of silk and glittering beads. He held a slender gun in his hand, which he planted on the turf as Elizabeth rode up, leaning upon it with the grace of an Apollo.

The young girl drew in her horse, and looked around, amazed to find the young man alone, and expecting to see Wohpee spring out from behind some bush and frighten her with a whoop, as he had a hundred times before.

But the morning wind, whispering through the woods, was all the sound she heard. Where was Wohpee? What could have become of him? Surely it was his form she had seen a moment before, standing by that singular man!

All this passed through her mind while the young man was preparing to move on; but when

she saw that he was absolutely alone, the color mounted hotly to her face, and with a light laugh at herself she drew her horse on one side, saying, with that exquisite grace which renders the very boldness of youth sometimes very attractive,

"I beg pardon, sir, for cantering up in this wild way; but in fact I thought some one was with you whom I love dearly and haven't seen for a long time; pray tell me, where he is hiding."

The young man had been regarding her with a half smile. His fine black eyes sparkled with a sort of mocking merriment, mingled with proofs of such admiration as kept the blushes warm on the young girl's face.

"You have seen the shadow, which a bright morning sun keeps close to my side, and mistake it for a warrior I dare say, young lady; for as you see, no one could be more alone than I am now," he said this in accents so foreign, that Elizabeth looked on him with new interest, wondering greatly from what part of the earth he had come.

His face was dark certainly, but more from exposure to the sun than anything else, and the clusters of raven hair that fell from under his cap, waving almost into full curl around his temples, had that purplish bloom which is so beautiful, but is seldom found even when black hair is most glossy. Who could this man be, with those exquisitely cut features, that form at once so proud and so wildly graceful, above all with a voice whose broken sweetness went to the soul at once, even when its words were imperfectly understood?

"Was I, indeed, so miserably cheated?" said Elizabeth, at last, striving to laugh away her confusion. "Well, well, I ain't the first girl, by many, that has been caught by shadows. So pray forgive me, sir. I have no excuse but that Wohpee is a dear, old fellow, who carried me pick-a-back before I could walk; and I haven't seen him for months; besides, I am half crazy at getting home again. Perhaps you don't know what it is to return home, after a long absence, and, and—I beg pardon, sir—what have I said to offend you?" she cried, suddenly, startled by the dark look that shot athwart that handsome face.

"Offend me? Nothing," he answered, with a strange smile.

"Nay, but I am sure you looked either angry or pained," cried the young girl, anxiously.

"Shadows again. It was but the waving of that tree bough across my face. Why should any one feel either anger or pain, because a

young lady is rejoiced to get back to her friends, after a long absence?"

"Truly—why should they?" replied Elizabeth, drawing her horse slowly back, beginning to be conscious that this conversation with a total stranger, was a little out of the ordinary course of her strict, social life. "So, now that there are no more shadows to distract me, I will ride back and keep close to my father."

"One moment," said the young man, drawing close to her horse, "tell me—who is your father, and, and—"

"Oh! here he is to speak for himself," cried Elizabeth, drawing a deep breath, for the young man's approach and earnest manner had startled her.

The stranger dropped his hand from the neck of her horse, where it had slightly rested, took up his gun, and with a sharp glance at the minister, turned to a footpath which led into the woods.

"What is this, Elizabeth? My dear child, what does it mean?" cried the minister, riding up with an anxious face, "a stranger with his hand on your bridle."

"No, no, father: only on my horse's neck. He was asking about you—nothing else—but did you see his face?"

"Yes, child, it was a dark, beautiful face. Like those we find in that book of poems by John Milton, where Lucifer shames all the angels with the majesty of his presence. Be careful, daughter, how you look on such faces, save with averted eyes, for they are dangerous to the soul."

"Oh! but, father, his smile—I wish you could have seen that—it was like—yes, father, as I live, it was like that of cousin Abby. I declare that was why it brought the heart into my mouth—oh! father, if you could only have seen him smile, you would never talk of Lucifer and the angels again. Who can he be?"

"Some loitering Indian, no doubt."

"No, father, no. His hair curls; his eyes are full of fire; not grave and sullen; he smiles often, and his forehead is white as—yes, as my cousin's—he is only dressed a little Indian fashion; but I like that best of all."

"And you heard him speak—that might have guided you a little. Was his language prompt and clear?"

"Not quite: it had a strange accent."

"Indian?"

"No, no; but something that made his broken speech sweet as music."

"Strange, very strange!" muttered the minister, with a heaviness at the heart, which he

could not account for. "It is but a man passing like a shadow across my path, and yet I am saddened by it."

"Strange," thought Elizabeth, from whom all the surplus life had departed, leaving her subdued and thoughtful by the minister's side—"strange! It was but a hunter resting upon his gun; yet I am terrified by the very beauty of his face. What would Norman Lovel say, I wonder? What will cousin Abby say? Shall I tell this among the other wonderful things that have happened during my visit to Lady Phipps? Oh, me! if I had never left home, how much happier I might have been! But then should I have rode so lightly, looked so pretty, or learned to dance minuets, and dress like a lady? Then would Norman ever have fancied me but for these things? I hope I shan't be sick of home, and pining to go back again, the minute I've seen the dear old room and kissed them all round; that would break poor father's heart. Well, after all, I should like to know who this stranger is—an Indian indeed—he looks more like a king."

But all these thoughts were soon driven out of the young girl's head, by the sight of objects that grew more and more familiar, as they came home. Now an orchard, heavy with green fruit, crowded up to the wayside, where she had gathered harvest apples: then a gnarled old peach tree, with the moss of age creeping over its trunk, hung over the crook of a fence and drooped a healthy limb or two over the turf that lined the highway on either side. Here was a thicket of blackberry leaves, where she had torn her dress a hundred times; then came a huge old stump, whose decay had given birth to clusters of red raspberry vines, which she had plundered time out of mind. Then came a young elm, bending over the wayside, from which frost grape-vines fell in garlands, that fluttered out into the sunshine and challenged the wind at every breath, its leaves singing and its clusters of unripe fruit quivering over the wild flowers that slept dreamily below.

At last the house came in sight, with its great sheltering trees, its little square windows, and its rough logs, overrun with honeysuckles and morning-glory vines, the most picturesque little bird's-nest of a place you ever set eyes upon. She began to hear the far off rush of the sea, and feel an invigorating saltness in the air, which brought life back to her with a glow of pleasure in it.

"Father, father, ride on, ride on—do strike into a canter. Let's have a run for it. I want wings to get over this little bit of road with. Oh,

father, do strike out of that irritating trot for once!"

But no. Samuel Parris loved his child to dotage, but even she could not induce him to bring scandal on the church by an undignified movement. Who ever saw a minister of the congregational church cantering toward home in front of his own meeting-house door, and in sight of the burying-ground where he had laid half his parishioners down to sleep? Notwithstanding all her impatience, the minister kept on at his old measured pace. With all that he most loved at his side, he felt in no haste to get home, which might compare with the breathless eagerness that gave wings to the heart of his daughter.

She broke loose at last, and darted off, leaving the man-servant far behind: across the greenwood in front of the meeting-house, over hillocks and between frowning stumps, littered around with new made chips, which flew beneath the spurning hoofs of her horse, she rode, her eyes kindling and her heart on fire with the joy of a first return home.

Up she came to the door yard fence, cast one eager glance around expecting some one to rush forth and welcome her; then, seeing that all was still, she sprang from her saddle and ran into the house, calling out,

"Cousin Abby! Abby Williams, I say, where are you? Don't you know that I've got home? Abby! Abby!—Tituba! Tituba! Dear me! where has everybody gone?"

She stood in the little sitting-room, looking around in breathless expectation. She rose into the kitchen, old Tituba was there, kindling the fire.

"Tituba, mammy dear, dear old mamma!" cried the young girl, springing forward, dropping upon her knees, and hugging the old woman with all her might.

"Oh! did I surprise you, mamma? Caught you napping, ha? How glad I am to see you, dear blessed old soul! Why don't you speak? Why don't you kiss me to death? There, that seems something like. Now, where is cousin Abby? And how have you all got along without me? And where is the fawn? I've got a new bell for him—and—and——"

Here the warm-hearted young creature burst into an April storm of smiles and tears, while old Tituba untied her stylish bonnet, and took off her riding-cape, with a sort of shy humility, for the entire love of nurse and child had been broken up on the old woman's part, by the confidence which she had reposed in Abby Williams, during the absence of her young mistress. Somehow the old creature felt as if she had been

wronging the young girl who came back so frankly and kindly to her arms, by her conversation that night with Abigail Williams.

"What ails you, mammy Tituba? What on earth makes you look everywhere except in my face? Indeed you don't seem half glad enough to see me!"

"Oh, yes, how can the child talk so!" cried the old woman, with a great effort at self control. "But with all these fine clothes on, and that bonnet; dear me, one hardly knows one's own child. Then, my dear, you've grown so proud and so handsome, it's enough to make an old Indian think twice before she dares to kiss you, rough and hearty, in the old way."

"Poh—poh. I'm always the same old penny, brightened up a little, that's all," said Elizabeth, blushing crimson. "So you think I am changed—improved a little," she added, glancing down at herself with graceful vanity. "What will cousin Abby think, I wonder? Oh! there she is."

Elizabeth darted forward, and threw her arms about the neck of Abigail Williams, so blinded by the joy of meeting her old playmate again, that she did not observe the restraint with which all her enthusiasm was met.

At the time of their first parting, three months before, these two girls had never possessed an unshared thought; but now the hearts that beat against each other, in that close embrace, were swelling with secrets which could never be thoroughly understood. In that little time childhood had been left behind, and each had learned to tread alone on the path, which, at this point, began to diverge into the wilderness of life.

But the old love would come swelling back, spite of the thoughts that lay in its channel, like rocks cast into the bed of a stream, which sparkles all the more from the obstruction.

"Abby—Elizabeth."

How different were the voices that uttered these words! Elizabeth's was loving and brimful of affection; that of Abby Williams answered it almost with pathos; both wept, one bitterly, the other with quick gushes of joy.

"Oh! Abby, Abby, I have so much to tell you," cried Elizabeth, blushing crimson under the tears that trembled on her cheek. "Don't ask me what it is yet, only wait a little, till we get into the woods together. Come along, here is father just getting off his horse at the door, with Gov. Phipps' servant doing the pompous in his new livery. Step into the entry way, or he will feel disappointed, as I did, at not seeing your face peeping out through the morning-glory vines."

Elizabeth felt the heart, which had been beating strongly against her own, recoil with a sudden shock, as she mentioned her father; and it was almost by force that she drew her cousin into the doorway, in time to meet the minister, who came through the gate, with his usual austere slowness, and held out his hand gravely smiling as he approached his niece.

Her hand shook like an aspen, as she held it out, and the touch was cold as ice. But the minister simply said,

"Is anything ailing you, Abigail?" and passing on, he hung his hat on a peg in the wall, and placed his riding-whip behind the door; for with a sudden impulse, Abby had drawn her cousin out on the stepping-stone, leaving the passage open.

"Come, come into the woods," whispered Elizabeth, clasping her cousin round the waist, and drawing her gently along. "I want to get into the deep shadows, where we can talk together."

Abby drew a deep breath, and hurried on, more eager to leave the house, than her companion; for the recoil of her whole nature against the old man, who had been more than a father to her, made her faint. She was ready to flee anywhere to avoid the touch of that hand again.

So the two sped on, across the meeting-house green, by the tomb-stones rising from the table grass behind it, and past those twin graves over which the pine trees bent their whispering boughs. Elizabeth would have turned that way, for the vines were quivering with dew-drops, and the periwinkles trembled like cerulean stars among them, so deeply did the shadows lie there almost till noonday. But Abby hurried on, turning her eyes resolutely from the spot, and almost forcing her cousin into the gloom of the woods.

There was a ledge of rocks, piled along the side of a ravine, choked up by dogwood trees, sassafras and wild honeysuckles, on which the girls had loved to play from childhood up. A lofty tulip tree sheltered it, and above that towered a hill-side, clothed with great hemlocks, through which the sun never penetrated, save in golden gleams that lost themselves in the topmost boughs. The different ledges of this little precipice were not only lined, but absolutely piled, with moss, which lay beautifully thick all around. On one shelf the thick moss lay in cushions, green as emerald, and soft as Genoa velvet; then another species, soft and feathery as the plumage of a bird, crept over a huge old log that lay across it, embroidering it with green

lace work, till there was a wild wood sofa erected by a simple freak of nature, more luxurious than the couch of an empress.

"See, see, how far the moss has crept since we were here before," cried Elizabeth, throwing herself on the sofa. "When I went away, that end of the log was bare, now every inch is green. See, all along the ledge at our feet, the buckthorn moss has spread into a crisp carpet; and the wild columbines have grown in a border all around it. Why Lady Phipps' drawing-room is not prettier."

"Yes," said Abby, looking vaguely around. "Everything has grown and thriven, since you went away, Elizabeth; but the place does not look so beautiful to me, as it did once, the loneliness seems dreary."

"Yes, yes, of course: when I was away. But now the woods will be cheerful as spring time again. Sit down, cousin. Why will you stand there so tall and still, like a ghost, when the moss fleeces are so soft and the shadows so cool? It is pleasant as sunset here. One almost gets sleepy, with the hum of the bees and blue flies. Come, sit close by me: I feel lonesome without your arm around my neck, cousin Abby."

Those tones and that dear old name, brought quick tears into Abigail's eyes. She drew gently to the side of her cousin, and sat down, as Elizabeth clasped her waist. The bosom beneath her own began to heave; and all at once Abby burst into a great fit of crying: the first absolute burst of passion that Elizabeth had ever seen her yield to.

"What is the matter, Abby dear? What are you crying for? How you tremble! What have they been doing to you, while I was away? Don't, pray, don't cry so!"

Abigail checked her tears, as suddenly as they had commenced; and clasping her hands hard for a single instant, seemed to control her nerves by a stern, mental force.

"Don't mind me," she said, hoarsely. "I have been alone so much—but you had something to tell me—about Lady Phipps perhaps, or the governor; of course they were delighted to have you with them; come, tell me all about it; one gets so little real information from letters."

"Oh! I could not write, at least what I wished to tell you, any more than I could talk it all over in broad daylight. Besides, one must see a rainbow to judge how its colors rise out of each other; there is no describing it; and some things, that one knows and feels, are the same. The best friend you have must guess at them."

"What is it you speak of?" said Abby, gradually withdrawing herself from the clasp of her

cousin's arm. "I do not understand. In this visit to Lady Phipps, have you also been crushed down with secrets that must not be talked of? Has the memory of your mother stalked forth like a curse to haunt you as well as me?"

"The memory of my mother, the young creature who died when I was first laid in her bosom like a poor little flower broken by a sudden weight of dew, as I have often heard my father say!—What should there be in the memory of my mother which you and I cannot talk about?"

"Nothing," said Abigail, vaguely. "Were we talking of—our mothers? It is a dreary subject; let us think of something else. God help us!—something else, Elizabeth—the woods are too lonesome for talk about the dead. You were about to tell me something."

"Yes! but I cannot, your voice is so strange! You look far off as if talking to some one in the distance. I can neither catch your eyes, nor feel the old touch of your hand. Abigail Williams, I am afraid of you!"

The low laugh, which broke from Abigail's lips, was mournful as a wail.

"There it is. I knew it, I expected it: not an hour together, and she fears me already."

She turned abruptly, drew close to her cousin's side, and stealing both arms around her, murmured in a voice of ineffable sadness,

"Don't, Bessy—dear, dear Bessy, don't be afraid of me. Is it not enough that I am afraid of myself? Now, tell me what this thing is! So that it is not about the dead, I can listen and be pleased."

"About the dead? Why, Abby, how strangely you talk! What have you and I in common with the dead? The sunshine is not pleasanter than life is to me since, since——"

"Since when, Bessie?"

"Since he loved me."

A strange sort of wonder crept over Abigail Williams. She looked upon her cousin with vague apprehension. The word love was a new thing to her; it had scarcely yet entered into her dreamy life. Elizabeth smiled at first amid her blushes, but as Abby kept gazing upon her with parted lips and that wonder in her eyes, her lips began to tremble, and the warm color ebbed away from her face.

"I forgot," she said, deprecatingly, "you have not heard anything about him. I could not write, and even my father knew nothing till he came to Boston after me. But oh! if you could see him, Abby! If you could hear him speak; or read his beautiful poetry that he writes; it would not seem strange that I love him so much."

"Then you have been busy too? You love some one more than me?"

"Forgive me, forgive me," pleaded Elizabeth, "I could not help it. We were in the same house—he was like a son to Lady Phipps."

"Better than your father, perhaps," continued Abby, pondering over this new subject in her mind, heedless of the tears and blushes with which she was regarded. "I have heard of such things, but never expected them to come so close home. So you love some one better than us all, Elizabeth Parris?"

"Forgive me, dear cousin! Why are you so angry?"

"Angry? Oh! nothing of the kind. I only wonder how any one can look forward, when the dead will not rest—how it is the privilege of one human being to love, and the duty of another to hate!"

"The duty of another to hate!—why, cousin, there is—there can be no such duty. God is love, the Bible tells us so; and oh! when the heart is full of this blessed, blessed feeling, one sees him everywhere. Don't talk of hate, it is a new word between us two."

Abigail Williams attempted to smile, but only a quiver of the pale lips followed the effort. Still she grew more composed, and gently won her warm-hearted cousin back to bright thoughts again, by a few gentle questions.

"His name? Oh! yes—his name is Norman—Norman Lovel—he is the private secretary of Gov. Phipps, who treats him like a son. He lives in the house, and but for his name you would never believe that he was in no way related to the governor. Still he is only a stranger, recommended by some friend in London, and singular enough don't know his own parents. Never saw them, or anybody that he knew was related to him in his whole life. But what difference does that make, when everybody else almost worships him?"

"And you among the rest?"

"I most of all," answered Elizabeth, bathed in a glow of crimson, from the white forehead to the heaving bosom.

"And this is happiness, I suppose?"

"Happiness? That is what seems strange to me, when life is full of glow, and I can hardly breathe from the rich swell of a heart that seems ready to break with joy, a heavy pain creeps in, and I know by it that happiness can mount no farther!"

"But there must be a cause for this pain!"

"A cause? Yes! everything must have a cause, I dare say, if one could but find it out. I only know that the joy was perfect till that

storm arose, and the ship came in with a woman on board, who seemed to disturb everything she looked upon. Even Lady Phipps never seemed to draw a deep breath while she was in the house. As for me, oh! Abby, Abby, you don't know what torment is, till you have given your whole heart to one person, and see another stealing him away from you!"

"This," said Abby, who had listened with thoughtful interest, "this is the feeling they call jealousy, I suppose. Is it so painful?"

"For a time," answered Elizabeth, turning pale with the very recollection of her suffering, "it seemed as if I must die. Shame, anger, a keen fear of losing him, kept me silent. But when I was alone, with the door shut, and the curtains of my bed drawn close, all this pride and strength gave way; my brain grew hot; the very breath choked me as it rose; I could neither sleep nor rest, but walked the room all night, wondering if she thought of him too, if he was watching the light in her window, or if both were asleep and dreaming of each other. Sometimes I saw them in the garden, conversing together with the deepest interest; sometimes they sat in the great portico till the dark crept around them like a veil; and all this time I was overlooked and forgotten. Once in a while, Norman would seem to remember me with a start, and force himself to say a few kind words; but there was neither depth nor earnestness in what he said: the woman had bewitched him, I am sure of it."

"Bewitched? That is a fearful word," said Abby, looking around with a wild stare, as if the very foundations of her life had been disturbed by the word her cousin had used.

"Yes, Abby, I solemnly believe she was a witch; for the moment she was gone, all the beauty of my life came back; Norman was himself again; he seemed to wake up from a dream and wonder what he had been about; at first, he would not believe how much I suffered, and wondered that I had grown thin, and that blue shadows were creeping under my eyes, as if his own neglect had not been the cause; but when Lady Phipps told him how it was—I would have died fifty times rather than let him know—nothing could be more generous than his sorrow. He begged my pardon almost on his knees. There was no kind look or sweet word that he did not coin into a more loving expression, to win me back to our old happiness."

"And you were happy then?—you are happy now?" said Abby, looking wistfully into the bright face, over which smiles and blushes came and went like gleams of sunset on a summer cloud.

"Happy? yes, he parted with me so kindly—he was so earnest to make me forget that dangerous woman, who had disappeared from among us like a ghost—he seemed to love me again so much more than ever, that I could not help being happy. Besides, he is coming to see us all. I have told him all about you, darling cousin. Father has consented that in a year or two, if we do not change our minds, that is——"

"He will take you away altogether; and this has happened while I was ignorant of it all. Oh, Elizabeth! how many things can grow up to divide two souls, while one of the little wild-flowers yonder buds, blooms and fades away!"

"But no souls are divided here, Abby!" cried the young girl, earnestly, "the love that I feel for you and father, only grows broader and deeper since I have known him. We are not parted, cousin."

"Not by love, I know that!"

"Not at all. Look at me, cousin Abby! how strange you are peering into the distance, as if something in the gloom drew your eyes from my face! What is it you see, cousin?"

Elizabeth bent forward, and looked keenly in the direction her cousin's eyes had taken, and then, far down the hollow, she saw the young hunter, whose presence had surprised her on the road a few hours before.

"Hush, Abby! Don't speak yet; but look and tell me who he is?"

As she spoke, Elizabeth leaned forward till her golden curls took the wind and fluttered out like sunbeams on the air. The man saw her, turned and disappeared among the undergrowth of the hollow.

"Did you ever see him before?" questioned Elizabeth of her cousin, as she shrunk back with a sort of superstitious dread, for the man had vanished like a phantom; "or have the woods become haunted since I went away?"

Abby Williams started up with nervous haste. "Come, come, you must be hungry by this time: it is almost noon; old Tituba will be waiting, and you know nothing makes her so angry as leaving her Johnny-cake to be eaten cold. She will never forgive us."

Elizabeth sighed. A pang of disappointment came across her sunny nature. Why was Abby so changed? How had it happened, that a confession which she had shrunk from and dreamed over, should have been told in that hard, common-place fashion? Why were the sweet tidings which had cost her so much agitation, received so coldly by the only creature who had never till then felt a thought or feeling unshared with her?

"Well," she said, and her bright eyes filled as she spoke, while a laugh that had bitter tones in it rose to her lip, "I did not think that you would have taken all this so coldly. But never mind; as you say, Tituba's Johnny-cake must not get cold."

With a slight bound she reached the shelf of rock below her, and hurried away, followed by Abigail Williams, who stopped every other moment to look anxiously around, but still kept near her cousin.

"There he is—I say, Abby—there he is again, moving through that dogwood thicket," said Elizabeth, holding her breath, and speaking in a whisper.

"Be quiet; it is only a hunter searching for deer or wild turkeys."

As she spoke, Abigail made a quick signal with her hand, which sent the young wood-ranger into covert again.

"Who is he? What is the reason we never saw him before?" thought Elizabeth, as she moved homeward; but the silence of her cousin encouraged no questions, and the two girls reached the house without speaking of the stranger again.

Scarcely had they left the woods, when, upon the very path they had trod, appeared Barbara Stafford, the woman who had inquired for the minister at the house that morning. Immediately after breakfast, she had wandered into the open air, and after lingering around the meeting-house awhile, went into the forest. The hum of insects, and the rustle of leaves, fell soothingly upon her, and with a dreamy listlessness she moved on, sitting down at times when she came to some flower or shrub which seemed strange or curious; but frequently leaving it half examined, and moving on again searching for something else.

At last she came out on the ledge, which the cousins had just left, and sighing softly as she crossed the carpet of grey moss, sat down upon the rock sofa and fell into thought. The place seemed to have some peculiar fascination for her, for she grew paler and paler as each new object presented itself, like one who shrinks from the associations she has found the courage to brave. At last, her agitation became so great, that she fell forward upon the cushions and began to moan faintly, as those who have lost the power to weep express pain, when it becomes insupportable.

As she remained thus, the young hunter, who had twice appeared before the cousins, came out upon the lower shelf of the rock, and, without seeing her, threw himself on the edge, and lay still, as if waiting for some one.

The strange sound of Barbara Stafford's voice at last arrested his attention. He rose slowly up, clambered softly to the higher shelf of rock, and stood a moment, leaning on his gun, regarding her with vague thrills of agitation. Though he could not see her face, the mysterious atmosphere that surrounds a presence that has once been familiar, made its impression upon him.

At last, oppressed by a human presence, which, even unseen, will make itself felt to a delicately organized person, Barbara lifted her head. She did not speak, but her lips parted, her eyes grew large, and a flash of wild astonishment flew over her face.

"In the name of Heaven, what is this?" she cried at last, reaching forth her hand, as if she doubted that the presence was real.

A convulsion of feeling swept over the young man's face; the gun dropped from his hold, and forced to his knees, as it were against his will, he seized her hand, and pressed it to his lips wildly, madly, then cast it away, with a gesture of rage at himself, for a weakness of which his manhood was ashamed.

Barbara Stafford had no power to repulse this frantic homage. She had but just began to realize that he was alive, and before her—that it was his hot lips that touched her hand, and his flashing eyes that poured their fire into hers. The hand he had dropped fell listlessly by her side. She sat up trembling.

"Philip!"

The voice was stern with rebuke. The whiteness of anger settled on her features.

"Yes," said the young man. "It is Philip, the slave to whom you opened the avenues of knowledge, and whose soul you tempted from its strength, by the dainty refinements of civilization. It is the son of a king, the Bermuda serf, whom you made free, and enslaved again. Woman, you dashed the shackles from these limbs, only to gird them around my soul; and then left me to writhe myself to death, a double serf, and a double slave!"

"Philip, you are mad—nay, worse—you are ungrateful. Am I to suffer forever for those impulses of compassion that took you from under the lash of a slave-driver, and helped you to the key of all greatness—knowledge? Am I blamable if that too fiery nature would not be content with gratitude, but, having gained liberty, and all the privileges of free manhood, asked that which his benefactress could not give—which it was presumption to ask?"

"I was the son of a king," said the hunter, proudly, "the only son of a brave man, and a beautiful woman, a woman who had blood in her

veins as white and pure as that which my presence has just frightened from your own cheek. Look around from the ocean to the mountains, everything was my father's till the people of your race came, like a pestilence across the sea, and more by cunning and hypocrisy than power, wrested his dominion away, and drove his people to death or slavery. Lady, there was no presumption in the thought, when the wronged heir of Philip of Mount Hope offered the love of a free, brave man, who had learned both how to think, and how to act, to a daughter of——"

"Hush! I charge you, hush!" cried Barbara, starting to her feet, "not even here must you pronounce that name—I thought myself utterly unknown—if I have ever been good to you—if it was a kindness when I won you from slavery, by tears and entreaties, that would not be refused—if the friendship of years, sacrifices, efforts, and that pure affection which a childless mother may bestow on the young man whom she would gladly have regarded as a son, gives me any claim on your forbearance, let my secrecy be respected! I was weary, wretched, broken-hearted enough already, do not add to the misery of my condition, by a reckless word, or an unguarded look!"

Barbara clasped her hands, and seemed about to sink to her knees in pure agitation as she made this appeal.

The young hunter prevented the action by a prompt movement, and fell at her feet with an impulse of generous humility.

"Lady, command me! Do not entreat! What have I done that you should rebuke me by a request?"

Barbara smiled, and touched his forehead lightly with her hand. Instantly, a soft mist dulled the fire of those splendid eyes, and the young man lowered his head, thrilled to the heart by the proud magnetism of her look.

"Tell me, Philip," she said, very gently, "tell me how it is that I find you here, in a place so full of danger. Why come again to the lands that have passed from the possession of your people forever; lands that are swept away, and held securely in the grasp of civilization? What can you hope—what can you expect, by this mad return?"

"What can I hope, lady? That the soil upon which I stood will still be mine. What do I expect? That my father's people may be gathered together from the swamps of the lowlands, and the caves of the mountains, and united in the midst of their old hunting grounds, meet their enemies face to face, and fight them as my father did—conquer them, as he would have

done, but for the traitors in his bosom; or failing, perish like him!"

"My poor, brave Philip!" said Barbara, regarding the youth with unutterable compassion, "what brave men could do, your father and his chiefs essayed, and in vain. It is not fighting man to man here. There is no fair combat of human strength or manly intellect; but you combat with destiny, which comes in the form of civilization, and there is no contending against that."

"Then let me die—me and the people who call me king; but die avenging the wrongs that have driven our chiefs into slavery, and left our tribes nothing but basket-makers and hunters of musk rats!" cried the youth, desperately. "Lady, do not counsel or thwart me here; the blood of two races beats high in my heart, and will neither

be argued nor forced into submission. When his people are once more a nation, you cannot say that the son of Philip of Mount Hope was presumptuous in loving you."

"And is this wild feeling at the bottom of it all?" said Barbara, in a voice full of regret.

"It has brought me across the ocean, lurking like a hound in the hold of the same vessel with yourself—it has filled me with the ambition to rebuild the fortunes of a down-trodden people. Lady, I may not have your love, but I will deserve it."

A footstep, and the rustling of branches close by, started them both. The youth snatched up his rifle, pointed out a footpath, which Barbara turned into, and both disappeared in opposite directions.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

QUEEN OF MY HEART.

BY FREDERIC W. A. SHULTZ.

THE golden sunset tips the trees
That shade yon village green;
But underneath their emerald boughs,
Behold a brighter scene!

Beside a blooming hawthorn hedge,
Three lovely ladies stand,
Where flows a streamlet, sparkling, clear,
With music sweet and bland.

Oh, what a grand and courtly air
Has Miss Evangeline!
With ruby lips and raven hair;
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

And what a radiant, happy face
Has beautiful Estelle!
But still she lacks the peerless grace
Of darling Annabel.

Yes, Annabel, the blue-eyed maid,
My heart must still adore;
'Twas she who first taught love's young dream
To thrill its tendrils o'er.

The other two have all the gifts
That boundless wealth can bring;
But Annabel sings touching songs,
Such as the angels sing.

As beautiful as Venus was,
Of oriental time,
In worth she is unequaled by
The maids of any clime.

Oh, may her path of life be free
From sorrow's sombre gloom,
And in the great eternity
With vernal blossoms bloom.

THE DYING GIRL.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

SHE is dying, poor, forsaken,
She is dying all alone,
Through the portals dim, is passing
Upward, to the great white throne.
But no voice of love doth cheer her,
Not a living soul is near her,
Not a loved, familiar tone.

She is dying—cold and famine
Have performed their work at last;
But she feels their pain no longer,
Life's short day is almost past.
Years of sorrow, want and care
Are written on that brow so fair,
But she rests in peace at last.

Tell me, thou who dwell'st in plenty,
To the "Father of us all,"
Tidings of thy deeds of kindness
Render that departed soul?
Comes there not a voice to thee,
"Ye have done it unto me,"
As death's shadows round her fall?

It is a little thing to give
Affection's simple token,
A cup of water, or a word
Of kindness fitly spoken;
But ye the needed gift denied,
Or she this morn would not have died
Alone, in want, heart-broken.

OUR DICTIONARY OF NEEDLEWORK.

NO. VIII.—SILKS, WOOLS, &c. &c.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

SILKS.

CROCHET SILK.—A hard-twisted silk, used for knitting and crochet. The sizes vary from one to five; the latter being the finest. Nos. 1, 2, and 8, are the most common. Observe, there is an immense difference both in the quality and price of crochet silk. Some work into a substance with scarcely any more gloss than cotton. In all respectable Berlin houses, the maker's name is attached to every skein. Pearsall's silks hold a high position, both for quality and tint.

NETTING SILK is not twisted so hard as crochet silk. The crochet silk is, however, often used for it.

SOIE D'AVIGNON.—This is an extremely fine silk, sold in reels. It is suited for the very finest (or fairy) netting. It is not generally obtainable, but is frequently mentioned in the periodicals.

CHINE SILK.—Netting or crochet silk shaded in more colors than one. Sold in reels or skeins.

OMBRE SILK.—Silk shaded in tints of one color only.

FLOSS SILK.—Sold in short twisted skeins. A very beautiful material, used in working flowers, &c.

DAQCA SILK.—Used much in embroidery; is a sort of medium between the hard-twisted crochet silk and the floss, which it rather resembles; but it is put up in longer skeins.

FILOSELLE.—A coarse fabric, not of pure silk, although extremely brilliant, and capable of receiving the finest dyes. It is sold in large skeins, each weighing about a quarter of an ounce. Used much in tapestry and the coarser sorts of embroidery.

CHINA SILK.—A very fine silk, sold on very small reels.

SEWING SILK.—Sold in long skeins.

CHENILLE.—This beautiful substance presents the appearance of velvet. It is made in various thicknesses.

EMBROIDERY CHENILLE is not much coarser than crochet silk. It is greatly used in embroidery on canvas, satin, or cloth. There are gradations from this size to the thickness of a finger. The very thick is called Rolio Chenille.

WIRE CHENILLE.—This is made in as many thicknesses as the other. A wire is worked in the centre of it, so that it can be formed into loops, leaves, &c.

WOOLS.

The ordinary kinds are Shetland, Berlin, fleecy, and carpet yarn; also worsted, lamb's wool, and Pyrenees.

SHETLAND.—A very fine wool, used for veils, shawls, &c. It is not very much twisted.

PYRENEES.—This wool is of nearly the same thickness as Shetland, but more twisted. The dye of the colored Pyrenees is remarkably beautiful and fast, owing, it is said, to some peculiar property of the waters on the mountains, whence it derives its name. It is rarely met with genuine in this country.

BERLIN WOOL.—Only procurable in two thicknesses, four thread and eight thread, commonly called single and double Berlin. There are at least a thousand shades of this wool.

FLEECY.—A cheaper wool than Berlin, and now obtainable in a number of beautiful colors. It is made in two-thread, four, six, eight, ten, and twelve-thread, and is sold by the pound.

CREWELS.—Fine wool, sold in tightly twisted skeins, like crochet silk. Used for samplers. Very little used. It is suitable, however, for embroidering on muslin.

CRYSTAL WOOLS are wools round which bright gold or silver paper, or foil, is wound. This gives them a very gay appearance. They are sometimes called spangled wools.

PEARL WOOL.—This is a dye of modern invention. The wool is alternately white and colored, in one, two, or three colors, each not more than a quarter of an inch in length. It is a variety of Berlin made in four-thread or eight-thread.

CHINE WOOL.—Wool shaded in various colors.

OMBRE WOOL, OR SHADED WOOL.—Shaded in one coloring. Observe that every color but blue is pretty in this dye.

CRYSTAL TWINE.—A fine cord, sold in balls, either colored, or to imitate pure gold or silver. The two latter are called gold twine, and silver twine.

CROCHET CORD.—This is just like window-blind cord, but white, and of various thicknesses;

covered with wool or silk, in crochet, for mats. Caruntilla, a fine wire used in flowers.

BRAIDS, (SILK.)

RUSSIAN BRAID is flat, and with even edges. Each knot is of one color only. The best is firm, even, and glossy.

STAR BRAID.—This braid appears like a succession of diamonds; the edges, therefore, are in points. It is an extremely pretty braid.

EUGENIE BRAID.—This appears as if crimped, or waved with irons.

ALBERT BRAID is more properly a fine fancy cord. For sofa cushions and ottomans it has a much richer effect than flat braid, especially if two shades or colors are laid on close together.

SOUTACHE.—A French name for very pretty ornamental braids, often combining gold and silver with chenilles, silks, &c. They are made in every variety of shade and pattern. Sold in pieces of about thirteen yards long.

Broad silk braids, used for aprons, children's dresses, &c., are rarely found in this country.

BRAIDS, (COTTON.)

FRENCH WHITE COTTON BRAID.—The term French applies to the *plait*, which looks as if woven. The best comes from Paris, and is very firm, even, and close; varies in size from No. 1 (very narrow) to No. 14.

MOHAIR BRAID.—Narrow, closely woven, brown or black silk braid, for chains.

RUSSIA COTTON BRAID is plaited like the hair formed into what is called the Grecian plait. It is used for children's dresses.

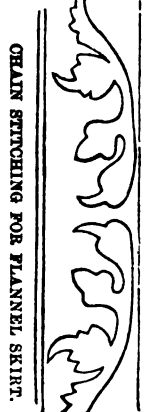
WAVED BRAID is another variety, used for the same purpose.

EUGENIE TAPE is a cotton braid, crimped like the Eugenie braid. It is nearly one-third of an inch wide.

WORSTED BRAID.—That usually sold is narrow, and intended for braiding anti-macassars, &c. It is in various colors, and washes well. It can also be had wider, for children's dresses.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



PENDANT FLY-CAGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE materials for this Fly-Cage are No. 12 superior six cord crochet cotton for the netting, and No. 10 knitting cotton for darning the pattern.

Commence by casting on thirty loops, using any mesh about an inch wide. Then take a mesh a quarter of an inch wide and net six rows. Then net two loops on one all round, after which continue to net thirty rounds more without increasing the loops. Then take a mesh half an

inch wide and net one row round. Then take the quarter inch mesh again and net as many rows as will take in the pattern. Then one row of the half inch mesh. This leaves the division for the border. Then two rows of the quarter inch mesh, and one more of the half inch mesh. This last row is for looping in the fringe.

The netting being now done, the pattern must be darned in for the border in the cotton already mentioned, and a long, hanging fringe looped

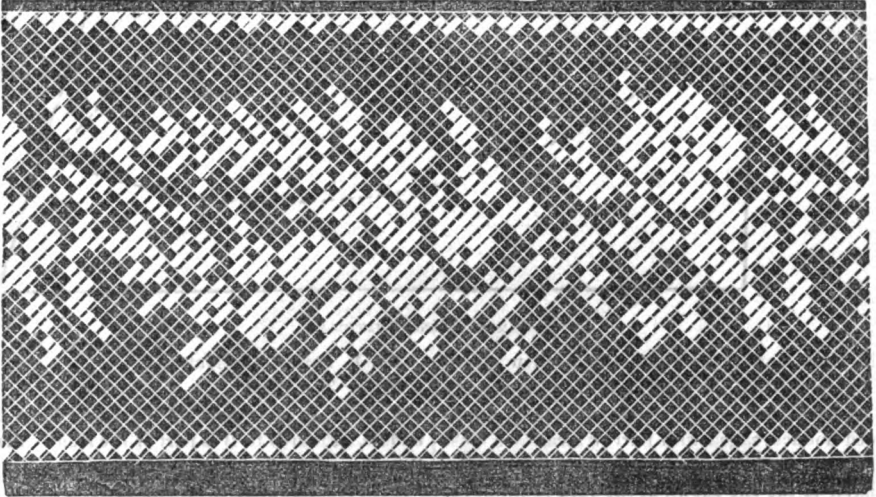
and linked through every point of the netting. The cotton should be folded into lengths of not less than eight inches, four or six in each, which being looped in the middle leaves a fringe of four inches deep.

The two rows of half inch loops, one being on each side of the ornamental pattern, must now have the wire run in, which gives shape to cage.

Two pieces of the petticoat wire now in common use answer this purpose remarkably well. The ends being secured, they must be twisted round with a narrow ribbon, interlaid between

the loops, and the two ends being fastened together, a circle is thus formed, which gives the proper shape to the work.

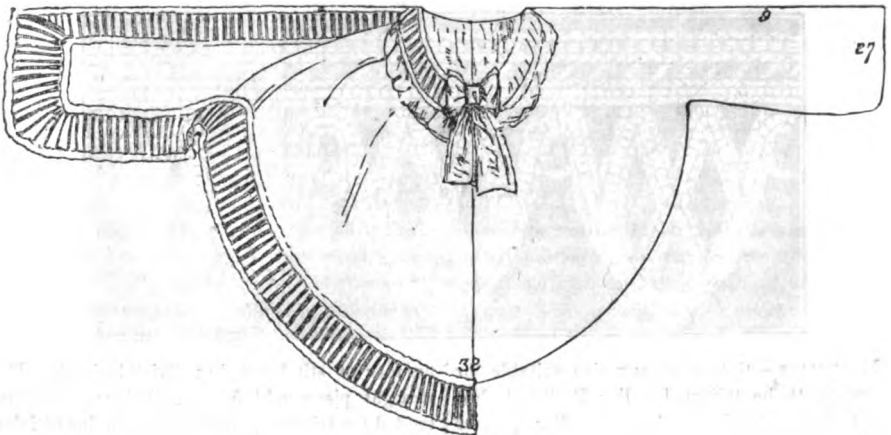
Returning to the first row of the foundation loops a cord must now be thread through them, drawn up and tied with a tassel to hang down. It is an improvement to introduce a fringe round this top, but it can be done either with or without. When introduced it is by linking a couple of lengths of cotton into each of the long loops of the foundation before drawing them up, and, when strung, suffering them to hang down.



SIDES OF FLY-CAGE, FULL SIZE.

A BOURNOUS MANTILLA.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, the latest Parisian } composed of *glace* silk. Our page will not admit
novelty, a *Bournous*, with square ends in front, } of our giving it quite complete, but our diagram

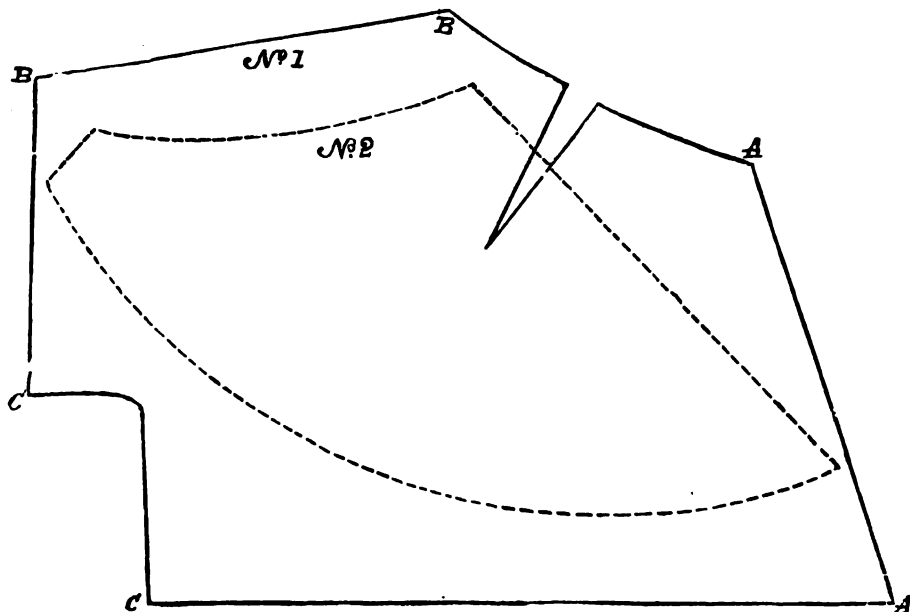


DIAGRAM OF BOURNOUS MANTILLA.

will show how to continue the portion given. We give one-half the hood in full, and have only to remark that the trimming consists of a goffered flounce, edged with narrow lace. We must also mention that in front it has a bow and ends, similar to the one shown at the back of the hood.

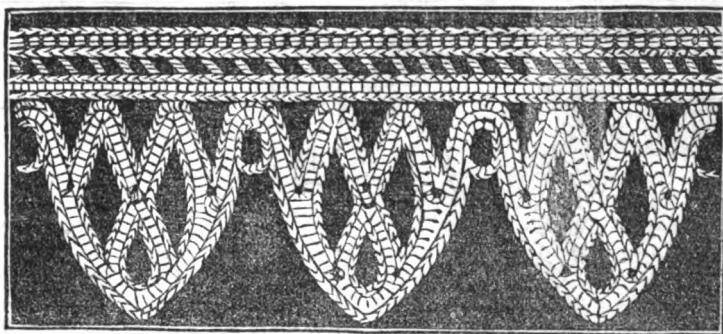
No. 1. Part of the Mantilla.

No. 2. The Hood.

From A to A is part of the back, down the middle. From B to B is part of the front. From C to C is where it falls over the arms.

GOTHIC EDGING, IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Cotton of any size suitable for the work to be trimmed. For Petticoat, No. 16—with crochet-hook, No. 20. For coarser articles, No. 4, or No. 8, with a hook proportionably large.

Make a chain of the length required, the

number of stitches being divisible by 17: if a straight piece, add 5 more chains; but if intended for trimming drawers, or similar articles, close into a round, without adding any extra stitches.

1st Row.—Sc.

2nd Row.—† 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, † repeat.

3rd Row.—Sc.

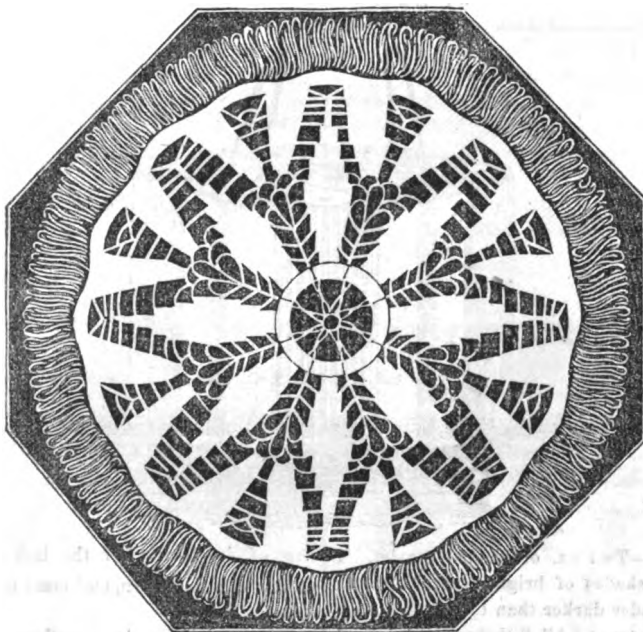
4th Row.—5 sc, putting the hook through both sides of the ch, of the previous row, at every stitch † * 11 ch, miss 2, 3 sc, (under both sides of the ch,) * 3 times, 2 sc, † repeat for every pattern.

5th Row.—5 sc, on 5, then on the first loop, 6 sc on the first 6 of 11 ch, † 1 sc, 2 dc, 1 sc, on next, 4 sc, on next 4, 1 sc, on centre of 3 sc. On the next loop, 5 sc, on 5 chain; 1 sc, 2 dc, 1 sc on the 6th ch; 5 sc on the next 5; 1 sc on centre of 3 sc. On the next loop, 4 sc on 4 ch; 1 sc, 1 dc on next ch. Turn the work on the wrong side:—8 ch, 2 sc on the point of the 2nd loop; 8 ch, 2 sc on the 2 dc, at the point of the

1st loop. Turn the work on the right side:—4 sc on 4 ch; 8 sc on the next; 1 on each of the last 3. Miss the 2 sc at the point of the second loop; and on the other chain of 8, 3 sc, on the 1st 3, 2 sc on the next. Turn the work on the wrong side:—6 ch, 2 sc at the point of the loop. Turn on the right side:—2 sc in the 1st; 2 ch, 2 sc in each of the next 2; 2 in the next 2. Sc down the chains of the half loops, taking care not to contract the edge at all. 5 sc on 5 sc; 3 sc on chain of the next loop; 3 ch, draw the loop through the corresponding part of the sc of last loop. Slip back on the 3 ch; 3 sc on 3 more chains of the loop. † repeat as often as may be required for the number of patterns.

A MAT FOR A TOILET CANDLESTICK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Two reels cotton; No. 3 Penelope hook.

1st Row.—11 chain, unite, (this forms a circle,) * 9 chain, dc under the circle, repeat from * 7 times more, (in all 8 chains of 9.) Each row must be commenced afresh.

2nd Row.—Dc into the centre loop of the 9 chain, 9 chain, repeat.

3rd Row.—1 L into every loop of the 9 chain, omitting the dc stitches.

4th Row.—5 L in the 5th loop of the 9 L, 5 chain, 1 dc between the two groups of 9 L, (that is, just over the dc stitches in 2nd row,) 5 chain, repeat.

5th Row.—Dc on dc, 5 chain, 7 L, the 1st into the 5th loop of the 5 chain, 5 chain, repeat.

6th Row.—Dc on dc, 7 chain, 9 L, the 1st into the 5th loop of the 5 chain, 5 chain, repeat.

7th Row.—Dc on dc, 9 chain, 11 L, the 1st into the 7th loop of the 7 chain, 9 chain repeat.

8th Row.—9 L, the 1st on 2nd L, 5 chain, dc into 4th loop, 5 chain, dc into 7th loop of the 2nd, 9 chain, 5 chain, repeat.

9th Row.—7 L, the 1st on 2nd L, * 5 chain, dc into centre loop of 5 chain; repeat from * twice more, 5 chain, repeat from beginning.

10th Row.—5 L, the 1st on 2nd L, 7 chain, miss 1 chain of 5, 5 L into centre loop of next 5, 7 chain, repeat.

11th Row.—8 L, the 1st into the 2nd L, 7 chain, 5 L, the 1st into 8th loop, 8 chain, 5 L, the 1st on next, 7 chain, repeat.

12th Row.—1 L on 2nd of the 8 L, 7 chain, 7 L, the 1st into 7th loop, 5 chain, 7 L, the 1st on 2nd L, 7 chain, repeat.

13th Row.—1 dc immediately before the 1 L,

then 2 more dc (1 into each loop, making in all 3 dc,) 5 chain, 7 L, the 1st into 6th loop, 5 chain, dc into centre loop of 5 chain, 5 chain, 7 L, the 1st on 2nd L, 5 chain, repeat.

14th Row.—5 dc over the 3 dc (that is, 1 immediately before and after the 3 dc,) 5 chain, 7 L, the 1st into 4th loop, 5 chain, dc into centre loop of 5, 5 chain, dc into centre loop of next 5, 5 chain, 7 L, the 1st on 2nd L, 5 chain, repeat.

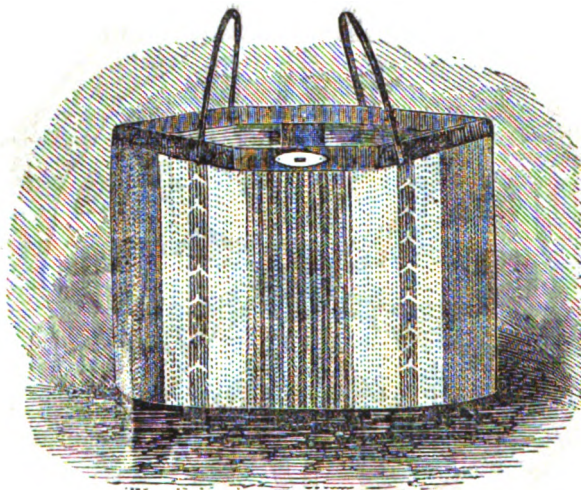
15th Row.—7 dc over the 7 L, 14 chain, repeat.

16th Row.—Do over the dc stitches, 14 L in every 14 chain, repeat.

17th Row.—*Fringe*.—Do in a loop *, 40 chain, dc into next loop, repeat from *.

DESIGN FOR A CARRIAGE-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Two oz. of shaded scarlet. 1 oz. each of 2 shades of bright emerald green: one to be 8 shades darker than the other. 1 oz. light drab or stone. All 8 thread wool. No 1 Penelope hook. A foundation bag with clasp, 12½ inches wide, 10 inches in depth, from the top of the clasp to the bottom. This bag is worked entirely in dc or double crochet.

Make a chain a trifle longer than the bag, measuring from the clasp on one side, round to the opposite side.

Now work 9 rows of Ridged Crochet, in scarlet, which is worked thus:—

1st Row.—After the chain, turn, and work a

row of dc, then after the last stitch, make 1 chain; this is to turn, and must never be worked into.

2nd Row.—Turn back, and work into the back loops instead of the front; do this 9 times.

Now work the following rows in plain dc, without turning back, beginning at one end every time.

† One row of dark green.

One row of light.

One of dark green.

Three rows of drab.

One row of 7 stitches scarlet, 1 stitch light green.

One row of 6 stitches scarlet, (the first time only,) 3 stitches dark green; afterward, 5 scarlet stitches instead of 6.

One row of 7 stitches scarlet, 1 light green.

Three rows of drab.

One row dark green.

One row light green.

One row dark green. †

Four rows of scarlet ridged crochet.

* One row green ridged.

One row scarlet ridged.

Work from * 4 times more, that is, 6 rows of green, and 6 rows of scarlet, using the two colors alternately.

Four rows of scarlet ridged.

This forms the centre stripe. Now work from † to † again; then nine rows of scarlet ridged. Damp, and lay between linen, under a heavy weight; then make up on the foundation, which may be procured at any Berlin house.

PATTERN FOR PATCH-WORK QUILT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE two eight-pointed figures are differently arranged. A may be filled up in eight pieces, while B should be composed of nine—a star of eight points in the centre, and eight diamonds round it. Or, if on a sufficiently large scale, the inner star may be of eight pieces. Two very distinct shades of the same color will look better for A than many different tints. B may have a dark centre and bright points, or *vice versa*. The intermediate figure, C, should be of such neutral tints or dark shades as may throw up the brilliant hues of which the star should be composed. The illustration will be found in the front of the number.

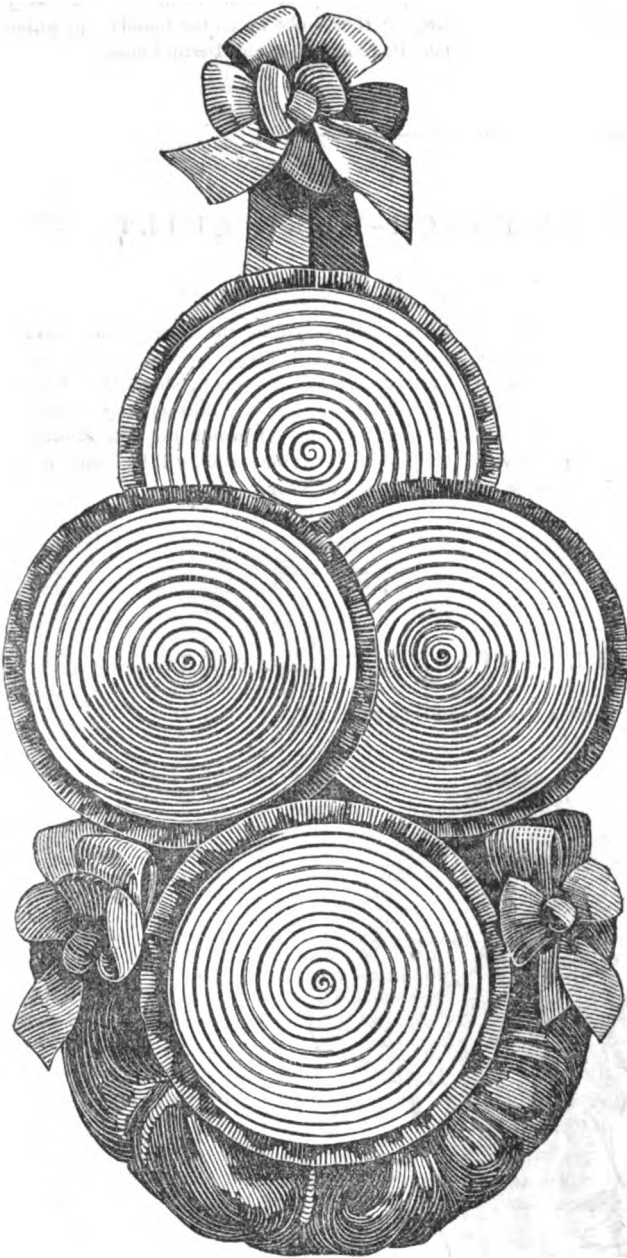
NEW STYLE SUMMER BONNET.

BY OUR "FASHION EDITOR."



STRAW WATCH-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



OUR illustration represents a pretty variety of the watch-pocket—an article always in requisition, both for use and ornament. It has a sort of rustic effect, being principally formed of straw, with which its pink silk bag and pink satin ribbon bows contrast remarkably well.

It is necessary to commence by forming four rounds of straw, similar to those which are on the centres of the crowns of the straw bonnet. Having done these, and pressed them under a warm but not hot smoothing-iron, having a piece of damp muslin laid between them and the iron, they must be bound round with narrow pink ribbon. These rounds, when complete, measure two inches and a-half across.

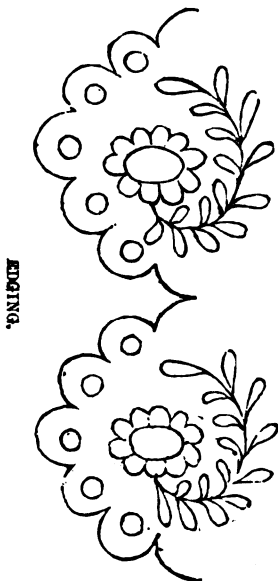
The back or foundation on which these are afterward fastened is a piece of card-board five inches and a-half long, the bottom part being circular and a little smaller than the rounds of straw; the upper part must be narrowed toward the top. A second complete round of card-board to match the lower part must also be cut. These are both to be bound round with narrow sarsenet ribbon.

Then take a piece of pink silk, six inches long and two inches and a-half wide. Narrow it about half an inch at its four corners. A piece of pink ribbon of the required width will answer the same purpose. This should be

lined, to give it stability. It must be gathered at both edges, and fulled in on the back to the round which terminates the card-board shape, and in the front to the corresponding round, leaving a sufficient opening for the watch. The four rounds of straw must then be attached, one in the front, three behind; a little wadding, covered with silk, laid and fastened inside, to protect the watch, the bows of pink satin ribbon placed at the top and the two sides, and this pretty little article will be found complete.

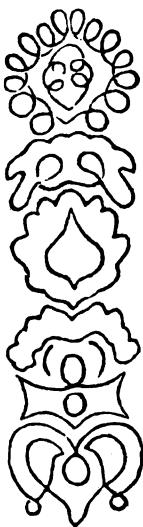
Those ladies who wish to avoid the trouble of forming the straw into the required rounds, can easily procure them of any straw bonnet maker, at a very trifling expense, and perhaps this would be the most eligible mode, as, from long practice, they would have the advantage of greater exactitude.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



EDGING.

FOR CHILD'S CASHMERE CAP.



EDGE FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



EDGING.



BAND AND SLEEVE OF CHEMISE.



INSERTION.



CHILD'S HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



BOWTIE.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THANKFULNESS.—"How good it was in God to spare him so long!"

This was said after the funeral; after the body of the aged saint had been carried to its last home and left under the sod. The old wife said it—her trembling lips wreathing into a faint smile.

It was a beautiful reply—the answer of a Christian. It must have made the angels willing to stay in the poor, little room. Such a spirit is seldom seen—out of heaven.

Gratitude is a glorious attribute. Its possession must bring one nearer the celestial world, yet few understand, and still fewer practice it even in earthly things; how much less in spiritual! If a neighbor lends you some household article, you do not murmur that it is required to be returned—you are using not yours, but another's. So God but lends us all things. Shall we reprove if He takes a few of our merces back—not for His good, but for our own?

The spirit of thankfulness, if not inherent, may be cultivated and made a habit independent of temperament. No time is mispent that is occupied in forming good habits, nor is our time lost that is spent in inculcating some sound principle upon another.

Nothing has so disheartening an effect upon those around us as a perpetual fault-finding spirit; a disposition to magnify little troubles, and to underrate the common mercies of life. It dulls the most indulgent ear, and clouds the tenderest love. It makes real sorrow tenfold more terrible, and darkens the light of the fairest homes. It brings discontent to the fireside, and ill-humor to the well-spread board. It sends the husband away with a grave in his bosom instead of a happy heart. It makes the wife a mope and deadens every impulse—destroys every hope. It makes little children desponding, ill-tempered, and unreasonable, and effectually banishes the sympathy of friends. It may cost an effort to be cheerful when disease attacks the frame, but it costs happiness, and sometimes life to be perpetually moaning. When trouble is bravely borne, we are evangelists to those around us—and if we consider what a fleeting life it is, how clouded, how fitful, we should not be willing to cut off an inch of its sunshine, even though it were filled with dust and motes as it streamed across our path.

Shall God satisfy our necessities, give us parents, home, food, raiment, the enjoyment of beautiful colors, and sweet fragrance, the gratification of taste—the pleasure of love and friendship, the blessings of hope and faith for all our lives, and then if He requires but the part of a tithe of these, shall we be resentful, passionate, distrusting, and inconsolable?

No—rather let us think of that solitary room with its poor furniture; that old woman whose head haloed with wisdom held the crown of white hairs; whose smile shone even through the tears that glittered on her aged cheek, as she thought of the sweet companionship of sixty blessed years, and who felt grateful to her God, "because He had spared him so long."

TO MANUFACTURE AN ÆOLIAN HARP.—Let a box be made of thin deal, the length of which had better correspond exactly to the window in which it is to be placed, four or five inches in depth, and five or six in width. Glue on it at the extremities of the top two pieces of oak about half an inch high and a quarter of an inch thick, to serve as bridges for the strings, and within-side of each end glue two pieces of beech, about an inch square, and of length equal to the width of the box, which is to hold the pegs. Into one of these

bridges fix as many pegs (such as are used in a pianoforte, though not so large) as there are to be strings, and into the other fasten as many small brass pins, to which attach one end of the strings. Then string the instrument with small catgut or first-fiddle strings, fixing one end of them and twisting the other round the opposite peg. These strings, which should not be drawn tight, must be tuned in unison. To procure a proper passage for the wind, a thin board, supported by four pegs, is placed over the strings, at about three inches distant from the sounding-board. The instrument must be exposed to the wind at the window partly open; and, to increase the force of the current of air, either the door of the room or an opposite window should be opened. When the wind blows, the strings begin to sound in unison; but, as the force of the current increases, the sound changes into a pleasing admixture of all the notes of the diatonic scale, ascending and descending, and these often unite in the most delightful harmonic combinations.

A HEARTHSTONE.—If ever pity is needed by those whose misfortunes make earth a wearisome place, it is by the poor and dependent who have no hearthstone. Perhaps too, we should pity those who seek the cold comfort of hotel life, and make their stately stepplings up countless stairs to the grandeur of a residence on the third floor of a palace building. How little is the hearthstone there like that of home! You did not order the wood and see it piled away, log after log, in the comfort-giving cellar. You did not, with the air of independence so inseparable from housekeeping, see your flour and your sugar rolled in by the barrel, and the golden butter hooped in strong kegs, and placed in the store-room with the numberless etceteras of home. You cannot whistle as you march along the city streets when the twilight falls,

"Through pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

For you feel that it is not, never can be home, in the midst of the dress, the frivolity, the confusion of such a life.

Let each family have its own hearthstone, however humble it may be, and there may they say or sing,

"Around our pure domestic shrine
Bright flowers of Eden bloom and twine;
Our hearts are altars all:
The prayers of hungry souls and poor,
Like armed angels at the door,
Our unseen foes appal."

AN ORIENTAL WIFE.—Mrs. Barclay Johnson, in her "Haggi in Syria," thus describes a poor man's wife in Palestine. "You see that one-robed woman, with tattooed face and narrow little bead-adorned veil, concealing nose, mouth and chin, while most of her person is as much exposed as Grecian sculptor could desire; she truly has a hard lot. She is bringing vegetables to market. She planted the seed; she worked the ground; she gathered the crop, and now she must make sale of them, or else what is to become of that little fellow that rides astride her shoulder, and the babe that swings in the knapsack that hangs on her back? For her brutal husband spends the livelong day lounging in the idle group at the gathering place of the village. Besides her own heavy cargo, she drives the donkey before her to the city, well loaded with the produce of her own industry. But does she venture to ride him back? Not a! 'Twould cost her a sound drubbing to do so. But you see her lord and master seated upon him, leisurely smoking his pipe, while his help-met carries two children and a basket." Her picture of the rich man's wife, though different, is almost as pitiful.

TWO SUPERIOR ENGRAVINGS.—Mr. J. Van Court, No. 243 Arch street, Philadelphia, has just published two very meritorious engravings, each thirty-one inches by twenty-two, of a size to frame and hang up in a parlor, library, or other room. The subjects are "John Bunyan in Bedford Jail, 1667: his blind child leaving him for the night," and "The wife of John Bunyan interceding for his release from prison." They are from paintings by T. G. Duvall; have been engraved, in the first style of art, by Ilman; and are now offered at the singularly low price of six dollars for the pair, or ten dollars on India proofs. With the religious world, especially, they should be very popular. Bunyan was to English theology what Shakespeare was to English literature in general. His "Pilgrim's Progress" is a book which will live as long as the language. Perhaps more copies of that extraordinary work have been printed than of any volume except the Bible. The likeness of Bunyan, in the prison scene, is the best, we think, which has ever been published. Both engravings are full of spirit and truth. As ornaments for the parlor wall they recommend themselves to persons of taste, for it is better to buy good engravings than bad pictures, and as really good pictures are within the means only of the wealthy, most people must content themselves with engravings, or deny themselves entirely the gratification that art affords. We invite the attention of clergymen and others to these fine engravings. Mr. Van Court will make a liberal discount to persons getting subscribers. Whoever, for instance, will procure two, and will remit twelve dollars, will receive an extra pair, gratis, for his trouble.

A CAPITAL STORY.—A correspondent of the *Evening Bulletin*, writing from Florence, tells a capital story, about a snobbish American, who lately appeared there. The traveler pretended to have spent some time in Mexico, and happening to visit a famous private garden in Florence, the owner, who had a very fine collection of plants, talked of cactuses, until the visitor's knowledge, which appeared to be limited, was totally exhausted. Suddenly the old gentleman remarked, "Mr. Buggins, I suppose you must have seen a great many of the Orchids in Central America?" "Why, no," replied Mr. Buggins, "I didn't go much into society there, in fact merely passed through." "Eh! what?" inquired the deaf man, holding his hand to his ear. "No," roared Buggins, "I did not meet any, I did not go into society at all." "Society," screamed his host, "why bless your soul, you don't find Orchids in society, they grow on trees!" The attention of the whole company had been attracted by the loud tones of the speaker, and the utter discomfiture of the miserable Buggins. It was very much in the style of the lady, who, about the time the first Camelpards arrived in America, was asked by a friend, "Have you seen the Giraffes?" "No," said she, "I don't know them at all; they are a French family, I believe!"

WHAT IS PRE-RAPHAELISM?—This is a question which a fair correspondent asks. We answer that the Pre-Raphaelites are a school of painters who wish to carry Art back to what it was before its revival by Raphael and his cotemporaries, deeming it was then more spiritual, pure, and earnest in its teachings. As they paint from nature, without selecting or rejecting anything, many of their objects are painfully truthful. Their pictures may be easily known by their simplicity and severity, but are wanting in effect as a whole, while each individual part is worked up to an exquisite degree of finish that is marvelous to behold. Some excellent specimens of Pre-Raphaelism were on exhibition in this city last winter.

CURE FOR LOVE.—Into a pint of the water of oblivion put of the essence of resignation two grains; of prudence and patience each three grains; and of sound judgment one drachm. Mix well; and, after they have stood some time,

take off the scum of former remembrances, and sweeten the mixture with the syrup of hope. Pass it through the filter of common sense, by the funnel of conviction, into the bottle of firm resolution, stopping it tightly with the cork of indifference. Take a drachm night and morning, or oftener if the constitution will bear it, reducing the dose as the disease decreases.

THE CHARGE AGAINST POE.—As we suggested, the poem, published last month, and said to be the original of "The Raven," proves to have been written subsequent to Mr. Poe's. Its author is Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, of Providence, R. I.; and it may be found in a volume, published by her, in 1853. As we understand it, the poem was composed with a distinct reference to "The Raven" and "Utaume," the two most curious, if not best poems ever written by Poe.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Hadji in Syria; or, Three Years in Jerusalem. By Mrs. Sarah Barclay Johnson. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: James Challen & Sons.*—Mrs. Johnson is the daughter of Dr. Barclay, the missionary to Jerusalem, whose book, "The City of the Great King," has attracted so much attention. She accompanied her father to the Holy Land, and in consequence of the position which his medical knowledge gave him, enjoyed extraordinary advantages of seeing Oriental society, especially in the Harem. She witnessed, for example, a Turkish wedding; was often a visitor to the female apartments of the Pasha and other grandees; had for her guests the wives of many Osmanli; and accompanied one of them, in disguise, into the Mosque of Omar, and another into the tomb of David. Her picture of Harem life is mournfully sad. She divests it of the poetry, which some late writers have thrown about it, and shows what cruelty, jealousy, and unhappiness attends it. In this she coincides with Mrs. Mackenzie, who saw Harem life in India; and the testimony of two such women must be considered decisive on the subject. Mrs. Johnson's volume is exceedingly interesting in other respects also. It is handsomely printed, and embellished with numerous illustrations, engraved from drawings by herself.

Life and Times of Hugh Miller. 1 vol. *New York: Rudd & Carleton. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—"My Schools and Schoolmasters," Hugh Miller's autobiographic work, was worth a dozen such volumes as this. The former let us into the most secret places of the writer's character, enabled us to study how he grew to be so great, and charmed us with incident and anecdote graphically told. The latter is rather a bit of partisan polemic than an analysis of Hugh Miller's mind, or even a narrative of his life. We had hoped, when we read the announcement of this book, to see a really meritorious affair; and we cannot describe how grievously we are disappointed.

Following the Drum. By Mrs. Vile. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Rudd & Carleton. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The author of this agreeable volume is the wife of an officer in the U. S. Army. Her husband was stationed, for some time, at one of the frontier posts of Texas, on the very verge of civilization, where, for more than a year, she did not see a woman. The description which Mrs. Vile has given of this mode of life, with its occasional approaches to starvation, its frequent alarms from Comanche raids, and its entire seclusion from society, is new and racy. The book is full of spirit. We recommend it as peculiarly fitted for a summer hour.

Wildflower. By the author of "The House of Eleanor," "One and Twenty," &c. &c. 1 vol. *New York: Robert M. Devell.*—A cheap edition, in the double column octavo style, of a novel by an author of merit. The London papers, we see, speak in high praise of the fiction.

Lord Montague's Page. By G. P. R. James. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson.—After a silence of unusual duration, which we owe probably to the "two horsemen" criticism, Mr. James has delighted his many admirers with one of the best novels he has ever written. For ourselves we never joined in the tirade against this author. He is not equal to Scott, indeed; but he is always an agreeable writer; and he never offends against morality. We are glad, therefore, to welcome him back. In his absence we have had to read much worse novels than he was accustomed to offer us. The present work is admirably printed. An engraved portrait of Mr. James, and a handsome vignette title-page adorn the volume.

St. Roman's Well. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This beautiful edition of Scott's novels is now rapidly drawing to a close. Those, who have not supplied themselves with it, should do so without delay. We have whiled away many an hour of railroad travel, that would otherwise have been tedious, this summer, by perusing these fictions; for we find this edition peculiarly adapted for railroad reading, in consequence of the beauty and distinctness of the typography.

Oseola the Seminole. By Capt. Mayne Reid. Beautifully Illustrated with Original Designs, by N. Orr. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Robert M. Dewitt.—This new novel, by an author of reputation, who, when in America, was one of the contributors to "Peterson," has been published, Mr. Dewitt says, from advanced sheets sent out from London. It is graphically illustrated by original illustrations, and is full of the vivacity and fire of the writer. We commend it to persons who like tales of this description.

PARLOR GAMES.

POSTICAL DOMINOES.—Provide some nice fine pasteboard, and cut it up in slips rather longer than they are wide, about the shape of dominoes, but they will need to be a little larger.

Then divide them in half, with a mark of ink, and on one half of each piece write a quotation or verse of poetry, and on the other half write the name of one of the authors you have made your selections from; but be careful not to put a quotation and its author's name both on the same card; for instance, if one of your selections be "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly:" do not write Shakespeare on the other half of that card, but Byron, Milton, or some other author that you have chosen from. Shakespeare must be written on another card where there is a selected passage from another author.

As many selections as you take from one author so many times must his name be written on the cards. Suppose you select three different passages from Moore, his name must be written an equal number of times, on separate cards.

When all is arranged, then shuffle and deal them to the players, and let one commence by laying one of his cards in the centre of the table, reading the quotation written upon it. His left-hand neighbor must then look over his cards, and if he has the name of the author of the passage read, he will announce it, and then read the selection that is on the other half of his card and put it down by the one on the table, matching the author's name to his production; but if the player has not the name of the author, he must look for a passage that was written by the author whose name is on the card first laid down, read it, and also the name that is on the card, and put it by the other, taking care to adjoin the quotation with the author's name to whom it belongs.

Then the first player's left-hand neighbor must look for the author's name, and so the game proceeds.

The one who first exhausts his cards, wins the game.

THE INITIAL LETTERS.—Let one withdraw while a word is selected by the remaining players, which being done, the absent player is recalled, who, upon re-entering, walks up to the person, to the right or left-hand, as may be agreed upon, and there stops until that person names something that begins with the first letter of the word that was chosen.

The guesser then stops before the next one, who says a word that must commence with the second letter of the selected word, and so proceeds until the word is finished, and then by remembering what each one said, and putting the first letter of each word together, is enabled to find out the word determined upon. For instance, *Fireside* is fixed upon as the word.

First one says *Flower*.

Second, " *Ink*.
Third, " *River*.
Fourth, " *Eagle*.
Fifth, " *Sunshine*.
Sixth, " *India*.
Seventh, " *Date*.
Eighth, " *Emery*.

The player then puts the initial letters of each word together, and exclaims it is "*Fireside*." The next one in order then goes out, while another word is proposed.

If most of the players are unacquainted with this game, it would make it more diverting, perhaps, if not explained to them at once, the head one or leader merely telling each one what word they must use when the guesser comes to them in turn. They will be quite surprised at the readiness with which the word is detected, little dreaming how it is done.

ART RECREATIONS.

PICTURES IN SAND.—There are hundreds of our readers, perhaps, who have never heard of pictures in sand. Yet with a little card-board, gum arabic in solution, glue in solution, various colored paints in powder, designs, camel's-hair brushes, a pencil, and colored sands, almost any oil-painting may be imitated.

PREPARING THE SAND.—The principal difficulty is to get the sands, which should be red, blue, yellow, and white, with the intermediate tints. But pictures in sand may be formed by employing white sand for the ground-work, and painting over it, in the same manner as directed below for touching up the sand pictures. Those persons who possess a good stock of patience may collect black, white, grey, light-brown, and red sands in most localities. We would suggest to those who visit the various watering-places during the summer months, to collect the different colored sands that present themselves, and preserve them in separate bottles, boxes, or trays. All the sands used in this kind of work require to be carefully dried in saucers, either in an oven or before the fire, and afterward kept in a dry place.

SELECTING A DESIGN.—As persons frequently experience a difficulty in the selection of designs, we beg to suggest the following, those printed in italics having already been executed in colored sands, so as to produce a general impression upon observers, that they were *bona-fide* paintings:—*Mount Vesuvius during an Eruption; Dungeon Ghyll Force; a Water-fall in Westmoreland; a Dish of Fish*, in which the mackerel was conspicuous; *the Ruined Water-mill; Samaria at Sea; Sunset upon a Common; a Group of Leverets; Boats Merry-making, after Outrage; a Bloodhound; Gin and Bitters, after Landseer; the Dutch Housewife, after Maes; Mont Blanc; the Ruins of Nodley Abbey; Alum Bay, Isle of Wight, &c.* If none of these pictures are convenient, try any one that is to be had, taking care, for a first attempt, to select an easy subject.

TO PREPARE THE PICTURE.—This consists in passing a coat of mudlage of gum-arabic or thin glue over each section at

a time. For example—you pass a brush charged with either of the above solutions first over all the blues, and afterward apply the sand as directed below; then the gum or glue is to be applied over all the parts colored red, and so on, until the design is complete. Great care is required in laying on the fine and delicate touches in some parts of the picture, because the gum or glue is liable to spread, and thus destroy the effect by causing too much sand to adhere to a part where it was not required.

APPLYING THE SAND does not require much dexterity; the only precaution necessary, is having the sand perfectly dry, and each color kept in a distinct box or tray. When the gum or glue has been applied over any particular color upon the outline, select the colored sand required, and sift it through a piece of fine muslin over the whole of the outline; allow it to remain for about two minutes, then shake off the superfluous sand upon a sheet of writing-paper, and return it to the proper box or tray. Proceed in this manner with each color until the outline is filled in, then set it aside for three or four hours in a warm place, or, if the card-board is very stiff, place the picture upon the hearth-rug before the fire, and it will soon dry.

TOUCHING UP THE PICTURE should not be attempted until the whole of it is perfectly dry, and then the strong outlines, such as architectural work, veinings, and divisions of rocks, trees, drapery, &c., should be touched up with colors in powder, mixed with some of the thin glue. Indian ink is very useful for strengthening different parts of the picture, giving a finish to the whole that it would not otherwise possess.

When sand-pictures are finished, they may be framed and glazed in the same manner as prints.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR TEA-CAKES.

Indian Batter Cakes.—Mix together one quart of sifted meal, and one pint of flour. Warm one quart of milk, put into it a small teaspoonful of salt, and two large tablespoonfuls of yeast. Beat three eggs very light, and stir them gradually into the milk, with the meal and flour. Boil a cupful of rice until tender, and put it into the batter. Cover it, and set it to rise for four hours, and when quite light, bake your cakes on a griddle, butter them, and serve them hot.

A Preparation for Soda Biscuits, which may always be kept on hand, and used at a moment's notice. Mix together half a pound of cream tartar, three ounces of soda, and one ounce of pulverized corn starch. Mix the ingredients well together. When about making biscuits, take one tablespoonful of the preparation to one quart of flour, a piece of butter the size of a hen's egg. Mix up the biscuits with sweet milk, and make the dough soft.

Pounded Crackers.—Take three tincupfuls of new milk, a teaspoonful of butter, and the quantity of salt necessary to the bulk. Add enough flour to make the dough very stiff, and then commence beating it very lustily; every time you beat it out, sprinkle it with flour, roll it up and beat it out again, continuing for at least one hour. The few last times, omit the use of the flour; work out the biscuits with the hand, and bake them quickly.

Washington Cake.—Heat together one quart of milk and one ounce of butter; when about lukewarm, pour them into two pounds of flour, adding in a cent's worth of yeast, three eggs, and a tablespoonful of salt. Place the batter in pans, let it stand over night, and the next morning bake it in a quick oven for three-quarters of an hour.

Loaf Cake.—Three teacupfuls of light dough, one teacupful of sugar, one teacupful of butter, two eggs, one teacupful of pearlash, and two or three large tablespoonfuls of milk; add also a half pound of raisins. After thoroughly worked together, put the dough into pans, and raise until it becomes light. Bake in a slow oven.

Corn Pudding.—(Suitable for the tea-table.)—Boil four ears of green corn until well done, and then cut, or grate off the corn very fine. Mix it with two heaped tablespoonfuls of flour, one pint of sweet milk, and as much salt and pepper as you prefer. Bake it well, and you will have a delightful dish.

Muffins.—One quart of milk, five eggs, one tablespoonful of good yeast; if home-made, three or four tablespoonfuls. A lump of butter the size of a walnut, and enough flour to form a stiff batter. Set them to rise, and when light, bake them in rings.

Light Biscuit.—The ingredients are:—Five cupfuls of milk, four spoonfuls of melted butter and lard, and a teaspoonful of salaratus dissolved in some cream, and a small portion of salt. Mix in enough flour to form a paste just stiff enough to roll out.

Mush Muffins.—Make mush as you ordinarily do, and when cold, thin it with one quart of milk, and stir in a few handfuls of wheat flour, seven eggs, and butter—the size of an egg—also some salt. Bake in rings.

Waffles.—To two quarts of sweet milk take eight eggs, enough flour to make a thin batter, half a pint of soda, and as much salt as you prefer. Let the batter stand until it becomes light. Bake in waffle irons.

Hurry Biscuits.—To two quarts of flour, take butter the size of three eggs, and enough water to form the dough. Work very little, and cut out your cakes. Bake them on tins.

Ordinary Tea-Cake.—Three cupfuls of sugar, three eggs, one cupful of butter, one cupful of milk, and a small lump of pearlash. Make it not quite as stiff as pound cake batter.

Soda Biscuits.—To two quarts of flour take four teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one pint of sweet milk, and half a teacupful of lard or butter.

Rice Cake.—Mix together half a pound of very soft boiled rice, a quarter of a pound of butter, one quart of milk, six eggs, and enough flour to form a thin batter.

Buttermilk Cakes.—Two quarts of buttermilk, one teacupful of soda, and enough flour to make a batter.

RECEIPTS FOR LOTIONS.

Milk of Roses.—1.—Take two ounces of blanched almonds; twelve ounces of rose-water; white soft soap, or Windsor soap, white wax, and oil of almonds, of each two drachms; rectified spirit three ounces; oil of bergamot one drachm; oil of lavender fifteen drops; attar of roses eight drops. Beat the almonds well, and then add the rose-water gradually so as to form an emulsion, mix the soap, white wax and oil together, by placing them in a covered jar upon the edge of the fire-place, then rub this mixture in a mortar with the emulsion. Strain the whole through very fine muslin, and add the essential oils, previously mixed with the spirit. This is an excellent wash for "sunburns," freckles, or for cooling the face and neck, or any part of the skin to which it is applied.

Milk of Roses.—2.—This is not quite so expensive a receipt as the last; and at the same time is not so good. Take one ounce of Jordan almonds; five ounces of distilled rose-water; one ounce of spirit of wine; half a drachm of Venetian soap, and two drops of attar of roses. Beat the almonds (previously blanched and well dried with a cloth), in a mortar, until they become a complete paste, then beat the soap and mix with the almonds, and afterward add the rose-water and spirit. Strain through a very fine muslin or linen, and add the attar of roses. The common milk of roses sold in the shops, frequently contains salt of tartar, or pearlash combined with olive oil and rose-water, and therefore it is better to make it yourself to ensure it being good.

French Milk of Roses.—Mix two and a half pints of rose-water, with half a pint of rosemary-water, then add tincture

of storax, and tincture of benzoin, of each two ounces; and *essenti de rose*, half an ounce. This is a useful wash for freckles.

German Milk of Roses.—Take of rose-water and milk of almonds, each three ounces; water eight ounces; rosemary-water two ounces; and spirit of lavender half an ounce. Mix well, and then add half an ounce of sugar of lead. This is a dangerous form to leave about where there are children, and should never be applied when there are any abrasions, or chaps on the surface.

Milk of Almonds.—Blanch four ounces of Jordan almonds, dry them with a towel, and then pound them in a mortar: add two drachms of white or curd soap, and rub it up with the almonds for about ten minutes or rather more, gradually adding one quart of rose-water, until the whole is well mixed, then strain through a fine piece of muslin, and bottle for use. This is an excellent remedy for freckles and sunburns, and may be used as a general cosmetic, being applied to the skin after washing by means of the corner of a soft towel.

Anti-Freckle Lotion.—1.—Take tincture of benzoin, two ounces; tincture of tolu, one ounce; oil of rosemary, half a drachm. Mix well, and bottle. When required to be used, add a teaspoonful of the mixture to about a wineglassful of water, and apply the lotion to the face or hands, &c., night and morning, carefully rubbing it in with a soft towel.

Anti-Freckle Lotion.—2.—Take one ounce of rectified spirit of wine; one drachm of hydrochloric acid (spirit of salt); and seven ounces of water. Mix the acid gradually with the water, and then add the spirit of wine; apply by means of a camel's-hair brush, or a piece of flannel.

Gowland's Lotion.—Take one and a half grains of bichloride of mercury, and one ounce of emulsion of bitter almonds: mix well. Be careful of the bichloride of mercury, because it is a poison. This is one of the best cosmetics we possess for imparting a delicate appearance and softness to the skin, and is a useful lotion in acne, ringworm, hard and dry skin, and sun-blistering.

Horse-radish Cosmetic.—Take one ounce of scraped horse-radish, and infuse for four hours, in one pint of cold milk. Strain through muslin, and bottle. This is a safe and excellent cosmetic, and is extremely useful in cases where the skin requires a gentle stimulant.

Cumpherated Ammoniacal Wash.—Take half an ounce of the liquid subcarbonate of ammonia; and one and a half ounces of camphorated spirit, mix and apply to the parts by means of rags moistened with the lotion. This is a useful application for contusions unattended with abrasion of the surface.

Discolorant Lotion.—Take one ounce of sal-ammoniac, and dissolve it in four ounces of vinegar, and four ounces of spirit of wine. This is used for contusions attended with much discoloration of the skin, and is applied by wetting pieces of rag folded four or six times, tying them over the part and changing them as often as they become dry.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TOILET.

Cleansing the Hair.—Nothing but good can be derived from a due attention to cleansing the hair. Of course, an immoderate use of water is not beneficial. Once a week is perhaps desirable, but this will depend upon the individual; persons with light, thin, and dry hair will require it more seldom than those with thick, strong hair, or who perspire very freely. Nothing is better than soap and water. The soap should be mild, and well and plentifully rubbed in the hair.

Wash to Whiten the Nails.—Diluted sulphuric acid, two drachms; tincture of myrrh, one drachm; spring water, four ounces. Mix. First cleanse with white soap, then dip the fingers into the wash.

To make Pomatum.—Put half a pint of best scented olive oil and half a pound of fresh lard into a jug, and stand it beside the fire to melt, taking care not to let it get hot, and stirring as it dissolves. When in a liquid state, pour in five drops of the essential oil of almonds, stir again and empty it into your pot. Stand it in a cool place until in a solid state, it is then ready for use. The quantity may be increased or decreased, in proportion.

To Prevent the Toothache.—Rub well the teeth and gums with a toothbrush every night on going to bed, using the flowers of sulphur. This is an excellent preservative to the teeth, and void of any unpleasant smell.

Banoline for the Hair.—This fixative is best made a little at a time. Pour a tablespoonful of boiling water on a dozen quince seeds; and repeat when fresh is required.

TABLE RECEIPTS.

Tomato Sauce.—Take one dozen of ripe tomatoes, put them into a stone jar, stand them in a cool oven until quite tender. When cold, take the skins and stalks from them, mix the pulp in the liquor which you will find in the jar, but do not strain it, add two teaspoonfuls of the best powdered ginger, a dessertspoonful of salt, a head of garlic chopped fine, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a dessertspoonful of Chili vinegar on a little cayenne pepper. Put into small-mouthed sauce bottles, sealed. Kept in a cool, dry place, it will keep good for years. It is ready for use as soon as made, but the flavor is better after a week or two. Should it not appear to keep, turn it out, add more ginger; it may require more salt and cayenne pepper. It is a long-tried receipt, a great improvement to curry. The skins should be put into a wide-mouthed bottle, with a little of the different ingredients, as they are useful for hashes or stews.

Tipsey Cake.—Cut a small savory cake in slices, put them into a basin, and pour some white wine and a little rum over. Let it soak for a few hours, put into a dish, and serve with some custard round. It may be decorated with a few blanched almonds, or whipped cream and fruit. Or it may be made with small sponge cakes, by soaking them in some white wine in which some currant jelly has been dissolved. Take twelve of them, stale, which will cost sixpence. Soak them well, put them in a dish, cover them with jam or jelly, and thus make four layers, decorating the top with cut preserved fruit. Dish with custard or whipped cream around.

To Pot Herring.—Take twelve, prepare them in the usual way, and warm them quite through but not more. Then take all the meat from the skins, and pick out the largest bones and the roes. Put the meat into the potting pot, and beat for a few minutes; then add a small slice of butter, and beat till it is smooth. Season with cayenne pepper, and use more butter as you continue to beat. About a quarter of a pound of butter is generally required for twelve. When done, press hard into a pot, and pour clarified butter over them.

Swiss Cream.—Take half a pint of cream and the same quantity of new milk, and boil it, with a piece of lemon rind and sufficient loaf sugar to sweeten it. Thicken this with a teaspoonful of flour, and, when very nearly cold, add the juice of the lemon to it; this will thicken it; and then pour it into a glass dish, and stick macaroon cakes into it.

Rice Cake.—A quarter of a pound of ground rice, a quarter of a pound of flour, half a pound of finely-powdered white sugar, five eggs. Beat all well together till it froths; pour quickly into a tin lined with buttered paper; bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. This does nicely for a tipsey cake. It may be flavored with almond or lemon.

Half-pay Pudding.—Four ounces of suet, ditto of currants, raisins, and bread-crumbs; two tablespoonfuls of treacle, half a pint of milk, mix well together, and boil in a mould or basin for two hours.



LES MODES PARISIENNES

Velvet Cream.—One pint of cream, half an ounce of isinglass; keep stirring it over a fire till dissolved: sugar to your taste rubbed on a lemon. Take it off and stir it till nearly cold. Then pour it into a dish that has in it the juice of one lemon and two glasses of white wine. When well mixed, put it into your mould. It is better made the day before it is required.

Another.—Soak three-quarters of an ounce of isinglass five minutes in a gill of sherry, madeira, or raisin wine: then dissolve it over the fire, stirring it all the time. Rub the rind of two lemons on six ounces of loaf sugar, and add it with the juice to the hot solution, which is then to be poured gently into a pint of cream. Stir the whole until cold, and put it into moulds.

Snow Rice Cream.—Put into a saucepan four ounces of ground rice, two ounces of loaf sugar, six or eight drops of essence of almonds, two ounces of fresh or salt butter. Add a quart of new milk. Boil fifteen or twenty minutes, until smooth. Pour into a mould previously greased with Florence oil. Turn it out when quite cold, and serve with preserves round it.

Sliced Tomatoes.—Slice the tomatoes into a tinned saucepan; season with pepper and salt, and place bits of butter over the top; put on the lid close, and stew twenty minutes. After this, stir them frequently, letting them stew till well done; a spoonful or two of vinegar is an improvement. This is excellent with roast beef or mutton.

To make Good and Clear Coffee.—Grind two large table-spoonfuls of coffee, put it into the coffee-pot, and fill up the pot with quite boiling water; set it over the fire for one minute, then pour in the white and the crushed shell of an egg. Let stand ten minutes, and it will be found bright and clear as water.

Preserved Pears.—Take as many pears as you require, and steam them for fifteen minutes. Then pare them, leaving them on the stems, and add an equal weight of clarified sugar. Boil them over a slow fire for a short time. A little sherry, in the proportion of half a wineglassful to every pound of pears, is a great improvement.

Fig Pudding.—Six ounces of figs chopped fine, six ounces of suet, three ounces of bread-crumbs, three ounces of sugar, three eggs, and a little nutmeg. Boil it three hours. Pour arrowroot custard over it.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Dry Plants.—Be careful to gather the specimens in dry weather, after the dew has evaporated. The best way to take them home is in the crown of a hat, or a tin sandwich box. Then taking up each specimen singly, lay it smooth between two sheets of blotting-paper, and then place it inside a large book; then another specimen a few leaves distant, and so on, till the book is full. This done, tie it up tightly with a string, and place two flat irons on it. Thus the plants are to remain for a day, and then be changed into fresh blotting-paper, to dry them still more, and so on for four or five days, when they will all be found a good color, and fit to put away. Some plants require different treatment. In thick-stalked and woody plants, the under side of the stem is first to be cut away. Berries must be dried by being hung up in the air or sun. Stonecrops and heaths must be dipped for three or four minutes in boiling water, before laying out; if this be not done, the juicy plants will grow even for a long time after they are placed in the paper, and the leaves of the heaths will soon fall off.

To make Marmalade of Pears.—Take six pounds of small pears and four pounds of loaf sugar. Put the pears into a saucepan with a little water, and set it on the fire. When the fruit is soft, take them out; pare, quarter, and core them. As you do this, throw the pieces into another saucepan containing cold water, and when all are done, set them

on the fire. As soon as they are sufficiently soft, rub them through a sieve. Having, in the meantime, clarified the sugar, and boiled it to a good syrup, pour it to the pulp. Set it on the fire and stir the whole well together until the marmalade is of the proper consistence. Then take it off the fire, put it into pots, and when cold tie them down.

For Preserving Green Peas.—1. Shell the peas, and put them into a saucepan of boiling water. Give them two or three warmings only, and then put them into a colander. When the water is drained off the peas, place them on a cloth spread out on the dresser, and then pour them on to another cloth, to dry perfectly. Bottle them in wide-mouthed bottles, leaving room only for a clarified mutton suet, about an inch thick, which is to be poured over them, and for the cork. Cover the corks with rosin, and keep the bottles in a cellar, or bury them in the earth. When they are to be used, boil them till tender with a bit of butter, a spoonful of sugar, and a bit of mint.

Another Receipt for Preserving Green Peas.—2. Shell, scald and dry the peas, as directed in the first receipt. Place them on tins or on earthen dishes in a cool oven to harden. Keep them in paper bags hung up in the kitchen. When they are to be used, let them lie an hour in water. Then set them on the fire in cold water, with a bit of butter, and let them boil till ready. Boil a sprig of dried mint with them.

Another way of Drying Succulent Plants, is to place the ends in water, and let them remain in a cool place until the next day. When about to be submitted to the process of drying, place each plant between several sheets of blotting-paper, and iron it with a large, smooth heater, pretty strongly warmed, till all the moisture is dissipated. Some plants require more moderate heat than others, and herein consists the nicety of the experiment; but we have generally found that if the iron be not too hot, and is passed rapidly, yet carefully, over the surface of the blotting-paper, it answers the purpose equally well with plants of almost every variety of hue and thickness.

Mixture to Destroy Bugs.—Mix half a pint of spirits of turpentine and half a pint of best rectified spirits of wine in a strong bottle; add, in small pieces, half an ounce of camphor. Shake the mixture well, and with a sponge or brush, wet the infected parts. The dust should be well brushed from the bedstead and furniture, to prevent any stain. If this precaution be taken, there will be no danger of soiling the richest damask. The smell of the mixture will soon evaporate after using. Only one caution is necessary: never apply the mixture by candlelight, lest the spirits should catch the flame of the candle and set the bed-curtains on fire.

Essence of Celery.—This may be prepared by soaking for a fortnight half an ounce of celery-seeds in a quarter of a pint of brandy. A few drops will flavor a pint of soup or broth equal to a head of celery.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR WATERING-PLACE of grenadine, with two skirts; the sleeves and breast adorned with knots of ribbon.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL, in a rich, Scotch plaid silk; hat of Leghorn, trimmed with an ostrich plume.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR LITTLE BOY, in linen plaid.

FIG. IV.—BLACK LACE MANTILLA, suitable for summer wear: a beautiful and stylish article.

FIG. V.—TRAVELING SKIRT, manufactured by Douglas & Sherwood, 343 Broadway, New York, is one of the most popular skirts introduced this season. The material is brown linen, and for the purpose for which this skirt is designed nothing could be more appropriate. It is made in the usual form of hoop skirts, with an adjustable *tournure*, four flexible steel hoops are introduced into the body of the

skirt, and the bottom is finished with a heavy cord. Ladies who are contemplating a summer excursion into the country, will find this skirt a valuable addition to their wardrobe.

FIG. VI.—SUMMER BONNET.—Mrs. Crippé, 63 Canal street, New York, has furnished us with an illustration of one of the most stylish and elegant bonnets we have seen this season. The material is white crape laid on the foundation plain; the front is bordered by a transparency of lace enriched by narrow puffs of crape, and edged by a deep fall of blonde. The side trimmings are composed of flowers, connected by a delicate green wreath which passes over the brim; on the left is a half open magnolia blossom, with its rich green leaves mingled with sprays of myosotis, mimosa and leaves; on the right are luxuriant clusters of white hops, mingled with loops and ends of ribbon grass. The curtain is of lace, edged with puffs of crape, and overlaid with a deep, rich blonde. The face trimmings consist of a full cap of tulle, interspersed with water lilies, scarlet pinks, clematis blossoms, and sprays. Broad white ribbon strings.

GENERAL REMARKS.—All dresses of light or transparent textures are made with flounces, or double or triple skirts. In summer silks, the double skirt is very popular. *Basques* are nearly abolished. Bodies are worn high, the waists cut with two long points in front, and coming well over the hips; with these bodies the skirts are always separate. The bodies pointed on the hips, and at the back, are very fashionable. These are made either high or low in the neck, as taste or comfort may dictate. **MORNING DRESSES**, when made of white cambric or lawn, are usually in the surplice style, high on the shoulders, and open tolerably low down the front of the neck. A great many morning dresses are made of Foulard and other summer silks. When the silk is of a small checked pattern, such as brown, pearl, blue or green, it is usually trimmed with a narrow ribbon of some pretty contrasting color, slightly full on. This ribbon extends up the front, over the shoulders to a point behind like a berthe. Sometimes it is carried around the bottom of the skirt. One, two, and even three rows are thus employed.

SLEEVES are still made in a variety of ways. The full bishop sleeve is very fashionable for morning dresses; the very wide, open sleeve, a *la Sultan*, is also now much patronized, very full bishop sleeves of muslin or lace being worn under them.

MANY COLLARS AND SLEEVES are now made of plain muslin. The wristband of these sleeves, in which a ribbon is run, is formed of a band of muslin plaited on both edges and simply hemmed. A similar trimming is put on the top of the sleeves. Other sleeves have, near the top, several of these trimmings instead of one only.

FIGURES OR CAPES OF LACE, TULLE AND TARTAN, trimmed with lace quillings, velvet or ribbons, are very much worn. These are cool and "dresy" for evening wear.

BONNETS are worn rather forward on the forehead, receding at the ears, and meeting under the chin. Feathers, flowers, and lace are all employed as trimmings; when ribbon only is used, the ends of the bows are finished by long tassels. One of the prettiest bonnets of the season is composed of green crape and chenille; delicate blades of grass in exquisitely shaded tints of green are mounted in the style of a long feather, which is fixed on one side of the bonnet, and droops nearly to the shoulder. The under trimming consists of bows of crape tastefully disposed in the *ruche* of blonde. It may be mentioned that bows of crape, velvet, or ribbon of various brilliant hues are frequently employed for the under trimming of bonnets, and that flowers are less worn for that purpose than heretofore. Generally, the cap or *ruche* of blonde is ornamented on one side only, and the bows or flowers employed for the purpose are placed rather high up.

MANTELETS are almost all high round the neck and shoulders. This shape, though it has been discarded during several past seasons, is nevertheless the prettiest and most becoming. It does not conceal the figure, but imparts to it additional grace, and gives an air of finished neatness to the whole costume. One objection to the low mantelet is that it produces a sudden transition of color just across the shoulders—one division being black and the other of the color of the dress, usually of some bright hue. Hoods too are very much worn, and these look awkwardly on a mantelet cut loose on the shoulders. The hood may be either round or pointed, but the latter style is the most fashionable. All hoods are finished with a tassel.

HEAD-DRESSES for watering-places have appeared in every style. The fancy hair-pins in imitation of pearl, coral, turquoise, and gold, are very fashionable. These are much more suitable for young ladies to confine the bands and braids of their luxuriant hair, than the elaborate head-dresses composed of lace, velvet and flowers worn by their mammas. These hair-pins, however, are worn by ladies of all ages, and are very suitable to confine bands of lace over the back of the head. One of the prettiest head-dresses which we have seen is of gold net, of quite an antique character, with a large silk bow on the right and tassels on the left.

SOME COIFFURES are made of chenille and gold, tastefully combined together. We have seen one composed of scarlet chenille and gold, plaited together, and at each side bouquets of scarlet geranium. Another very elegant head-dress in the same style was of white chenille and silver, and at each side a moss rose, with a cluster of buds and foliage. A very elegant head-dress in the Marie Stuart style has been made of cherry velvet. It is pointed in front of the forehead, and edged with a twist of pearls. On one side there are loops composed of strings of pearls combined with loops and ends of narrow cherry velvet.

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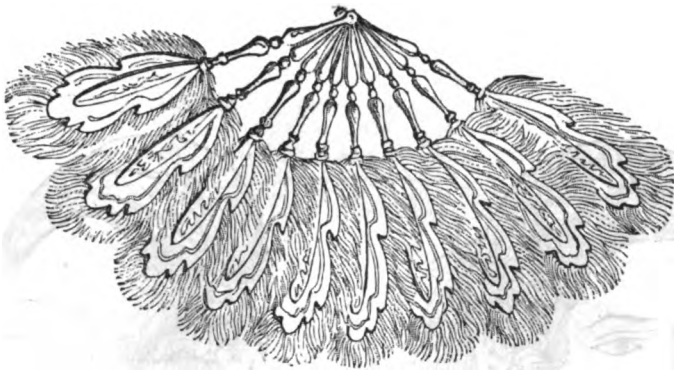
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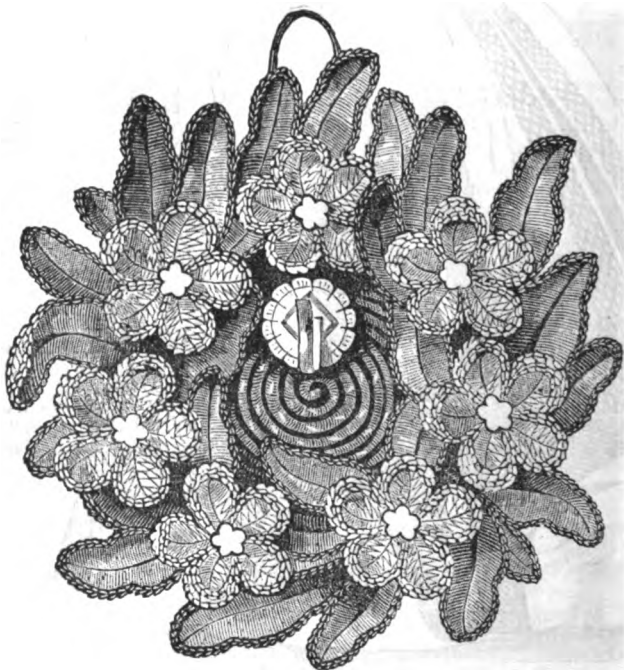
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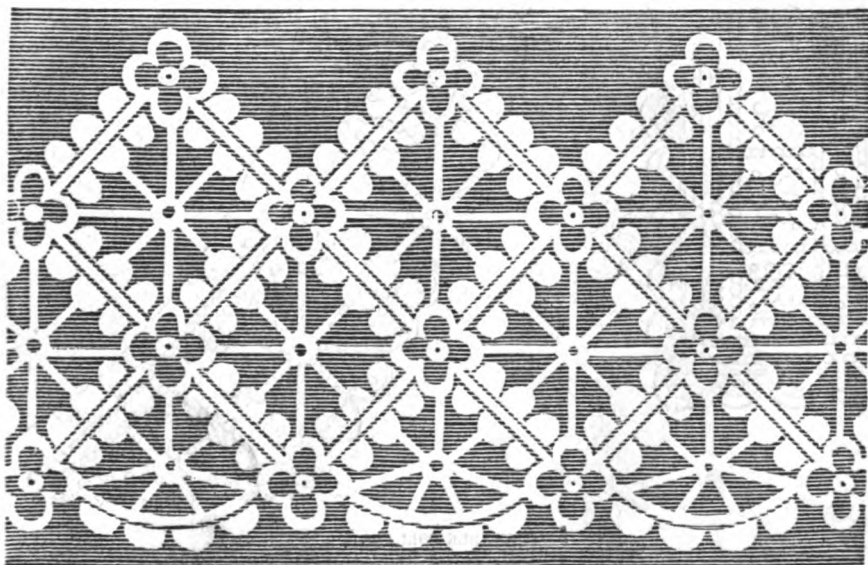
NEW STYLE OF BONNETS.



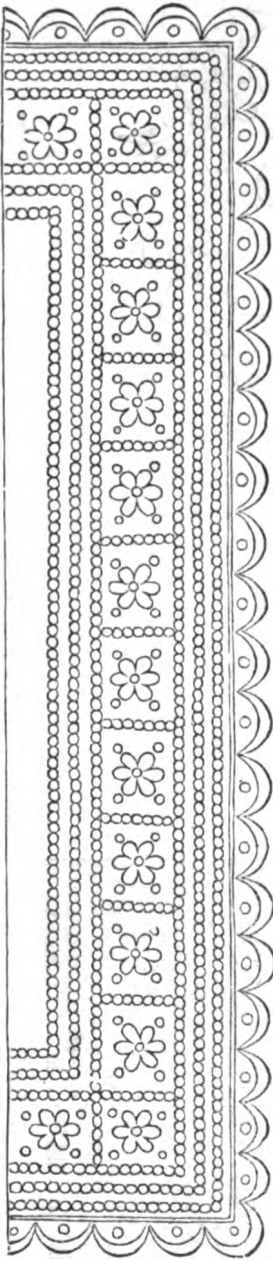
WATCH-HOOK IN BROOCH.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER WITH INITIALS.



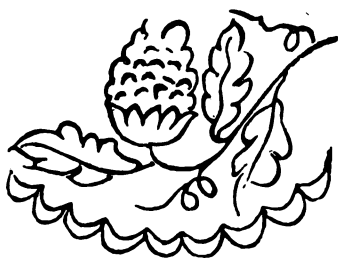
GUIPURE BORDER.



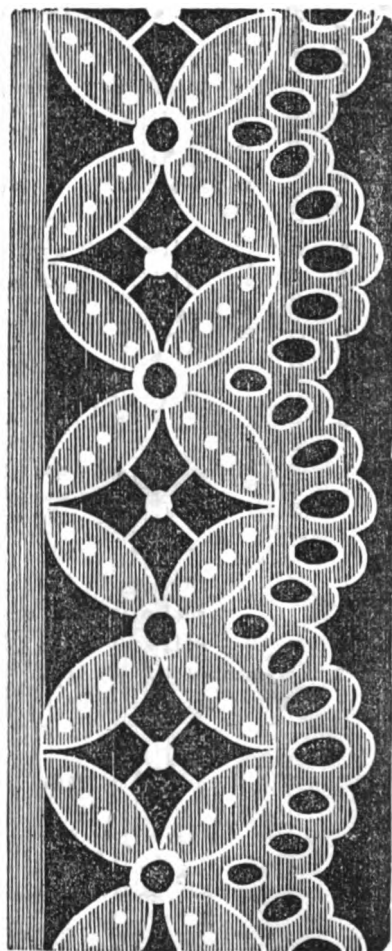
FASHIONABLE COLLARS.



EMBROIDERED BRACES.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



WHEEL EDGING.

ROSE OF THE PRAIRIE WALTZ.

— COMPOSED FOR PETERSON'S MAGAZINE,

And affectionately dedicated to Pauline, Countess of Hatzberg, Barbara.

BY ADA BOLTON.

Allegro.

The musical score is presented in a single system with two staves, treble and bass. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The piece begins with a treble staff containing a melody with many beamed eighth notes, marked with a forte 'f' dynamic and an 'Allegro' tempo. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Performance markings include 'Ped.' (pedal) at the beginning and middle, and 'pp' (pianissimo) in the lower section. A double bar line with repeat dots appears in the bass staff. A small asterisk '*' is placed above a measure in the treble staff. The score concludes with a final cadence in both staves.

1st ending.

2d ending.

8 -- va.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

ff (a)

ff



FASHIONABLE PARASOL.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.



OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1858.

No. 8.

THE HORRID LITTLE FRIGHT.

BY MARY E. CLARK.

"So you have told your father you will not marry your cousin Cora?"

"Yes; I have made up my mind that I would rather lose my grandfather's money than marry that horrid little fright."

The first speaker was a fine-looking young man of some three-and-twenty years. His companion, Elliot Grantley, was about the same age, tall and extremely handsome, with rich, clustering chesnut curls, large, black eyes full of fire and intelligence, fine features, and a very beautiful mouth filled with white, even teeth and shaded by a dark moustache. His figure was moulded in the perfection of manly symmetry.

"You never saw her, Arnold," said he, leaning over the table, and speaking earnestly—"you never saw her, but I went down, some eight or nine years ago, to pay a visit to my intended wife. Fancy to yourself, a tall, thin child of ten years old, yellow as an orange, with pinched features, and a close, white cap put on to conceal the loss of her hair, which was shaved off after a fit of illness. When I was introduced to her, she dropped a little, awkward courtesy and put her finger in her mouth, and after staring at me in silence for a few minutes she began to giggle, and finally ran away."

"A fascinating picture truly!"

"Cousin Cora is coming to pay a visit to Lucy Maxwell next week, and I suppose I must do the agreeable, but I never will marry that horrid little fright! Come, Arnold, suppose we go down to see Charlotte Cushman as Lady Macbeth?"

"Agreed!"

And the two strolled away.

They had hardly gone, when the window curtains were drawn aside, and a tiny, fairy-like girl stepped in from the balcony. She was young, about fifteen, with bright golden hair and blue eyes.

"Now ain't it a shame for Elliot to talk so

about cousin Cora?" soliloquized the intruder.

"I didn't mean to listen, but I couldn't come in before Arnold in this dress," and she glanced at the pretty chintz wrapper. "Wouldn't it be fun, if he fell in love with cousin Cora, after all? I wonder if she is so ugly? She writes beautiful letters to me, but I've never seen her. I mean to write to her what Elliot says, so she won't fall in love with him. He's so handsome, I don't believe she can help it if she don't know," and the fairy tripped away.

Two young ladies, some days later, were standing in a brilliantly lighted parlor before a pier-glass. Everything indicated that there were visitors expected. The room was beautifully decorated, the ladies were in full dress. One of them, Miss Lucy Maxwell, was a pretty girl, with a very sweet face and a pleasant, winning smile. She was dressed in white. The other was tall and stately with beautiful features, clear white complexion, with a rich, warm color, and large, black eyes. Her hair, which was wreathed like a coronet round her small, classically-shaped head, was black as a raven's wing, and the diamonds among its braids added to her regal appearance. Her dress was of garnet colored silk, flounced with black lace; and her beautiful white arms and shoulders gleamed out in strong contrast against the dark dress.

"Do I look well, Lucy?"

"You never looked more beautifully. I think diamonds suit you exactly. Your necklace and bracelets are divine. But what can detain Elliot? He promised to come early to meet his cousin Cora, before the others arrived."

"Poor fellow, how disappointed he will be!"

"Yes, Miss Stanley," said Lucy, laughing.

"There is a ring! Ah, here he is!"

"I am very sorry that Cora was unable to pay me her promised visit," said Miss Maxwell, meeting her guest, "but I have another guest.

Dora, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Grantley, our dear friend Cora Grantley's cousin, and—we are all friends, Elliot—betrothed.”

Elliot's low bow and glance of intense admiration did not look much like disappointment.

Other guests arrived. Miss Stanley, with her magnificent beauty and queenly bearing, was the belle of the evening; and none were more devoted than Elliot Grantley. Did she dance? He was her partner more than half the time. Was she fatigued? He handed her to her chair and fanned her.

Day after day passed, and Elliot was constantly at Mr. Maxwell's. Miss Stanley, while she was deluged with attentions from every quarter, showed him especial favor. She rode with him, sang with him, danced with him; wore the flowers he presented, and learned the music he selected.

“Well, dear,” said Lucy, coming, one day, to her room, “I think you have made a complete conquest of Elliot. He raves about you, and last evening he confided to me his intention of honoring you by an offer of his hand and heart.”

“Won!” cried Miss Stanley, rising and stepping to the glass, “won! I will refuse him!”

“But I thought you confessed to me a certain liking for the gentleman.”

“I will not have him! He refused me. I will repay the obligation. No, Lucy, I resolved, if I could win his love, no pains should be spared. Now I feel humiliated to think that I have ever stooped to try to gain it. I do love him, but nevertheless I will refuse him.”

“And how will you bear it?”

“Perhaps he will turn to his cousin, Cora, for consolation; if not, I can easily bring him to my feet again.”

The next day, Mr. Grantley, to his profound astonishment, was refused by Miss Stanley. He could not understand it. Full of indignation at what he termed her coquetry, he determined to visit his cousin Cora; and, if he found her improved, marry her to show that he did not care

for his rejection. Full of this idea, he started for his uncle's. A long journey somewhat cooled his disappointment; and he had resolved to pay a flying visit to his relative, and then return once more to attack Miss Stanley's heart, long before he reached his uncle's house.

“Cora, my dear, your cousin Elliot is in the parlor.”

“I knew he would come,” said the person addressed, as she shook out the folds of her rich dark silk, and then went to the parlor. The room was dark, for it was late in the afternoon, and yet too early for candles.

“Good afternoon, cousin.”

Elliot could hardly believe his ears. Truly he had heard that voice somewhere.

“We have expected you for some weeks,” continued the mysterious voice. “It is very dull here at this season, and I quite longed for your promised visit. However, I was very happy to hear from Lucy that your time was more agreeably employed. How is Miss Stanley?”

“I think—that is—I was——”

“Ah, delighted to hear that she is so well. Of course you are engaged by this time. It was not treating me fairly; but I forgive you. You know I have some thoughts of marrying our dancing master, Monsieur La Pirouette?”

“I think that the idea is an excellent one,” stammered Elliot.

“Do you? Thank you!”

At that moment, lights were brought in. Cora was standing with her face concealed by a window curtain; but as the servant left the room, she dropped the screen. In an instant, Elliot was by her side.

“Dora!”

“Alter the first letter!”

“Dora, Cora I mean. Oh! I——”

“Stop! stop, Mr. Grantley. Surely you will never marry such a horrid little fright?”

“Forgive me!”

Well, reader, we will retire. There was a wedding, a few months later; and Elliot married that “HORRID LITTLE FRIGHT.”

DEATH.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

I HEAR a footstep stout and strong;
It pauses at the door;
I see a shadow—black and long—
A shadow—nothing more.
It enters with a spirit tread—
It glides from stair to stair;

It lays a ghost-like hand amid
The bright gleams of her hair.

From pearly brow the hand moves slow,
Down to her waxen feet;
Oh! never shadow brought a woe
More hopeless—more completed

CLOUDS AND CARNATIONS.

BY MEHITABLE HOLYOKE.

BEFORE we have lived long in this world, long before we reach middle age, all objects upon which our eyes rest have a double interest for us. Hill, river, beach, grove, flower, and hearthstone are not the bare selves which they once were, but have awakened into a new birth of associations.

The hill is always peopled now by those who climbed it beside us once—the river is vocal with other voices than its own—the foot-prints of the waves but mind us of other footprints, gone from the sands of time; we think of those who wandered in the grove, gathered the flower, sat by the hearthstone; thus the crown or the coffin come invisibly to every feast of life.

There is something strange, mystical, in the strength of these associations—it is as if in passing through all places, we shed forth an influence, which remains an active part of ourselves. What if all the marvels of clairvoyance were but a clearer recognition of this influence!

A very simple circumstance has awakened this train of thought—the gift of a handful of flowers, which led to the recital of a tale so literally true, and which, alas! may have so many parallels in society, that I am tempted to make the following record. Would I had power to write it in colors as bright as the aforementioned verbenas and carnations!

"One would know that these flowers originally came from Connell's," said Mehitable, as she took out a fresh quire of paper, and wondered how the new story would begin, "things always look like their owners, and these may well resemble Connell, he took such pleasure in nursing them. What has become of him, Annie? The last I heard, he was going west to educate his children on a farm. And what bright children they are! that little Jemmy will work out a name for himself at the west, or I shall be very much disappointed." Thus Mehitable wandered on, wondering how to begin the new story for Peterson.

"Connell never went west, he died months ago."

"Connell dead! and these frail flowers of his planting so alive and aglow with beauty!" was the surprised rejoinder.

"Yes, dead—and out of his flesh 'will violets

grow,' if love make likeness. Do you recollect the day he led us through the narrow walk in his green-house to look at these carnations? How his face shone!"

"It seems shining in the flowers at this minute; but how happened he to die?"

"Happened? He was called home: people do not die by chance."

"Nor evade each other's questions by chance. I am afraid that Connell has been sinning, and yet it is impossible, he was so upright, he had such good sense, and such a happy home."

"He was very unfortunate; but where's the use in counting over his mistakes, now he is dead?"

"No use for you who are a saint—much use for me: being only a scribbler, I must gather my pigments from the grave as well as the parterre, or I can make no picture. Now, lift the wings that have so tenderly screened the faults of even this poor gardener, and I promise to draw from the revelation a moral and no gossip."

Which promise given, my cross-questioning was at an end.

"Perhaps you have never heard Connell's earlier history?"

"Yes, his wife has told me how he built up his own fortune, and how much he has done for her family, how kind and patient he was with her intemperate father."

"But she would hardly allude to the condition in which they were found by the G——s. Her husband, as well as her father, was too much addicted to 'looking upon the wine when it is red,' and she, a child at this time, straying about the streets, in fear to venture home, enlisted the sympathies of Mrs. G——, led her to the forlorn abode whose inmates were engaged in a drunken brawl."

"I understand now why the Connells could never say enough of the kindness of these friends."

"Yes, they came at the right moment, expostulated with Connell, encouraged, helped him; kept the dissolute old man in awe; kept an eye upon the child. In due time Connell and Mary were married. Mr. G—— advanced money for the purchase of a green-house; and you have witnessed Connell's industry and success."

"I never have met in a palace so contented a household. It is like a dream that 'tis all broken up now—that we shall not again see Mary sewing by the garden window, with her clean, smooth dress, her pretty face, and the children playing among the flowers, and Connell advancing from the distance to exhibit some wonder of his hot-bed, some great red cactus or azalia, his own face redder and more radiant.

"Almost everything in that green-house he had raised himself, from seeds, or grafts, or little slips; and it nearly broke his heart, when, just as his plants were arriving at their prime, the building took fire, and they were consumed. Nothing approaches a gardener's love for his plants, except it be a mother's love for her child."

"A comparison at which I'm thinking some mothers would smile."

"We maidens are not responsible for the weakness of maternity. Connell's only comfort in his loss was, that he had repaid the pecuniary debt to Mr. G——. Money was again borrowed, the house rebuilt, new plants were purchased, and seeds, and slips, and grafts began to start again; again the debt was cancelled; as earnings increased, additions were made to the hot-house and nursery. But the new stock, whatever its value, could not replace the old to Connell's warm Irish heart. A tempting offer was made for the green-house as it stood—accepted—and in a week, glass, stagings, plants and pots had been conveyed to a private garden in Chester. It was then that Connell resolved to purchase a farm at the west, in the hope of securing for his children competence, and a higher social caste than would be their portion here. His household goods were packed, and he was waiting to receive his dues, when the baby was taken sick."

"Ah, I remember that sickness—it was so comfortless! How we watched over the little thing while it languished day by day, and closed its blue eyes at last, and lay there dead; and that poor father made his way among the confusion of boxes and baskets, to look at the one wee flower he had hoped to take away to make the new home homelike, and how Mary's eyes were blinded with tears as she sewed the little shroud!"

"Yes, and she walked the whole distance to Chester to beg some white lilies from their own old plants, to place in the small, dead hands. Mr. Whoop then promised to pay the first instalment of his debt on the following day——"

"Mr. Whoop? The husband of Nelly Whoop? Oh, how a little word will bring two unmeaning halves of a story together and make one thrilling whole! Strange that I should hear both sides of this history!"

"Both?"

"While you were absent this winter, I called at Nelly's house in town, they had given up to their creditors the Chester residence, and she spoke with most womanly patience of their reversed fortune."

"Reverse! What is the rent of their town house?"

"One or two thousand dollars; but the other was their favorite home. And one inducement to live in the city, was the new interest that Nelly takes in the poor, now her own experience has taught her the nature of hardship."

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind," murmured Annie, half to herself.

"You look incredulous; but gay and frivolous as Nelly has seemed since we left school together, these recent trials have developed a gentleness and yet a force of character that are really touching in their frequent manifestations. Of course she cannot take her husband's affairs into her own hands. The woman must submit: if her husband place her in a hovel, that must be her home; if he purchase a palace and dwell there, there she too must dwell."

"Cannot she influence her husband, even while seeming to submit?"

"If she have great tact; otherwise she can no more influence him than he his wife, if you reverse the case. To go back to my story—here is an instance in point: I happened to call on Nelly's birth-day; she had forgotten the fact but Mr. Whoop had a better memory. After the first greeting as he entered, he laid on the sofa beside her a large package, saying, 'It is the 29th of November, and I've brought home a reminder of the fact, like a dutiful husband. Untie the cords, and let us have the benefit of our friend's judgment as well as our own.'

"Oh, Leonard!" said Nell, reproachfully, as we opened the large box and beheld a sable cloak. 'Don't feel hurt, dear; but is this right when we are trying to economize?'

"He answered, 'Nonsense, try it on; ladies do not know how to economize. It is not real fur, only American sable, mink. 'Tis pretty enough of its kind; but last winter I would not have allowed you to wear it!'

"Nelly made no more effort at resistance. 'You remember we have failed, Leonard; suppose one of your creditors should meet me in the street?'

"As I often meet the wives of my creditors; in the first place, it is not likely that he would take an inventory of your dress; in the second, you do not at all understand this matter of failing, no lady can: I lose property by others, the time comes for others to lose by me. It is all

fair and square, so let us end this family dispute and ask Miss Hetty's pardon for contending in her presence."

"We turned to other subjects, and I soon left, I can see now what mischief may have resulted from that same 'fair failure.'"

"Yes, it occurred the very day on which Connell was to have received his payment for the green-house, the day on which poor little Annie was buried. Connell's goods were already at the railway station, he went to state his case to Mr. Whoop, and was referred to the creditors—to the creditors, and was referred to Mr. Whoop. He asked for Mrs. Whoop, she was too much occupied with preparations for 'retiring' to her one-or-two-thousand dollar house. It was the fault of society, I know, as well as of these people, and yet it was a great wrong."

"Unquestionably!"

"Connell had now hardly sufficient money to transport his goods and family to the far West, and concluded instead, to invest it in the purchase of a farm some twenty miles from Boston. He went thither, disappointed, discouraged, heart-broken; he had no means of stocking his farm, and could only await the settlement of Mr. Whoop's affairs. In those months of waiting he was led back to his old habits of intemperance, and died a sudden, miserable death. His loss was a temporary relief to his abused wife and neglected children. Mary visited Boston, hoping to sell her property in the farm, but was unsuccessful. She became involved in debt, discouraged, and wretched; the hereditary taint broke forth; she drank first to drown her sorrow, then for love of the excitement; abused her children as their father had abused her; drove them forth as beggars, as her own father had driven her. She owed the world nothing, and seemed willing to pay in its own coin. In this degraded condition she visited me not long since, a stolid expression had settled upon the fresh, pretty face we once admired; her eyes were bleared, her breath tainted with rum; and poor Jemmy who had come to guide his mother's unsteady steps, shrank behind the door ashamed of his tatters."

"Ah, truly time is nothing, except in what we make of it! Not two years have passed since

this young woman, a mark now for the finger of scorn, was a model of cheerful virtue; not two years since Jemmy, a now tattered mendicant, seemed on the sure path to an honorable and even brilliant career."

Two years! And in that time Mr. Whoop was risen from a bankrupt to a wealthy merchant, respected among his peers. Nelly still wears imitation fur, but only because her kind heart refuses to indulge in any luxury which may cause chagrin to those among her friends whose husbands have been less fortunate in braving the present financial crisis.

You may visit her parlor in Park street, and find the lady seated amid all the appliances of wealth, rich carpets, curtains, mirrors, vases and statuary, gilding and flowers, on every side; books in resplendent bindings; children in fine linen and purple gathered about their private governess, or practicing at piano or guitar.

And you may visit a small, dark, noisome basement in another quarter of the city, in that section of North street, known, from the degraded character of its inhabitants, as the "Black Sea," and find Mary Connell—if she be not worse employed—asleep on filthy straw, in the sleep of intoxication. Her ragged children crouch in corners of the earthen floor, and gnaw at bones which the dogs of the wealthy would reject, or they are in the street with Neglect, their only teacher, taking lessons in idleness and crime. What if the taint inherited by these young creatures develop? Whose is the fault?

Will these two women and their offspring—will these two men ever meet in the course of the ages? Will there come a time for reproach and restitution?

It is seldom that what Mr. Whoop would call a "mere failure" develops such startling contrasts of condition as the present, yet many a failure results in as glaring instances of injustice. Let rich men in failing, if they can set aside the tens of thousands against former losses of their own, beware how they also set aside the hundreds that have been earned by harder strain of muscle, and to supply a sorer need. Let them beware lest they bring down a heavier curse that that of the broken-hearted poor!

WOMAN'S TRIUMPH.

CALL me not heartless, man! heartless or cruel,

For scorning the love thou hast proffered me now,
That unmoved to thy words of fond worship I listen,
Nor heed the pale sorrow that blanches thy brow.

For once to my ear was thy voice sweetest music,
Thy glance to my heart sent a tremulous thrill,

But you dared to deride me, to mock at my weakness,
And pride, woman's pride bade its throbbing be still.

Long ago from my heart have I banished thine image,
Long ago learned to feel for thee nothing but scorn,
And the time when my love could to thine have responded
Has passed like a dream I awake from at morn. A. S.

GRACE ELLERSLIE.

BY EMERET H. SEDGE.

RESPECTABLY graduated from a first-class college, with the last five dollars of my patrimony wherewith to line my pockets. These were my extrinsic advantages, and I enumerated them repeatedly as children count their pennies and misers their gold, with a vague expectation of increasing their possession by the simple process of reckoning. But the bare facts in my case were very rigid, and not at all brilliant. I intended ultimately to study a profession, and would have been glad to commence at once, and make long and hasty strides toward realizing some of those high hopes which kept my brain astir. But as it was, I must advance by a circuitous route, if at all, for I was under the necessity of eating and sleeping, and had no reason to suppose that society would tolerate me in rags or in debt. The first resource of such poor fellows suggested itself to me, and with many grimaces and shrugs, and prolonged whistles, and a fair calculation of other chances, I determined to martyrize myself to a school.

Accordingly, in the course of a few weeks, in the progress of events, and by the favor of several worthy, elderly gentlemen, who were shrewd enough to detect my singular adaptation to the employment, and my peculiar taste for it, I was installed as the head of a private school of young ladies in the flourishing town of Hartgate. Not having attained to a very venerable age, it behooved me to eke out my deficient dignity by a proper and careful attention to externals, therefore I affected delicate whiskers, stiff linen, a gravity of countenance, and a perpendicularity of attitude which would have disguised me from my quondam chum. All this, with the laborious perusal of Blackstone in every interval of leisure, was sufficient to make a model young man of almost any materials, and I believe I was so successful as to approve myself unexceptionably to the "aforesaid" elderly gentlemen, and to acquire by studious vigils a pale and "interesting" aspect. At any rate, the school prospered and was likely to become profitable, and thus for a single individual, at least, it would fulfil its chief end and aim.

One of the most important, though not the most fashionable thoroughfares of Hartgate, was Fleming street. It radiated from the centre of

the town, and with various aspects and characters extended nearly two miles before its crowded buildings melted away into the sparse settlements on the country road. As my school was situated near the rural terminus of this street, and my boarding-place was at an indefinite and vexatious distance toward the interior of the town, I was not long in becoming tolerably well acquainted with the paving-stones, and other prominent features of the scenery which my unceasing daily walk presented. The school, as duly set forth in the advertisement, was located in a genteel district, an adjective which very well described a succession of smart, new houses of somewhat fantastic architecture, surrounded by small, neat yards and thrifty shrubbery, among which were often seen rather noisy and over-dressed women and children, evidently well to do in the world, and not a little engrossed by local and social rivalry. For an interval the street sunk away from this pretension, and groveled and struggled on in ancient and contracted edifices, through unwholesome odors issuing from the low doors of the crowded shops, past multitudinous sign-boards, which evinced strange shifts, and weak, despairing efforts to earn a livelihood, and by many tokens of squalor and discomfort, not quite forsaken of better things, as might be seen by the occasional erection of a substantial block, which plainly indicated that antiquity and poverty were slowly, but surely yielding to masonry and gold. Beyond this forbidding district aristocratic mansions rose in gloomy and imposing array, having doubtless so much joy and comfort within, that there could be nothing but blank dullness left for external show; and these in turn gave way to warehouses and shops, with handsome windows filled with gaudy and costly merchandise, before which women promenaded with beautiful and envious eyes.

Wealth holds many secrets past controversy, though they are not revealed to the street walker, however keen his suspicions or penetrating his gaze; but poverty has but a scant covering for its deformity, and but a thin veil with which to hide its sorrows. The misery on Fleming street would show itself, though not quite reduced to the level of starvation and nakedness. It was not merely the effort to subsist, but to live

decently. It was too often the struggle of humanity which could appreciate something better, which longed to do more than forever solve the problem, "What shall we eat? what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

Thanks to the access of dignity which my vocation had forced upon me, and in part owing to a sympathetic sentiment which was born of a light purse, I was in the habit of noting the slight, but significant indications which hinted at corroding cares, and crushing troubles, and fierce conflicts with destiny, and hoarding them for philosophical comment. From generals it was but short work to descend to particulars, and to choose from among the latter some prominent object of interest.

A little shop, neater and smaller than its neighbors, attracted my attention. It had a marvelously narrow front of only six feet, and of this the window had usurped so much to the prejudice of the door, that you were a wonder to yourself when you had ascended the steep and high steps, and were safely through the limited entrance. The apartment did not acquire any compensation in depth for its contracted breadth, but was abruptly terminated by a thin wainscot, and seemed to be supported in the rear by a room appropriated to domestic uses. Every portion of the premises which could be improved by ordinary industry, witnessed to the labor which had been expended. The glass of the window and show-case was scrupulously clean, the walls were covered with fresh and cheap paper, and the dust, even so close to that turbulent street, could find no resting-place. The articles for sale were a jumble from haberdasheries, millinery establishments, and toy-shops, but all were tasteful, and disposed with a reference to artistic effect in the arrangement of colors and forms, which was an indubitable token of the cultivation and refinement of their owner.

It is possible that these specified excellencies would have obtained little more from me than a passing glance, had not their presiding genius been a young lady of extreme beauty of form and feature, with a high-bred, though subdued elegance of manner, as unsuited to her circumstances as can well be conceived. The humble accessories which surrounded her, and the repulsive vulgarities with which she came into daily contact, instead of dragging her down to their level, only served to throw into conspicuous contrast her gracefulness, and to make more strangely evident the polished accents of her conversation. And over all was thrown the charm of perfect simplicity and unconsciousness,

and a patient sadness that fitted in successive shadows across her sweet face, as it had not been quite able to drive away all the native joyousness of a hopeful disposition, and establish perpetual gloom.

I look back with profound admiration to that facility and hardihood of invention, which devised excuses that enabled me to call at the little shop almost daily after I had discovered the attractions of its keeper. Grace Ellerslie—what a pretty name it seemed! It sounded in my brain like sweet music, unceasingly filling up the interludes of necessary duties. Sometimes it appeared written over scraps of paper on my desk, which had to be watched and destroyed. A degree of enthusiasm is pardonable in a young man who loves for the first time, when especially about the beautiful object of his regard there hangs a certain mystery which delicacy may not probe.

The only friend whom Grace appeared to possess was her father, an aged gentleman of venerable mien, who still retained many tokens of the dignity and physical superiority which must have distinguished the prime of his manhood. His manner and conversation denoted long familiarity with polished and educated circles, but aside from the bare traces of former elevation and prosperity there was little left. He was an old man, broken down in body and spirit, with hope so crushed out of him that he had ceased to wish and to struggle. Listless and melancholy, he went in and out of that circumscribed apartment, wandering with a weariness and dimness most painful to behold. All his remaining vitality was associated with his daughter. Her slightest whisper caught his ear when he was deaf to the uproar of mobs and holidays, and whatever concerned her was certain to be impressed on his consciousness. But that he ever busied his thoughts about her welfare except in an objective and passive way, did not seem evident. Grace cared for the shop and for the meagre domestic world behind it. She was continually sewing on caps and dresses when the occasional customers made no claim on her attention. And though this tireless working early and late was not for a moment suspended, it was plain that destiny had the better of the stern conflict, and that unless it met some new opposing force, would ultimately overcome and destroy its victim.

I believe I was using the last shred of plausibility, which common sense or decency would supply for so doing, when I dropped in to see Grace on a sunny, brisk, autumn morning. She looked pale and sorrowful, and was sewing

intently, though her eye was ever ready to glance at the open book before her. It was Tasso. It so happened that I piqued myself on a practical knowledge of Italian, having studied it under very favorable circumstances in early youth. There was also a large class in my school which advanced with such marked success as to add material distinction to the establishment.

It was impossible to do less than to congratulate Miss Ellerslie on her acquaintance with that beautiful tongue. She at once disclaimed any considerable proficiency in the language, but she had been led to revive her partial familiarity with a study, over which she had once spent many happy hours, by having listened to the conversation of a bevy of my pupils who had been in the shop a few days previously. It irritated her ambition when she fell too far into the background. She said this smiling, but the quick tears gathered in her eyes, and to conceal them she carried a parcel across the room.

The hot blood tingled in my cheeks when I was certain that she knew me, an agreeable fact which no intimations by word or manner had before confirmed. I invited her to join my class, and offered to fix an hour for recitation which would enable her to do so. But there was no time during the day when she could be absent, and besides—she blushed and left the sentence unfinished. It was evident that she must not even incur the slight expenses of such an arrangement. After a moment's embarrassing hesitation I made a plunge.

"I am never surfeited with Italian, and if you will allow me, Miss Ellerslie, it would give me the greatest pleasure to read with you at any hour which may suit your convenience. As you already know me by reputation, I trust my offer will not seem over bold, and that you will accept it as freely as it has been made."

Her eyes sparkled with delight as she gave me permission to call on my return from school, when I should receive her father's decision respecting the proposed arrangement. On being introduced to Mr. Ellerslie, he said that he should be very glad to have Grace amuse herself with her books once more, that he had in vain endeavored to persuade her to resume her old employments, and that he feared she was losing her taste for the elegant pursuits which had formerly been her pride and enjoyment. The simplicity of his decayed intellect was pitiful. I felt my lip quiver, while Grace hardly restrained her emotion. The poor girl was indeed bearing life's burden alone.

The unromantic hour of 8½ A. M., on alternate days, was appointed for the Italian, and

Mr. Ellerslie always sat by the small stove in the corner, or stood looking abstractedly into the street during the reading. It was a very short time and admitted no by-play, especially as Grace was prepared to fill every moment with its legitimate employment. In a little while one half of these precious thirty minutes was devoted to conversation, and never did a forlorn or hopeful lover strive to conquer an obstinate rhythm as did I to make our Italian subservient to our use. The parrot phrases of text-books were discarded, and our usual thoughts were compelled to seek expression in a language, which, thanks to much study, soon became as flexible as could be desired. Thus we talked of books and flowers and pictures, and as our familiarity increased, of more personal matters, of everything indeed but that of which our hearts were the fullest.

My year was almost ended, when I called for Grace on a Sunday morning, according to previous arrangement, and accompanied her to church. It was the first time for various reasons that I had ventured on such a step. She was handsomely attired in a suit which had certainly belonged to more prosperous times, and which fashion had not yet condemned. I shall never forget how beautiful she looked that day. I read with her from the same prayer-book, and listened to the same sermon, but if her thoughts did not rise higher from the earth than mine, her devotion had no wings. We took a very long way homeward through elegant, shaded streets, and past lovely gardens, and before the walk was ended, we had both said words whose sweetness can only be tasted once in its prime, words which placed her little hand within my arm, and which opened up to us a future as bright as ever two young, loving hearts looked into. I was to be her protector henceforth, and I was strong and not without resources.

The partial indisposition of Mr. Ellerslie on the succeeding days, prevented the formal application for his daughter's hand, which was to have been made. Grace and I were doubly busy with our respective duties. I could only see her by snatches, but it was enough for me that she was recovering that bright hopefulness which must have belonged to her better days. What they had been I did not know, and never inquired. She was alone, and I was alone, and our future was independent of any modification by antecedents, therefore it was but wasted time to discuss them. My school closed, and I was forced to leave town immediately, in order to fulfil an engagement which had been made for the vacation with some advantageous prospects. Still Mr. Ellerslie continued invisible, and Grace

and I parted after I had slipped half my salary into her hand, never staying to hear her thanks or refusal. I wrote frequently to Grace, but was not able to make any arrangement that would bring certain replies, as I drifted from city to city impelled by circumstances which could not be foreseen. Only one little note, in elegant Italian, reached me, which contained no news.

At the end of two months, with indescribable impatience, I made my way back to Hartgate, and being confident of the countenance of several ladies of great wealth and high position, whose partial favor toward me had evidenced every token of sincerity, I was absorbed with a plan which should ensure to Grace ease and leisure until her life's home could be prepared to receive her. Did you ever fall from heaven to earth, from secure bliss to harrowing uncertainties and fears? Then your sympathy will be accorded me.

Scarcely waiting an instant at the Station House to shake off a thick coating of dust, which, disguised both complexion and apparel, I made my impetuous way up Fleming street. It was the last seething hot day of summer. The sidewalk swarmed with motley groups, a few well dressed strollers, sweltering laborers, dirty and sportive children; noise, and bustling, and dust, and flies, and intolerable sunshine. "Grace, Grace, how have you lived?" was my involuntary exclamation, as I paused at the door, and instinctively pulled at a shocking collar and cravat. But what a change! The threshold and window were besmeared with stains, abominable odors of hot fat and smoked herring rushed in my face, and the stunning effects of parental discipline made all ring again. I darted backward into the street, and being assured that I had not mistaken the number nor the spot, entered once more the repulsive apartment. It had become debased to the uses of the most paltry of pastry cooks. The show-case was broken, and the flies and wasps gorged themselves on unctuous cakes and adhesive sugar, or elsewhere met their fate in jugs of lukewarm beer or thin treacle. In expectation of a customer, a fat, good-natured woman made her appearance. Not many or irrelevant were the words which disclosed my errand. "La! are you Mr. Rowland? Well, I'm dreadful sorry, but I had a letter for you, and to make all sure and no mistake, I put it on the manteltree-piece in my best vase where I keeps my ear-rings, but he who never minds women's trumpery, as he calls 'em, tore it up for a pipe lighter afore I had a chance to know it, and so that's gone."

"But where are Mr. and Miss Ellerslie?"

"He died of the hot weather, and so on. There was a dreadful thunder-storm that night, and Miss called me in to help—I lived in the alley just back o' here—and I shan't soon forget how wet I got, for I must needs put on my barege gown, they being rather high sort o' people, and——"

"What has become of Miss Ellerslie?" exclaimed I, in an agony of impatience. It is folly to narrate the tedious rigmarole which informed me slowly and imperfectly enough, that not long before Mr. Ellerslie's death, a respectable gentleman, who had highly recommended himself to the class of people forming the immediate neighborhood by a lavish expenditure of gold, arrived, and that immediately on the occurrence of that event he departed, taking with him the relics of the deceased and Grace. But it was not known whence he came, or whither he went. No one recollected if his residence had been mentioned, much less any farther particulars. Neither had the direction of the train which bore him from the city been remembered, even if it had been known. My own feelings were such as might be expected, as during the following week I exhausted every means of information relative to Grace without any consistent results. It was not very encouraging to learn from one person that he had travelled eastward, and to be confidently assured by another that the opposite course had been taken. Waiting, that most dreadful of all alternatives in some cases, was alone left me, while discursive conjectures, now harrowing and again hopeful, according to my mood, busied my weary brain. The past was my only trust, but it brought nothing to the purpose, and indeed contributed to make matters still more unpromising.

To remain in Hartgate seemed my best and only course, if I would be within surest reach of the least sign of the existence and locality of my lost one, and even this poor hope was to be torn from me by an event which it was inexcusable folly and improvidence to contravene. A communication arrived from New York, purporting to be from a former friend of my father, who had incidentally become acquainted with my ambitious desire to prosecute my legal studies, and with the embarrassments which impeded my advance. He was himself a lawyer, possessing a highly respectable business, but desirous, on account of approaching age, to find relief from the more laborious duties of his office. He was pleased to allude to the favorable estimation in which he had been induced to consider me, not only in consequence of personal

encomium, but because of my descent from the most excellent of men, and he was obligingly confident, that in case I was disposed to make the trial, there would be no cause of dissatisfaction on his part. He desired I would inform him by letter if I would be in New York on a certain day, and meet him in a specified corner of Taylor's Saloon, where all preliminaries should at once be settled and an arrangement negotiated.

I was not insensible to the consideration—that so favorable an offer might not be repeated in a life-time, and that not even my devotion to Miss Ellerslie's fortune should deter me from entering a direct and certain avenue to reputable emolument, by which, in time, I might reasonably hope to benefit her, if it were not madness to expect ever to cross her pathway again. A more disinterested motive referring to my whilom chum influenced me. He was a clever, good-natured, luckless fellow, who never essayed to raise his foot until some one told him where to put it down. Having been the genius and wit of his class, he had entered life buoyed up by no ordinary inflation, expecting to sail high above those rough and disagreeable obstacles which must be laboriously surmounted by grosser spirits, but a year's profitless practicing had nearly starved the inspiration out of him, and he was only too glad to take the place which I was about to vacate. I confided to him the particulars of my romance, and solemnly charged him to watch over its interests, a service he cheerfully assumed. It then occurred to me that it was indispensable duty and caution on my part, which had everything to do with his success in a novel position, to exhort him to restrain his rhyming tendencies, and that concealing his facetiousness and sentiment, he should appear to his scholars and their lynx-eyed guardians as a mere linguistic, mathematical and philosophical abstraction, and that in other particulars he should practice certain trifling reforms.

"And find compensation by falling in love with a pretty, episodic shop girl, who comes out of the mist to go into the darkness. I cherish your counsels and mark your example, oh, Solomon," returned my friend, and giving me a final hand grasp, left me to go my way.

Punctually to a minute I was at the appointed rendezvous, and Mr. Worth, my benefactor, being equally ready, we advanced to the particularized spot at the same instant. My promptness evidently gratified him, and seizing me by the hand he scrutinized me from head to foot, while he conducted the usual conventional inquiries, and

seemed to discover nothing which displeased him, or disappointed his expectations. My own observation was likewise satisfactory.

My new friend had past middle-age, but was still hale and vigorous, and bore about his person every mark of prosperity. That neither success nor the world had spoiled him was sufficiently demonstrated by the benignity of his handsome countenance, and by a gentle and manly consideration for the minor points of my welfare, which so quickly touch a lonely and troubled heart. When he found on inquiry that I had but just arrived in the city, and that my appointment had not left me time to dine, he smilingly ordered a profuse and delicate repast, and caressing his gold-headed cane entered at once on the business in hand. Before the viands were disposed of, we had arrived at a full understanding respecting our mutual wishes and intentions. Mr. Worth made stipulations which at once ensured me, in conjunction with the practice of the economic virtues, an honorable independence. I had every reason for self-congratulation on my business prospects. It only remained for me to prove that I could deserve good fortune.

A year passed away in arduous and successful study without any event deserving remark, save that it was unchangeably overshadowed by my profound ignorance of the welfare of Grace. In vain I wrote to my chum at Hartgate; in vain, to ease the indescribable restlessness which would occasionally seize me, I journeyed thither in person. No one sinking in mid-ocean ever left so little trace behind him, as had Grace on her departure from Hartgate. My cogitations were not enviable. Had she forgotten me, or was she in the power of a wealthy and haughty relative or friend, who had taught or compelled her to renounce an alliance with a young man who possessed little save unbounded hope and a strong will? Why else did she give me no sign or token? Had she been waiting for an answer to that letter so unfortunately and hopelessly destroyed? Could she have made conditions there on which depended our fate, and given me up because I was silent? Last, but greatest of all, was she happy? These, with multitudinous kindred thoughts, feverishly wrought in my dreams by day and in the visions of the night. Sleeplessness often made me pale and haggard, and my patron cautioned me against too often trimming the midnight lamp, but anxiety quickened my intellect, and I was able at the worst to bend it to severe labor.

As has been said, a year had past. It was on a gloomy autumn evening that I lingered in the deserted office. The wind soughed through the

court, and wailed past the great windows, but a stronger cry rose from my deepest heart. Never before had I been so utterly miserable. Mr. Worth had that day been unusually kind, had spoken words of the highest approval, and made proposals which I had no reason to expect even from his partiality. But to what end was I living and toiling? The young heart cannot ask another question so bitter, when it listens vainly for a reply. A conviction of duty would not permit of my deviating from the course of life marked out for me; but the dearest hope had died within me, and it did not seem wrong to employ an occasional twilight in sighing a requiem.

On that evening, to my surprise, Mr. Worth entered the office. He usually went up town at an early hour.

"I just met our boy on Broadway," he remarked, "who told me that you were here, and that you had a grim way of amusing yourself after the rest of us are gone. Now that boy is as afraid of the dark as he is of Apollyon, and his superstition is affected by your late and solitary contemplation in this gloomy place. He suspects ghosts, and I know not what beside, and has confided to me his opinion that all is not right with you. I couldn't believe you were here. 'Tisn't a place to be merry in, and it injures your spirits, and in turn your health, to grow moody. You are overworked. Ah, take care!" Mr. Worth had stumbled against a stool in the uncertain light. "You must seek amusement. Go to the theatre, it won't hurt you. Young folks should be merry."

I said some despairing, mournful words which would not be repressed, and Mr. Worth was my best friend.

"Trouble, eh? Not the hyp, as I was afraid. We can manage a case that has point and substance. Tell me what it is, my boy, and we'll see what can be done."

His gentle hand rested on my bowed head, and his kindly voice rung in my ear, and it was no wonder that I opened my heart and told him my short and sad history.

"It doesn't look very encouraging," he replied, in his cheery way. "I'm sorry you are disposed to brood over this trouble. I was in love once but got over it, and so should you. I wish I could see a way to help you. At any rate, you should make the best of it. If she can't be found, you must learn to resign her, and for your comfort the sooner the better. I regret, my dear boy, that your thoughts are thus pre-occupied, for I had certain intentions in your behalf. I have a niece as beautiful, I dare

say, as your lost fancy, and I have been saving her for the best fellow I know. She is a pearl, my boy, and it is my chief wish to see her your wife."

"I beg your pardon," I instantly cried, "but I cannot marry her."

"Not at present," he returned, "not while your regrets are so vivid, but in time you will think differently."

I almost despised the man who made this cool calculation, and fearlessly exclaimed at any risks, "My dear sir, as I have not the honor of an acquaintance with your niece, and as consequently my declaration cannot be accused of offensive personality, I must be permitted to say emphatically that I cannot accept the connection you propose, and shall not. My reasons you know."

I paused shocked at my boldness, fully expecting to be set unceremoniously adrift upon the world. But Mr. Worth quietly remarked that he was sorry to find me so positive, and yet he could appreciate constancy and decision. However, if he must give up his darling project, he would try to do so cheerfully, but still could not willingly see me sacrifice myself to a sentiment, dear as it might be to me, and added his recommendation that I should go into society. He would introduce me, and he begged I would not suffer any embarrassment arising from the premature and unguarded disclosure of his wishes to deter me from coming to his house, and finally requested that I would not refuse him permission to send his carriage for me that very evening. He expressed regret that he had been so dilatory in offering me his hospitality. I could not repulse his friendship, and besides it would be an event in my retired life to spend an hour in his handsome residence, the fame of which shed its glories over our office; and as for the niece, my thoughts were too greatly engrossed to suffer the slightest discomposure from the fairest lady in the universe were she not my Grace.

The luxurious carriage ceased its heavy roll before a superb mansion towering upward through the gloom of night in indistinct and grand proportions. Mr. Worth met me at the threshold, and conducted me to a spacious drawing-room filled with miracles of upholstery and art. My host immediately excused himself, and I sunk down upon the silken cushions, and was busy during his absence drinking in the beauty which surrounded me, tracing the delicate harmonies of form and tint, and noting how they successfully combined to form a distinguished and pleasing result. My eye roved listlessly about,

and was caught at last by the figure of a beautiful woman who stood hesitating in the doorway. I somewhat absently noted the fine effect of her lustrous silk against her fair complexion, when quicker than flashing light every pulse stopped beating, then hurried so tumultuously that I could not think. I sprung to my feet and rushed to the door with outstretched arms. "Grace, my lost Grace!" and the dear one hid her smiles, and tears, and blushes on my heart.

How long we stood there I cannot tell, but the trance was broken by a stern voice which said, "No familiarities, if you please, sir. You have formally declined the hand of my niece, and I wish your conduct to be in keeping with your positive asseverations."

Grace, startled and bewildered by what she had heard, sprung from my arms and stood by her uncle.

"That's right, girl, have some spirit," said Mr. Worth, while his laughter echoed through the house.

"I have changed my intention," replied I, too happy to be abashed, and, approaching Grace, led her to a seat beside me.

Then succeeded explanations. Mr. Ellerslie had married the sister of Mr. Worth, and lived for many years in the enjoyment of wealth and

prosperity. The sad day came when his wife died, and his riches departed from him by a series of unfortunate and aggravating events. He was too proud to bear the humiliation of poverty and dependence among his former equals, and he accordingly hid himself in Hartgate. His caution baffled search, and not till he saw that his immediate dissolution was certain, did he send for his brother-in-law, to whom he desired to entrust his daughter.

"Then I am indebted to Grace for your unequalled kindness," said I, to Mr. Worth, as I clasped the hand of his niece.

"Yes, but I presume you are not ready to thank me for concealing her a twelvemonth. I did it only to ascertain what stuff you were made of, and if you had not proved yourself a true man, you should never have seen her."

Grace shuddered at the thought of this horrible possibility; and if it was my good deeds which saved me, never did a human being experience a deeper consciousness of the blessed results of well doing than I at that moment.

In a few months I entered the bar, and on the same day formed a business co-partnership with my esteemed friend, Mr. Worth, and the next week I was married.

TO A ROBIN.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Sing, sing! joyous bird, in the bright morning sun,
Sing, for the reign of stern Winter is done;
Pour forth all thy gladness in strains wild and free,
And I will rejoice in the Spring-time with thee.
My own heart like thine, joyous bird, has been chilled,
My song like thine own has been saddened and stilled,
But now we together in concert will sing
A thanksgiving song for the coming of Spring.
Up, up! through the sunlight, sweet warbler, mount high,
And carol thy praises in fields of the sky!

Oh! could I but soar through the azure with thee,
On pinions as buoyant, as happy and free.
Human passions disturb not thy innocent breast,
Nor cares such as ours thy spirits oppress,
Cold friends never wound thee, nor false ones deceive,
Then sing, happy bird, and leave mortals to grieve.
Thou hast gone from my sight, pretty creature of air,
And hast wiled from my heart half its dull weight of care;
Thanks, thanks to His goodness who taught thee to sing
That free, happy strain, sweetest warbler of Spring.

OLD SONGS.

BY MISS ELIZABETH MILLER.

Sing me the songs I used to love,
In other, happier days;
My thoughts return, how'er they rove,
To those sweet, olden lays.
Though some, that oft with us of old
Have sung these ballads o'er,
Lie still and cold, beneath the mould,
And join our songs no more.

Yet sing them once again, sweet friend,
Those songs we loved to hear;
And then, perchance, with them may blend
Lost tones of pleasant cheer.
Oh! if 'tis true, as some declare,
The angels guard our way
With loving care, those friends so fair
May join our song to-day.

PRIDE AND PRINCIPLE.

BY B. SIMON BARRETT.

I WAS returning home after an absence of eight years; returning to the home of my childhood. The lumbering coach that bore me rapidly along, was already entering the little village where I was born, where I had received the first important principles of an education, where I had sported many a happy childhood's hour, and where I had first learned to love.

Yes, to love the prettiest, merriest, and proudest maiden in all the village—"not wisely, but too well." She rejected my suit; she had higher aspirations. It was true she liked me very well—it might be, loved me, but—I was not rich; and she was proud and haughty, as well as beautiful. Yet she was, indeed, kind and charitable; she did not reject my offer disdainfully; but seemed to study some method by which her irrevocable reply might give me no pain.

I did not question her motives; I knew them too well, and then and there I resolved that if health should be spared me, I would depart at once from my native village, and some day return a wealthy man—not again to urge my suit, not even to claim her as a friend or acquaintance, unless it should be her express desire; for I too had a proud spirit, and could never condescend to plead with a woman.

All these thoughts passed rapidly through my mind as I neared my father's cottage; and I rejoiced to think that in part my purpose had been accomplished. I was rich; rich even beyond the fastidious requisitions of Isabel Hayne; richer than her father had ever been; and yet my stern resolve had seen no change.

I met my father, now silver-haired with age. My mother had been lying in her silent, narrow home for nearly two years. My sister, my only sister, whom I fondly hoped to meet, was married, and had gone to a distant place to dwell. The spirit of change had breathed upon every dear and familiar object. The houses, the fences were mouldering away. I met the companions of my youth, who welcomed me back with smiles which seemed the distorted mockery of the smiles that lit up their happy faces in my boyhood's days. They were growing old.

Yet some seemed apparently no older than when I had seen them eight years before.

I did not meet Miss Hayne; nor did I even inquire about her. She had probably gone away; or, what was quite as probable, her father might have become so wealthy that she no longer moved in the village society. Perhaps she was married, and was living in some other place. What was she to me that I should spend a thought in speculation as to the cause of her invisibility? And yet I could not efface her image from my mind. If ever in distant lands I had succeeded in my efforts to banish her from my memory, I could not do so now. The association of home and familiar scenes brought back the recollection of happy days, and her name—her form, just as she appeared to me then—was indispensably necessary to complete the picture which fancy painted me.

There was a social gathering at a friend's, but she was not there. Why should I look so anxiously about, hoping and yet fearing to encounter her beautiful face? Why could I not forget her at once, and forever?

Some one mentioned her name. "Why was she not there?"

"She does not go out now since their misfortune."

"What a pity! Poor Hayne! They say that she supports him by teaching."

"Yes; she is engaged in the district just beyond the village. It will be a severe and humiliating lesson to her; she was very proud."

I must confess I was interested, and desired to know more, much more; but I asked no question; I could not forget the past.

Not long after this I learned that the Hayne estate, which had passed into the hands of some Eastern speculator, was again for sale. I purchased it, having no definite purpose in view, unless it was the thought that it would make a comfortable residence for my father in his declining years, since his own cottage was fast going to decay. I at once set about repairing the large mansion on the Hayne farm, for that too had felt the mouldering touch of time; and for that purpose I frequently drove out to watch and direct the operations of the laborers.

I was one day driving leisurely along, when I espied at some distance before me an old man, bent with age, and groping his tedious way along

the road. Presently he sat down by the roadside to rest, and when I came up I offered him a seat in the buggy.

"Never mind," he said, "it is only a little way that I have to go; just to yonder school-house on the hill-top. I go there sometimes when the days are pleasant like this, to meet my daughter and accompany her home from school. She is the teacher, you know."

I disregarded his refusal of my offer, and sprang out of the carriage, extending him my hand to assist him to a seat, as though I thought it a matter of course that he would ride.

"Well, well; since you wish it, I will go with you. There are not many that are kind to the old man now. I am not what I was six years ago: I was a rich man then—very rich; but speculation did the mischief. See yonder house, just beyond the school; it was mine. Ah! it was a happy home, but it can never be mine again."

And thus he babbled on; for the infirmities of age, prematurely induced by his misfortunes, had rendered him garrulous. He was indeed changed; for among all I had seen since my return home, not one had grown so old as he. He did not recognize me; and as I drove slowly along, very slowly—for he said many things that were interesting to me—I learned more of his circumstances, and of the sacrifices, concessions, efforts and filial affection of his daughter Isabel—the name affected me, I will confess it—than I had previously ascertained.

I had often passed the school-house, as it was directly on my way to the farm, but had never before caught a sight of the fair teacher. As we now approached, I observed the scholars rushing from the door, and before we drove up, she, herself, emerged and stood before us.

"Ah, Isabel, this kind gentleman urged me to ride in his carriage, and I want you to thank him in my behalf, because you do not know how much it has rested me."

If I had remained unrecognized by the father, I could not escape the searching glance of the daughter. Her quickly changing color indicated at once that she knew, or at least suspected who I was. I turned around my carriage, sprang out and offered to assist her in, saying,

"Permit me, Miss Hayne—your father is fatigued, and I will drive you to your home—I shall have ample time to attend to my other business afterward."

She stammered some excuse; but I insisted upon her riding, and had the satisfaction of seeing her yield.

For a moment I gave myself up to the happy

memories of the past. I was again beside the only being I had ever loved; I felt the rustle of her dress against my hand, and notwithstanding my exterior coldness and assumed formality, I could not suppress the tumult within.

Isabel was little changed; but changed much for the better. The haughty belle had become the beautiful Madonna. She was pensive, sad. But little was said during our homeward drive, except that which was uttered by the talkative old gentleman. Isabel said nothing. What a strange meeting!—had I been an entire stranger, as Mr. Hayne supposed me, it could scarcely have been different. She did, indeed, smile when I lifted her from the buggy; then lisped, "Thank you;" then blushed; then paled again. Mr. Hayne cordially invited me to revisit their humble cottage, and solicited the honor of knowing my name.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed; "is this indeed our old friend Temple's son? and returned rich too, they say. God grant you may make good use of your money; but be warned by an old man and make no rash venture. Here, Isabel, daughter! Did you not know this gentleman? This is Harry Temple. You surely cannot have forgotten him."

"I scarcely recognized him," she replied, somewhat confused, as she returned from the cottage to lead her invalid father into the house. "I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you here again, Mr. Temple."

It was the same sweet voice as of old, tempered by charity, humility, and affliction; and softened by the influence of religion and filial affection.

I pondered well the circumstances. Should I yield to the yearnings of my heart? Should I again offer my hand, perhaps to be repulsed? Perhaps she would not, a second time, reject my offer. I was now rich, and she poor. It would be no sacrifice of principle on my part to offer to wed the poor school-teacher, although I had determined never to renew my suit with the wealthy heiress. It might have been destiny that decided her to reject my first offer; for had she not done so, I never would have left home and friends to wander in foreign climes in pursuit of wealth. I might at this very day have been groveling in abject poverty, I would have been utterly unable to restore the old man and his daughter to their old homestead, as I now fondly hoped to do. Yes, indeed; pride was conquered, and the principle which had never been quite extinguished within me, but against which I had battled with might for eight years, at length triumphed.

I visited their cottage repeatedly, and assured myself that the change in Isabel's character, disposition and manner was deep and radical. She no longer had high aspirations; her only thought was the comfort of her doting old father.

At length I offered my hand again, and this time I felt no scruples about urging my suit, since matters occupied quite a different position from that of former years.

I cannot tell you how happy I was when I pressed her to my bosom, and knew that she was to be mine. If I had loved her in her pride, and desired to make her my wife, how much more I loved her now in her humility when I knew that I could protect her, and restore her and her dear, old father to their home again! I was indeed happy when I saw her shed such copious tears of joy. Ah, thought I, this retaliation, this happiness for unhappiness is sweet both to the donor and the recipient.

THE SONG OF THE SNOW.

BY HELEN M. EARLE.

Down, down,
From the far blue sky,
On the wings of the wind
As it glideth by;
We come to change
Earth's sombre gown
Of russet brown
For one more strange,
More beautiful far,
In a robe of white
She'll be decked to-night,
And gems shall rest
On her spotless breast,
That in splendor would rival a star,
In this gorgeous array
At break of day,
The rising sun
His rays shall fling
O'er the lovely bride
Of the Winter King.

But little ye think who dwell below,
As ye watch the snow,
And little ye know

Of the changes and places we've wandered through,
Ere in such fair form
We come to you.

Our native home
Was the ocean's foam,
And 'mid coral groves and jeweled caves
Way down where the fathomless ocean laves
The walls of our beauteous dome,
We chased the mermaid, and followed the sprite
By the path of light
That marked their way through the deep;
Or perchance in repose,
At the bright day's close,
We would gaze at the Queen of the Night;
Careering in blue
With her retinue
Of stars so gorgeously fair,
And sometimes we would weep
As we thought of the places far, far on high,
A way through the ocean of air,
That could only be viewed by immortal eye.

But this same beauteous Queen
(Quite sincerely, I ween,)

Beckoned always "to come up on high,"

And a fair tale she told
Of the things she'd unfold
When we came to the far distant sky.

With this plausible tale
She would always assail,
Till at length one bright even
Up toward the blue Heaven

We rose on the wings of the wind,
And when evening's first star
Shone out from afar,
Old ocean was far, far behind.

But fair Luna that night
Gleamed not on our sight,
Velled in clouds was her beautiful face;
And we wandered in fear
Through the dark, chilly air,

Till we entered some dismal cold place;
And ere we were aware
Of the deeply laid snare,

Boreas his cold robe did throw
Around us, and o'er us,
Behind us, before us,

And changed one and all into snow;
When the morning's first light
Next broke on our sight,
Delighted we gazed on our fair robes of white,

We went dancing at will
Through bright regions as still
As the moonbeams that shine through the soft Summer
night.

Now we're journeying home
From the sky's fair blue dome—
The earth we'll adorn
For her bridal morn

In a robe of the loveliest sheen;
Then quietly, peacefully sinking to rest,
We'll wake up the flowers asleep in her breast—
The Crocus—the Snow-drop—the Primrose of gold—
The Hyacinth—all their fair leaves shall unfold;

And soon night's fair Queen—
When the Spring cometh on
With its soft, balmy hours,
From her throne shall look down
On the earth, clad in flowers.

CATHARINE LINCOLN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116.

CHAPTER XIII.

A YEAR had passed, a long, terrible year, whose records were better left to perish, silently.

The early summer brightened once again over the old house, and, as of yore, May Lincoln sat on the vine-wreathed terrace, and watched the sun go down behind its temple aisles of blue and gold. She was changed—almost sixteen now—poor little May—grown womanly and tall, with a sort of anxious shadow dimming the tranquil beauty of her face. She was looking down the long avenue dreamily and still, and saw Robert Lincoln riding toward the house.

"May, dear May! I have not seen you in such an age; oh, how you are grown, May! you look pale too."

"You almost frightened me, Robert, that is all."

"But you are glad to see me—say that you are glad?"

"Always, Robert, always!"

"And Mrs. Davenant, she is well? Have you seen your guardian lately?"

"Not for several weeks. I am expecting him and—"

She broke off with a little shiver, growing red and pale.

"You certainly are not well, May! They leave you here too much alone, you ought to have more society."

"Oh, I don't mind; I like the quiet, I am used to it you know."

"But you were not used to wear that dreary sort of look—I don't like it—something is the matter, May."

"When I tell you no, Robert! But come into the house, Mrs. Davenant will be delighted to see you back."

"Not just yet, May—come down to the arbor with me first—don't you remember the last time we sat there, when I read you Walter Seaford's poems?"

She started, drew a little back, looking at him with an eager, inquiring expression.

"Don't you remember?"

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"Oh, yes, yes—it is so long ago."

"Then you have missed me—thanks for that."

He took her hand and led her gently down the steps toward the arbor, where they had sat that pleasant summer evening, which seemed to May so far back in the past.

May was not looking at her companion, or she might have seen that he had put off the usual gaiety which made his face so buoyant and light-hearted, seemed serious, almost sad.

"I like so much to find myself here once more," he said, looking around, "after all, this seems to me the only happy valley."

May smiled, growing glad again as she looked in his face and met the glance of those clear, honest eyes.

"Now you look like yourself; I know you once more."

"Did you fancy me changed?"

"Changed—that dreadful word! No, I could never fancy that! Oh, May, not that! See, I want to talk to you, I came here on purpose."

"What do you mean, Robert? It is you who look serious!"

"I was thinking how happy we had been here."

"And did that make you serious?"

"No, no! But I remember that we had left all that far behind—you are almost a woman now."

"I am sorry, Robert, I wish we could be children again, there never will be any happiness like that."

"But there will, May, if you choose to seek it! I don't want to be a child again—I am glad that you are grown up; there is something I have wanted to say to you for such a long, long time, and I never could!"

A womanly consciousness came over her, she looked down, blushing, but happy, forgetful of everything in the pleasant sound of his voice.

"I love you, May, and I think you love me; we are both very young yet, but I want your promise, that as soon as your guardian will consent, you will marry me."

Those words broke the spell—May snatched away the hands which he had been holding, looked into his face with a frightened gaze, striving in vain to speak.

"May, May, what ails you? You are not angry—you do love me—say that this does not come from the thought of being my wife."

She dropped her poor head upon the rustic bench, and hid her face with a burst of low weeping.

"I can't, I can't!" she moaned; "oh, Robert, I am married already!"

He regarded her in incredulous astonishment, but she still concealed her face in her shining hair, weeping silently as before.

"You must be crazy, May; don't talk such nonsense! I could not jest about a thing like that."

"Jest! Does it look as if I were jesting?" She threw back her hair and raised her head, "I tell you that I am married, Robert."

He grew pale and sick, there was that in her face which made him feel that something terrible had happened, but his clear, acute sense refused to credit the tale he had just heard.

"Tell me all about it, May, I must understand everything."

"Do not ask me, I can tell you nothing! I have already broken my word in saying this," she answered, sobbing again.

"I tell you what it is, May Lincoln," exclaimed Robert, flushing with indignation, "if you don't tell me, word for word, all about this confounded mystery, I'll make it worse for those who have brought this on you! Now you are not married. Don't tell me that, for I won't believe it, you have taken an oath or some such thing, but that is all."

"I tell you, Robert, that I am married!"

He sprang up, as if he would have stood between her and some great danger, while his truthful face flushed and paled between a stern indignation and a great sorrow.

"To whom, May, to whom?"

"You must ask nothing more!"

"Don't be silly, I will know everything! Is it your guardian—Jeffrys, has he dared?"

"No, no, not he!"

"Who then, tell me, I will know! Where is he? When were you married?"

May only shook her head in answer to his rapid questions.

"I'll find out some way of getting to the bottom of this affair," he exclaimed, rushing out of the arbor, "I will, by heaven!"

"Stop, Robert, stop—come back—do, oh, do!"

He paused at the wild entreaty in her voice, returned and sat down by her again.

"Then tell me all about it! Does Mr. Jeffrys know of it?"

"I will not say another word until you promise me to do nothing—never even to speak of it to any human being until I have given you permission."

"I promise—yes—who, who?"

"Do you remember those poems that we read?"

"It is Walter Seaford—great heaven!"

"Don't grieve, Robert! I didn't know—I hardly understood—it is a year ago—I was so young! We were married, and then he went away, I have never seen him since."

"Where is he now?"

"I do not even know—he has not once written! Oh, Robert, pity me!"

"Do you love him, May?"

"I have only seen him once or twice! I did not feel unwilling—I did not think much about it until lately, and now——"

She bowed her head for a moment, and the hot tears poured scalding upon Robert's hands.

"Don't cry, May, something can be done! Perhaps the marriage was not legal?"

"I have seen the certificate—I know the clergyman's name."

"Curse them!—I see it all—it was for the money—it was your fortune tempted them."

"Not my guardian—oh, no—I will never believe it! He thought that Mr. Seaford loved me, I know he did."

Robert shook his head.

"You are so innocent, so unsuspecting; poor little May! Oh! God will punish them for this crime, if it be out of the power of man. But there is a way—there must be—you were so young——"

"I will do nothing, Robert, nothing! Perhaps he will never come back."

"And you will wear out your youth awaiting his return! No, by heaven, that you shall not do! I cannot think yet, my head will be clearer by and by—there is some plot and treachery here."

"None, none! My guardian thought Seaford loved me—it may be that he believed so himself."

"May, you drive me frantic! I don't know what thing—what to do. Heaven help me, I am very, very wretched!"

There was a sudden noise of wheels, and May sprang up looking toward the house which was visible, though the arbor itself was hidden from view.

"It is my guardian—it is Mr. Jeffrys."

"I can't see him—I should tear his heart out on the spot! Good bye, May, I will come again, kiss me once, just once, at least I can be your brother still!"

She felt his arms tighten about her waist, the touch of his lips warm upon her cheek, and he was gone.

The next thing she heard was her own name several times pronounced, it was her guardian's voice. She tried to move forward, but before she could leave the arbor, Mr. Jeffrys entered it, pale and convulsed with some strong emotion.

"Come with me, May, quick!"

"What has happened—what is it?"

"Your husband is in America!"

She fell down with a cry.

"This is no time for tears or words, May, you must go."

"To him—go to him?"

"Only for a few moments—go to curse—to hate him as I do—yes, as I do!"

"I cannot move—I shall die, oh, I shall die!"

He raised her up, helped her toward the house.

"Your bonnet—a shawl—anything! We have only time for the train—be quick!"

"He here—here!"

"Yes, and—but hasten! We will see who shall conquer—only come, May, come!"

CHAPTER XIV.

We must go back to other characters in our story, and events which transpired a few weeks previous to those related in the last chapter.

Catharine Lincoln had returned to Paris at the close of that year which we left without record. She had been for many months in the north of Europe—she felt a sense of relief in the companionship of nature and the awful solitude of those mountain passes. How the days dragged on perhaps she herself could hardly have told. For a season she was ill, watched and tended by her faithful Janet, the companion of her wanderings. At length her very misery forced her into action, and once more she took up her pen. Even in that hour she did not once pray for death, believing that the time would come when for the sake of him she had so loved her life would be valuable. Not that she dreamed of happiness—the thought was resolutely put away, and could no more have found a resting-place in her upright heart than the premeditation of a great crime, but there might be a day when he would have need of her, and she must live on. Whither Seaford had gone she knew

not—there had been no communication between them since that parting in the valley of Chamouni—but she felt that he was yet alive, maddened perhaps and desperate beneath the long night through which she still looked up to heaven, though no star broke the impenetrable darkness which enveloped her.

He was living still, that she knew. Was he with May? No, that she felt to be impossible, then she remembered all that the child herself might be enduring—her little May, whom she had prayed to and blessed as an angel in heaven! Even her she could not seek—there was a barrier between them impassable as that which separated her from Seaford. There was no help, no hope, nothing only to endure, to bear on unto the end and trust in the mercy of God.

The days passed in her northern dwelling; she was not waiting or expecting anything, but she felt that the end was not yet, she was to meet Seaford once more; how or when she knew not, but she was to look upon his face again this side eternity.

The year ended, and she returned to Paris, not for herself, but to make some settlements for her faithful Janet, in case that her own death should occur unexpectedly.

One evening she felt unusually depressed, and a strange sort of anxiety came over her, for which she was unable to account. She could almost have believed that something was about to happen; formerly those presentiments had never failed to be the premonition of some ill tidings, but what could occur now—even death to herself or the one afar could have nothing of terror in it.

As she sat there the door opened, and a visitor entered. Janet was out, and Catharine had not even given orders to deny callers, believing that her arrival in Paris was unknown to her acquaintances. She looked up, not even surprised or moving from her seat—nothing startled her now.

She recognized the intruder—it was Duval.

"Are you surprised to see me, Mrs. Graham?" he said, advancing toward her.

"No," and she motioned him to a seat; "I believe almost I was expecting you."

"I meant you to be so."

"Then you still exercise your inexplicable power over the minds of all whom you approach?"

"Even more than formerly!" He brushed his hair back from his veined forehead, and fastened his burning eyes upon her face. "You are troubled to-night! You do not know the cause?"

"There can be none—nothing can trouble me now."

"One thing might."

"What do you mean? What have you heard?"

"Where is Seaford?"

"That is it! he is ill."

"I believe it," returned Duval.

"But I do not know where he is!"

"America—he sailed not long since."

"I must go too—I will leave to-morrow."

"You are right—I came for that—farewell!"

He left the room. Catharine hardly perceived his absence, she only knew that the time had come. Stronger ever came back that strange thrill! She knew what it portended—it was a warning—Seaford had need of her!

Catharine trusted so implicitly to that presentiment and to Duval's words, that on the morrow she sailed, following in the track of him for whom she had lived and suffered so long.

In a chamber of the hotel at which he had descended on landing, Walter Seaford lay feeble and wasted from a long protracted illness.

The past year had changed him so much that he was scarcely to be recognized. He lay back upon his pillows, with his hair falling in damp masses over his forehead—the temples hollow, and the eyes beneath burning with an unnatural brilliancy, which gave sure evidence of the disease that preyed upon his frame.

He had landed only the day before, and was not yet able to quit his chamber, or even the bed upon which he had thrown himself for a little rest.

As he looked back upon the past year, he believed that he had been wholly mad—the fabled wanderer of all time had not held a more restless course than he. From clime to clime he had fled—not daring to allow himself a moment for reflection—only hastening on with a smothered moan upon his lips and at his heart.

He had striven to die, not from a cowardly dread to face the ills of life, but from a mad desire to endure at least another form of torture. He had borne so much that he longed for a new phase of anguish, even that would have been a relief—there is a dead level of suffering which is harder to bear than the most poignant pangs of a new misery.

But there was no refuge—no change—earth had no cure, and no voice came from the beyond to bid him hope.

There he lay, not sleeping, but unable to arise, though he was not conscious of physical pain, and he had so long counted the pulsations of his heart that their added beating was unheeded.

The door opened, but he did not move; a woman stole across the room and knelt by the bed. He opened his eyes and looked at her.

"I am mad then," he said, aloud, "utterly mad! I see Catharine's face close to my own—I can almost feel her breath upon my cheek."

"It is Catharine," she whispered; "it is no dream, Walter, no frenzy—it is I, Catharine!"

He raised himself, evincing no surprise, but looked incredulous still.

"Put your arms about my neck, let me feel the touch of those lips."

She flung her arms over him and pressed her lips upon his forehead—a kiss pure and holy as that of a guardian angel.

"Catharine, Catharine! Then it is not a dream—I am not crazed! Oh! this will be too terrible if it prove unreal! Speak again—that voice—I cannot believe it."

"It is I, Walter, it is I! You called me and I came!"

"Ay, every night while on those stormy waters I called upon your name—I bade my spirit seek yours and summon it—once there was a spell upon my soul, which made me believe that you had heard."

"I did, Walter, it was no delusion, I heard and I obeyed."

"Let me sleep, Catharine, I have not closed my eyes for many nights—I am ill, I think! Let me lean my head upon your shoulder—I can sleep so."

She lifted his head, wrapped his dressing-gown more closely about his form and sat supporting him, while he dropped gradually away into a tranquil slumber.

"I shall find you when I wake, Catharine?"

"Here while you need my care, beloved."

"It will not prove a dream like the rest?"

"Do you not feel the clasp of my arms—my kiss on your forehead? Sleep, Walter, it is no dream."

"Perhaps I may die here," he said, after a pause; "that would be too great a blessing—but let us hope it."

"Ay," she replied, without a sigh, "let us hope it! My poor song bird, they have broken your wings, but the tones hushed here will sound the sweeter in heaven."

"Are you singing, Catharine?"

"No."

"It is only that your voice is so soft—I am going to sleep now."

His eyes closed, his breath came even and undisturbed, and still Catharine sat clasping him in her arms, breathing only a prayer of thanksgiving that the appointed moment had come,

and that she had once more found the only companion which her soul had met upon its whole pilgrimage.

CHAPTER XV.

MAY and her guardian made that hurried ride almost in silence. She asked no other questions, for the railway carriage was filled with people, and in her excitement it seemed that every eye was fixed upon her. Mr. Jeffrys volunteered no remark, sitting upright and stern, still pale from the icy gust of passion which had swept over his features on first encountering the girl. There was a sort of steely glitter in his hard eyes, and a peculiar contraction of the thin lips, which to one who had studied his face would have given evidence of some unusual emotion. The deep-locked recesses of that heart were moved, but it could have been no general feeling which paled his countenance into that frozen hardness.

On descending at the station, they entered a carriage and drove away, but neither spoke until they drew up before the private entrance of a hotel. May began to tremble as Mr. Jeffrys gave her his arm.

"Is it here?" she asked, "is it here?"

He led her into the house in silence, gave some directions to a servant, and they were left alone.

"Are we to wait for him here?" May questioned, in the same frightened voice.

"No, we will go to him in a few moments, but I have something to say to you first."

"Let me sit down—I am very weak."

He gave her a seat, said a few consoling words, but there was no softness in his tones, no sympathy in his face.

"I am ready," May said, after a little, "I can go now."

She was trembling so violently that she could scarcely stand. Mr. Jeffrys turned quickly upon her—

"This is not joy—you are not longing for this meeting?"

"Joy, joy! Oh, Mr. Jeffrys, why was this thing done?—what is to become of us all?"

"Hush, child, don't be girlish now! Can you be strong enough for that which I wish you to do?"

"What, what?"

"Do you know who is with your husband at this moment—nursing him—fondling him?" he hissed from between his clenched teeth.

"Husband, my husband!" she gasped, only conscious that he had spoken those words.

"Yes, your husband, and with him——" he broke off abruptly and turned from her, mut-

tering in a tone which did not reach her ear; "we shall see now—oh, Catharine, woman, I can crush you this time! This girl that you believed dead—this sister so long sought—meet her now—stand face to face with her—I oppose it no longer—meet—meet!"

That was a terrible face, but May could not see it, and it was well; the sight of it would have haunted her for weeks like a nightmare.

"Are you rested, May, are you strong?" The voice was more icy than before—rage itself in that man's bosom was cold as Alpine snow, but as dangerous as its avalanche.

"But you wished to tell me something—you——"

"Of your husband—you shudder at the word, be strong, May, strong to hate—to curse!"

"Not that, oh! not that!"

"Will you be a child forever? Rouse up, it is time to prove yourself a woman and to act."

"A child—would that I were! No, Mr. Jeffrys, you have taken my childhood from me—it is gone forever."

"It was his work—all his, and he is here now to insult and outrage you—in his very chamber is the woman for whom he has renounced you."

She started back, looking in his face, scarcely able in her innocence to comprehend the meaning of his words.

"He is married again?" she said, "and I—what is to become of me?"

"Married—no, no, a lighter and a pleasanter tie! Can't you understand? I tell you that he has forsaken you, his wedded wife, for a bad, miserable woman; that he loves her, and will bring shame on you to gratify her malice."

"Mr. Jeffrys!" The crimson rushed up to her forehead, and the horror, half understood, broke from her dilated eyes. "Let me go, Mr. Jeffrys, let me go! This is no place for me—why have you brought me here?"

"Stop! You must see him—stand face to face with her."

"And you married me to him—oh, Mr. Jeffrys! But no, no, I did not mean that—you did not know him—you thought all for the best! Only take me away—do take me away, Mr. Jeffrys!"

"Come to him first—come!"

She cowered down in her seat, quaking beneath that terrible revelation which had put another gulf between her and the pure ignorance of her girlhood. He caught her hand, and the pressure of his fingers made her shiver anew.

"You must see him, you must cast them both off forever."

"Both! Who is this woman?—what is she doing there?"

"Come look her in the face, and I will tell you her name—ay, I will tell you," and he ground his teeth like a wild animal crunching its prey.

"But he was my husband—he swore it! Tell me that it is not true, Mr. Jeffrys, only prove that he is not my husband, and let me go away."

"I tell you that you were lawfully married—he can neither disown nor break the tie. You must go with me—come!"

She struggled no longer—her eyes, purple with fear and pain, her bosom heaving with dry sobs, but she suffered him to draw her along until they reached the door.

"And after," broke suddenly from her contracted lips, "after?"

"After—what do you mean?"

"When I have seen him—when we have parted—what am I to do then?"

He shrunk for an instant beneath the look in her eyes, but the thirst for vengeance which had grown the master passion in his soul and swallowed up all other sentiments, dispelled the brief emotion.

"We shall see—follow me, May—follow me!"

Walter Seaford had just awakened from the tranquil slumber into which he had sunk a few hours before—the first untroubled rest that he had known for months. Catharine was supporting him in her arms, his head lying upon her shoulder, and her hair mingling with his darker locks as she bent over his forehead.

He woke without a start, looking round for an instant in the belief that he was dreaming still.

"Walter!" she whispered, "Walter!"

A glow of joy broke over his whole face, and his feverish eyes softened into a beautiful calm.

"Then I was not dreaming! Catharine, my Catharine, you are really here."

"Why were you lying in this room alone, Walter?—where are your attendants?"

"I don't remember, darling—have you been here long? Have I been asleep or sick?—is the night over?"

"It is hardly dark yet, you have slept for several hours."

"And in your arms! You will not leave me again, Catharine—never, never?"

"Not till you are well. But where is—May, your wife, you know?"

"May?—oh, yes, little May! Don't let her come here—this is no place for her—poor May!"

"Does any one know that you are here, Walter?"

"No one—don't tell them, dear—we will be

by ourselves, for you will stay with me, Catharine—you won't leave me?"

"I have promised—did I ever break my word with you? But you must lie down now; you are ill, Walter, and I must send for a physician."

"I will not see him—I do not choose to get well—you will go away if I do."

"Walter, my Walter!" she murmured, soothing him again with her gentle voice and caress.

"Where have you been so long, Catharine?—what did you do after we parted?"

"I have waited for you to summon me," she said, "I knew that you would have need of me, it was for this God bade me live."

"And you did for my sake? Oh, Catharine, I was mad—weak—cowardly! I tried to die, but death would not take me; I know why now, I was to see you again—but oh, it was hard, very hard!"

"Never mind—it is over; let us think no more of the past, has not the present been given us?"

"But the future, Catharine, the future?"

"We have none on this earth—hereafter and in another world!"

"Ay, tell me that, make me believe it!"

"You do—there is no doubt in your soul, Walter, it is only this troubled human heart which cries out in its anguish and refuses to have faith."

"With you near me I can believe—but oh, the weeks and months of darkness and despair! I have been mad, Catharine, help me to think so, bring me back to my old self by your presence."

He struggled up from the pillow where she had placed his head, reaching forth his arms with a gesture of entreaty. She bent over him anew, speaking his name and striving to quiet him with her voice. There was a sound without—a quick step—the door opened, and Mr. Jeffrys appeared before them like some evil spirit come to mar their happiness. Catharine shrunk toward the bed—the sight of that man overpowered her. Walter saw who it was—sprang almost from the couch, exclaiming,

"Take that man away, he shall not come here—he has tortured me enough, at least I will die in peace."

"And this girl," returned Mr. Jeffrys, drawing May into the room, smiling the while his cold, terrible smile: "this girl, shall she be driven away also—your wife—your own lawful wife?"

"May," murmured Walter, sinking back, over come by weakness and the violence of his emotions, "poor little May!"

"Ay, May!" hissed Mr. Jeffrys, drawing her forward still, while she looked from one to

another in mute horror that found no vent in words.

Catharine had started at the sound of that name—her arms were extended—her eager eyes fixed on that face which had been so long engraved upon her soul—an indistinct murmur escaped her lips, and she seemed ready to fall at the feet of the shrinking girl.

"And you, madam!" continued Mr. Jeffrys; "do you recognize this face?—do you know whom I have brought here? Come forward, May Lincoln—Mrs. Seaford, stand face to face with your sister and the mistress of your husband!"

"Liar!" exclaimed Walter, struggling again to rise, but falling back helpless and exhausted.

Catharine did not speak—her arms dropped to her side—she looked blasted by those horrible words.

"Do you hear, May? Your sister, degraded, lost—the base companion of that man."

"Sister—my sister!" moaned the girl, "I have no sister—take me away, Mr. Jeffrys, take me away."

She clung to him as if she would have forced him from the chamber, shrouding her face in her hands to shut out the objects before her gaze.

Catharine did not move; through her parted lips came the same broken murmur, but more clear and distinct,

"May, little May!"

"Who spoke my name?—whose voice is that? Mr. Jeffrys, speak, what does this mean?"

"It is I, May, your sister, Catharine!"

"Oh, no, no," she shrieked, with a gesture of loathing; "I had a sister, but this is not she—come away, Mr. Jeffrys, come!"

"You see, madam!" said the tormentor, "lost—ruined—disgraced—even this girl casts you off forever."

"She does not, she will not!" cried Catharine, roused to utterance by his mocking words. "May, that man has deceived you—leave him, come with me, May, come!"

"And share her husband's love with you," returned Mr. Jeffrys, laughing again.

"Listen to me, May," for the girl had retreated step by step as Catharine approached, flinging out her hands to keep her aloof. "May, remember your childhood, remember my love! Walter, speak to her, contradict this slander—Walter, Walter!"

He heard her voice—it would almost have roused him from the insensibility of death.

"May," she said, "little one, come here—come close, this is Catharine, your sister."

"And the woman who has thrust herself between your heart and that of your wife," broke in Mr. Jeffrys.

"You will not believe this, May, you do not—listen to me—oh, believe your sister!"

"You are not my sister!" exclaimed May, rousing herself from that stupor of horror; "I will never believe it—never! I am going now—Mr. Seaford, I shall never trouble you again—farewell."

"Stop, May, stop!"

The woman's voice was like a wail above the dead; she caught the hem of the girl's mantle and would have detained her, but May wrenched it from her grasp and hurried toward the door.

"I have nothing to say to you—I do not know you, madam—how dare you speak my name?"

"Come back, May," pleaded Walter, "that demon has done this! It is your sister—pure and good!"

May looked in Mr. Jeffrys' face with her wild eyes.

"Contradict that," she said, with a choking sob, though she had lost all power to weep, "tell me that it is false."

"She is your sister, May," he returned, "come, leave her to her shame."

"My sister! my sister!"

"He separated us, May," moaned Catharine, "he tore you from me—I believed you dead and with my angel mother in heaven."

"Her own wickedness separated you, May," cried her guardian; "her dying husband cursed her! erased her name from his will."

Walter Seaford had struggled in vain for many moments to rise, but those fiendish words so maddened him that he sprang from the bed and grasped the man in his fevered hold, his long, thin fingers clutching the throat of his opponent. Mr. Jeffrys shook him off, for he was weak as a child, and Catharine aided him back to the couch. Mr. Jeffrys followed, bent over the pillow and whispered in his ear.

Walter covered his face with a moan of anguish, writhing upon the bed like a wounded bird struggling beneath the fascination of some deadly serpent.

"Wretch, you are killing him!" shrieked Catharine, pushing him off. "Go—leave us—you shall not torture him!"

During that moment which seemed an eternity, May was crouching close to the door, watching the scene with her frenzied eyes, longing to fly, but without strength to move from the spot.

"Come, May," and Mr. Jeffrys returned to her side, aiding her to rise. "You have seen

them both—husband and sister! Catharine Lincoln, there is no escape this time, your husband's weakness saved you from disgrace before, but now I will drag your name through every tribunal in the land, and make your infamy so public that you dare not even walk the open streets!"

"May!" she pleaded, not heeding his words, and striving to make one last appeal that should move the creature for whom she had endured so much; "in our mother's name hear me!"

"I cannot—I dare not! Let me go—let me go!"

"You shall listen—I am your sister, I cared for you in your childish years——"

"And since, why did you leave me?—where have you been?"

May spoke the words brokenly, her head averted, unable to realize anything except that this woman was there between her and the man whom she had married.

"I have been away, I was seeking you! This man made me believe that you were dead."

"It is only a falsehood with the rest," said Mr. Jeffrys. "May, she had gone with her lover, not this man, but another; she has lived an infamous life, and now she shall reap the consequences of her own sin."

"Say no more!" and May clasped her hands to her head as if to shut out his words; "I can bear no more! Go back, madam, go back to that man for whom you have destroyed your sister."

"May, he is sick, dying, perhaps—he lies there now pale and insensible—have mercy, have mercy!"

"Oh, my God, protect me, they will drive me mad!" cried May, yielding for the first time to a burst of insane weeping. "Mr. Jeffrys, let me believe her—do not curse them!"

"She relents—she does believe!" exclaimed Catharine. "Come, May, sister, leave this bad man, come to me, come!"

Mr. Jeffrys caught the sobbing girl and drew her away.

"Will you be deceived even now," he exclaimed, "after all that you have seen?"

"I do not know—oh, I cannot understand!"

"They are guilty, May, cast them off forever! That woman is your husband's companion—she lives with him—takes the place that you should occupy!"

May fled toward the door with a despairing cry.

"Sister, sister!" moaned Catharine, and Mr. Jeffrys looked in her face with his terrible sneer.

"The hour is come," he whispered, "I swore to be revenged—I will keep my oath!"

He hurried to May, and would have borne her from the room, but Catharine followed, clinging to his arm and striving to thrust him aside, uttering still that name,

"May—sister—sister!"

The poor girl struggled against the whirl of agony which was bearing away her senses, and turned her white face upon the speaker.

"I forgive you," she gasped, "pray to God for pardon, but I will never see you again!"

Her head fell upon Mr. Jeffrys' shoulder, and he bore her away, leaving Catharine still upon the threshold of the chamber, her arms extended toward them, her lips moving in a vain attempt to articulate that name.

When May recovered, she was in her guardian's house, but that transient waking only gave place to the incoherent ravings of a brain fever, from which it seemed impossible for one so young and frail to recover.

For many moments Catharine remained standing where they had left her. At length a low moan from the bed aroused her; she remembered then that her duty lay there, and closing the door she went back to Walter's side. He was just recovering from that long swoon, and calling feebly upon her name.

"I am here," she said, "be calm, Walter, I am here."

"What has happened?—was that man here?"

"He has just gone—oh, Walter, he has taken May with him!"

She sank down by the bed, hiding her face in the folds of the counterpane, endeavoring even in that moment to change the moan of anguish which broke from her heart into a prayer for resignation and repose.

Walter laid his hand softly upon the golden hair he loved so well, and a few tears wrung from his weakness coursed down his cheeks.

"Bear up a little longer for my sake, Catharine," he said, "you will not fail me now."

She rose, with the prayer still on her lips, very pale, but strong and uncomplaining.

"The end will come," she said, "at least we are together!"

"Together," he repeated, "at last, together!"

"We must go away from here, Walter, as soon as you can travel; we will find some quiet nook in the country, and I will nurse you well again."

"My blessing, my angel, my own Catharine!"

"Try and sleep now, Walter, you must get strength so as to bear a journey."

"Yes, we will go! Poor, little May, will she never know the truth—oh, that man, that man!"

"This cannot last always, Walter, I am sure it cannot—but it is hard to bear, very hard!"

She put her arms about his neck, tearless and still, and sat watching as before, while she soothed him to slumber with the melody of her voice.

CHAPTER XVI.

THEY went away from that crowded city, where no breath of free air came to cool the fevered brow of the suffered—away into the quiet of the country, and the repose of a solitude so complete that it seemed almost never to have been broken.

It was a secluded valley shut in by a belt of great trees and hills from the bustling world, so peaceful and calm that the most troubled soul must have found rest from association with it.

There was a small village where a continual Sabbath seemed to reign—a single street of prim houses, but so hidden in trees that they looked not unpicturesque. The dwelling which old Janet had chosen was a perfect bird's-nest of a place; a quaint, rambling cottage covered with balconies and porches, where the creeping roses grew in unpruned luxuriance, with many cornered rooms filled with the fragrance of the blossoms swept in at the open windows by every passing breeze. The house stood far back from the street, in a garden which had been left to run wild, until it had become a wilderness of fruit trees and flowers.

It was in this spot that those two took refuge from the fierce strife and terrible billows which they had combatted so long. Whether it was to become a place of rest, or only a temporary haven which must soon be left behind, they did not pause to question; they had suffered so much that they snatched thankfully at the faintest ray of sunshine, and warmed their tired hearts in it, lest it should fade before a single reflection of its glory could brighten over those chilled pulses.

Walter was able to rise from his bed, but he could neither walk about much nor undertake the slightest occupation; could only lie dreamily during the long hours of those summer days with Catharine seated by his side, talking to him in her low, sweet voice, reading to him passages from the old poets that he loved, or soothing him with her smiles of consolation, when some wave from the past would dash its chill bitterness across his soul.

And in all this I aver there was no touch of human weakness, no leaning toward human frailty. That woman was so far lifted above the coarseness of earthly natures, that to her the hours thus spent were fuller of bliss than

the maddest moments of mere passion could have been. Her grand, far-looking soul found an entire communion with that of the man to whom she had become more than a ministering angel, and there came no thought to trouble her repose. Walter seemed gradually wasting away—he believed it to be death, but Catharine thought otherwise, though she could almost have prayed that such consummation might be granted. She was stronger for herself than him; her own sufferings were nothing when compared with the remembrance of that which he had undergone during their separation.

There was a small room at the back of the house, which was Walter's favorite apartment. Every morning Janet wheeled his easy-chair near the open windows that looked out upon a little break in the garden where the grass formed a natural lawn, with a single weeping willow swaying its silvery branches to and fro in the sunlight. Walter loved to sit there and look out on the warm glow which chased the shadows over the grass; he had grown to dread the gloom; and the twilight, which had been his favorite hour during their sojourn in Paris, filled him with a wild melancholy, which even Catharine's presence could scarcely dispel. There was a grave, old doctor who visited him daily, but he troubled him with few remedies and no advice, so for Catharine's sake Walter managed to support his visits with a certain degree of patience.

They spoke little of the past, those two; Walter's malady rendered him so excitable that Catharine avoided every subject which could cause him the least agitation. The physicians whom she consulted before leaving the city, had declared that any sudden shock would prove fatal; yet that feeble and ill as he was, time and the most perfect repose might restore him, since his physical ailment had been produced almost wholly by the mental excitement under which he had so long labored.

So Catharine watched him, forgetful of herself, wearing the pleasant smile that he loved, cheerful and hopeful always. The days passed on—those long, golden summer days—and they had been a fortnight in that quiet spot. At first Walter was unable to leave his bed, and after that he so firmly believed himself a dying man, that he asked only to find her by his side, and his only prayer was that he might drift out into eternity with her hand still clasped in his.

They did talk of the future—not a future upon this earth—but of that which shall come when these struggling souls break into the morning of the hereafter. The thought was full of peace

and beauty to Walter; he might understand nothing of the questions mooted by theologians, or of the cold, orthodox heaven which they picture, but his broad poet vision looked far beyond, and his spirit rested tranquilly upon the hope it found.

But the man who had wrought them so much suffering had not yet completed his work, and Mr. Jeffrys never relinquished a project of vengeance until his thirst had been satisfied to the utmost.

While May remained ill and insensible at his house, he had been close upon the track of his two victims, weaving about them the meshes of his plots, and preparing to plant another poisoned arrow in the hearts which he had so tortured and wrung.

The third week of their sojourn in that quiet place commenced, and the curiosity of the village gossips had become strongly excited concerning the mysterious strangers.

Here they lived, never moving out, and the two domestics, a cross old Scotch woman, and a man servant equally uncommunicative, seemed as little inclined to society as their employers. The religious people of the little New England village were solely perplexed, and one or two of the more prominent members of the church, suggested to the minister that it was his duty to inquire into the affair, and there were even some vague hints that it was a case which might well occupy the attention of the select men of the town.

The old parson had opposed this—a rigid, Calvinistic Presbyterian, but with a heart which beat more kindly under his worn bosom than he himself dreamed. So the affair rested, though there were numerous tea drinkings given where the subject was freely discussed, and the men in power sorely blamed for their negligence. One day, there met at the old-fashioned parsonage house a company of the deacons of the church, who were also among the select men, dropping in almost by accident to visit their pastor. While they sat there, conversing among other things of the strangers, concerning whom even the village doctor could give no information, for a physician had been employed from ten miles away, a letter was brought in and given to the clergyman. He took it, and seeing that the writing was unknown to him, began turning the epistle over in his hand, the invariable habit of persons to whom letters are unaccustomed visitants.

At length, when one of the deacons suggested that he might find it more satisfactory to read the contents, he broke the seal, adjusted his spectacles, and began to peruse the clearly

written page. The furrows on his brow grew deeper, and a stern indignation gathered over his features. Some broken exclamation warned the deacons that it contained tidings of importance, but by no means pleasurable ones, and they waited with impatience while the old man re-read the epistle, always with increased excitement.

"My friends," he said, at length, "our brethren were right—these strangers are children of iniquity. Two fugitives have hidden themselves in our village, the man leaving a fond wife to pine and die, while he yields himself to the caresses of this Delilah."

When the matter was fully explained, and the letter read in council, it was determined that they should act upon the moment. They left the house, that little band of stern men in whose veins the puritan blood and puritan prejudices flowed uncontaminated, and walked in solemn procession toward the cottage. It is a strange thing to notice how little the descendants of those stern old pilgrims have changed! The leaders of one of the colony churches never moved more unrelentingly toward the dwelling of some excommunicated Quaker, or old grand-dame accused of witchcraft, than those men toward the quiet retreat, where, during the past weeks, those troubled souls had found such profound rest.

The old parson marched at their head, a fit type of the men who in by-gone times went to battle with a prayer, and deemed they were doing God service in putting to death all who differed in belief from themselves. The deacons followed side by side, no one speaking, but stalking on, determined and grim, while the villagers looked out from their windows to see them pass, and a troop of little urchins playing about the school-house, hovered along in their wake to find out the meaning of this unusual solemnity.

They reached the gate of the cottage, opened it and passed in, each wearing a sort of horrified sanctity, which would have been singularly imposing to the common herd of parishioners had they witnessed it. Yet they did this thing in the honesty of their hearts, acting up to the precepts of the sect in which they had been reared, even as their fathers before them.

The hall door was open, and Janet Brown was sweeping away the rose-leaves which had blown over the porch. She paused in her occupation, and recognizing the minister, dropped a low courtesy with the true reverence of a Scotch Presbyterian.

"I wish, my good woman," said the clergyman,

in his hardest voice, while his companions waited a little in the rear, one old deacon absorbed in silent prayer, "I wish to speak with the man who resides here."

"He is very sick, sir, and cannot be *fashed* with seeing any one."

"Then the other person——"

"Do you mean the lady?" interrupted Janet, somewhat forgetting her respect in the indignation she felt at hearing her mistress styled a person. "Then you can't see her either, sir."

"Let me pass, woman," said the minister, setting his stick firmly down; "I have come here in the exercise of my duty, and I must speak with the person who is within."

"Indeed then, there's no person that you'll need to meddle with," returned Janet, in a louder voice, "and parson though ye be, I'll just say good morning to you and them that's in your company."

She would have closed the door in his face, but he held it back with his stout cane, while the little band of deacons fairly groaned in pious *anorror*.

"I tell you that I will enter; this is a house of iniquity, and I come to warn all herein of the wrath, human and divine, which is at hand."

"Good Lord!" cried Janet, dropping her broom, "the man is daft, clean daft—a raigular Bedlamite."

"Peace, woman, and let us pass; we must speak with the female; our village shall no longer harbor the depraved and sinful."

"Amen!" was the involuntary response from the head deacon, accustomed to complete the minister's prayers with this confirmation.

Janet looked from one to another, and her wrath waxed hotter still.

"I'll tell ye what," she exclaimed, "you're just a set of heathens and no better."

"Put her aside," exclaimed one of the select men. "Woman, we are servants of the law as well as servants of our Lord, and in the name of the law I command you to stand aside."

His voice was raised to a higher pitch with every succeeding word, till it sounded through the hall with an ominous tone.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

IT IS PLEASANT TO LABOR.

BY HATTIE BOOMER.

It is pleasant to labor, with hearty good will—
When the nerve is steady, and strong, and still;
When the step is firm, and the heart is free,
As the dancing waves of the dark, blue sea;
When out o'er creation, in glad surprise,
The young soul looks from the bold, bright eyes;
When the limb has no languor—the soul no stain—
It is pleasant to labor for future gain.

It is pleasant to labor, when sad—oppressed
With a fitful demon of wild unrest;
When the harp is unswept, and the song unsung,
And the soul to earth's music is all unstrung;

When the waves of life's ocean, with madd'ning roar,
Break sullen and dark, on some desolate shore;
It is pleasant to labor—forgetting the pain—
Of the stranded heart—or the shipwrecked fame.

It is pleasant to labor! pure eyes from above,
Look down on our labors for those we love;
The soul may be weary—the arm may be weak—
The brow may be furrowed, and pallid the cheek;
The step infirm—and the heart all tried
With the vexing cares which our lives betide;
Yet the angels smile, when our strength we prove,
In undying labor, for those we love.

LILLIE.

BY E. SUMMERS DANA.

Swart dreamer! thou fairy-like maiden,
My thoughts circle fondly to thee;
And swiftly, as when heavy laden
With nectar flies homeward the bee,
Come memories yet as enchantingly near
As when thy charmed presence had rendered them dear.
And didst by that sweet, timid token,
The quaint, blushing language of flowers,
Seem prophetic of words yet unspoken;
Of happy and swift-winged hours
All too brief for remembrance, for mem'ry to me
Has left but the impress of joy and of thee!

The romance of poetry lingers
And clusters about all thy thought,
While deft and invisible fingers
In magical genius have wrought
A device so rare, that affection might claim
A hope of a dream that dare not have a name.
Were that hope but a dreamless delusion,
'Twere yet cherished sacredly dear;
And the rose which with softest confusion,
In the fragrance and bloom of the year,
Had wafted a message yet near to my heart,
Will be treasured though fragrance and bloom should depart.

NELLY GRAY HAD LOVED BEFORE.

BY MARY J. CROSSMAN.

"NELLY, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," was the somewhat hesitating reply.

"Had you any bad news from home?"

"N—o."

"Oh, well; cheer up then, I can't have you looking so soberly," and the young husband put back the hair from her forehead, and looked tenderly upon the face usually so bright and cheery.

Their eyes met, and the deep yearning, the dewy sadness which Nelly would have hidden in her heart, if she could, smote him painfully; aye, even wonderingly—for this was the first cloud that had obscured their domestic happiness.

"Here's the new book you've been wanting, just published, and they say it's very interesting."

"Much obliged, Ralph, you were very kind to get it."

"And now I must go back to the office for two hours—try and cheer up, won't you? I'm sorry to go, but do the best you can, darling. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Poor Nelly! she wished it were four hours instead of two, a week or two weeks, long enough at least for her mind to resume its usual balance. She saw her husband's form retreating through the foliage, heard the street gate swing to its latch, but sat long afterward by the open window, fixedly, as if heavy fetters bound her. The new volume lay in her lap unopened, the echo, "Cheer up, Nelly," sounded dimly in her ear, and the voice of her heart was like that of a stricken dove. She drew from her pocket the letter and read again.

HILLSIDE COTTAGE, June 14th, 18—.

"DEAR NELLIE—You may be assured that after drifting about so long, I am very happy to cast anchor in the placid waters of your own home-harbor, twenty miles or more inland. It is lonely here without you, that's true—but even your absence couldn't hinder the fulfillment of my promise made at the Springs last summer. I could fill a volume for you, Nellie, but next week we are coming to see you, as your mother purposes to go then. Billy will drive us out in

the new coach; we shall dine at the Mountain House, spend an hour or two enjoying the grand scenery thereabouts, inhale the clear, bracing air, and look again upon the waters of the Hudson.

"You spoke of W——. That has all passed by, and doubtless, as simple Hannah used to say, I shall have to 'dance in the brass kettle!' Well, so let it be—we must all fulfill our destiny, and you know there must needs be some dear aunty to rock the cradle, and bear about spacious, well-filled pockets to the utter delight of children.

"The last day of my journey brought me into company with a gentleman bound for the same depot as myself. He kindly took the oversight of my trunks, was very gentlemanly, and his whole appearance was so faultless that no one could justly have indulged a suspicion against him. Then the mutual acquaintance of our friend Nellie placed us on more familiar ground; strange as it may appear, I said nothing of your marriage, and he, having been long absent, was in ignorance of the fact. Well, he called on us (*i. e.* your mother and myself) to-day, and I know there is a great sorrow on his heart. Is it connected with yourself? Remember I shall shrieve you with all the dignity of a real confessor.

"Said gentleman has very expressive eyes, usually quite mirthful—but the least reference to you casts such a shade over them, an expression of anguish almost, controlled only by strong effort. I suspect that hitherto you have rejected him. He visits the city next week.

"Papa and Sarah go south in a few days and stop for me. But I'll not tire you longer, so good-bye for to-day.

"Hoping to see you soon, I remain, now as ever, truly and affectionately yours,

JENNIE WALWORTH."

Poor Nelly! how her head ached as she laid aside the letter! How the strong impulses of her nature in their wild uprisings threw off the present and reproduced the past!

Six years ago that June she had last seen Allyn Ames. He was then a youth of eighteen, with a visionary cast of mind, and an active, restless, and adventurous spirit.

So, it was not strange, that after a two years' companionship with sines and cosines, tangents and cotangents; cases—dative, accusative and ablative; cases—disciplinable, suspendable, &c., he should grow weary, and, at length, turn his back upon college walls, shutting out its aspirations and honors for allurings from the Land of Gold.

Several of his companions were to embark with him, and the journey promised great enjoyment previous to dazzling profits.

Allyn's father was a kind, indulgent parent: he listened to the boy's trials with evident sympathy, but tried to dissuade him from his enthusiastic plans. Persuasions were vain, and remonstrances seldom resorted to, so Allyn had been fitted out comfortably, a passage engaged on board ship, and the day already come for his departure.

That day there was a funeral, Sandy Blythe, Mr. Ames' gardener, sat in his cottage with bowed head and clasped hands, speaking not a word, but to say, "There is nae sorrow like my ain." Mary, his wife, had more strength and fortitude; parting the curls back from the little sleeper's forehead, she found voice to say, "Dinna weep sae sair, Sandy; 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

Nellie had made the muslin shroud, robing the child therein, and placed rose-buds and myrtle in the waxen hands.

Allyn had brought a coffin, and they laid the child in it carefully and with sad hearts.

The childless parents took their last agonizing look, and the lid was closed.

"Ah! what towering hopes were hid
"Neath that tiny coffin lid!
Scarcely large enough to bear
Little words that must be there—
Little words cut deep and true—
Sweet, pet name and 'AGED TWO.'"

Allyn walked home with Nelly; he asked her to write him, and the affirmative reply, her love and manner said plainly that his own heart-feelings were reciprocated.

They parted at the gate.

In another hour the iron horse was bearing Allyn speedily away, and engraved upon his heart was an image ineffaceable as the rock-prints of imbedded fossil, or letters carved upon tablets of stone; for notwithstanding Allyn's peculiar temperament, he belonged truly to that class of whom Miss Maitland says, "that amid multitudes thronging like forest leaves, heart hath still clung to heart, and one hath ever chosen one."

Frequent letters telling hopefully of the present and future, gave a golden woof to the first

and second year of his absence. Then came a long silence, then a sad report of death at the hands of savages, which circumstances confirmed.

The third, fourth and fifth years went by, and Nellie turned from her hidden sorrow to become the affianced of another, and in due time his bride.

Allyn, in the meantime, had met severe losses; for weeks he had lain with a burning fever, very near the door of death, and for other weeks and even months he lingered on in a state of slow and undecided convalescence. Letters had been written, but none ever received by himself or friends; so crushing back the thought that he was forgotten, he gave his best energies to the work of regaining his lost fortune, and eventually of seeking his early home.

An hour and a half had passed since Nelly's husband went out—so said the little French clock upon the mantel. She must shake off, at once, the palsy hand that lay upon her heart so heavily, and return from the faded past.

Alas! for the heart that has buried its fondest dreams by the wayside, and after journeying a long way on, hears the sound of a long-hushed voice, and sees the beckoning of an earnest, impassioned hand, and then turns away to the realities of the present, with a resolve to look backward no more!

Nelly bathed her face and arranged her hair. She lit the gas, drew up a favorite chair beside her own, placed a pair of slippers, which her own fingers had wrought, on an ottoman beside it, and entered mechanically upon the contents of the volume before her.

Fifteen minutes, and her husband's step was heard ascending the staircase.

"Why, Nelly, how pale you look! I'm sure you are not well," said he, taking the proffered seat, and unclasping the bracelets from her arm in search of her pulse.

"And what's the disease, doctor?" said she, after a little pause, with an attempt at playfulness.

"As much as to say I'm a quack, or a bogus M. D.," he answered, reprovingly; (and Nelly noted the wistful, affectionate gaze of his eye.) "If those cheeks don't get back their color by morning, we'll have one of the true stamp here."

The next day Ralph returned to his office, and Nelly kept her room. Toward noon her servant girl brought up a letter addressed in a strangely familiar hand. She tore off the seal and read,

"NELLY—Farewell! God help and pity me!
_____."

That night the physician came. Nelly's physical system seemed perfectly prostrate, fever supervened, and for many days they watched fearfully by her bedside. Then her fervent benison went up that for the watcher's sake she might be spared; and they were answered.

Henceforth the flowers of love grew thickly beside her pathway, and in their fragrance she forgot those which once blossomed, faded and

fell, springing up again in mocking beauty when beyond her reach. Or, if their memory chanced to flit before her in an unguarded hour, she remembered that earthly institutions perish with our pilgrimage—that in the other world they "neither marry nor are given in marriage," though permitted throughout eternity to live and love forever!

A DREAM.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I HAD a dream, one night, while on my pillow sleeping,

A strange dream, full of hideous fancies wild!

I dreamed pale spirits o'er me watch were keeping,
While bleak, bare mountains all around were piled.

I lay in anguish, sick with vainly striving,
To break the spell that bound me to the spot—
Cold horror from the demon shapes deriving,
Horror which my poor soul has ne'er forgot.

The winds were hoarse, and groaned along the mountains,

The shell-like whisperings filled me full of dread;

The sad, weird murmurings of the frozen fountains
Gathered in thund'rings round my throbbing head!

And while I looked aloft the air was clouded,
And in my breast was born a strange desire—
And from the high cliffs yet in grey mist shrouded,
I heard a voice which said, "Arise! and come up higher!"

I rose. My limbs waxed strong, and fleet, and agile—

I scaled the mountains with a chamol's speed;

Beneath my step the fern bent light and fragile,
And bowed the sumach like the lowland reed!

A precipice yawned black and dim before me—

A turbid torrent roared in wrath behind—

Dun clouds fell down and threw their dull haze o'er me,
Nor could I pause, nor scarce a foothold find!

Serpents with fire tongues lashed their folds around me,

They crawled close o'er me with their gleaming eyes!

An iron band could not have safer bound me—

And mute despair hushed up my feeble cries!

Ten thousand torments tore my soul with anguish,
Barbed arrows pierced my half insensate breast—

I closed my eyes, content to pine and languish,
Till death should bring me sleep resembling rest.

And while I lay thus silent and despairing,

I heard a voice as coming from the sky—

Saying, "Look up, and see how those are faring,

Who on Faith's wings have mounted up on high!"

I looked, and lo! the bending skies were golden,

And in their midst I saw an open door—

And the same voice rang out like music olden,

"Have faith, tried spirit! go, and sin no more!"

And then the sun came forth in regal splendor,

The mountains glowed and shone in waves of light!

The crimson clouds were full of love looks tender,

And the cool fountains burst out crystal bright!

The almy serpents changed to green twigs springing,

The slippery earth was wreathed with mats of flowers,

The winds were turned to wooing zephyrs, bringing

Odorous sweets from honey-freighted bowers.

My soul arose, and bathed in very gladness,

I looked above, and Faith was by my side—

She took away the dim, dull veil of sadness,

And bade me in her cathedral abide.

"Mortal!" she said, "life's path is often dreary,

But if ye'll trust, I'll bring you safely through;

When I am near life cannot be so weary—

Look! the White Fields of Heaven burst on the view!"

She vanished, and I woke; the morn was breaking

Across the East in robes of red and gold—

The Day's bright spirits from their sleep were waking,

And cheerily stood, Morn's portals to unfold!

I rose, and Peace was round me and before me,

Earth looked no longer full of doubt and fear—

A guardian spirit's wings were folded round me,

And well I knew that God's great love was near!

THE MASTER'S COMING.

BY MISS ELIZABETH MILLER.

AH, when of earth aweary,

And almost void of hope,

Amid the darkness dreary.

In weariness we grope,

When, through our tears fast falling,

The distant shore of home we see;

'Tis sweet to hear the angels calling,

"The Master comes and calls for thee!"

Or e'en when life has beauty—

And love, and joy, and youth;

Our souls most strong for duty,

And full of grace and truth.

When constant toil is constant praying,

And Fear and Hatred flee;

'Tis sweet to hear—our swift steps staying—

"The Master comes and calls for thee!"

ELLA'S AUNT.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

CHAPTER I.

"POOH! pooh! What wild fancy is this you have taken, my dear?"

"'Tis no wild fancy, Mr. Stanwood, 'tis the sober truth, and so you will soon find if you do but listen to me."

"But I tell you, wife, I will not listen to such an absurdity. Our Ella in love with her drawing master! Ha! ha! That is the best joke I have heard for some time."

"You will find it anything but a joke, Mr. Stanwood. Now, do please lay aside that newspaper, and attend to me for a few moments, I wish to get this subject off of my mind."

"I really wish you would, my dear. It is very absurd in you to trouble yourself with such foolish suspicions."

"Once for all, husband, I tell you they are not suspicions. I have seen enough for some time to convince me that Ella loves Mr. Ardley—you need not laugh so immoderately—just listen patiently."

"I'faith, not I!"

"Then if you will not listen, you shall read," and Mrs. Stanwood unfolded a dainty little note, and held it close before the gentleman's eyes, so that they must, perforce, see its contents. One glance overthrew his smiling indifference, and snatching the note from his wife's hand, he read:

"My dear Frank; I'll dear Frank her, the baggage; I have been thinking over what you proposed yesterday, and I think it is better that you should not speak to papa just yet. He would not consent—I know he would not; and only think if he would forbid our meeting again, what should we do? Let us wait a little longer, Frank; we can still hope for the best, and not fear for each other's constancy. I trust, oh! how undoubtingly in you, dearest Frank, and I know you have the same trust in your own Ella!"

Mr. Stanwood read these lines twice over, closely scrutinizing the handwriting, as if he almost thought the billet a forgery.

"Perhaps you are convinced now, Mr. Stanwood," said his wife, drily, "If that does not prove that Ella loves Mr. Ardley—"

"She does not! She must not! She shall

not!" thundered the enraged father; "my daughter love one so far beneath her! I'll teach the silly thing—where is she? Send her to me immediately—I will quickly put an end to this nonsense."

"I hope you will not deal harshly with the child, she is scarcely more than that, you know," Mrs. Stanwood ventured to say; but the only reply was a reiterated request to send Ella to him without delay. And while the lady departed rather unwillingly on this errand, the incensed father paced the room with rapid strides, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm." In a few moments a pretty girl came tripping into the room.

"Miss Stanwood," began the father, in a severe tone, "I am shocked and grieved by what I have heard of you this morning. What excuse can you offer for your outrageous conduct?"

"Why, papa, what is the matter? What have I done to displease you?" asked Ella, her bright, smiling face clouding with anxiety.

"What have you done! Is not this precious piece of writing your work?" and the unfortunate note was held menacingly before her.

The young girl caught her breath, and changed color as she saw it.

"Yes, you may well tremble. You, the daughter of the Hon. Horace Stanwood, to pen such a note! Pray, what has your drawing-master to say to me that you wish deferred a little longer? I await your reply, Miss Stanwood."

"He wished to—to speak to you about—me," almost sobbed Ella, struggling hard to subdue her agitation.

"What does he wish to say about you?"

"Please don't be angry, papa; he wanted to tell you that—that he—loves me."

"He loves you!" repeated the father, passionately, seizing his now blushing daughter by the arm. "How dared he to dream even of loving you; and how have you dared to encourage his presumption? He loves you! The audacious beggar! And you were afraid that I would not consent—that I might forbid your meeting him again. Your fears were prophetic. I would rather see you in your coffin than consent to your marriage with a beggarly teacher. And

mark my words, if I ever know you to speak to that fellow again, I will discard you forever. Do you hear me?"

Poor Ella could scarcely be said to hear. Grief and terror had almost paralyzed her; but every word smote keenly on her heart.

Satisfied with the effect of his angry words, and perhaps half regretting that he had been so harsh, for he was not naturally a hard-hearted man, Mr. Stanwood closed the interview by desiring his daughter to retire to her apartment, and there remain till his farther wishes in regard to her should be made known. And the unhappy girl obeyed with alacrity, glad to be allowed to indulge her grief in the welcome solitude of her chamber.

CHAPTER II.

"WELL, Mrs. Stanwood, I have decided how to act in regard to that troublesome Ella. She shall be freed from her imprisonment soon."

"I am very glad to hear it. The poor child looks wretchedly. Every day she grows more pale and languid, and her eyes are dull and heavy with continual weeping."

"Change of scene, and country air will soon restore the light to her eyes and the roses to her cheeks."

"Change of scene—country air, Mr. Stanwood?"

"Yes, I have concluded to take her off to my sister Amelia's."

"Away off in New England?" said the wife, dolefully.

"Only a two days' journey, my dear; and then she will be in no danger of meeting Mr. Frank Ardley—confound him! Though, if he has a spark of feeling he will never seek to renew the acquaintance after the language I addressed to him the other day."

"How long is Ella to be absent?" asked Mrs. Stanwood, after a silence of some moments.

"Until autumn. She will enjoy herself very much at her aunt's, and the entire novelty of her surroundings will soon obliterate the remembrance of of this silly, school-girl attachment."

Mr. Stanwood's decisions, as he was wont to boast, were always "as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians," therefore Mrs. Stanwood made no opposition to his project, though she much regretted the threatened separation from her only living child.

Ella's ample wardrobe was soon put in order, and on the next morning she started on her journey. On reaching Boston, Mr. Stanwood, greatly to his dissatisfaction, met with some friends who would pass by the town near which

dwelt his sister, and, placing Ella under their care, with many kind words and caresses, (for his violent anger had entirely died away,) he parted from his daughter, and returned home.

The home of Mrs. Rand, Ella's Aunt, was situated near one of New England's prettiest villages. A narrow path, thickly set with maples, led up to the house, which was a quaint and old-fashioned building, with mossy eaves projecting over long, narrow windows that were almost concealed by climbing roses and woodbine. The long, sweeping branches of two ancient elms completely shaded the front of the house, and to Ella the whole place had a gloomy, forlorn aspect quite repelling.

Mrs. Rand received her young relative, whom she now saw for the first time, with great cordiality; but Ella, low-spirited and weary, was in no mood to appreciate her friendliness, and was glad to avail herself of the old lady's suggestion that she should retire to her room and refresh herself with a nap before tea-time. It was a luxury to find herself alone in the neat, cool chamber, perfumed with the odors of the roses that peeped in through the snowy curtains. No way inclined to take the prescribed nap, she lay vacantly looking out on the broad expanse of hill and vale; while her thoughts returning to the home from which she was now so far distant, dwelt sadly on the change the past two weeks had wrought—on the clouds that had so suddenly arisen in her hitherto unclouded sky.

Her meditations were poorly calculated to raise her spirits, and Mrs. Rand was much concerned, when she summoned her niece to tea, to find her still pale, languid and dejected. The old lady rallied her good-naturedly, saying she did not know what was coming over the girls now-a-days; in her time young girls had rosy cheeks and were full of health, and life, and gaiety: very different from the lack-a-daisical creatures of these times. And Ella smiled, faintly, as her aunt talked on, trying to cheer her up, and thought within herself how impossible it would be for her to be lively or gay any more.

Then the kind old lady dropped the subject, and began speaking of a friend whose arrival she expected the following day.

"I am delighted that he is coming at this time," she said, smiling pleasantly on her silent guest, "you will be company for each other: and I predict you will be charmed with my friend Harrison. Ella, my dear, you cannot help it," she added, laughing, as Ella began to utter a faint negative, "he is young, handsome, lively, witty, and all that sort of thing: just the kind

of person to captivate silly girls; but then he can attract us old folks as well."

And the old lady launched into an enthusiastic eulogy, on the many virtues and amiable qualities of her "friend Harrison," until Ella grew quite sick of the subject, took a real school-girl dislike to Mr. Harrison, and resolved to be as little in his company as possible.

The morrow came, Ella, by her aunt's desire, strolled with her through garden, orchard, and meadow; fed the chickens; went down to the brook to see the geese and ducks at their aquatic exercises, all with an air of such utter listlessness, that Mrs. Rand was very much troubled. At length, she had to return to the house, to attend to some preparations for the other guest, whom she was now hourly expecting.

Ella, glad to be alone, sauntered here and there at will, caring for nothing, and then turned to the house, devotedly hoping that something had occurred to prevent the exemplary Mr. Harrison's arrival. But, as she entered the wide hall she heard her aunt's cheery voice in the parlor, and that lady at the same instant appeared:

"Come, my dear," said she, taking the young girl's hand, and leading her to the parlor, "I was just going in search of you—hey-day, what's all this?"

For, without waiting to be presented, Mr. Harrison rushed to meet Ella, and she, with a little scream of delight, nestled very cosily in his arms.

The old lady peered sharply through her spectacles at the pair, who, for the moment, were too much absorbed in each other to heed her astonishment. Then explanations were quickly given, and, it appeared that Ella's lover, Frank Ardley, was a favorite from childhood with Mrs. Rand, who always called him his middle name, and to whom he had now come to impart the story of his unhappy love, and to seek in her quiet old home comfort for his wounded spirit, and truly he had found it.

But Ella, when the bewildering rapture of the unexpected meeting was over, began to talk, tearfully, yet decidedly, of returning home without delay. She knew for what purpose she had been sent from home—knew that under present circumstances her father would not allow her to remain an hour under her aunt's roof—so she must not stay.

Frank, looking very blank at this announcement, declared he would leave on the instant, rather than occasion her departure.

But Mrs. Rand vetoed both motions, "Ella's father had written to her, asking her to take

charge of his daughter for the summer, and she intended to do it, so Miss Ella need not think of running away from her—a pretty thing, truly! And as for Harrison, his home was always with her when he could spare the time to come; so there they were, and there they must remain. And if her brother Horace had picked up the wicked notion that nothing was of value but wealth and grandeur, it was high time for him to drop it again. He thinks his daughter too good for Harrison Ardley, indeed! She could tell him her Harrison was a match for the proudest lady in the world!"

Without doubt Ella Stanwood fully concurred in this opinion, and the result of the old lady's representations was, that the young people submitted with wonderful docility to her decision, and said no more about leaving.

And now what happy hours they spent together, quite fulfilling Mrs. Rand's prediction. Ella forgot her purposes of disliking and avoiding Mr. Harrison—forgot that she had ever thought the old homestead gloomy, and its mistress prosy and garrulous. The latter was now the best, dearest aunt in the world, and her home the most delightful spot. And Mrs. Rand had no cause for farther lamentations over the young girl's paleness and want of spirits; the roses had returned to her cheeks, and her gayety and sportiveness amused and delighted her warm-hearted aunt.

"The dear, young thing!" she would say to herself, as she saw the lovers so happy in each other, "she is just the wife for Harrison Ardley, and his wife she shall be, all her father's prejudices to the contrary, notwithstanding."

So the summer glided by, and from time to time Mrs. Rand sent good reports to the parents respecting their daughter, which reconciled them to her absence, and caused Mr. Stanwood to pride himself greatly on the wisdom of the course he had pursued.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY in September came a long letter to Mr. Stanwood from his sister. It informed him that a mutual attachment existed between his daughter and a young gentleman, whom the writer had known from his infancy, and whom even she considered worthy to be the husband of her lovely niece, "in short, they are meant for each other," the letter went on, "and I am quite certain their union will be a happy one. You see I am counting on your consent, as a matter of course, for I know if you searched the States all through, you could not find a more unexceptionable match for Ella. My adopted son,

Harrison, is a very fine young man in every respect, talented, (an important qualification with us New Englanders, you know,) and he comes of an old family, too, being related to the Harrisons of — county. I have long intended to make him my heir; though, for that matter he has wealth enough of his own, still I have taken a fancy to leave what property I possess to one who will make good use of it, and it rejoices me to think, that with your consent, my two favorites—for Ella has become very, very dear to me—will share my worldly goods." Mrs. Rand closed her letter of three pages, by requesting that the marriage might take place at her house, and that the parents would designate a suitable day for the ceremony, and come to assist thereat.

Mr. Stanwood mused a long time over this letter, read it through once more very deliberately, and then summoned his wife to the library. Mrs. Stanwood perused the letter, and returned it, simply asking if he intended to accede to his sister's propositions.

"I do," was the emphatic rejoinder. "Having considered the subject carefully, in all its bearings, I consider that we may deem it very fortunate that our daughter has fixed her mind on one whom we can approve; for, I have such perfect confidence in Amelia's judgment, that I believe the gentleman whom she regards so highly will merit my full approbation."

"But Ella is so young," remonstrated the mother, "and beside, she should be married at home."

"We would prefer to have it so, certainly, my dear; but Amelia is so desirous to have the marriage take place beneath her roof that I should really be loath to deny her. And again, it would be very impolitic to run the risk of displeasing her. I should not wish her property, which is quite valuable, to be lost to the family, on every account, therefore, it is the wisest course to yield to her desires; you can give as large a party as you please, in honor of Ella's nuptials, on our return home."

And Mr. Stanwood, having thus decided the matter, penned an appropriate letter to his sister, appointing the 8d of October, Ella's birthday, for the wedding.

On the evening previous to the appointed day, the parents reached the farm-house, according to a promise to that effect. Mrs. Rand took care to have the young people out of the way on their arrival, and having conducted Mrs. Stanwood to her apartment to dress for the evening, she began to expatiate very pathetically to her brother, on his daughter's unhappiness and dejection on

her first coming to the homestead. In reply, Mr. Stanwood told of her ridiculous penchant for her drawing-master, winding up with, "A young fellow without any conceivable claim to aspire to the hand of a child of mine—a mere nobody, sister Amelia. I really felt sorry for little Ella, but the thing was too absurd to be allowed to go on. I would never sanction such folly."

"Not even if your opposition had consigned her to an early grave?" inquired his sister, very solemnly.

"Oh, there was no danger of that," and the gentleman smiled, carelessly; "in our matter-of-fact age, people do not die of love or broken hearts."

"Perhaps not; but it is certain many have died of diseases superinduced by continued anxiety or melancholy. We all know something by experience of the power the mind exerts over our physical health; and, for my part, I trembled for Ella, when I saw how prone she was to silent, mournful reveries—how impossible it was to interest her in anything. I remembered how your other children had faded away in early childhood, and I feared for her, so fragile, so young, and with a grievous disappointment evidently preying on her mind."

"But that did not last long," replied the father, more affected than he wished to show; "you wrote me, soon after her arrival, that she was fast regaining cheerfulness and health."

"I did, brother, and glad was I that I could truthfully make such a statement. But who was the person who made such an impression on Ella's fancy? I should like to hear something more from you concerning him."

"To tell the truth, Amelia," said Mr. Stanwood, rather embarrassed by the question, "I know no more of him than what I have already told you."

"Which is surely very little. Then you had no objection to him save that he was teaching for a livelihood?"

"That was a sufficient one."

"But tell me, Horace, if this young Ardley's position and fortune were such as would entitle him to aspire to your daughter—would you in that case consent to their union?"

"Very probably I should, for I rather liked the young fellow, but not as a suitor for Ella; but may I ask the drift of all these questions?"

"Simply, that I know more of the individual in question than you. If I tell you that my adopted son, Harrison, has another name, that he was known to you as Frank Ardley, what

then, brother? Nay, now, don't let passion take the place of reason, Horace; you were wont to judge of matters in an impartial, dispassioned manner, and I trust such is yet your custom."

Mrs. Rand had not forgotten her brother's weak point; the compliment was one especially agreeable to him, and unwilling to have it seem undeserved, he kept down his rising anger.

"But you cannot mean this, Amelia," he said presently, "you wrote me that young Harrison, whom you intended to be your heir, had wealth enough of his own."

"And so he has," replied the old lady, emphatically, "he has the best of all wealth, a wealth derived from his Creator, and of which no 'revulsion in moneyed circles,' no change of 'fickle fortune' can despoil him. He has the wealth of a lofty spirit, strong in unyielding rectitude—of a generous, manly heart—of a sound mind, gifted, too, with some of the brightest talents that heaven bestows. Yes, he is rich in all this; and tell me, Horace Stanwood, have you not seen men rise to the highest eminence by means of these possessions, while the envied sons of millionaires have fallen to the lowest depths of poverty, and worse, of degradation and crime? I have seen such things, and though your years are fewer than mine, I doubt not you can recall many instances of the kind that you have seen or heard of."

Mr. Stanwood mused in silence. "Related to the Harrisons of — county, I think you said?" he asked at length.

"Yes, Gerald Harrison is his uncle on the mother's side," replied Mrs. Rand, with a covert smile, for she saw that she had gained the day. Just then Ella came tripping by the window, and, at a sign from her aunt, entered. She flew into her father's arms, all smiles and blushes; then, oppressed with sad misgivings, she burst into tears.

"Pooh! silly child, you have nothing to fear," he whispered, cheerfully. "Ah, Harrison, my dear fellow!" he added, as that personage appeared, and offering his hand cordially to the astonished lover. "I suppose I must give this wilful girl to you; see to it that you never cause me to repent my compliance."

"Heaven helping me, I never will, Mr. Stanwood," was the quiet but firm-toned reply.

Mrs. Rand, having waited to learn thus much, hastened to her sister-in-law to relate how matters stood; and the two soon descended to join the happy trio in the "best room."

A happy evening was spent by all, Mr. Stanwood was in his most pleasant mood, and his sister could see that he was every moment becoming more pleased with his prospective son-in-law.

"I never made but one match," the old lady was wont to say in after years; "but that was one to brag of."

TWO PICTURES.

BY M. F. TUCKER.

THERE came to my ears the story
Of one who had loved me long—
Of one who had caught a rapture
Out of my childish song;
And set in a costly frame-work,
A frame-work of gems and gold,
Was pictured a face as princely
As those of the knights of old;
But I turned me away sad-sighing,
Unheeding the gift of art,
And gazed on a sweet face pictured
Down in my inmost heart.

And yet, from the shining frame-work
Mirrored a forehead high,
And all of the depth of midnight
Shone in the eagle eye.
The smiling lips arched proudly,
And the face it was very fair,

And a boundless wealth of beauty
Dwelt in the raven hair;
Yet I thought of a brow mere lovely,
A brow that my hand had pressed,
And remembered my head had rested
Down on a heaving breast.

I thought of the lips that murmured
Sweet as the low wind's sigh;
And I felt that a purer meaning
Dwelt in that milder eye.
I thought of the dark brown tresses
I had parted away so oft,
And I knew in my soul none other
Were ever so silken and soft.
So I laid down the gold-cased picture,
And bade it forever depart,
When a thousand times sweeter than ever
Looked up the dear face in my heart.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

BY FRANCIS L. MAOR.

OCTOBER 7th, 184.—I have come away to the sea-shore to write a poem. I was weary of the din of the city, and day after day there was a confused undercurrent of music running through my brain, which I longed to put in numbers. My publisher met me three days ago and said,

"Friend Floyd, we are in want of a poem. How soon will you supply us with something excellent?"

Now a request of this kind is always a spur to my imagination. I can work most heartily when I work for a definite purpose and with a prospect of recompense. This does not sound much like fine phrenzy I am aware, but there is nothing like poverty for making poets sensible. So I answered with good cheer,

"In a month from to-day I will bring you a song."

He shook my hand, I returned to my lodgings, packed my valise, and in three hours was journeying toward the sea, where I can have quiet and solitude sufficient for my purpose.

I am living in the upper chamber of an old stone house, close upon the sea-shore. Under my window, night and day, the spirits of the great deep sing. Their voices ever solemn, ever in full chorus, fill me with sensations of delight and awe. Far away, along the coast, stretches a brown shadow of autumn leaves, and the skies are rich with the hazy atmosphere of the Indian Summer. The harvests are gathered in, the mower's scythe and the reaper's sickle have done their work, and there is a hush over the land—it is the Sabbath of the year.

I have chosen my theme, and sitting in this enchanted window, I dream and write by turns.

9th.—I have been here three days, and am more and more in love with my hermitage. Yesterday the day was so delightful and the landscape wore such hues of enchantment, that I could not stay in, and pencil in hand I wandered a long way on the shore. The coast was high and rocky, and thickly grown with oaks. Acorns pattered on the ground as I walked under the branches, and now and then a squirrel whisked across my path. I found a place where I could sit under the trees and get in sight of the sea, and then I gave the hour to poetry.

"Oh, what labor is sweeter than the poet's labor!" I cried, with enthusiasm, when I had written a long time; "what mission is diviner than his!"

"There is but one thing diviner," said a strange voice near me, and, startled, I looked around and beheld an old man standing almost by my side. He was leaning on a staff, his hair was long and very white, and his eyes had an ashen look which betokened perfect blindness.

"There is but one thing diviner," he repeated, dwelling with a tremulous accent on the words, "and that is, to live a poet. It is beautiful to write poetry for the pleasure of other men, but to live poetry, that is diviner."

I felt as if a prophet had spoken and unconsciously rose to my feet. But before I could reply, he began to feel his path with his staff, and to call, "Evelyn! Evelyn Moore!"

"Wait, grandfather," responded a voice at a little distance, and in a moment through the oak trees appeared the form of a girl carrying her straw hat full of acorns. She was not particularly beautiful, but had a ruddy cheek and lustrous, hazel eyes, while a wealth of brown curls tossed carelessly from her temples. Seeing me so near her grandfather, she looked at me with slight surprise, and said as she took the old man's hand, "Who is this stranger, grandfather?"

"I think he is a poet, my child, from what I have heard him speak. Ask him to come and read to us what he has written."

"You hear his request," she said to me, with a smile, in which both frankness and dignity were blended. "Our cottage is not far off, and my grandfather loves nothing so well as poetry."

I could not refuse, but saying something about having nothing worthy to be read, I walked along with them. The aged man leaned upon the girl, and she supported his trembling steps with an ease and tenderness which showed her to be accustomed to the task. In a few moments we emerged from the forest, and approached a pleasant cottage, with sunny, open windows. The girl led the way to the portico, but here the old man paused.

"Let us not go in yet, Evelyn, the sunshine is so warm. We will sit here and listen to the stranger's poems."

She brought some chairs out upon the portico, and I opened my manuscript and read. It was a romance in verse, an old legend of the Rhine, a story of love and heroism. The old man leaned forward to catch every word, and when I uttered some line more musical than the rest, Evelyn's eyes would flash upon mine an appreciating glance.

I had composed but little more than a hundred lines, and was obliged to break off abruptly when their interest was fully awakened. The old man still bent his ear after I had ceased, and Evelyn asked,

"Is that all?"

"It is but the beginning of the poem," I answered, "but it is all I have yet written. I came down to the sea-shore a few days ago, to study and write through the Indian Summer."

"When the summer is ended, will the poem be done?" asked Evelyn, with a smile.

"I hope so," was my reply; and her grandfather said eagerly,

"You must come and read it to us as you write. We are simple people, Evelyn and I, but we love music and books. To repay you for the pleasure you have given us, Evelyn shall sing to you if you will stay until after supper."

Evelyn disappeared as I spoke my thanks, and in a few moments, during which Mr. Moore and myself had introduced ourselves more formally to each other, she came again to the door, and taking her grandfather's hand, led the way to a small apartment where the tea-table was spread for us by her own fair hands.

Never shall I forget that meal, so simple, but so delightful. White bread, pure butter and honey, with bunches of purple grapes from the garden, formed the repast, but a prince's table could not have worn more of an air of refinement and taste. Beautiful flowers filled the room with fragrance, and a canary warbled deliciously from his swinging cage in the window. And the gracious old man, the thoughtful, lovely maiden, were in themselves a strangely interesting picture.

While we yet sat at table, Mr. Moore lifted his hand toward Evelyn with a gesture which she instantly understood, and taking her guitar from the window, she touched its strings and sung a Scotch song, one that will never grow old, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon."

Sweet song of a sweet old bard—it will ever be sacred now to my ear. As she sung it with a thrilling softness and tenderness of expression, I felt as never before the touching beauty of that simple-hearted poet. What power is sweeter than that which enables its possessor to move

hearts, to waken tears, a century after he has mouldered to dust!

The old man clasped his hands together, and seemed lost in dreams of other days.

15th.—I have seen the Moores every day since my last record, and my poem is growing more and more absorbing to myself and to them. Yesterday it rained all day, and I shut myself up to write, but toward evening my landlady called me down to the door, and there stood my brown-haired Evelyn Moore, dripping with rain, but wearing as serene a look as if she were fresh from a banquet hall. I begged her to come in and dry and warm herself.

"No," she said, "I must go back directly, for grandfather is alone. He is not well to-day, and has watched impatiently for your coming, although it stormed. I waited until he fell asleep, and then I came swiftly across the wood path to bring you to him, that you might surprise him on his waking. Will you come?"

Who could refuse such an appeal from such a source? My foolish heart bounded at the thought that this young girl had come through such a storm to seek me, but I instantly blushed for my presumption when I saw her standing thoughtfully by the fire. Though I was a long time preparing to go out in the rain, she had no glances for me, but stood silent, looking into the blaze, and by the dreamy expression of her eyes, I knew her thoughts were far away.

Our walk was not long, and so silent that I almost felt as if her quick eye had discerned my vain and selfish thought. She spoke of the Indian Summer that was passing away, and asked me what it seemed most like.

I told her of the Sabbath-like impression it produced on me, and repeated the question to herself.

"It is like a beautiful old age," she answered, "like a pure, holy life that is drawing to a close."

I knew she was thinking of her grandfather, the only being for whom she seemed to live.

The old man was deeply gratified when I entered the room and took his hand. "So kind of you," he said, "to come in such a storm."

Evelyn was gone out, so I told him of her coming for me.

"Mr. Floyd," he said, with quivering lips, "do you remember what I said to you when I met you in the forest?"

I did remember, for I have pondered his words ever since, wondering what he could have meant.

"This child of mine is one of those rare ones whose life, simple as it is, might be set to music.

She has wealthy relatives who would be proud to take her into the world and give her every pleasure, but her devotion for me exceeds her ambition for herself. She makes a sacrifice of her brightest, gayest years, that she may console and brighten my old age. Her mind is a rich garden, and all its fairest flowers are trained for my blind, old eyes. I believe she would sacrifice even her life if duty and affection called her."

"Heaven grant that her noble spirit be not put to such trial!" I exclaimed.

She interrupted our conversation here, by coming in with her sewing and drawing a chair close to him, she talked cheerfully, and even playfully with him, very unlike her reserved manner with myself. I wondered if she would ever love like other maidens.

30th.—My hand trembles to record the strange and terrible event of this day. The trial has come and gone, but oh! what a thrilling, what a fearful scene!

The morning sun ushered in a warm and brilliant day, and old Mr. Moore went out, as is his custom, to breathe the fresh sea-breeze. Poor, old man! he wandered too far alone on the steep cliffs, allured by the warmth of the sunshine, and Evelyn busy in preparing the morning meal, had not heeded his absence. Suddenly a faint, distant cry rang through the air, and, missing him for the first time, with wild haste she sprang out-of-doors and ran along the cliffs. Something moved on the waters—again came the gurgling cry,

"Evelyn! darling!"

And the young girl kneeling on the rocks and straining her tear-blinded eyes, saw a pale hand stretched up imploringly, and long, white hair floating on the billows. At this moment, in my morning walk, I came upon an opening in the forest, where at one glance I took in the whole fearful scene. While I paused an instant, dizzy with terror, Evelyn Moore neither trembled nor hesitated. "Courage, grandfather!" she cried, in a clear, silvery voice, and sprang into the angry sea.

"Merciful heaven! must they both perish?" I breathed, and seeing a little boat fastened in a nook of the rocks, I ran forward, cut the rope, and catching an oar, shot out into the sea. They were not far from the shore, but quite distant from where I started. Evelyn had reached her grandfather, and clinging to him, with one arm was bravely striking for the shore when she heard my voice. She did not pause in her efforts to save him, but cried,

"Quick, or he will perish!"

Still no thought of herself! I urged the boat on across the waves, and each instant expected to see them sink to rise no more, but it was not so to be. The strong will and unfaltering courage of the girl kept her up, and the old man clung to her and struggled to swim also. It was a moment of dreadful suspense, yet but a moment, and I had reached them and drawn them safely from the yawning deep. The old man fell senseless upon the bottom of the boat, and Evelyn, pale but calm, rubbed his temples and hands.

We could not speak, but I rowed to the shore, and then took him in my arms and carried him to the cottage. He revived when we had laid him on his own bed, and reaching out his arms, he clasped his grandchild to his bosom and wept aloud. I went out and left them to the fullness of their emotion.

At evening I went again to the cottage. No one answered my knock, and opening the door I entered the room where we had laid him in the morning. It was strangely silent.

"Is he asleep?" I asked, of Evelyn, who sat with folded hands by the bedside.

"Yes, he is asleep," she answered, and again that strange, saint-like smile shone upon her features. I approached the bed and looked upon the old man. He was indeed asleep, to wake no more.

NOVEMBER 3rd.—I have been a month at the sea-shore, my poem is written, and I am going home. Yes, I have written a poem, but she has lived a poem. Men will read my pleasant legend and praise me, and forget me, but angels will read thy poem, Evelyn Moore!

I have seen her daily since her grandfather's death, and she meets me calmly and kindly. She is going to her friends in the south, and I shall see her no more. She does not love me—I feel it in my heart—but she beams over me with mild radiance like the evening star. Oh, Evelyn Moore, I would love thee if I dared.

7th.—I could not go without bidding her farewell, though I shrank from a last meeting. Last night I went to the cottage; she was not in, and I walked out in the garden toward the old man's grave. She was leaning over the slab and gazing into the evening sky, where star after star was brightening. I stood very near, but she did not see me. She clasped her hands and looking upward, said softly,

"Good night, my kind, my beloved father—a long, a last good night. Intercede for me that my strength may be equal to my day."

My heart was full, I could keep silent no longer, and with swift, impassioned utterance I

told her all my hope and fear. She turned her face slowly, her lustrous, dark eyes beamed on me a moment, and then she laid her white hands in mine. "Adieu for awhile," she said, "but in another year come to me again."

The Indian Summer is ended, and I am going home, but the love and hope that I bear back from this blessed sea-shore, shall fill my life with fragrance forever.

GENTLE RIVER.

BY MRS. FANNY SPANGENBERG.

GENTLE river, flowing ever
Onward to the boundless sea,
Restless still, returning never,
Bring some token back to me.

Seek the depths of dark, old ocean;
Rove his coral halls again,
Where the waves in constant motion
Dash against the rocks in vain.

Seek the mermaid, restless rover,
Ask for treasures of the deep;
Roam the coral mountains over,
Bring me news of those who sleep.

Knew ye the maid whose golden hair
Of-times hath kissed your wave?
In some sea-cave this maiden fair
Hath found a fitting grave.

Her spirit free can calmly rest,
Unfettered, unconfined,
As free the waves above her breast,
No bonds nor chains can bind.

Gentle river, flowing ever,
Onward to the dark blue sea,
Seek the dead, returning never,
And bring a token back to me.

TO AN ABSENT ONE.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

"Tis said that absence conquers love,"
But oh! it may not be,
For all my dreams that wayward rove
Are filled with thoughts of thee.

When morning o'er the grassy hill,
Looks with her golden eye,
And winds that through the night were still,
Are breathing softest sighs.

Then do I think of one, to me,
The noblest and the best,
And bid my wandering thoughts and free,
Fly to my heart's love nest.

When rain-drops patter on the leaves,
And drench the flowers of earth,
My soul doth dreamy visions weave,
To quench her restless dirth.

When the moon rides in the azure sea,
With all its magic light,
I think of hours I have strayed with thee,
In just such moonlight nights.

But now thou art gone, far, far away,
Thy dreams are not for me,
Yet ever will my spirit stray,
And sweetly rest with thee.

THOU WERT MY ALL.

BY M. D. WILLIAMS.

Thou wert my all, no heart but thine could feel
My every grief, no voice but thine could heal
The wound inflicted by a careless word,
More soft and gentle than the song of bird;
When sadness came, thou wert of home the light,
But thou art gone, and home, 'tis ever night.

The places which have known thee will no more
Reveal thy steps, thy mission here is o'er,
And I am lonely, sad, and desolate,
As bird bereft and pining for its mate;
But while I bow beneath this rankling pain,
I know my loss is thy eternal gain.

And while I muse upon the faded past
With thee beside me, joy too great to last;
Contrasting that with this, my loneliness,
How sweet the dream of by-gone happiness—
But when I wake from memory's dream of thee,
How painful seems the stern reality!

Thou wert my all, and I was more than blest
With thee to share and calm the soul's unrest,
And well I knew if thou shouldst pass away,
How dark and desolate would be the day;
It came at last, I tread life's path alone;
I grieve, but murmur not, God's will be done.

KING PHILIP'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135.

CHAPTER III.

ELIZABETH PARRIS was in her own little chamber, in the gable end of her father's log house. The window looked out toward the sea, and a beautiful glow of sunshine lay upon the neck of land, which stretched between it and the shore, turning the water to sparkling sapphires, and the green of the land to a richer emerald tint, as the day drew toward its noon.

There was something very pretty and picturesque about Elizabeth's room. Though a tiny little place, compared to those she had just left in the gubernatorial mansion, it possessed a score of dainty trifles, that awoke in her heart a sweet home-feeling, that went rippling like a trill of music through her whole being, as she went from object to object, arranging one, displacing another, and fluttering to and fro like a bird that returns to its cage, after a long, pleasant flight in the open air.

"Oh! how white and nice everything is," she said, addressing old Tituba, who stood by the door, watching her with a glow of satisfaction in her sharp, black eyes. "This curtain is soft and pure as the clouds that sleep over the sea out yonder. As for the bed, I shouldn't think it had been slept in since I went away, the pillow-cases shine like snow crust."

"The bed hasn't been slept in since we knew you were coming right away home, child," said old Tituba, casting a well pleased look on the pillow-cases, polished by her own deftly urged smoothing-irons. "I put everything on fresh, yesterday: all for yourself."

"Not used, Tituba, not used! Then where has cousin Abby slept? Where did she sleep last night?"

"She's gone into the back room, at t'other end of the house; the very minute we heard you were coming she went in there."

"What? The store-room, where you kept herbs, and dried apples, and all sorts of things; where the old chest of drawers stands? What does this mean, Tituba?"

"I s'pose Abby was lonesome."

"Lonesome here, in this bright room, with a

glow from the water breaking in whenever there is sunshine, and the first roses always peeping through that window, with the dew on the leaves?—Tituba, you must be dreaming! How could Abby tire of our own room, even if I was away? But then, just as I was sure to come back—I can't understand it, Tituba!"

"Come and see," said Tituba, crossing a little span of open garret, and unclosing a door, which led to the opposite gable. "Sure as the world, this is Abby Williams' room now."

Elizabeth stepped into the little chamber. It was similar in size to the one she had just left; but not enclosed, like that, with wooden panels, of a light, cheerful color, or flavored with fine boards scoured white as snow by the constant exercise of old Tituba's scrubbing cloth. But here the rafters were dismally exposed, crevices of light broke through the shingles here and there, while the rough floor was full of knot-holes, and shook loosely under the tread as it was passed over.

A low, trundle bed, covered with a blue-and-white yarn quilt, stood in a corner, close under the slope of the roof. A single chair was near it, and near to the door a tall chest of drawers towered into the roof. This was all the furniture visible. That the room had been used for rude household purposes formerly, was very evident; for opposite the bed, clusters of penny-royal, sage and coriander, were still hanging to the rafters; and on each side of the windows festoons of dried apples and rings of pumpkins fell, like a drapery from roof to floor, but half concealing the rough logs underneath. The windows looked toward the grave-yard, and beyond that into the deep, deep forest.

Elizabeth gazed around with mingled surprise and distress. After her beautiful city life, this homely floor seemed full of insupportable gloom.

"And does Abby mean to sleep here? She, who loved our own pretty rooms so much? What does it all mean? Do, tell me, old Tituba, what does it mean?"

Tituba shook her head.

"What does it mean?" persisted the young

lady, with a burst of her natural impatience. "I want to understand all about it!"

That moment the door opened, and Abby Williams came in, looking pale and harassed.

"What is all this about?" cried Elizabeth, turning upon her cousin, with a burst of half indignant affection. "I come back, Abby Williams, to find our dear old room white and cold as a snow drift—not a flower in the glasses—not even a branch of pine or hemlock in the fireplace—and worst of all, the bed so smooth that it looks as if no one ever slept in it, or ought to sleep in it, without being chilled to death. Why have you left our pretty room, Abby Williams? the room you and I have slept in since they took us from the same cradle; left it, too, for this dreary corner, just as I was coming home so happy, so very, very happy, at the thoughts of—of—oh! Abby, dear, dear Abby, what has come over you since I have been away?"

Abby Williams stood leaning against the chest of drawers. She looked sad and weary, rather than touched, or excited, by her cousin's almost passionate appeal.

"I came here," she said, gently, "because, since you went away, Elizabeth, I have learned to be alone. It seems unnatural to go back into the old life now: your heart is full of its own joys. But mine—you see I am fond of loneliness now, and that is why we cannot sleep together any more."

Elizabeth's blue eyes filled with half angry tears; her fair face flushed, and turned pale, and then broke into one of those heavenly smiles that seemed bright enough to win an angel from his place in paradise. She went up to her cousin, and flung one arm over her shoulders.

"Oh! I see how it is," she cried, turning the sad face toward her with a gentle pat of the hand, "she is jealous that I shall think of somebody else now, and not all the day and night long of her, as we used to think of each other. I know what the feeling is, Abby darling, and would rather die than give it to you. But then you are so wrong! This love—yes, don't stare, old Tituba. Indeed I love some one, very, very much—you cross-looking old thing—and that very love gives warmth and breadth to all the dear old household feelings, that nothing ever could crowd from my heart, just as a good mother loves all her children, better and better for every new baby. There now, don't be jealous, cousin!"

"I am not jealous, Elizabeth Parris," answered Abby, oppressed by the caressing tenderness of the young girl, "only sad, and in love with my own company. When two girls like us

are once separated, it is not so easy to fall back into the old ways."

"Indeed, indeed, this is jealousy, nothing else. But I do love you so much, Abby Williams, cross as you are; you don't know how my heart leaped, as I came in sight of the house; I wanted to fly, to kiss you, this way, a thousand, thousand times. There—there."

Elizabeth interrupted herself, pressing kiss after kiss on the lips, forehead and hair of her cousin, who shrunk and grew pallid in her embrace, as if those warm kisses had poison in them.

"Why, Abby, you do not kiss me back—you are trying to get away—is it because you do not love me any longer?—is it really that?"

Elizabeth drew back, searching her cousin's face with her reproachful eyes, while Abby turned away, almost sullenly.

"This is hard, very hard!" murmured Elizabeth, choking back the sobs that struggled in her throat. "I am home again, my—my heart brim full of joy, and no one seems to care for it; even old Tituba stands looking at me, as if she expected to be hanged, and I had the rope somewhere about me. What have I done, or left undone, that my own cousin should hate me so?"

Abigail muttered something beneath her breath. It was that fragment of scripture, which speaks of children inheriting the sins of their parents. The poor girl did not remember that endurance and atonement made up the duty of the fell inheritance, not vengeance. But her whole being was in commotion. She began to look upon herself as an avenger, and this iron repulse of her cousin was her first step in the gloomy path, which seemed the only one she could ever tread.

"What were you saying, Abigail?" inquired Elizabeth, softening with what she thought a relenting murmur.

"Nothing. I did not speak," said Abby, moving toward the window, and looking out.

Elizabeth followed her, and her glance took in the outskirts of the grave-yard, along which a female figure was moving rapidly toward the house.

Elizabeth caught her breath. Abigail turned her eyes, that instant, and saw the change that came, like a storm, over that bright face.

"She here!" said Elizabeth, casting suspicious glances at Abby and old Tituba. "She here! Then I understand it all. She is the malignant witch that prowls forever along my path, turning every one against me. Abby Williams, you saw Barbara Stafford before I came home?"

"Yes," said Abby, vaguely, "I saw her; she

is a strange, sweet woman, full of soothing, rich in all that gives tranquility."

"It is her doings!" exclaimed Elizabeth, passionately. "This woman intrigues with the Evil one. I say again, Abigail Williams, and you, old Tituba, this woman, Barbara Stafford, is my enemy!"

Elizabeth was white and stern, as she uttered this denunciation. Every feature bore conviction that she solemnly believed what she was saying.

Old Tituba cowered down in a corner of the room, knitting her hands together in a paroxysm of nervous dread, for the sight of her child's distress made a coward of her. Even Abby, whose soul was full of a trouble more harassing than superstition, felt a shudder creep through her frame, and a strange intangible dread poisoned her. She almost thought her cousin mad.

"See! see!" cried Elizabeth, pointing through the window, "that is my father, she is speaking with him—she dares to touch him—she turns—he walks by her side—he stoops his head to listen. Oh! my God, save him from her subtle power; I cannot move, I cannot run, to warn him: the very sight of the evil woman smites the strength from my limbs!"

A sudden faintness seized upon the young girl, as she spoke. She began to tremble violently, and crept away to her own chamber, moaning as she went. The change in her cousin, the shock of Barbara Stafford's sudden presence, the excitement in which she had been living, recoiled upon her all at once, and she was seriously ill.

For a little time she lay writhing upon the snowy bed, which had seemed so cold to her a few moments before. Sorrow, or any kind of anxiety was so new to her life, that she wrestled all her strength away with the first encounter.

Old Tituba came into the room with a bowl of herb-tea, which the young girl strove to drink; but the first drop was met with a hysterical swell of the throat, and she pushed the bowl away, exclaiming, "I cannot swallow! I cannot swallow!"

Old Tituba stood by the bed; grasping the bowl in her little, brown hands, terrified by a burst of feeling which convulsed the slight form before her with strange throes.

She possessed no skill which could reach or even understand a paroxysm like this, for in those days the hysterical affections that spring from over-excitement and ill regulated tempers, had not reached the dignity of a fashionable disease.

Abby Williams did not enter the chamber. She heard the moans and sobs with callous indifference, with the thoughts of the constable's lash across the white shoulders of her mother, and the Indian tomahawk unmercifully buried in the white forehead of her grandame, Anna Hutchinson. She had no sympathy to cast away on the causeless moans of a young girl. To her they seemed trivial and mocking. With mighty wrongs like those in the past, what right had any one to moan over the capricious rise and fall of mere household affection?

Under the knowledge of a great wrong, Abby Williams stifled the tender impulses of a heart naturally full of human goodness. She had learned to think revenge a solemn obligation. Was not the young creature writhing under the first recoil of her affections, the child of her mother's judge? Was not she, Abigail Williams, the creature of his bounty? From the cradle up, had she not received her daily bread from the hand which placed her mother beneath the lash?

These thoughts froze all compassion in her bosom; but she could not listen to the sobs that broke from that room, without a sensation of terrible regret for the love that had grown so icy in her bosom. In the grasp of that iron destiny, her poor heart, with a thousand kind impulses fluttering at the core, trembled to free itself, but had no power. A wall of granite seemed built up between her and the young creature who had once been her second life. So, stupefied and locked up in the iron destiny before her, she sat down in the open garret, and waited within hearing of her cousin's sobs.

As she sat upon a wooden box, with both hands locked over her knees, holding herself, body and soul, as it were, in a vice, the chamber door opened, and Elizabeth came out. Her hair was disordered, and her face flushed with weeping; but she walked with a gesture of resolve, and descended to the lower part of the house in quick haste.

The sitting-room was empty, but through the window she saw her father, standing with Barbara Stafford. The woman was talking earnestly, enforcing what she said, now and then, with a gentle motion of the hand.

Samuel Parris was looking in her face, with a long, earnest gaze. His heart had not been so moved by a human voice, since the day when the young wife, who lay close in sight, had turned from his embrace to bless her babe and die.

There was something in Barbara's look, or voice, that troubled all the deep waters of his

memory, and yet she was in one thing like the fair young creature lost to him so long ago.

Parris was speaking as his daughter came up. Almost for the first time in his life, he did not take a step to meet the idol of his home, as she approached; but kept on with the invitation he was giving.

"Surely, we will find you food and shelter, so long as you may require either," he was saying, "we are a single family, and live as becometh a servant of the Most High, taking God's gifts in frugal thoughtfulness. You have, doubtless, been used to more sumptuous fare, lady, and a more stately roof; but in my poor home, you will find peace and household love, which is better than cups of gold and trenchers of silver. Sojourn with us, then, so long as it pleases you. See, here comes my daughter, who shall speak our welcome better than I can; who, to own the truth, am somewhat unused to hospitable courtesies; Elizabeth, my child, this lady will be our guest awhile, welcome her as becometh a lady of condition, for such make sure she is."

When Elizabeth came up, her cheek was on fire, and her eyes sparkled with some passionate resolve; but as she turned from her father to Barbara Stafford, with a proud refusal on her lip, the calm, blue eyes of the woman fell upon her, like sunshine on a thunder cloud. The repulse that had burned on her lip, quivered into a murmur of welcome; her eyes drooped to the earth, and she grew ashamed of her passion. The fire upon her cheek melted into a modest blush, and her voice was sweet with humility.

And all this change arose from a single calm glance, prolonged and vital with that mesmeric power which endows some human beings with wonderful influence; an influence that might well arouse the superstition of an age like that, and prove a dangerous gift to its possessor.

As Elizabeth stood before her, mute and blushing, Barbara reached forth her hand, clasping that of the young girl with a gentle pressure.

"You will not find me troublesome," she said, with a sad smile, quietly guarding the fact that they had ever met before; "I want a little time for rest and thought. You will not grudge me a corner in your home, or a crust and cold water twice a day. My wants will be scarcely more than that?"

"You shall be welcome, lady," murmured Elizabeth, almost in a whisper. "But deal kindly with us, for you have great power."

This was not at all the reply Elizabeth had intended to make; but she had no courage, either to expostulate or protest; her heart swelled, and her limbs shook, but she had lost

all ability or wish to send the stranger from her father's door.

"Shall we go in-doors now?" said Samuel Parris, who saw nothing unusual in the reception his daughter had given to the guest. "I have scarcely spoken to my niece yet; but methought, Elizabeth, that she looked sad, as if the loneliness of our absence had stricken deep. Pray, call Abigail Williams, my child, I would greet her once more, and present her to our guest."

"I have already seen the young lady," said Barbara, smiling upon the old man, "she gave me some breakfast, this morning, before you came!"

"And in all the time we were together never mentioned it," murmured Elizabeth, with a swell of jealous indignation at the heart; "this is why Abby shuns me so cruelly!"

"She has a fair—nay, that is not the right word—she has a strangely interesting face," continued Barbara, softly, "a sybiline face, full of sweet gravity. I have never seen features so beautiful."

"Nay, nay," said the simple-hearted old man, looking with jealous fondness on his own child, "Abby is a comely girl enough; but great painters, I am told, give blue eyes and sunny hair to the angels."

Barbara smiled. His words bore a double compliment, for her own hair was lightly golden, and her eyes were of that deep velvety blue, which might at one time have been as rich in sparkling life as those of Elizabeth; but were now sad and hazy, like a periwinkle in its dew.

Samuel Parris had not noticed this. His heart was turning back to another fair creature, who had indeed been the angel at his hearthstone years before; and her memory was the very type of human loveliness to him.

Barbara Stafford seemed to understand his thoughts.

"Yes," she said, "you are right; there is something almost divine in a pure, young face like—like——" she broke off suddenly, with a little confusion which satisfied the wrong love of the old man for his child. Of course, the strange lady could not praise the beauty of Elizabeth, and she present; he looked at his daughter, wondering at the cloud on her forehead.

Barbara stepped forward, and laid her hand on that of the young girl, Elizabeth shrunk back, but as Barbara's fingers closed over hers, a thrill of almost imperceptible pleasure stole the pain from her heart, and she blushed like a naughty child, beneath the grave, kind look fastened on her face.

Abby Williams looked out from the gable

window of her little chamber, and saw the action. A vague sense of loneliness drove her back into the room. She locked the door, creating for herself a moral desert, when she sat down, a second Ishmael, ready to lift her hand against every creature of the white race.

A week went by, and all the bitter feelings, starting up in the hearts of those two girls, grew and throve like the nightshade which overruns all the sweet flowers of a garden. Elizabeth was grieved and wounded into coldness. Abby grew silent, and shrunk away from her warm-hearted cousin. Her whole habits of life changed. She gave up all her dainty needle-work and passive knitting, and from choice toiled all day long in the kitchen with old Tituba, doing the hardest and coarsest work with a zeal that threatened to undermine her strength. The sweet, dreamy portion of her life gave place to hard reality. She toiled like a slave, and thought like a martyr.

Samuel Parris sometimes expostulated with his niece, in a solemn, kindly way; but she answered him vaguely, and went on her own course, denying his authority to chide only by a persistent refusal to change her new mode of life.

"I will earn my own bread," she would say to herself, "the hand that smote my mother shall not feed her child."

Then would come bitter, bitter regrets for the shelter she had received, and the food she had eaten from her cradle up. She loathed the very roundness of her limbs, and the richness of her beauty, because both had thriven on the kindness of her mother's arch enemy. Yet it seemed strange, very strange, that any one could feel a moment's bitterness toward that good old man, who had but acted up to the light of an iron age, believing himself even as Paul believed, when he persecuted the saints most cruelly.

Thus the household of Samuel Parris was divided against itself; and in the midst of this growing discord, Barbara Stafford rested, after many a heavy trouble, unconscious of the good or evil her presence created, a stranger in the land, the very reasons for her coming a secret in her bosom, distressed by disappointment, and filled with heavy regrets, she had lost the keen perception which might have enlightened a less occupied person regarding the effect of her visit at the minister's house. Besides, she knew nothing of the previous habits of the family, and had no way of learning that the two girls, now so far apart, had, up to the last two months, been like twin blossoms which a storm had never touched. But the days wore on, as if no discontent were known under that humble roof. When

Abby Williams was not drudging in the kitchen, she spent her time in the woods; and in this lay the greatest danger of all, for during all their lives, the two girls had haunted those forest nooks in company. Now Abigail went alone, in the day and in the night, without a word of explanation when she came in, or when she came out.

I do not know how Barbara Stafford spent her time, or what led her so much into the open air. She sat hours together on the sea-shore, looking wistfully over the swelling blue of the waters, waiting and musing like one who had no world out of her own thoughts. She seldom went to the forest, but sometimes walked slowly out to the outskirting trees, and came back again breathing fast as if something had frightened her away.

Sometimes Elizabeth, weary of the solitude forced upon her, would join Barbara in the sitting-room down stairs, for the young girl seemed constantly torn by opposing influences. In the absence of her father's guest, jealousy, suspicion, and bursts of dislike, embittered every thought; but some strange force seemed constantly bringing the two in company; and thus Elizabeth was like a little child, so gentle, and regretting so much the bitter feelings of her solitude, that her whole character was disturbed with contradictions.

The second week after Samuel Parris' return from Boston, another guest arrived at his house, a handsome young fellow, with the face of an angel and the impulsive manners of a child, but with depth and earnestness of feeling, which only broke out when the occasion was important enough to draw forth high and brave qualities.

When Elizabeth saw the young man coming, she forgot all coldness, and uttering a joyful cry, ran into the little garret room, where Abby William sat brooding over her thoughts.

"Oh! Abby, dear, dear Abby—he has come, Norman is here. Come, look at him as he dismounts, and say if he is not the brightest, the handsomest—oh! do come!"

In her eagerness, she almost lifted Abby from her seat on the bed, and kissed her averted face again and again. Abby was taken by surprise, her heart gave a wild leap, and her cheeks grew red and warm. The good, true heart for a moment flung off its bitter load.

They crossed the garret, each with an arm girding the other's waist, and stood by the window, while the young man dismounted. Abby could not feel that young heart beating and fluttering against her own, without a thrill of warm sympathy, and for a little time the old love triumphed.

"Stand back a little, just a step, cousin Abby, or he will see us watching him," cried Elizabeth, blushing crimson at the idea of her own boldness.

"There now—ha!"

Elizabeth gave a start, and forgetting her late precaution, drew close to the window. The young man had sprung from his saddle, and was moving eagerly toward the doorstep on which Barbara Stafford had paused. The sound of his voice, clear and full of glad surprise, rang up to the two girls where they stood.

"You here, lady—oh! if you only knew how anxious we have been, how lonely the house was after you left so strangely. But you will never believe it. The governor has scarcely spoken since, except on state affairs—and as for Lady Phipps, she has moved about like a shadow. Somehow all the sunshine went out when you disappeared."

Barbara Stafford answered in a more constrained voice, but with gentleness.

"I had but a few weeks to wait, before the ship goes out. My business in this land is accomplished, I only wanted some place to rest in, till the time came; found my way here, knowing that the good minister would give me shelter."

"Oh! but we have been so troubled at your sudden disappearance: it was very cruel."

"And was there any one who felt my loss?" asked Barbara, with a thrill of tenderness in her voice. "Who cared to inquire if I was dead or alive?"

"You ask that question in earnest? I will not believe it. How little you knew of the depths of love you abandoned!"

These words rose to the window less distinctly than the others had done; but Abby felt the form, still encircled by her arm, waver as if about to fall.

"Listen—listen," she said, "it is not of himself he speaks."

Elizabeth did not answer. Her breath was hushed. With all her soul she listened for the next words. They came, like a gush of bright waters.

"But now that I find you safe, and have good tidings to carry back to Sir William and Lady Phipps, I will pass in, lady, for I should see her before my hard gallop is quite rewarded. Surely, Miss Parris is not away from home, or ill?"

"He thinks of you—he inquires for you!" whispered Abby. "It was surprise, only surprise, that kept him at the door so long."

"I will go down. Shall I go down at once? Dear cousin, tell me—don't let me go if it is

unmaidenly, or if you think he has been too cold. Shall I go, cousin Abby?"

"Yes, go," answered Abby Williams, withdrawing her arm. "He is waiting for you!"

Elizabeth smoothed her hair with both hands, looked shyly at her cousin as she turned from the little mirror, and glided away. She entered the lower hall; but between her and her lover stood Barbara Stafford, with the sunshine on her hair, but casting a dark shadow across the door-sill. So the young people met with constraint, and each thought the other cold.

Barbara Stafford glided away, when she saw Elizabeth, and bent her course to the sea-shore. Young Lovel watched her, with a long, earnest look, and when she disappeared behind a clump of orchard trees, he sighed deeply, and fell into thought. Elizabeth stood on the threshold, leaning against the mouldings of the door. Her cheek grew red, and she began to tremble beneath the rush of a terrible idea, that took distinct form on that fatal moment.

"Strange, strange woman!" muttered the youth. "By what power does she drain the heart of all thoughts that do not belong to herself?"

Elizabeth began to tremble. The young man seemed unconscious of her presence; yet they had not seen each other for a week; and since the solemn engagement had never been parted till then. She turned proudly, and went into the house. The movement aroused Lovel. He withdrew his eyes from the retreating form of Barbara Stafford, to which they seemed drawn by some fascination, and followed the young girl, unconscious that he had done anything to wound or offend her.

Elizabeth sat down in the oaken chair, that had belonged to her mother. She could not understand the iron feelings that crept over her.

"Had that woman's shadow chilled all the love from her heart as well as his?" she said to herself. "Was she too bewitched?"

This word made the idea, that had haunted her so long, painfully tangible. The young girl began to shudder at the thoughts that crowded upon her. All the feelings, connected with her love of this young man, had been strange from the first. There had been so much of pain mingled with them, so much of passion, temper, and the bitter tears which spring from both, that she could not comprehend it. The very development of her own nature, under the workings of a passion utterly unknown to her before, had something mysterious in it, which aroused ideas of some supernatural power, checking and thwarting it into a wild pain.

And Barbara Stafford had connected herself with this evil power, which sometimes held her heart girded like a vice, and again forced the young creature to throw herself upon the woman's bosom in a paroxysm of regretful tenderness.

Why was she to love or hate Barbara Stafford, a woman she had never seen till within the last few weeks: a stranger wrecked upon the shore, and cast up, as it were, from the foam of the ocean, without a history, or it might prove without a true name: or if it must be that their destinies jostled each other, why could it not be all love or entire hate?

Elizabeth Parris sat still, thinking these things over, while Norman Lovel was talking to her of the friends she had so lately left. He brought a score of sweet messages from Lady Phipps, and dignified remembrances from the governor himself. He spoke of the loneliness that fell upon the family when its guests had departed; but after his words to Barbara Stafford, anything he could say to her seemed cold and common-place. Without knowing it, Elizabeth was possessed of that proud hunger, which every true woman feels, when she really loves; that craving desire to be all or nothing, which makes so many noble hearts miserable.

Yes, Elizabeth would be all to Norman Lovel, or she would be nothing. She did not say these words, or think these thoughts; but the resolution rose and burned in her heart like a fire. Filled with the tumult of these sensations, she did not heed what her lover was saying. His voice seemed to come from afar off; and as for the meaning of his speech, her ears refused to drink it in.

Norman saw her distraction, and was amazed by it. Had he ridden fifteen miles through the woods, almost on an unbroken gallop, to be met with half looks, and greeted only by monosyllables? The young man took fire at once. He would give Elizabeth plenty of time to collect her thoughts. His kindest words should no longer be wasted on a sullen statue.

In this heat of temper, Norman took up his hat and went out. Elizabeth started, looked wildly over her shoulder, and tried to call him back; but her voice was too husky; she could neither speak nor move, till he had crossed the threshold, and was gone. For some moments she sat motionless. It seemed as if her limbs were girded to the chair. She thought with bitterness that the power of Barbara Stafford's evil will held her tight, when it was the reaction of her own overwrought feelings. The fiend Jealousy was torturing her silently.

All at once, she started up and went to the door, shading her eyes with one hand as she looked forth toward the ocean. It lay in the distance, blue and sparkling, like hedges and woods of sapphire, breaking through a stream of diamond dust; and moving along through the verdure of the shore, she saw young Lovel walking rapidly, in the path from which Barbara Stafford had just disappeared.

"He is going to her! he is going to her!" cried the young girl, pressing the hand down upon her forehead, to still a thought that seemed gnawing at her brain like a viper. "She has charmed him away, she and the sweet-toned familiar, that whispers in her voice, and looks through those velvet eyes——"

"Elizabeth, child! Elizabeth!"

She did not hear the full voice of Tituba, who had stood in the entry way, behind her, waiting to be noticed.

"Child!" she repeated, touching the uplifted arm with her finger, "child!"

Elizabeth dropped her hand, and shrunk away, looking at Tituba suspiciously, over her shoulder.

"You hurt me, old Tituba. Look, my arm is black and purple where the marks of your nails have been. She has taught you this, old woman. I have seen her in the kitchen, with dry herbs, which you made into tea; and roots, which she dug up with a knife from among drifts of seaweed on the shore. Keep away from me, old woman, my flesh creeps as you come near."

Old Tituba looked confounded. She had only come to consult her young mistress on the propriety of killing a chicken, and making up a batch of blackberry pies, if the young gentleman was likely to stay over night; and this charge of hurting the creature, whom she loved better than anything on earth, struck her dumb. At length she spoke.

"You are sick, Miss Lizzybeth; or something dreadful is the matter, or you'd never say this to old Tituba. Go up stairs, and sit down while I make some tea."

"No, you gave me herb drink last night, and once before this week. I will not take herb tea from any one."

"Why, child?"

"Hush, Tituba, hush! If you love me, I don't mean to be cross; but my head is full of wild, terrible thoughts, and they make me say cruel things even to my poor old Tituba."

"The poor child—and she will take nothing," said the old woman, while her face, dark and wrinkled like a dried peach, began to work, the nearest approach to weeping her Indian blood

ever permitted. What can I do? Where is the young brave?"

"Yonder," said Elizabeth, bitterly, "going toward the sea!"

"Shall I bring him back? Shall I tell him that he has left your heart full of tears?"

Tituba clenched her little hands with energy, as if she were about to give a leap, and start off at full speed, while her sharp eyes followed the retreating figure of the young man. But Elizabeth held her back.

"No, no. See, Abigail is coming down. I will tell her. Abigail! cousin Abigail!"

But Abigail Williams, who had been so caring and kind half an hour before, came into the passage, with the dull, heavy frown on her

forehead, which had become habitual now, and answering her cousin's appeal with a repulsive motion of the hand, passed by her, and went into the open air. The sun was very bright, and for an instant she stood upon the stepping-stone, shading her eyes with one hand, looking first toward the cool forest, and again, with more lingering earnestness, sweeping the horizon with her gaze, where the sky melted into the ocean. A boat lay like a speck amid the brightness of the water. Had she not been searching for it, an object so diminished by distance would have escaped observation. But she saw the floating speck, and without a look, or word, for those she left behind, started off for the shore.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPRING PICTURES.

BY LIBBIE D——.

Up aloft in the ether,
The white-winged cloudlets fly,
Whiter they look, and fairer,
Against that dark blue sky.
Down below on the fields
Lie fleecy patches of snow,
They look like clouds on the brown old earth,
And like clouds they change and go.

The sky has the blue of June,
And its clear, sunshiny glow;
But bleak winds sweep o'er the barren fields,
It is only March below.
It is March in the frosty air—
It is March in the forests brown,
Where the old trees wrestle with the winds,
And the dry leaves rustle down.

And thoughts of this wondrous life
Rise up before me here,
I think of some, whose faces smile
In sunshine, bright and clear—
Who down in the sunless heart
Are chilled as with Winter snow,
With walling memories there,
Sounding drear as the March wind's blow.

They wrestle with their pain,
As the old trees with the gale,
Though the sky smiles overhead,
And their faces grow not pale;
But alas! their withered hopes
Are falling, falling fast,
As the leaves are torn from the forest trees
By the stormy North-wind's blast.

PRESS ON.

BY N. F. CARTER.

PILGRIM of earth, press on, press on;
Nor mind the burning desert sand,
Thy weariness will ne'er be gone
Till thou hast reached the promised land.
Now is the time for manly toil,
For strong, courageous hearts to brave
The dangers, and the wild turmoil,
That crest with foam the ocean wave.

Press on; nor mind the chilly morns
That usher in the weary day—
The jagged rocks, the wounding thorns,
That strew so thick thy dubious way.
Press on; nor mind the rising cloud—
The gathering blackness of the storm—
The thunder pealing long and loud—
The lightning flashing thick and warm;

Press on; and let no love of ease—
No clinging to some darling sin—
No distant gleam of summer seas—
No earthly pleasure thou may'st win,
Rob thine undying soul of good
That crowns the victor in the race,
Blesses the angel brotherhood,
And shows a Father's smiling face!

Press on; oh, christian pilgrim, press
With all thy might and vigor on,
To reach the gates of blessedness,
Where many a ransomed one has gone.
Press on, press on; those pearly gates
Will soon be gleaming on thy sight!
Press on; for lo! the Saviour waits
To crown thee victor in the fight!

FASHION NOVELTIES FOR THE MONTH.

BY OUR "FASHION EDITOR."

In the front pages of this number, are given some exquisite patterns for bonnets, &c., sent



out to us from Paris: and the descriptions of them are to be found under the usual head, at



the end of the number. Formerly, it was necessary, in all cases where style was required, to depend on Paris. But of late years, milliners, in both Philadelphia and New York, have been

found to rival their French sisters in taste and elegance. It shall be our purpose to keep an eye on the best and most stylish productions of these American *artistes*, and have them engraved for "Peterson." For the present number, we have selected three exquisite affairs: two bonnets and a head-dress, from the establishment of R. T. Wilde, No. 253 Broadway, New York. Next month we shall be enabled to present our readers with some of the leading styles of full fashions in bonnets, which report says are unusually elegant.



A bonnet of white crape, laid on the foundation plain, with a succession of narrow folds of crape extending over the head. The brim, and also the crown, are edged by a narrow border of rich plaided ribbon in gay colors. The left side is ornamented by clusters of white *marabouts*, tipped with colors to correspond with the ribbon: on the right side, a single loop of plaid ribbon forms the only ornament. The curtain is of crape, edged with plaided ribbon. The inside is adorned by a wreath of variegated roses, which terminates on either side in full *ruches* of blonde. Broad strings of white and plaided ribbon.

From the Head-Dress department we selected a becoming and pretty style of coiffure for a blonde, composed of ribbon, flowers, and tulle

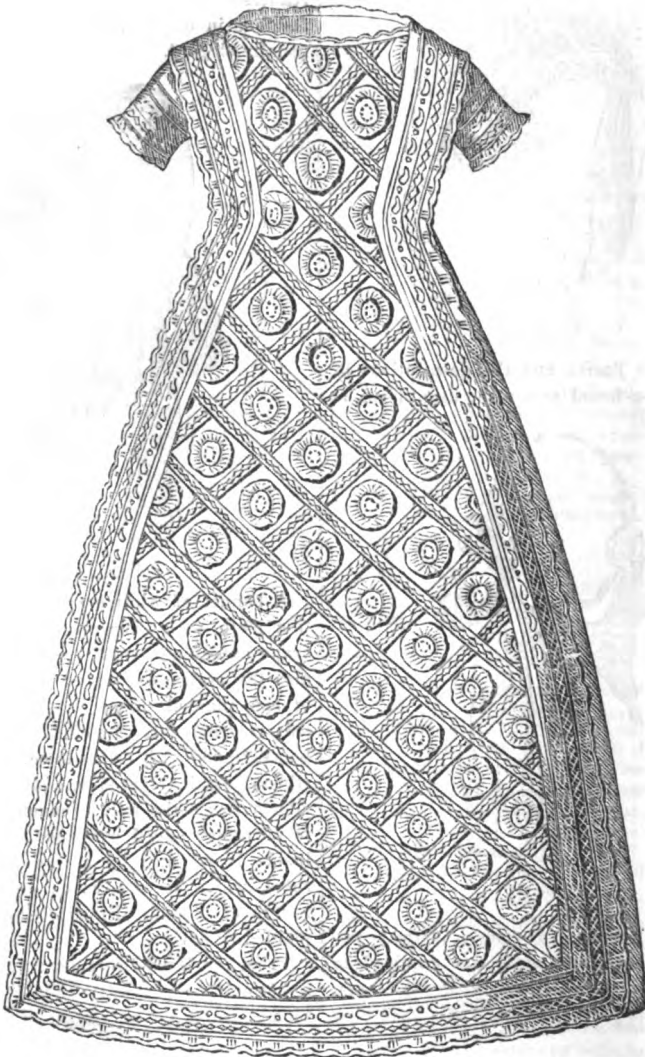
A delicate wreath of pale blue flowers extends over the head, while a wreath of clematis droops over full loops and ends of blue and white striped ribbon, which forms an ornament at the back of the head. The side-trimmings are composed of clusters of snowy phlox and blue-bells, long streamers of tulle are on the right side.

Also from the same establishment a coquetish style of bonnet for a Miss of twelve years.

The materials are Neapolitan lace and gimp: the front is formed entirely of lace with the exception of the edge, which is bordered with a narrow edge of blue silk. The crown is composed of blue silk shirred lengthwise, and the sides are ornamented by loops of blue ribbon, with long fringed ends: the curtain is of straw and silk. The face trimmings consist of a full cap of blonde mingled with forget-me-nots.

EMBROIDERED ROBE FOR INFANT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



DRESSES FOR CHILDREN

BY EMILY H. MAY.



PATTERN FOR BOY'S DRESS.

We give, this month, two different diagrams for children's dresses. The first is a Dress for a Boy. For the fall months it is especially suitable, and is also excellent for winter, if made out of thicker cloth. Of this one the jacket and waistcoat are made of velvet of any color, with military braid to match for the trimmings, and fancy buttons. The skirt is made of Orleans cloth, with two rows of velvet the same color as the jacket, the lower one being the broadest. The skirt is made rather full and quite ample in width.

The waistcoat fastens up the front with hooks,

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and is finished with very narrow velvet braid. The same also goes round the collar. The dress only requires drawers with a deep Broderie edging to make it the most elegant of any out this season. We have made the diagram for this dress particularly plain, as it consists of a larger number of parts than usual.

- No. 1. THE SKIRT.
- No. 2. THE FRONT.
- No. 3. THE BACK.
- No. 4. THE SIDE.
- No. 5. THE SLEEVE.
- No. 6. THE CUFF.

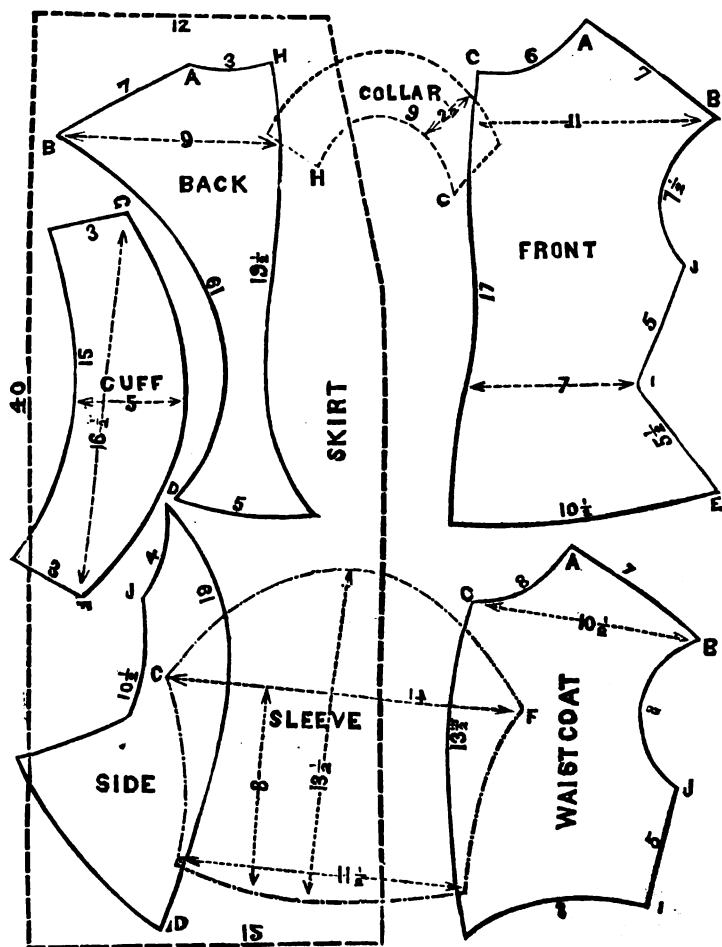


DIAGRAM FOR BOY'S DRESS.

No. 7. THE COLLAR.

No. 8. THE WAISTCOAT.

The lengths of the various parts are marked on the side. Of course, they may be varied, more or less, according to the size of the young lad.

Our next pattern is a SACK FOR A LITTLE GIRL. We omit a drawing of it, for want of room; but give the diagram; and as this dress is much simpler than the last, the diagram is all that is necessary. The Sack may be varied in size, it should be remembered, so as to suit children of different ages. To do this it is only necessary to preserve the proportions of the three parts. We should add, that, for a girl of the ordinary size, the height of the back and front, respectively, are about thirty inches. For the diagram see the next page.

No. 1. BACK.

No. 2. FRONT.

No. 3. SLEEVE.

The beauty of this charming little garment may be much increased, by trimming it in the style seen in the diagram. This way of trimming is, just now, all the rage in Paris, especially for children. It is executed in gimp, and is quite easy to do. Or the Sack may be finished with a pretty braid, if intended for the early fall months, and made out of a light material. The Sack, for later fall wear, may be of velvet, as the boy's dress given before, or of cloth, as the taste of the mother may suggest. A very slight skill will be required to make this garment. The other is more difficult, but still, with the elaborate diagram, may be made, we think, with ease.

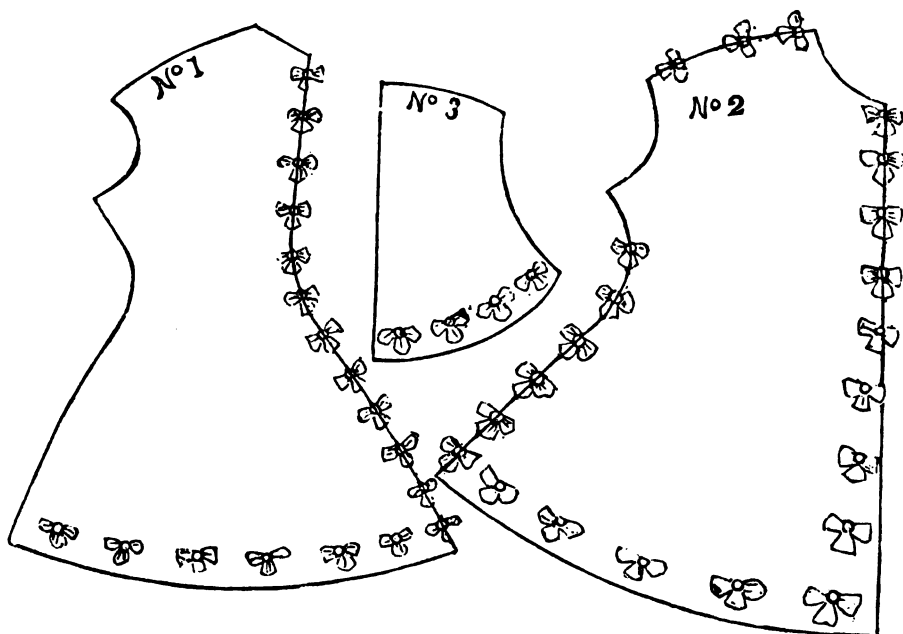


DIAGRAM FOR LITTLE GIRL'S SACK.

OUR DICTIONARY OF NEEDLEWORK.

NO. IX.—CONCLUSION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS IN METAL.

GOLD BRAID.—The Parisian is much superior to the English for flexibility and purity. It is made in various widths. The English braid is usually Russian plait. It may be had either pure, or washed. The former only can be used for any article intended for durability.

SILVER BRAID is very little used.

GOLD CORD OR THREAD.—Sold in small skeins, varying from No. 0 (the finest) to No. 6. This, also, is of various qualities. It is sometimes sold on reels.

Silver thread is not so much used, but it is very pretty for purses, &c.—either for bridal or mourning purses.

BOURDON.—A cord, covered with gold or silver, used much by the Parisians in crochet, with colored silks. It is made in various sizes, and is extremely brilliant, but not very durable.

BULLION.—This is either dead or bright gold. It is a sort of tube of gold, used in embroidery. It, also, is of two qualities.

SPANGLES, though little used, yet make pretty decorations in embroidery.

All these materials should be kept in silver, and then an outer covering of blue paper; and, especially, not be exposed to gas.

FILET.—A French material exactly imitating netting. It is both black and white, and with the mesh of various sizes. To get a piece to imitate square netting, it must be cut on the cross.

GUIPURE NET.—A fancy net, which, laid under muslin and applique, gives the appearance of bars.

BRUSSELS NET.—A very soft, fine net, used in Swiss Lace.

TOILE CIRE.—An oil cloth, much used in muslin work; it is green on one side, and black on the other. If good, it is very thin and flexible. It differs much in quality, the English generally being thick and hard.

BEADS.

POUND BEADS.—These are like seed beads, except in size. Those in most general use are distinguished as Nos. 1, 2 and 3. No. 1 is rarely used, except for grounding mats worked in wools and silks. No. 2 is used for tables,

ottomans, table borders, and such things. No. 3 is fit for footstools, handscreens, and fine articles. The greatest variety of colors and shades is to be had in this size. It is next to seed beads in its dimensions.

SEED BEADS.—Very small beads, for crests, cigar-cases, and very delicate work generally. Can only be used with proper beading or jeweler's needles, and fine white silk. Sold in small hanks of ten strings each.

CUT BEADS.—These, instead of having a round, smooth surface, are cut in angles. They are more brilliant as well as more expensive than the ordinary kinds. Black, ruby, and garnet are the colors usually obtainable.

BUGLES are tubes of glass, varying both in length and thickness. The black and white are used for trimming articles of mourning. Colored bugles have lately been introduced. Green, purple, bronze, and blue. They are sold by the ounce or pound.

PROPER CANVAS FOR BEADS.—With No. 1, Canvas No. 18.

With No. 2, Canvas No. 19.

With No. 3, Canvas No. 22.

Although classed under these three heads, the

beads which will work together are not always of one size. Canvas must always be selected which will suit the largest beads of the size.

TO PRESERVE MATERIALS FROM INJURY.

STEEL BEADS.—If these show any indication of rust, wear them in your pocket for a few days. It will remove any specks, especially if you are near a fire.

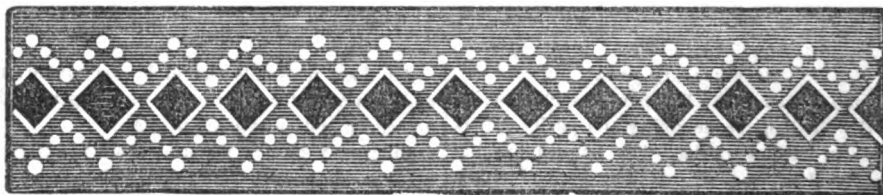
GOLD AND SILVER BEADS.—Keep them wrapped up in silver paper, so that no two bunches rub against each other. They should then be wrapped in coarse brown paper, and kept in a tightly-closed box.

GOLD AND SILVER THREAD IN BRAID should always be kept in silver-paper, and away from air or gas. Rubbing them slightly with jeweler's paper will brighten them.

WHITE ARTICLES, as fringe, ribbon, silk, &c., are best kept in the very coarsest brown paper, and in a closed box.

VIOLET.—It is impossible to prevent this beautiful color from fading; but if kept in silver-paper, and away from air and gas, it will be preserved as long as it can be. Silks, and silk braids of all colors, should be kept in covered boxes.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



INSERTION.



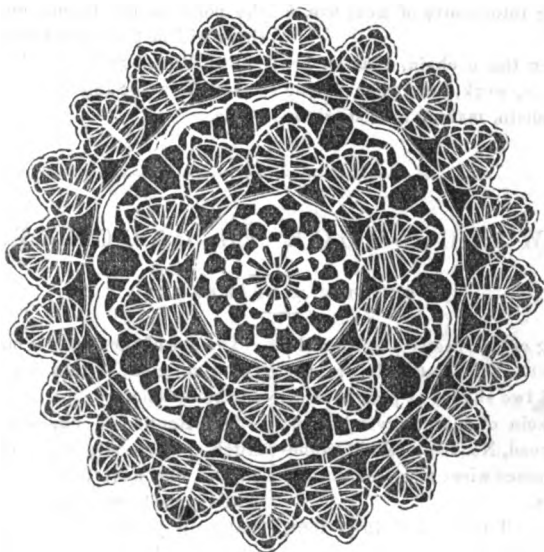
EDGING.



EDGING.

D'OYLEY FOR A ROUND CRUET STAND, OR FOR A D'OYLEY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



If intended for a Cruet Stand, use No. 12, or if for a D'Oyley, No. 16 cotton. No. 4 Penelope Hook.

1st Row.—Make 13 chain, unite, *, 9 chain, dc under this circle, repeat from * 9 times more, in all 10 loops of 9 chains, regulate them, and fasten off; every round must be commenced afresh.

2nd Row.—5 long under the 9 chain, 1 chain, repeat 9 times more.

3rd Row.—3 dc under the 1 chain, 7 chain, repeat.

4th Row.—5 dc under the 7 chain, 7 chain, repeat.

5th Row.—6 dc under the 7 chain, 7 chain, repeat.

6th Row.—The same, only making 7 dc.

7th Row.—1st Row of Leaves.—Begin in centre loop of 7 chain. ‡ 8 chain; make 7 dc down this chain of 8, (this is for centre of leaf.) 1 chain to cross, dc into opposite side of chain, 9 chain dc into next loop, 9 chain dc into next loop but one, 9 chain dc into next loop but one, 9 chain dc into next loop, 9 chain dc into same loop; there will now be 5 chains of 9; 11 chain dc into loop at top of leaf, 9 chain dc into next

loop down the other side, 9 chain dc into same, * 9 chain dc into next loop but one, repeat from * again, 9 chain dc into last loop, 5 chain, turn round on the finger, dc into centre loop of 1st 9 chain, † 2 chain dc into next, repeat from † twice more, 3 chain dc into next, 4 chain dc into 11 chain, 4 chain dc into 9 chain, 8 chain dc into 9, 2 chain dc into 9 for 3 times, 5 chain dc into the bottom of the leaf and through the 1st dc stitch; 5 chain dc into centre loop of the 7 chain. (In the outside circle of leaves do this twice, then 5 chain dc on dc,) 5 chain dc into centre loop of 7 chain, repeat from ‡.

8th Row.—Dc under 1st 2 chain in leaf, * 5 chain dc under next, 5 chain dc under 3 chain, 5 chain dc under 4 chain, 7 chain dc under 4 chain, 5 chain dc under 3 chain, 5 chain dc under 2 chain for 3 times, 3 chain dc under 1st 2 chain of next leaf, 5 chain dc under next 2 chain, repeat from *. (When this row is finished pull out the leaves well at the points.)

9th Row.—(Great care must be taken to work this row tight; the edge must not be in the least full.) 7 dc under the 7 chain at top of the leaf, dc on dc, 5 dc under each of the 5 chain for 3 times, making a dc on dc between each 5 dc,

then dc into the 2nd dc stitch of next leaf, and work the same up the leaf; (by doing this one 5 chain in each leaf is missed.)

10th Row.—Dc into centre loop of the 7 dc stitches at point of leaf, 5 chain, 1 long into centre loop of 5 dc stitches, 5 chain, 1 double long into centre of next five, 5 chain, 1 double long into centre loop of the dc stitch in the other leaf, 5 chain, 1 long into centre of next five, 5 chain, repeat.

11th Row.—Under the 5 chain, that is, between the two leaves, work 5 dc, then 7 long under the other 5 chain, making a dc stitch on

every dc and long stitch in previous row, repeat. This row must be worked tightly, and kept quite flat.

12th Row.—* dc into the dc stitch on the top of the leaf, and work as at 7th row, only at the end there will be an additional chain of 5, repeat from *.

The next leaf will come immediately above the point of the former one, on the dc stitch; there will be 20 leaves instead of 10.

13th Row.—Same as 8th.

14th Row.—Same as 9th, only omitting the dc on dc.

WATCH-HOOK IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For the engraving of this pretty affair see the front of the number. The materials are two shades of green, and two shades of pink or crimson wool: also a skein of claret crystal wool; one skein of gold thread, No. 10; a reel of canneltile, and piece of coarser wire: also two mother-o'-pearl watch-hooks.

With the crystal wool make a chain of four, and form it into a round.

1st Round.—2 sc stitches in every stitch.

2nd Round.—2 stitches in every stitch, insert the hook under both sides of the chain in every stitch, in this and all the following rounds.

3rd Round.—2 sc stitches in every one of the eight in the preceding round.

4th Round.—Increase eight stitches in the round, at equal distances, which will be done by working two in every other stitch.

5th to the 11th Round.—Sc all round, increasing eight stitches, at equal distances, in every stitch. Fasten off.

FLOWERS, of which fourteen will be required for the pair of watch-pockets, six being of one shade, and eight of the other. Every flower has five petals, which are worked thus:—Take the pink or crimson wool, make 5 ch. Take a finger-length of canneltile, and work round the chain, miss 1—1 sc, 1 sdc in one stitch, 2 dc in the next, 2 stc in the next, 2 sdc in the next, 1 dc in the same, 1 sdc and 1 sc in the same. Bend the wire, and make 1 sdc in the same stitch, then 1 dc, and 2 stc in the same, 2 stc in the next, 2 dc in the next, 1 sdc and 1 sc in the last, in which work also a slip-stitch, and fasten off. This forms one petal, and five will be required for each flower.

The eye of the flower is made with gold thread.

1st, 5 ch, close it into a round by a slip-stitch on the 1st chain.

2nd Round.—3 ch, slip-stitch on the slip-stitch, † 8 ch, slip-stitch on the last stitch and on the one next to it, † 4 times. Fasten off. When you have done 14 of these, proceed to make up your flowers. Take a piece of fine wire, double it, and slip it through the centre of the little golden star; arrange the petals round, and fix them in their places, by covering the wire and all the ends with green wool, worked closely round it. Then take some very fine yellow silk, and sew each point of the star down to one of the five petals.

THE LEAVES.—With the green wool, 18 ch, take a piece of green canneltile, three times as long as the 18 chain, hold it in, and work on the chain—1 sc, 1 sdc, 1 dc, 2 dc in the next, 1 dc in the next, 1 sdc in the next, 1 dc in the next, 1 stc in the next, 2 stc in the next, 1 stc in the next, 1 dc in the next, 1 sdc in the next, 2 dc, 2 sdc, 1 sc, 1 ch. Bend the wire, and do 1 sc stitch in the stitch in which you worked the last sc; 2 sdc, dc, 1 sdc, 1 dc, 1 stc, 2 stc in one, 1 stc in the next, 1 dc, 1 sdc, 1 dc, 2 ddc in one, 2 dc, 1 sc, 1 slip-stitch in the last stitch. Fasten off.

Do 40 leaves, half the number being of each shade.

Cut two rounds of cardboard, the size of the rounds already made in crystal wool. Cover them with silk on one side, drawing up the other, and covering it with the woollen round. Sew them together at the edges. Take a piece of stout wire, large enough to go more than

twice round the circle. Hold the ends together, ends, and joining them to the thick wire, by having bent it into the form seen in the engraving, and cover the ends with green wool rolled of the wire, including the loop by which it is to round it; place the leaves and flowers on the be suspended, is covered, sew the round to it, wire, as seen in the engraving, covering in the and add the mother-o'-pearl hooks.

PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.



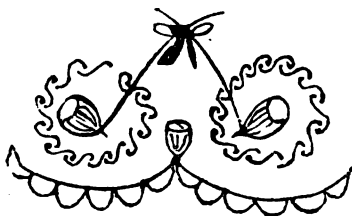
EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



INSERTION.



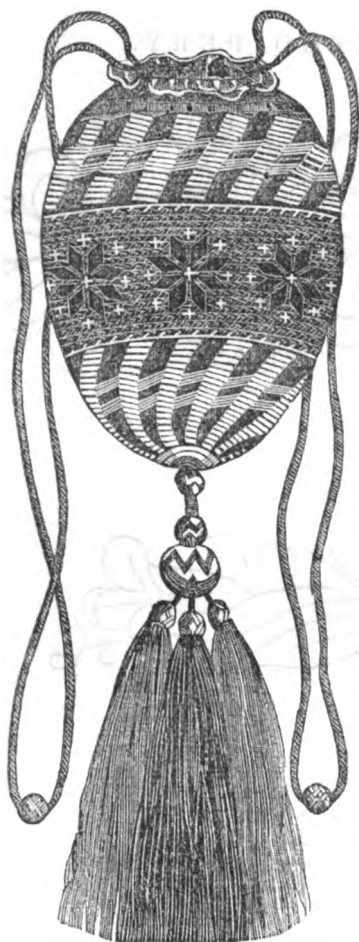
EDGING.



CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

SHORT PURSE IN CROCHET

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—2 skeins of fine Crimson Netting Silk; 2 skeins of Black ditto; 4 skeins of Gold Thread of the same size; a yard of fine Crimson Cord; 2 small Bullion Slides, and a very handsome Tassel of Gold, Crimson and Black intermingled. Use Crochet-hook No. 23—or, if you work loosely, No. 24.

Make a chain of 6 stitches, with the crimson silk, and close it into a round, on which work another round of crimson, increasing to twelve stitches.

2nd Round.—Gold sc, increasing to 24 stitches.

3rd Round.—Gold, increasing to 36 stitches.

4th Round.—Black, † 2 sc on 2, 2 ch, miss 1, † 12 times.

5th Round.—Black, † 1 sc on the second of the two in last round, 2 sc on the first of the two chain, 2 ch, † 12 times.

6th Round.—Black, † sc on the 2nd and 3rd of the three sc of last round, and on the first chain, 3 ch, † 12 times.

7th Round.—Black, † 1 sc on 2nd sc, 1 on the 3rd, 2 sc on the first chain stitch, 3 ch, † 12 times.

8th Round.—Black, † sc on the three last or 4 sc, and on the first chain, 4 ch, † 12 times.

Join on the gold thread, and cut off the black. As only very short ends can be left, the knot must be very carefully made, and the following will be found the best. Make a small slip-knot close to the end of the new color, and pass the end of the old one through the loop, then tighten the slip-knot, as much as possible, by drawing both threads of the new color at once. This forms the most secure knot possible, for every kind of work, as the ends may be cut off quite close.

9th Round.—† miss 1 sc, sc on each of the three others, and on the first chain, 4 ch, † 12 times.

10th Round.—† miss 1 sc, sc on the next 3, and on 1 ch, 5 ch, † 12 times.

11th Round.—Crimson, † miss 1, sc, sc on each of the next two, 2 sc on next, 1 sc on ch, 5 ch, † 12 times.

12th Round.—Crimson, † miss 1, sc, sc on each of the other four, and on the first ch, 5 ch, † 12 times.

13th Round.—Gold. Like 12th.

14th Round.—Like 13th.

15th to 19th Round.—Like the 12th, but with the black silk, and worked rather looser.

There will now be 120 stitches in the round, which is the full size of the purse.

20th Round. Gold. Like 12th.

Join on the crimson, without cutting off the gold, and do. for the

21st Round.—† 1 crimson, 1 gold, † 60 times. Cut off the gold.

22nd, 23rd, and 24th Rounds.—Sc with crimson only.

25th Round.—Join on the gold, which must be worked with the crimson, † 9 crimson, 1 gold, 10 crimson, † 6 times.

26th Round.—Join on the black also, † 3 crimson, 1 gold, 2 crimson, 1 black, 1 crimson, 3 gold, 1 crimson, 1 black, 2 crimson, 1 gold, 4 crimson, † 6 times.

27th Round.—† 2 crimson, 3 gold, 1 crimson, 2 black, 1 crimson, 1 gold, 1 crimson, 2 black, 1 crimson, 3 gold, 3 crimson, † 6 times.

28th Round.—† 3 crimson, 1 gold, 2 crimson, 3 black, 1 crimson, 3 black, 2 crimson, 1 gold, 4 crimson, † 6 times. Cut off the gold.

29th Round.—† 6 crimson, 3 black, 1 crimson, 3 black, 7 crimson, † 6 times.

30th Round.—† 2 crimson, 4 black, 1 crimson, 2 black, 1 crimson, 2 black, 1 crimson, 4 black, 3 crimson, † 6 times.

31st Round.—† 3 crimson, 4 black, 1 crimson, 1 black, 1 crimson, 1 black, 1 crimson, 4 black, 4 crimson, † 6 times.

32nd Round.—Join on the gold, † 2 crimson, 1 gold, 1 crimson, 4 black, 1 crimson, 1 gold, 1 crimson, 4 black, 1 crimson, 1 gold, 3 crimson, † 6 times.

33rd Round.—† 1 crimson, 3 gold, 4 crimson, 3 gold, 4 crimson, 3 gold, 2 crimson, † 6 times.

34th like 32nd Round—After which cut off the gold.

35th like 31st; 36th like 30th; 37th like 29th. Join on the gold. 38th like 28th; 39th like 27th; 40th like 26th; 41st, like 25th.

42nd, 43rd, and 44th, all crimson.

45th Round.—Join on the gold, and do one

gold stitch and one crimson alternately all round.

46th Round.—Gold. Fasten off the crimson.

47th Round.—Black. † 5 sc, 5 ch, miss 5, † all round.

48th and three following Rounds, with black; † 5 sc, beginning always on the second so of the previous round, 5 ch, † repeat.

52nd and 53rd Rounds.—Same with gold.

54th and 55th Rounds.—Same with crimson.

56th and 57th Rounds.—Same with gold.

58th to 62nd Round (inclusively).—The same with black.

63rd to 68th Round.—All black, † 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, † all round. Fasten off.

This is the top of the purse. The lace edging which falls back, below the strings, is then worked on the 66th round, thus—

With the crimson silk, † 5 dc in one chain, 1 ch, miss 4, † repeat.

2nd Round.—Gold. Sc on every dc, and under every chain.

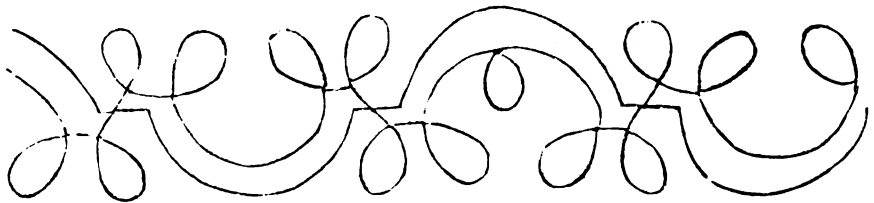
3rd Round.—Crimson, † 5 dc, over the third of the 5 dc, 1 ch, † repeat.

4th Round.—Gold. Sc on every dc, and under every chain. Fasten off neatly.

Two rounds of open crochet being thus left, above the lace, the crimson cord is to be run in there, for the strings; the ends of the cord to be finally sewed together, and the joins concealed by the small bullion slides.

The purse is to be finished by sewing on a very handsome French tassel at the bottom of the purse.

BRAIDING AND EMBROIDERIES.



BRAIDING.



EDGING.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"THE DOCTOR SAYS HE WON'T DIE!"—We heard this on a door-step. A blue-eyed child said it—a bright, glad-faced, beautiful child. She smiled as she spoke. Her little hands came together with a glad clasp. There was a look of heaven in the sweet expression that told of more than one joyful heart in that house.

"The doctor says he won't die." Was it the babe? the tender, sleeping babe? If so, we saw a vision of the cradle, and the watcher who had sat wearily beside it all through the long night. But in each pale cheek there was the crimson touch of hope; and in either dim eye a tear upspringing from the deep fount of joy. That was the mother. In what other face on earth could blend that mingling of awe—of joy—of tenderness? And the babe—his lips were parted and moist—and the color of the rose-bud faintly struggling out of its green sheath had crept over their delicate outlines. The darling hands no longer lay in rigid rest—the glazing of disease had fallen from the blue orbs—and he had smiled his farewell to the angels who had come to carry him to their children's play-ground, where blooms never fade—if it had been the Master's will.

"The doctor says he won't die."

Oh! what a throb in the mother-heart when those words were spoken. She will press him again to her breast—watch him in his healthful sleep—hold his little hands in her bosom—make the white robe—but *not* for his coffin. Did ever footsteps sound so gentle as those of the kind physician as he moves softly from the room? Was ever a mother so much blessed before? Did God ever seem so great—so good?

"The doctor says he won't die!"

It might have been the father; the strong man. He came home feverish—said his head felt strangely; he could eat no supper. He pushed the babe from his knee—he was not wont to do so. The wife looked on wondering—and when she smoothed the pillow on the lounge, felt an unnatural heat. The morning came; he said he must go to work—but his hand trembled—his limbs refused to do their office—the coat was not taken from the wall that day; his cane stood in its corner—a carriage before the gate. Dawn after dawn whitened the heavens and the earth—there was no change. The wife slept not—her love watched and waited, and cried yearningly to God for his life. But there are glad tidings; rejoice even as you tremble, sweet wife—"The doctor says he won't die."

Perhaps we did not hear aright. It may be the child exclaimed, "The doctor says she won't die!"

If it was the mother! she upon whose hands, whose feet, whose heart, whose every faculty a little world depended for its sunshine, almost for its continuance, how doubly dear the gentle assurance of the good doctor! Did you ever feel a silence more ominous than reigns in the household when "mother is sick?" The babe mourns at its play—the children look about absently in a hopeless kind of way—the very furniture seems mutely asking where she is whose care it has known so long. Every footstep echoes hollowly, every heart sighs involuntarily, and seems asking itself if it has done that which the sight of a green grave would condemn. There are prayers going up all over the house—the husband comes in hurriedly—asks no questions—answers no queries, but goes stealthily to one darkened chamber, and there, perhaps, when heart and hope almost desert him, he hears the blessed words, "The doctor says she won't die!"

He looks just as grave when he goes down; he tells the

news gravely to the children—but the sun seems brighter as he leaves the house. There is not a man that he could call his enemy. He smiles as he enters the store, there is a blessedness within his bosom such as he never felt before, and strangers say as they leave him, "There is something about that man unusually pleasing."

So there is! they are right there. That vision of a grave has gone, and flowers spring up in its stead. He does not shiver as he passes the window where the coffins stand—"The doctor says she won't die!" and he has perfect faith.

Thus light springs up in darkness—and after the sorrow of a night—joy cometh.

MOUNT VERNON PURCHASED.—We are glad to hear that the efforts of the ladies of America to purchase Mount Vernon have been crowned by success. Since Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham—long be the name remembered!—of South Carolina, appealed to her countrywomen, the enterprise has progressed under the brightest auspices. It was in response to her appeal that the Hon. Edward Everett agreed to deliver his oration on Washington, for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Fund. Already, more than forty thousand dollars have been realized. On the sixth of April last, an agreement was signed, between John A. Washington, proprietor of Mount Vernon, and Miss Cunningham, Regent of the Association, for the sale of the estate, on the following terms:

\$18,000,00 cash paid Mr. John A. Washington.
57,000,00 to be paid on 1st January, 1859.
41,666,66 to be paid on 22nd February, 1860.
41,666,66 to be paid on 22nd February, 1861.
41,666,66 to be paid on 22nd February, 1862.

\$200,000,00

The deferred payments to carry interest from date, and possession and title to remain with Mr. Washington till paid in full, with the proviso of obtaining possession at any time, by thirty days' notice, when the Association is prepared, and does pay the entire amount of purchase money.

The Association is now in possession of the funds to pay the first instalment of \$57,000, on the first of January next. Mr. Washington has proffered to relinquish the interest entire, if the principal is paid on the 22nd of February. It then only remains for every one to use their utmost exertions, so that the *entire sum* will be made available on the 22nd of February, 1859; on which ever-memorable day the actual possession may then pass to the "Ladies' Mount Vernon Association." The sum of one dollar constitutes a contributor a member of the Association. Every lady in America ought to be proud to enrol herself among the contributors! We annex a list of the officers of the Association, to whom money may be remitted by mail.

REGENT.—MISS ANN PAMELA CUNNINGHAM, South Carolina
VICE-REGENTS.—MRS. ANNA CORA RITCHIE, Richmond, Virginia; MRS. ALICE H. DICKINSON, Wilmington, North Carolina; MRS. PHILLOCEA EDGEWORTH EYE, Augusta, Georgia; MRS. OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT, Mobile, Alabama; MRS. CATHARINE A. MCWILLIE, Jackson, Mississippi; MRS. MARGARETTA S. MORSE, New Orleans, Louisiana; MRS. MARY RUTLEDGE FOGG, Nashville, Tennessee; MRS. ELIZABETH M. WALTON, St. Louis, Missouri; MISS MARY MORRIS HAMILTON, New York City, N. Y.; MRS. LOUISA INGERSOLL, Greenough, Boston, Mass.; MRS. ABBA ISABELLA LITTLE, Portland, Maine; MRS. SUSAN L. PELLET, Secretary, Richmond, Virginia; GEORGE W. RIGGS, Esq., Treasurer, Washington, D. C.

"A BRISKEE FROM NAHANT."—Under this suggestive title, one of our contributors sends us the following:—

"What a delicious sense of exhilaration it gives me—this riding on the beach. The beach, of all beaches; so triumphant in its unbroken reputation, so hard, and smooth, and grand, reaching far out to the throbbing ocean, as if that were its only fit associate, against which its grey bosom rests in perfect contentment.

"I have ridden here often when the life-blood flowed feebly through my veins, and the flush of health had vanished from my cheek, for the beach has no jostlers to give an invalid a throb of pain, nor an 'old settler,' a reminder that 'things ain't as they war in his day,' nor a deceiving spinster a fear lest her teeth should drop out, while her wig drops down, but remains the same ancient, pleasant, old conservative. What she laughs so mockingly at the innovating finger of time; or scoffs so loudly at the 'Age of Progress,' or rests so calmly when Young America is prancing about, and threatening in high-heeled boots, aspiring dicky, and tobacco fumes, to alter the world from beginning to end! Surely, nothing else.

"It is an oasis, luring and pleasant; a type of the endless peace lying far beyond the ocean's low boundary line of deepening blue—a landmark well-beloved when other landmarks are changing, or mournfully fading out of sight into the depths of things that were. And, alas! how much that is precious and lamented is there! how much to which the shroud of the past clings ever! how much that the torn heart will not give up as dead! And on such leaves the very soul itself places its marks! Fashion, wealth, and beauty greet me at every turn, until I would fain believe that life has no struggles; nothing to do but place golden pinions beneath the gaily flitting hours. Many a bright-eyed equestrian is leading her beautiful animal close to the water's edge, where the bubbling froth lingers a moment, and then is gone. Fairy and manly forms in gipsy habiliments poise gracefully on the foamy crest; lilliputian skiffs, with others of more pretentious growth lie all about, or with snowy sails transport the voices of mirth and music far out on the ocean's bosom, while I drop the reins as my thoughts roam backward, and I wondering ask, 'Where now is Starlight, the flashing-eyed Indian maiden, whose beauty was the delight of many tribes? Is the music of these waves the same that greeted her as her tiny moccasined feet lingered on the sand, while her quick ear caught with a rare intelligence the varied sounds of ocean language? Where are the shells and mosses her taper, brown fingers lovingly gathered as she softly whispered, How good is the Great Spirit! The impulsive admiration of an untrained soul, yet more truly admiration because it was untrained. Where is Eagle King, the brave, young warrior, her lover, with whom in the light canoe on the bounding wave she experienced that wild exhilaration of feeling, that irrefragable sense of happiness, which prudery and conventionalism could not shake a finger at because they did not exist?"

"Does a thread of the redoubtable garment that purchased yonder celebrated promontory remain, or, with its red owner, has it passed away? Does no echo lengthen, as of old, the war-whoop, or are all traces of the fleet-footed perished out of sight? Sad; they are gone, and none are left to point out the places they loved, nor the forest where they hunted. Gone! gone! and their posterity—where? Marking high on the roll of fame the poet name? Bearing far down as ages run a golden impress? Fondly remembered, and with tears? Ah! no; gone to the dust that gave them birth; and all that is left of them, and all that is found to tell where they made their graves, are a few time-eaten weapons, and bones so vast of size that we are lost in wonder when we think men so large and powerfully strong have lived, 'served their day and generation,' and died.

"Gone, and left no trace behind.

KATE CARROL."

"A DOUBTING HEART."—It is not often that a poet's genius is transmitted to his children. Barry Cornwall, however, has a daughter, Adelaide Ann Proctor, who has lately written many beautiful lyrics. Here is one, under the caption of "A Doubting Heart," which appears in a volume of her poems lately published in London. Is it not exquisite?

Where are the swallows fled?

Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.

Oh, doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy Southern breeze,
To bring them to their Northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?

Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.

Oh, doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow.
While Winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays

These many days:
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?

Oh, doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky,
That soon (for Spring is nigh)
Shall wake the Summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light

Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?

Oh, doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

THE REVIVAL OF ARCHERY.—The graceful and healthy practice of archery is again becoming fashionable. Archery clubs are springing up, not only in England, but in the United States. One of the oldest archery clubs in this country belongs to Philadelphia: in fact we believe it is the pioneer one. The cultivation of this healthful amusement cannot be too much recommended. Those, who wish to engage in it, may thank us for the information that the best bows are made by Feltham, in London. They are of various sizes, from five feet two inches to five feet six inches long, and weigh from twenty-two to forty-eight ounces. The backing is flat and of hickory, the inside, or belly, as it is called, of palm, and round. The bows are sometimes constructed of one piece of wood, and are then called slips, and sometimes of two united longitudinally, then they are termed bucked bows. Both are made of yew, hickory, palm or lancewood. The arrows are tipped with steel at the point, and delicately feathered at the butt, weighing from three to four ounces, and measuring from twenty-two to twenty-four inches in length. The wood is pine, with rosewood inlaid at the point. The target is made of rye straw, woven into bands, covered with canvas, and is thirty inches in diameter. Four circles are painted around the centre, in gold, red, blue, black and white, outside of which is the petticoat of green. Besides these equipments there are needed the guard, the shooting glove, the belt, the tassel, and the grease-box.

MR. BENEDICT'S NOVELT.—The length, to which this novelet has extended, will prevent the publication of the one by the editor and publisher, promised for this year. The public will find the less to regret in this, we believe, because the power and originality of "Catharine Lincoln" has made it one of the most popular stories ever published in "Peterson."

"OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES."—The spirited line engraving, which we give, in this number, is one of the happiest efforts of Mr. Illman.

OUR DICTIONARY OF NEEDLEWORK.—With this number we complete "Our Dictionary of Needlework," which, to judge from the letters received, has been eminently popular. It is our intention, shortly, to issue it complete, in a volume by itself, and at a price to place it within reach of the million: thus, those who wish it for reference, can have it, in a neat book by itself, so that they need not be compelled to refer to the Magazine.

ARTISTS' GOODS, &c.—The well known firm of J. E. Tilton has opened a house in Boston, Mass., a move made necessary by their increased business. The store at Salem, Mass., is still continued as a branch.

OUR STORIES.—The Nashua (N. H.) Oasis says:—"The stories of 'Peterson' are more robust than those of other ladies' periodicals." We are gratified to observe that this is the general opinion.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Cyclopedia of Commerce and Commercial Navigation. Edited by J. Smith Homans, and by J. Smith Homans, Jr. 1 vol. Royal octavo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a work of two thousand pages, double column, royal octavo; and as the preface sets forth, "is a compendium of commercial knowledge, including articles upon the trade of every important maritime country and city in the world; copious and reliable statistics upon the staple productions of every climate; essays upon commercial subjects; synopses of the laws regulating commerce; and, generally, information and statistics upon every important commercial subject." The want of such a work has long been felt in the United States. The only attempt to supply that want, hitherto, was made about twenty-five years ago, when McCulloch's Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation was reprinted; but the reprint was not only deficient in information regarding the United States, but contained much matter that is now obsolete. The public really owe a debt of gratitude, therefore, to the Harpers, for publishing this later and more satisfactory Cyclopedia. No counting-room, even that of the smallest country store, ought to be without the work. The copy on our table is handsomely bound in sheep extra; but the volume may be had also in muslin, or half calf, if preferred. There are twenty-six maps and engravings in the book. T. B. Peterson & Brothers are the agents for Philadelphia.

The Bench and Bar of Georgia. By Stephen F. Miller. 1 vol. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—Few states have given a larger number of eminent men to the legal profession than Georgia. We recall the names of R. H. Wilde, W. H. Crawford, Forsyth, Berrien, Lamar, and numerous others. The present volume is an attempt, and quite a successful one, to perpetuate the memory of these men, by personal anecdotes, sketches of their lives, &c. &c. The book is neatly printed.

Lotus-Eating. By G. W. Curtis. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—It gratifies us to chronicle a new edition of this charming summer book. No cotemporary writer has a keener or more delicate relish for outward Nature than Howard J. Curtis, nor a more felicitous style in describing her. Niagara, Saratoga, and Newport, as depicted in this book, shine, goldenly, through an oriental haze, like a sunrise by Turner.

History of King Richard the Second of England. By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a new volume of that fascinating series for juveniles, "Abbott's Illustrated Histories;" and the subject, Richard the Lion-Hearted, makes it one of the most entertaining of the set. The volume is embellished with an illuminated title-page and numerous engravings.

Woman: Her Mission and Life. By Adolphe Novod, D. D. Translated from the French. 1 vol. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.—The author of this work, one of the most eminent Protestant divines of France, was doubtless known to more than one of our readers, for he preached, during many years, to large audiences in Paris. The beauty and simplicity of style, the evangelical piety that breathes on every page, and the ability with which the character and duties of the Christian woman are portrayed, ought to give the volume before us an extensive sale, among our fair countrywomen. The translation is good.

Redgauntlet. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Co.—These, the thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth volumes of the "Household Edition of Scott's Novels," remind us that this elegantly printed series rapidly approaches its close. Now, therefore, is a good time, for those who have neglected to purchase the work, to place it in their libraries. We may add that the appearance of this beautiful edition has induced us to re-peruse the Waverley Novels, and we find them, in spite of Bulwer, Dickens and Thackeray, head and shoulders above anything of the kind in English or American literature.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

CLAPPERATION; OR, THE GOOSE'S HISTORY.—This game was suggested by the ancient one of Conch, but is much altered to avoid both the necessity of young and old making themselves giddy by twirling round when their names are mentioned, and to effect a compromise in the redemption of the forfeits; the ordinary mode being often singularly tiresome. In the History of the Goose, a commencement of which is appended, to show the sort of story which should be invented for the occasion, no notice is to be taken when her name occurs, but whenever the word Drake or Doctor is mentioned, every one is to clap their hands once, unless the two are joined, when two merry claps must sound. Any one omitting to clap at the right place, or clapping when the Goose is named, pays a forfeit, and all the forfeits may be redeemed by quoting two lines of verse, varied by kissing the mantelpiece, if the little ones present prefer it to the former mode. "A Goose, feeling out of spirits one morning, consulted her favorite Dr. Drake (two claps), who advised her to go a long journey to foreign countries, which she resolved to do. So making, by the Doctor's advice, (one clap) a good meal of cabbage-stalks and apple-parings, she set out from Dingle Farm, escorted by Dr. Drake (two claps). A shrill scream soon announced some disaster, and the Doctor (one clap) was obliged to extract two thorns from one of the Goose's wings, and to bathe her foot, stung by nettles, in a ditch, before they could proceed. After this they got on pretty well, though Goose was so fat she could not have forced her way through one of the stiles, had not the Doctor (one clap) given her a good push behind. Part of the journey lay through a meadow, in which two Miss Chickens, admiring the Goose and the Drake (one clap), joined them; but they talked so fast, the Doctor (one clap) soon gave them to understand their company was unacceptable. A Cock in the neighborhood looked disposed to fight Dr. Drake (two claps) for this rudeness to his daughters, but the Doctor (one clap), not thinking it becoming to his professional dignity to engage in duels, only quacked a haughty reply, and went on with his patient."

ART RECREATIONS.

FOR GRECIAN PAINTING.—J. E. Tilton & Co. Boston and Salem, Mass., publish the following fine and desirable engravings, which they send by mail, *post-paid*, on receipt of price.

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ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR CAKES.

Rhode Island Gingerbread.—Mix the ingredients as follows, and bake them one hour:—Two pints of flour, two pints brown sugar, two pints butter—nicely creamed, one pint milk, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of cloves, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, one teaspoonful of pearlsh, three eggs, some wine, and a wineglassful of brandy. If you please, you can add fruit.

Fruit Cake.—One pound of sugar, one pound of flour, ten eggs, two pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, (picked and washed,) and one pound of citron. Beat the sugar and butter together until creamed, then beat the eggs, and add them in, beating thoroughly; also put in a portion of cinnamon and mace, as much as is agreeable to you, and a small quantity of brandy.

Doughnuts.—One and a half pints of rich milk, half a pint of melted butter and lard, half a teaspoonful of sugar, some salt, half of a small sized tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, and four eggs—well beaten. Let your dough rise in your crock, and then make it up into a loaf not very stiff. Afterward work it up again, cut out your cakes, and let them rise before you bake them.

Oup Cake.—The necessary materials are:—Two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, four cupfuls of cream, three cupfuls of flour, four eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of dissolved saleratus. Bake in small cups—greased, so that the cakes may be readily turned out.

Soft Cakes in little Pans.—Rub one pound and a half of butter into two pounds of flour, and add one wineglassful of wine, one wineglassful of rose-water, two wineglassfuls of yeast, some nutmeg, cinnamon, and raisins. Bake in little pans.

Black Cake.—Dissolve a teaspoonful of pearlsh in a little new milk, and set it by in a warm place. Then cream one pound of butter, and add to it two pounds of flour, nine eggs, (well beaten,) and one pint of molasses. Beat the whole well together, and then add a wineglassful of brandy, and a teacupful of sweet cream.

Another Black Cake.—One pound of sugar, one quart of molasses, six eggs, one teacupful of ginger, one cupful of cream, half a pound of butter, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, with fruit and spices to your liking. Mix like pound cake, and bake in the same way.

Yankee Cake.—The ingredients are:—One teacupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, four eggs, three cupfuls of bread dough, two teaspoonfuls of soda, (dissolved) four teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and whatever essence you prefer.

York Cake.—One pound of sugar, one pint of molasses, two cupfuls of lard or butter, one pint of sweet milk, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, cinnamon and ginger to your liking, and enough flour to form a good cake dough.

Dover Cake.—One pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, one pound of flour, six eggs, half a pint of cream, a teaspoonful of soda, and the flavor you most prefer. Three-quarters of a pound of raisins or currants are an improvement.

Queen Cake.—One pound of butter—well worked, and one pound of sugar. Beat the butter and eggs together to a cream; beat ten eggs very light, and add them in by degrees. Mix in one pound of flour sifted fine.

Pint Cake.—One pint of dough, one teacupful of sugar, one teacupful of butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of pearlsh, with the addition of some raisins and spices.

Composition Cake.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, seven eggs, half a pint of cream, and a gill of brandy.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR BEVERAGES.

Beer.—To four gallons of water take two pounds of sugar, one quart of molasses, half a teacupful of ginger, one pint soda, two spoonfuls of cream of tartar, one and a half spoonfuls of ground allspice. Put the spices into bags; heat the water and pour it over the spices; mix the whole of the ingredients in an open vessel, let it stand over night, then skim off the top of the liquid, take out the bags of spices, and pour it carefully into jugs, bottles, or a keg; it will be fit for use in twenty-four hours.

French Raspberry Vinegar.—Take a sufficiency of the ripe berries, and mash them well. Then pour the juice, and mashed fruit into a bag, and press the liquor through it into a vessel. To each quart of juice take one pound of white sugar, and one pint of the best vinegar. Mix together the juice and vinegar, and give them a boil; when boiled, add in—gradually—the sugar, and boil and skim until the scum ceases to rise. Cork tightly, and stow away in a cool place.

Nectar Cream.—One gallon of water; four pounds of white sugar; four ounces of tartaric acid; four tablespoonfuls of flour, and the whites of four eggs. Beat the ingredients well together, then boil them for three minutes; let the mixture cool, and then add one ounce of essence of lemon. When using it, take one-third portion of syrup to two-thirds water, and add a little super-carbonate of soda.

Current Shrub.—Prepare your currants as you would for making jelly. To one gallon of juice, add three pounds of sugar, one quart of brandy or whiskey. Put the juice and sugar on to simmer, then take it off the fire, and let it cool before you add the spice. Put into it orange peel or allspice.

Egg Nog.—Use five or six eggs to half a gallon of milk. Beat the yolks and whites separately, bring the milk to a boil, and then add the yolks. Sweeten to your taste, stir in the whites, and then add the quantity of brandy you prefer. The milk may be either cold or warm.

Blackberry Wine.—Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon add one quart of boiling water, and let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain the liquor into a cask, and to every gallon add two pounds of sugar. Cork tight, and let it remain until the following October, when your wine will be ready for use.

Prime Summer Beer.—Take ten gallons of water to three quarts of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, two tablespoonfuls of allspice, the same quantity of cinnamon, one grated nutmeg, and one tablespoonful of cream of tartar. Mix the ingredients with boiling water, and fill up your vessel with cold water.

Currant Wine.—To one quart of juice extracted from your fruit, add three quarts of water, and three pounds of sugar. Keep the vessel—into which you put your ingredients—open for ten days, and fill it up every day until done working; then cork it closely.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR PICKLES.

Tomato Pickle.—Cleanse your tomatoes, and puncture them slightly. Then fill your vessel with alternate layers of tomatoes and salt, using as much water as will dissolve the salt; let them remain thus for eight or ten days, and then to every gallon of tomatoes add two bottlefuls of ground mustard, four ounces of ground ginger, four ounces of pepper—lightly bruised, one ounce of cloves, one dozen of onions—sliced. Cover the whole with vinegar.

Sliced Cucumbers.—Slice your cucumbers in small pieces, also some onions; let them remain in salt for one day and night, and then squeeze them out, and put them in jars; add to them black pepper—ground, ginger, mustard, and if you choose, mace. Fill the jars with vinegar, tie them up close with bladders, and after standing for four or six hours, pour off the vinegar, boil it, and then refill the jars with it. When cool, tie them up.

Pickled Damson.—Boil together three pounds of sugar, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of cinnamon, and one quart of vinegar. Seed seven pounds of fruit, and pour the boiling syrup over it. The next day scald the fruit and syrup to gether, and if the syrup should not prove thick enough, pour it off, and boil it a few minutes.

Pickled Onions.—Peel some small onions, and lay them in salt and water for one day—shifting them once during that time. Dry them in a cloth. According to the quantity of your onions, take sufficient white wine vinegar, cloves, mace, and a little pepper; boil this pickle, and then pour it over the onions. When cold, cover them closely.

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, &c.

To CURE RINGWORM.—The hairs are to be cut short, the creamy fluid let out of the pustules, and the crusts removed by linseed poultices. The denuded surface is then to be covered with a thin layer of oil of naphtha, over which a flannel compress is to be placed, the whole being secured by an oil-silk cap. The application is to be renewed twice a day, first well washing the parts with soap and water; and the surface of the scalp is to be carefully searched, in order to detect any small favous pustules that may have appeared. These must be pricked with a pin, the matter removed, and the surface covered with the oil. This evolution of pustules is successive, so that the hair must be kept short in the vicinity, that their advent may be watched. This application secures the rapid abortion of the pustules; but when the scalp is too tender to bear it, it should be mixed with other less irritating oils, of which the *huile de cade* (empyreumatic oil of juniper,) is one of the best.

POULTICE FOR A FLESTER.—Boil bread in lees of strong beer; apply the poultice in the general manner. This has saved many a limb from amputation.

To CURE A BURN.—Take a tablespoonful of lard, half a tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine, a piece of rosin as big as a hickory-nut, (of the walnut kind—a trifle larger than a large nutmeg,) and simmer them together until melted. It makes a salve, which, when cold, may be applied to a linen cloth, and lay it over the burn. If immediately wanted, spread it on a cloth as soon as melted, it will very soon cool. It has been applied after the corroding effects of chemical poison, after a foot has been burnt by boiling sugar, after severe scalds; and in every case the sufferer obtained perfect ease in ten or fifteen minutes after it was used. It may be applied two or three times a day, or as often as the cloth becomes dry.

COLLODION IN ERYSIPELAS.—Dr. Baumann employs collodion in all cases, and has found it, even in several cases of erysipelas of the face, and in one case of phlegmonous erysipelas of the thigh, highly useful. He first gives an emetic, and then daily applies the collodion to the parts. The recovery is rapid, and no ill consequences have been observed.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TOILET.

To Cleanse and Prevent the Hair Falling Off.—Take two large handfuls of rosemary leaves, a piece of common soda about the size of a hazel nut, and a drachm of camphor. Put it in a jug, pour on it a quart of boiling water, and cover it closely to keep the steam in. Let it stand for twelve hours, then strain it, and add a wineglassful of rum. It is then ready for use. If the hair falls off much, the wash ought to be applied to the roots, with a piece of sponge every other day, taking care to wet the skin thoroughly. Then rub dry with a towel, brush well, and use only as much pomade as will keep down the short hairs, as the wash makes the hair soft and glossy. This will keep good for several months in bottles well corked, and a piece of camphor in each.

To Improve the Growth of Eyebrows.—Clip them occasionally with a pair of scissors to make them grow long; and rub them once a day (at bed time) with the following mixture:—Palma Christi oil, three ounces; oil of lavender, one drachm.

To Remove Sunburns.—Rectified spirits of wine, one ounce; water, eight ounces; half an ounce of orange-flower water, or one ounce of rosewater; diluted muriatic acid, a teaspoonful; mix. This is to be used after washing.

TABLE RECEIPTS.

Tomato Catsup.—One quart best vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. mace, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. black pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Jamaica pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. long pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. mustard seed, twenty-five capsicums, fifty tomatoes, six heads of garlic, one stick of horseradish. On the fifty tomatoes throw $\frac{3}{8}$ lb. of salt, and let them stand three days. Boil the above ingredients (except the tomatoes) half an hour, then peel the tomatoes, and add them to it, boil them together half an hour, strain them through a sieve, and when cold bottle it.

Sauce for Plum Pudding.—A good sauce for plum pudding may be made by melting some fresh butter in the way butter is usually melted for sauce. Then add to it some brandy, either a wineglassful or half of one, (according to the quantity of sauce required,) sweeten it to the taste with moist sugar. Give the whole two or three whisks over the fire, and serve it in a sauce tureen.

Baroness's Pudding.—Three-quarters of a pound of suet, three-quarters of a pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of raisins, (weighed after stoning,) and a pinch of salt. Mix well with new milk, and boil in a cloth four hours and a half. We can confidently recommend this pudding, and would advise our subscribers to try it as soon as they possibly can.

Browning for Cakes.—Half a pound of moist sugar, two ounces of butter; add a little water. Simmer till brown. A little of this mixture will give a rich color to cakes.



PH. J. G. S. 2000

LES MODES PARISIENNES

Liquid Sherbet.—Dissolve two pounds of loaf sugar in one gallon of water, and simmer over a slow fire. When cooling, add one ounce of acetic acid and three-quarters of a pound of tartaric acid; mix it together, and when cold, add one shilling's worth of essence of pine-apple. Put a twentieth part of this mixture into each of twenty wine bottles, and part fill them with clear water. Before corking, add to each one scruple of carbonate of soda.

Substitute for Coffee.—Scrape clean three or four good parsnips, cut them into thin slices, bake till well brown, grind or crush, and use in the same manner as coffee, from which it is scarcely distinguishable.

Lemon Cheese.—Grate the rind of two lemons, half pound of sugar, and the same quantity of butter and eggs.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

A Method of Uniting Bronze Ornaments without Fire.—Take one ounce of sal-ammoniac, and one of common salt, an equal quantity of calcined tartar, and as much of bell-metal, with three ounces of antimony; pound well all together, and sift it. Put this into a piece of linen, and enclose it well all round with fuller's earth, about an inch thick. Let it dry; then put it between two crucibles over a slow fire, to get heat by degrees. Push on the fire till the lump becomes red-hot, and melted altogether; let the whole cool gradually, and pound it into powder. When you want to solder anything, put the two pieces you want to join on a table, approaching their extremities, as near as you can, to one another. Make a crust of fuller's earth, so that holding to each piece and passing under the joint, it should open over it on the top; then throw some of your powder between and over the joint. Have some borax, which put into hot spirits of wine till it is consumed, and with a feather rub your powder at the joint; you will see it immediately boil. As soon as the boiling stops, the consolidation is made; if there be any roughness grind it off on a stone.

The Process of Obtaining a Fac-simile of an Engraving.—The print is soaked first in a solution of potash, and then in one of tartaric acid. This produces a perfect diffusion of crystals in bi-tartrate of potash, through the texture of the unprinted part of the paper. As this salt repels oil, the ink roller may now be passed over the surface, without transferring any of its contents to the paper, except in those parts to which the ink had been originally applied. The ink of the print prevents the saline matter from penetrating wherever it is present, and wherever there is no saline matter present the ink adheres; so that many impressions may be taken, as in lithography.

To Clean and Remove Fly-marks from Gilt Frames.—First cleanse the gliding with a camel's-hair brush, using the following detergent fluid for the purpose. Water, one pint; borax, half an ounce; carbonate of ammonia, a quarter of an ounce. Use the fluid freely with the brush, doing the frame in portions of about a foot at a time. Let the frame dry by the ordinary influence of the air, but do not attempt to rub it with either linen or silk upon any account. When the frame is dry, those portions which are very much worn may be restored by touching the parts with another fine brush imbued with shell gold that is sold by the artists' colormen.

To Wash Flannels, &c., without Shrinking.—Beat up a nice lather with soap and warm water; let the flannels lay in it a short time, and then wash them well, taking care not to rub them with soap, as that makes them hard. Hose should always be hung up by the feet.

Cleaning Black Kid Boots.—Take three parts of the white of eggs, and one of best black ink, mix them together thoroughly, and apply the mixture to the article with a soft sponge. I have never known this to fail.

To Remove Grease Stains from Paper.—Gently warm the greased or spotted part of the paper, and then press upon it pieces of blotting paper, one after another, so as to absorb as much of the grease as possible. Have ready some fine, clear, essential oil of turpentine heated almost to a boiling state, warm the greased leaf a little, and then, with a soft, clean brush, wet the heated turpentine both sides of the spotted part. By repeating this application, the grease will be extracted. Lastly, with another brush, dipped in rectified spirits of wine, go over the place, and the grease will no longer appear, neither will the paper be discolored.

How to Cool a Room.—The Scientific American says that the simplest and cheapest way to cool a room is to wet a cloth of any size, the larger the better, and suspend it in the place you want cooled. Let the room be well ventilated, and the temperature will sink from ten to twenty degrees in less than an hour. During such a terrib term as we have had this would be worth trying.

To Remove Mildew.—Take two ounces of chloride of lime, pour on it a quart of boiling water, then add three quarts of cold water; steep the linen twelve hours, when every spot will be extracted. This will be found to quite surpass the buttermilk and chalk recipe so often used.

How to Clean Leather Gaiters.—The following will give them a good polish. The whites of three eggs evaporated till the substance left resembles the common gum, dissolved in a pint of gin, and put into an ordinary wine bottle, and fill up with water.

To take Grease Spots out of Papered Walls.—With a piece of flannel, dipped in spirits of wine, go carefully over the injured parts once, (or twice if very bad,) when the spots will be entirely erased from the paper, which will look as well as ever.

To Clean White Feathers.—Wash them well in soft water, with white soap and blue; rub them through very clean, white paper, beat them on the paper, shake them before the fire, dry them in the air, and afterward curl them.

To Curl Feathers.—Heat them gently before the fire, then, with the back of a knife applied to the feathers, they will be found to curl quickly and well.

To Restore Peach-color Ribbon when turning Red.—Salt of potash dissolved in water; place the ribbon on a clean table, and apply the mixture with a sponge.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF BROWN SILK, with a double skirt. The upper skirt is trimmed with diamonds of black velvet and lace. The corsage is made high, with revers trimmed to correspond with the skirt. The sleeves are composed of two large puffs, and finished at the hand with a deep cuff. Cap of lace ornamented with bows of ribbon.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS OF DARK GREEN SILK, made with two skirts. The upper skirt is open at the sides, forming a kind of apron in front. This is trimmed with a lattice work of velvet. The body is high and plain, with a very long point in front. The sleeves are very full, with a large pointed jockey at the top, and a small pointed cuff at the hand. Bonnet of white silk.

FIG. III.—STRAW BONNET, trimmed with long sprays of grass. The face trimming consists of a very full tulle cap, with a bunch of roses and leaves placed low on one side, and a plait of green velvet over the top of the head.

FIG. IV.—NEAPOLITAN BONNET, with a cape and band across the top, of white silk. A bunch of green leaves, scarlet flowers and grasses, is placed on the left side.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The new dress goods have scarcely made their appearance yet, but most of the fall silks which have been opened have either double skirts, or a single skirt trimmed with two wide flounces. Three and four flounces

are also worn, but are not of as new a style as the former, though to our taste they are much prettier than the two flounces. When the flounces have not woven borders, they are frequently edged with puffings of ribbon or silk of a pretty contrasting color with the dress.

The Raphael body is still very popular, but for more common wear, the corsage cut high to the throat is most liked. Pointed waists are more fashionable than round ones, and the points on the hips as well as at the back and in front, still continue in favor.

SLIKVES are in endless variety, only they must not have the effect of fitting too closely to the arm, falling of some kind from just below the shoulder down, is necessary for the present style.

One of the prettiest fall dresses which has been made is of silver-grey silk. The skirt has two rows of trimming formed of puffings. The corsage is high to the throat, and is ornamented in front with horizontal rows of puffings. The sleeves are in puffs from the shoulder to the wrist, and have turn-up cuffs of vandyked lace. Round the throat a quilling of lace, fastened in front by a bow and ends of blue ribbon. The cap adopted with this dress is of the Marie Stuart form, pointed in front of the forehead, trimmed with blue ribbon, and edged round the front by small pendent tassels.

Trimmings in chequered and tartan patterns are at present much in favor with the Parisian ladies. In dresses with side-trimming, those trimmings are formed of some material different from the dress, and in a chequered pattern. Double skirts are bordered with bias rows of chequered poplin, and one or two bonnets have been made with the crown composed of chequered velvet.

A very pretty and simple style of Canzou is made of plain, clear muslin, in the following style. Round the edge, up the front, and round the throat, there is a puffing with running of colored ribbons. The whole is finished by a plaited frill of muslin, in the hem of which there is a running of ribbon. Green and lilac are the favorite colors for trimming these muslin canzous, sleeves, &c. Sometimes both colors are combined with admirable effect. Another very elegant canzou, suited to evening dress, is made of embroidered tulle. It has rounded ends in front, crossed, the one over the other. It is low in the neck, and is edged all round with very fine guipure, beneath which is run a colored ribbon. This canzou should be worn with short sleeves of the same material, made with two puffings and a frill, trimmed with guipure and ribbon, corresponding with the canzou. The effect of the fine guipure, over blue or pink ribbon, is exquisitely beautiful. For a plainer style of evening dress, a canzou and sleeves of precisely the same pattern may be made of embroidered muslin, with insertion and trimming of Valenciennes lace.

IN RIDING-HATS there is no material change of fashion. Several of those recently made have long basques. The corsage is high to the throat, and trimmed with rows of brandebourgs of the same color as the habit; this trimming also extends down each side of the basque. The sleeves are rather loose at the top, and gradually widen toward the lower end, where they are slit up a few inches at the under part and finished by a revers. The under-sleeves consist of puffs of white nansouk fastened on bands at the wrist; and over the bands may be worn wristlets of black velvet. A small, square collar of lawn or cambric completes the dress. The riding hat is usually of colored felt or brown straw, ornamented with a feather, and a colored gauze veil may be worn. In Paris the riding hat of the old form (the *chapeau d'homme*) has of late occasionally been adopted in equestrian costume.

BONNETS are made more in the *Marie Stuart* shape than formerly. They are beginning to flatten on the top, come forward on the forehead and spread more at the side. To meet faces this will be a very becoming fashion. A beautiful new fall bonnet is made of fine split straw bordered with cherry-colored ribbon, and ornamented with bunches of black grapes, arranged with an apparent negligence which is the very triumph of art.

MANTILLAS AND TALMAS continue to be made quite large, and covered with pointed hoods.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—(Colored Plate.)—BABY'S DRESS OF WHITE CAMBRIC, ornamented with rows of embroidery on the front. Cloak of white cashmere, embroidered in silk. White silk, slightly wadded, and trimmed with fringe and loops of ribbon.

FIG. II.—(Colored Plate.)—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF DARK BLUE SILK, with a woven trimming of black and white plaid. Talma of blue and white striped cashmere, with a hood. Bonnet of white satin, quilted.

FIG. III.—GREEK COSTUME OF MAINE-COLOR QUEL.—The ornament consists of a Greek pattern formed of white braid. The body has longish skirts cut up in the Greek style, and trimmed with small white pendent buttons. Behind, a large bow of the same tissue as the frock. This costume is appropriate for a boy between two and five years of age.

FIG. IV.—ROUND CLOTH JACKET, white quilting waistcoat, and drill trousers.

FIG. V.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF PLAIDED SILK, with a rose-bud pattern between the plaids. It has two skirts, the upper one of which is trimmed with three ruffles. The body is cut low, but can be worn with a *Marie Antoinette* fichu of the same material as the dress, which fastens behind with long ends. Leghorn flat with plumes.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

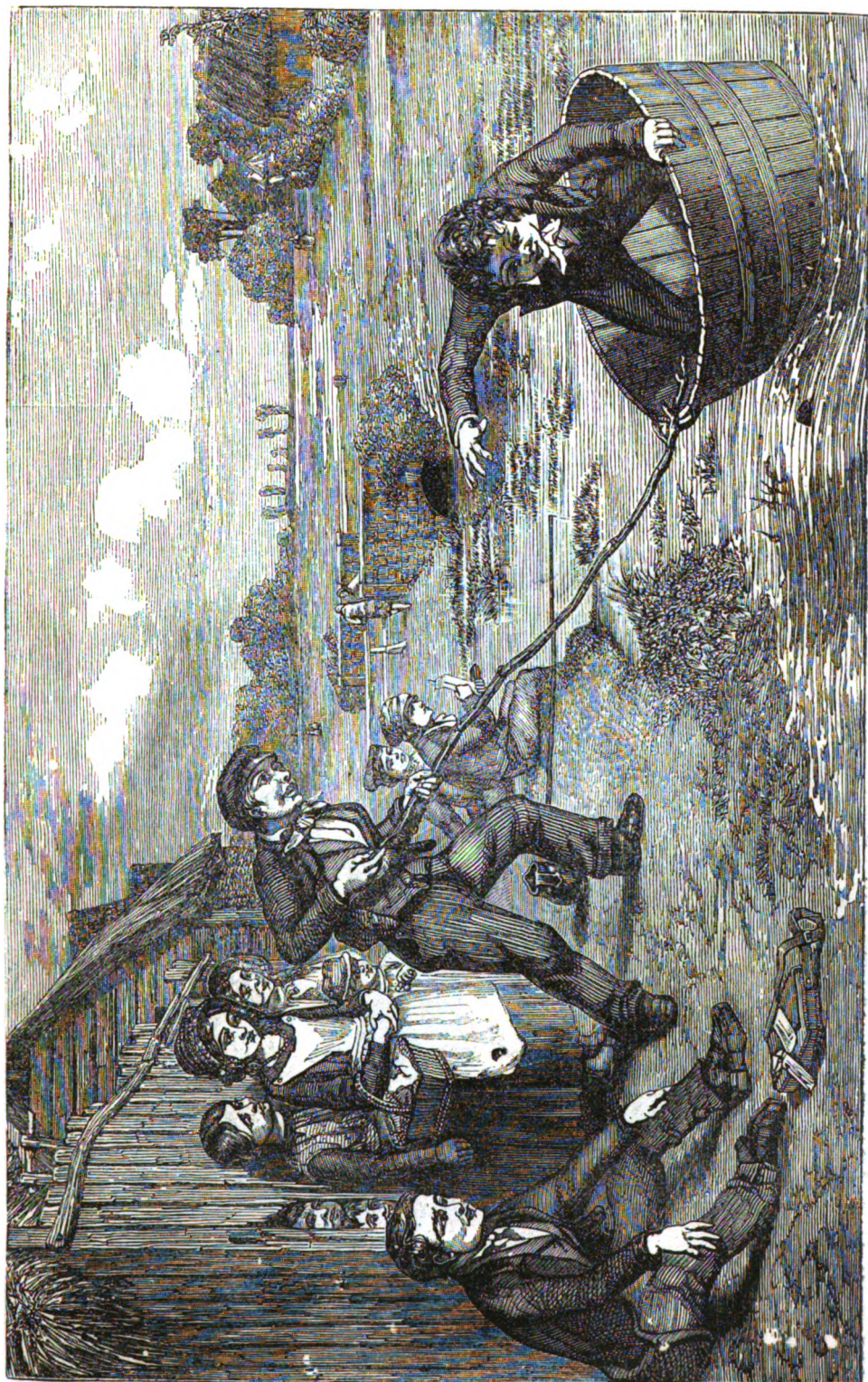
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THE LAUNCH.



THE TELEGRAPH MANTLE.



WHITE SATIN BONNET.



SCARLET CHENILLE HEAD-DRESS.



BREAKFAST CAP.



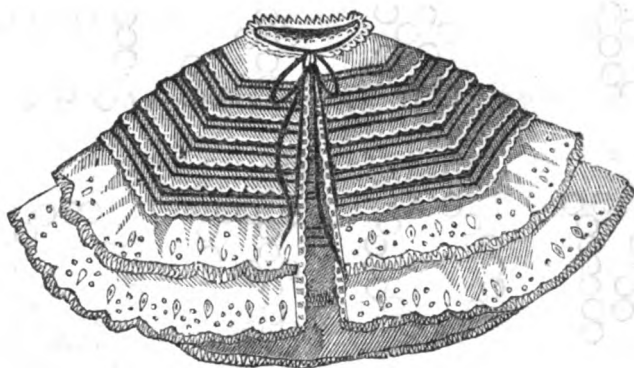
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HEAD-DRESS.



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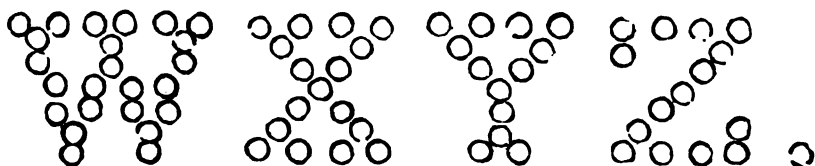
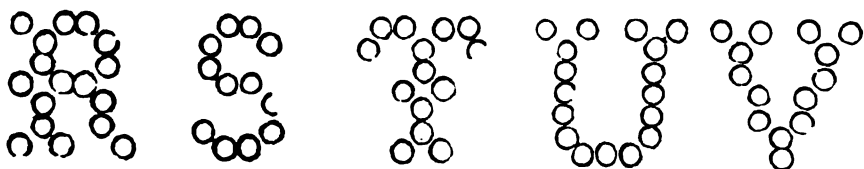
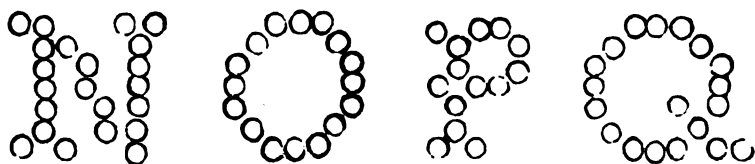
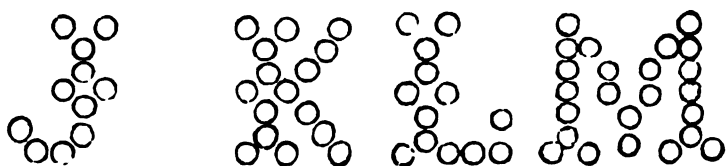
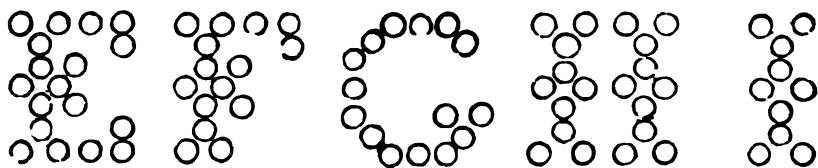
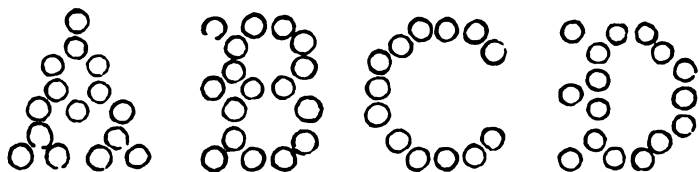
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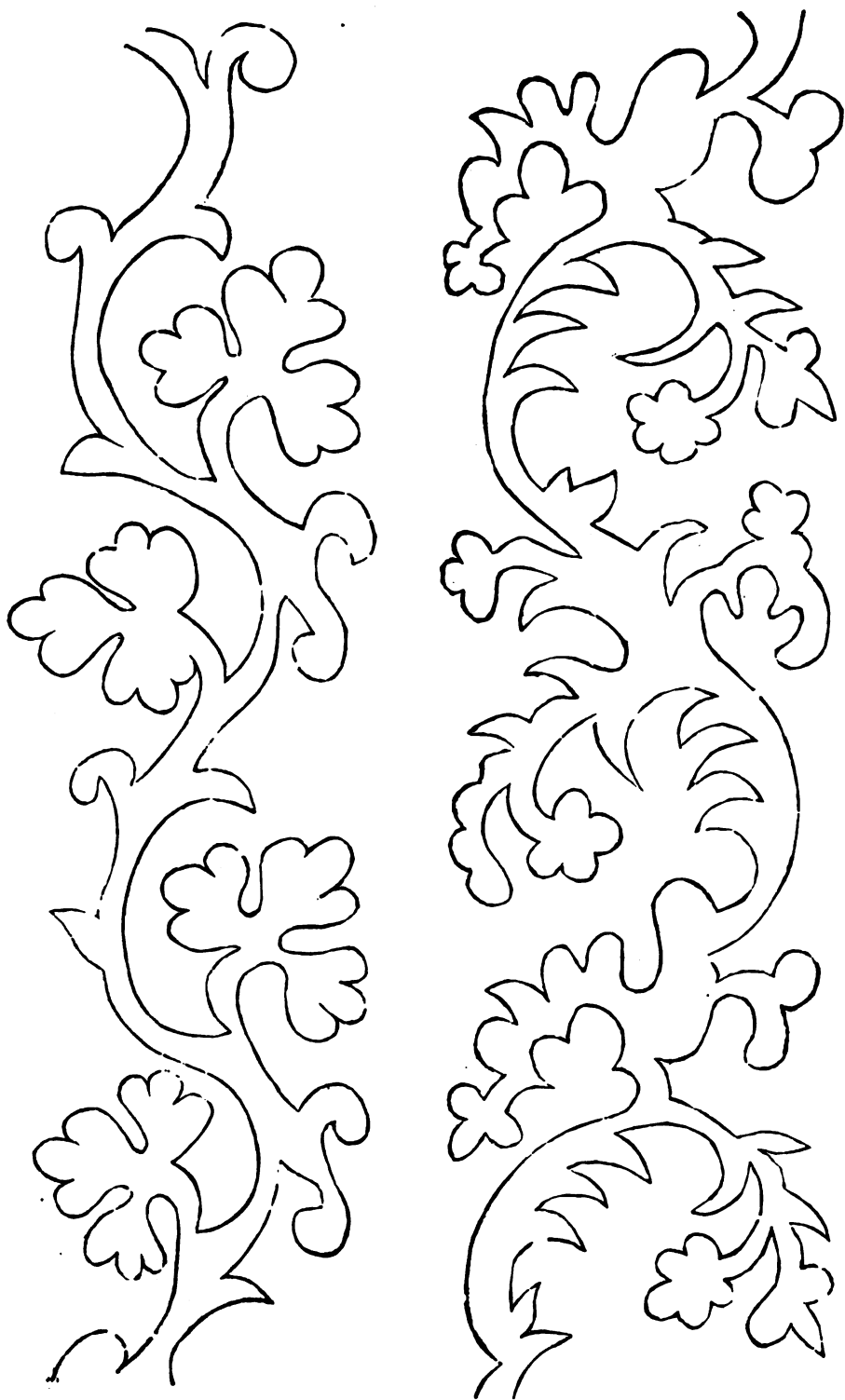
HEAD-DRESS.



LACE CAP.



ALPHABET FOR MARKING: IN EYELET-HOLES.



PATTERNS IN BRAIDING

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

AIR, "LOCH-EROCH SIDE."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

MODERATO
B
SEMPLICE.

Twas on a simmer's af-ternoon, A wee, be-fore the

sun gae'd down, My lass - sie, wi' a braw new gown, Cam' o'er the hills to Gow - rie. The

rosebud tinged wi' morn - ing show'r, Blooms fresh with-in the sun - ny bow'r, But Ka - tie was the fair - est flow'r That

• - ver Bloom'd in Gow - rie.

2.

I praised her beauty loud an' lang,
Then round her waist my arms I flang,
And said, My dearie, will ye gang
To see the Carse o' Gowrie?
I'll tak' ye to my father's ha',
In yon green field beside the shaw;
I'll mak' you lady o' them a',
The bravest wife in Gowrie.

3.

Soft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheeks soon spread,
She whisper'd modestly and said,
I'll gang wi' ye to Gowrie!
The auld folks soon ga'e their consent,
Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,
Wha tyed them to their heart's content.
And now she's Lady Gowrie.



NEW STYLES FOR OCTOBER.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 4.

HOW I CAME TO SAY IT!

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

RALPH SOMERVILLE spent some months at our house. He was a noble-hearted, generous fellow, and I soon found that I took more than a passing interest in him. Though generous—as I have said—his disposition harbored upon sternness. There was something silent and mysterious about him—not repellant, to be sure, but seeming to bespeak a love of solitude, a quiet communing with his own great thoughts. I was a wild, romping girl, and perhaps it was this contrast of dispositions which drew me toward him with a warmer magnetism. He was certainly not handsome; neither particularly well formed; and yet in the fire that sometimes kindled in those grey eyes, or the soft smile that wreathed his lips, there was much of beauty to me. The tones of his voice were clear and distinct, and his earnest words, before we were better acquainted, were the same singular emotions I experienced when I first stood by the “sounding sea,” or earlier still, when the mellow notes of a church organ first dropped down into my soul. It seemed strange that he could bind with the spell of attention a nature so volatile as my own—but he did.

I loved him devotedly—I must confess it sooner or later in this little waif anyhow—and that he returned this devotion I had every reason to believe. A little thing occurred, however, which was near making us go opposite ways through life, like ships that part at sea.

Coming into the study one morning, I found an unfinished letter lying on the desk. Ralph was out—and curiosity—the failing of our sex—led me to glance over it. Part of it was in reference to myself; this discovery made me more than merely glance over it. It was a letter to his sister; the following clause stirred up all the opposition and willfulness my nature was capable of:—

“I am now certain that Mabel loves me. And yet so contrary is she, that were I soberly to ask her to become mine, I no doubt would meet with a peremptory refusal. If I let her alone, she will tell me herself that she loves me before very long.”

I felt my cheeks tingle, and I believe that I bit my lips with vexation.

“Do you think so, Ralph?” I cried. “We shall see?”

In a minute afterward I was down in the parlor, improvising at the piano in a manner which under other circumstances might have made my fortune.

Well—two weeks more passed by. I did not avoid Ralph’s society, yet in other ways evinced an extreme indifference to it. A shade of anxiety and thoughtfulness began to settle upon his face.

One morning Ralph took the cars for G—. A collision occurred, and a number of persons were killed and wounded. The news made my heart flutter like a frightened bird. The most painful solicitude was awakened in regard to Ralph.

In the evening of the same day I heard voices on the porch, among which I distinguished my uncle’s. I heard him say,

“How had we best break it to her?”

My heart seemed to turn into ice at these words; my brain reeled, and I caught at the table for support. What dark forebodings were creeping up into my soul? I rushed out upon the porch.

“You make break it as abruptly to me as you please, uncle. Ralph is dead! Oh, my best beloved! that I should see this hour!”

I felt very faint then, and the tears streamed down my cheeks like down the cheeks of a weary child.

Whose arms were those around me? What

low, sweet voice spoke such earnest words of love? What hot lips pressed such warm kisses to mine?

Why—Ralph's! He hadn't been hurt at all—and had been commissioned to bear sad news to

another. How provoking it was! Well—that is the way I came to say it! but I don't care now. Ralph is worth a dozen of your common husbands.

THE GRAVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

Oh! she will sleep a long, long while,
So make her bed to-day
Where flowers bloom in Summer time,
Where gentle breezes play.

The young and gay will gather there,
And oft their tears will fall,
For she who sleeps in dreamless rest
Was fairest of them all.

Then bind a choice and fragrant wreath
Of flowers on her brow.
Her cheek would vie their beauty once,
Where are its roses now?

The whisp'ring locust there shall bloom
Around her lowly bed,
For God hath given flowers enough
For living, and for dead.

And when the glorious setting sun
Has crimsoned all the West,
Let its departing glory fall
Upon her place of rest.

Oh! lay her where the cypress weeps,
And flowers talk of Heaven,
With grateful hearts, that for a time
This priceless gift was given.

I KNOW THOU ART FREE FROM ALL PAIN AND ALL SORROW.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

I know thou art free
From all pain and all sorrow,
The ills of this rude world
Shall vex thee no more;
No sad Past shall haunt thee,
No dreaded to-morrow,
Thou goest in thy beauty
To Heav'n's silent shore.

In vain I beseech thee,
No more wilt thou waken,
No more come, all smiling,
Beloved to me.

The holy, the pure,
To his far rest hath taken,
And thy footsteps now stray,
Where the bright angels be.

Oh! eyes of calm beauty,
Oh! lips whose caressing
Thrilled ever my soul,
As no others could thrill.
Shall your light and your fragrance
Now others be blessing?
But to me ye are darkened
Forever, and still.

VANISH YE CLOUDS OF CARE.

BY EMANUEL MARQUIS.

VANISH, ye clouds of care,
Nor shall ye now
Linger and longer bear
On heart and brow.

Man was not made a toy
To fortune's sickle maid,
Was by high Heaven made
Life to enjoy.

Throughout earth's wide domain,
In skies above,
Love does and Beauty reign,
Beauty and Love.

Song birds and flow'rets coy,
Stars glitt'ring in the skies,
Sunshine from human eyes
Whisper, Enjoy!

Heavenbid to rejoice,
Nature e'er is
Singing with raptured voice
Anthems of bliss.

Naught can the chord destroy;
Death, though he sway and slay,
Slays that all better may
Live and enjoy.

GRANDMOTHER'S ROOM

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

A PLEASANT room, with southern windows looking out upon the highway, and eastern windows opening upon a bright, green grass-plot—a room where the sun came earliest and shone latest.

"I give and bequeath to my beloved wife, Jemima, the south room"—so commenced a clause in the will of my great grandfather.

Among the very earliest pictures hanging upon the walls of my memory, I can see that square, pleasant room, with its broad, open fireplace, and the solitary figure sitting before the embers, with white hair lying about the placid forehead, crowned by a high, old-fashioned cap. For nearly twenty years had she sat there alone.

My great grandfather was still a hale and hearty man when the wife of his youth died, and left him widowed, and his five children motherless. Jemima Johnstone, spinster, had certainly no idea at that time of filling the dead Mistress Chandler's vacant place. She was twenty-eight years old; a girl no longer, if indeed that sedate, womanly woman had ever felt the light-heartedness of girlhood. She was comely and pleasant to look upon for the pure soul that shone out of the soft, grey eyes, but she had no pretensions to beauty. She had never expected to marry. She may have sighed at this, sometimes, for her heart was the heart of woman; but her manners were shy and timid, and her voice was low and weak, and her gayer and bolder companions had all outstripped her in the race matrimonial. She was left at home—an ungathered lily, in petticoats and short-gown—left to the parents who loved and depended on her, the children to whom sister 'Mimie's face was the fairest sight in the world.

I have always given my great grandfather credit for rare good sense. I know not how it was that he passed by the buxom beauties, any one of whom would have relished a seat upon the scarlet pillion behind his saddle, on the back of his fine bay gelding, and sought this shy, unobtrusive woman. I wish I knew the history of that long-ago wooing—what vows were breathed; what tokens were interchanged—but it is fair to conclude that the language of love has been very much the same in all ages. Sunday night after Sunday night, my great grand-

father's bay gelding was tied at the gate of Deacon Johnstone's yard, until, at last, he went away "carrying double," and the fair Jemima became the mistress of my great grandfather's home—I do think she had been, long before, the mistress of his heart. I have always pleased myself by imagining that this must have been, in every sense of the word, a love match; no mere arrangement entered into for the sake of the house to be kept, the children to be tended.

I think they must have been happy during the long, prosperous years that followed, as they sat together in summer twilights and long winter evenings, in the south room of that old house which could remember the bullets of the Revolution.

No children were given to them, and perhaps, for this reason, Jemima was all the tenderer mother to those of the dead woman sleeping so quietly in the country church-yard, at whose grave she and my great grandfather used to stand together in the hour's recess, after the morning services on Sundays; for whose memory this happy wife used to shed tender tears.

And so, steadily, silently, swiftly, the years marched on, until, in their train, came death. My great grandfather's fight with the destroyer was long and severe; but I do not think, in all those weeks of agony, his faithful wife shed a single tear, save those that fell inward, blistering her heart. Love gave to her timid nature a hero's courage. Her voice, none but hers, soothed the death-throes of his agony; her hand wiped the death-dews from his forehead; her heart, her tender heart, was his pillow, and in her arms he died.

To her this loss was terrible. Before his love sought her out she had had, save her kindly cares for others, no hope, no interest in life. And now she was again alone, and, this time, alone till death should be the high-priest of her reunion with him, in heaven. To her pure mind any second love would have been profanation.

How vividly that south room—"grandmother's room," we always called it—rises before me now. It was simply furnished. In one corner stood a bed, and, at its foot, a tall bureau where grandmother kept the humble accumulations of her life—stores of home-made linen, flannel, and the

yarn, which she seemed to knit unceasingly for step-children and grand children. Another bureau, a black one, stood in front of one of the south windows, and this had been grandfather's. At the other side of the fire-place, opposite her own seat, stood an empty chair; a black, wooden rocking-chair, always empty.

In this latter chair I remember sitting down one Sunday, when I had been left to keep her company, for she was getting too old then ever to go to church. I took my seat in it and began rocking back and forth with childish thoughtlessness. Grandmother spoke to me timidly,

"Haden't you just as lieve sit somewhere else, dear? That's your gran'ther's chair, and that's just where he left it stannin'."

Child as I was, I was strangely touched by her voice, her words, and the tears I saw on her furrowed cheeks. I never sat in my "gran'ther's" chair again. It moves me now, like sad poetry, sorrowful music, anything else touching and tender, to think of that lonely old woman who had never read a novel in her life, who knew nothing of poetry, save what was between the covers of the hymn-book, cherishing with such beautiful constancy the memory of the dead—keeping ever vacant the chair which he could nevermore come back to fill. I love to think of her sitting there alone; knitting interminable lengths of yarn into countless grey, woolen stockings, and dropping now a stitch, now a tear, as she strove to bring back all the past, the tender, the cherished past to her fancy; to see him sitting once more in the black, wooden rocking-chair; to hear the kindly words he addressed to his "beloved wife, Jemima."

"Is there anything else that was grandfather's?" I asked, that Sunday, with timid curiosity, after I had sat silent for awhile, looking at the inhibited rocking-chair.

I think it did my grandmother good to have an interested listener to her reminiscences. She took me to the old, black bureau, in front of the south window, and showed me her treasures. There were bunches of twine; a pipe; a pair of spectacles, and a jack-knife, the blade notched

by long use. All was just as my grandfather had left it. Humble treasures they were, but gold and gems would have been far less precious in that faithful woman's sight. I saw her wipe the tears from her eyes.

"I like to look at them sometimes," she said, simply. "I don't s'pose they seem of much consequence to anybody else, but your gran'ther had used all of them."

I do not think she was ever lonely. There was comfort enough, companionship enough in memory to cheer the patient years of her waiting. She gave no trouble to any one. Her whole life had been a sort of meek asking the world's permission to stay in it; and, when she died, she died suddenly and quietly, requiring no protracted care; causing no anxious watching.

We laid her worn body down by his side, with a tear, a sigh, and a prayer, which was half a thanksgiving for the morning which had dawned after her night of waiting. Well we knew that her feet were treading now the golden pavements; her lips quaffing the living waters. On earth she had "clothed herself with humility as with a garment," but white robes of wondrous glory were waiting for her there, and a crown is on her forehead.

We make pilgrimages to the homes of genius; the rooms were great deeds were planned, great books written; but, after all, life has nothing so noble and god-like as constant, self-forgetting love; and, when I would brush from my heart the dust of earth, hold communion with angels, and linger tenderly over youth's bright morning visions of

"The love that hopes and endures and is patient,"

I turn away from the city's din, and go back to the scenes of my childhood, and sit for an hour in grandmother's room.

The old, brown house, which remembers in its silence the bullets of the Revolution, is going to decay. Mosses are on its roof, swallows build their nests in its chimneys; but the sunshine gilds yet the southern windows, and shines upon the fireside where I can still see in fancy a bowed figure with high-crowned cap and silver hair.

"GONE."

Gone, gone, gone

In life's bright morning hours,

Like a star before the dawn,

Like dew from the lily flowers.

Oh, bright are the skies with the dawn,

And the lilies are snowy white,

But we sigh for the soft light gone,

And the flowers must fade ere night.

Gone, gone, gone

A song from the melodies,

That ring over garden and lawn,

And under the grand old trees.

And from songs that stirred our hearts

Like an organ's choral strain,

Music, grandeur, both depart,

And the joy becometh pain.

R. M.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

BY LIZZIE WILLIAMS.

"THERE go the widow and her brother-in-law again! I declare I can scarcely ever look out of the window now-a-days without seeing those two people walking or riding together—its shameful, I think!"

"Oh, its horrid!" chorussed three or four voices together.

"I wonder they do not see the impropriety of their conduct," said a very sedate-looking lady, (Mrs. Miller,) who, with her mother and sister, had come to spend the evening with their dear friend, Mrs. Webb. "It seems to me," she went on, "that if I were so unfortunate as to be left a widow, I would be exceedingly circumspect in my deportment—but some persons have no discretion."

"And Mrs. Gilmer is one of the number," remarked Mrs. Parker.

"Yes, indeed," chimed in Mrs. Webb. "To think of her being seen out riding and walking so often with any man, and she not yet out of deep black for her husband. Oh, that reminds me—ladies, you ought to hear how aunt Sally cut her up—very innocently, of course—the other day. Tell all about it, aunt Sally, do."

"Aunt Sally" needed no pressing. Very deliberately she knit round to the seam-stitch, then folded her stocking evenly, and laid it on the table beside her; took off her spectacles and placed them near her knitting; then taking a pinch of snuff, leaning back in her chair, and looking around at the ladies, who were all awaiting her narration, she commenced,

"Well, there ain't much to be told, but howsomever, what there is of it you're welcome to hear. You see, the other day I made up my mind that I'd take a good, long walk. I don't go about so much as I used to, but sometimes I get sort of low-sperited, you know, and I find nothing is so good in that case as a long, brisk walk. So as I was saying, I made up my mind soon after breakfast that I'd go out, so I got on my things and off I went. 'Twas as purty a day as one would want to see; maybe you remember it; let me see—last Tuesday, I think it was—or was it Wednesday, Clara?"

"It was Wednesday, aunt Sally," replied Mrs. Webb.

"Well, Tuesday or Wednesday, whichever day

it was, 'twas a proper fine day; so I went along, stopping at the dry-goods shops to look at all the cheap things. I was always a great hand for that. I remember when I was a young girl like Lucy or Becky here, there was nothing amused me so much as to look at all the calicoes, and silks, and the rest, at shop doors, or in the windows. Well, as I was going to say, I went on and on, enjoying myself every bit as well as if I was looking at a play, when all of a sudden, just as I had crossed a street, who should I see a few feet ahead of me but Mr. Edward Gilmer and his sister-in-law. They must have turned the corner while I was picking my way along the crossing, for it was very muddy. They were going along as slow as could be, jest putting one foot in front of the other, as 'twere, and talking, talking all the time."

"Hadn't they the little boy with them?" interrupted Mrs. Miller. "I should think she'd like to have him along."

"So they do most always," put in Becky Webb. "Just for a blind, you know."

"Of course, nothing else in the world," said Mrs. Webb.

"They had him along that day," resumed aunt Sally, "I kept my eye so on them, for fear I might lose sight of them in the crowd, that I didn't notice 'little Arty,' as she calls him, at first; but I saw that his uncle lifted him over every gutter, and set him down again as careful as if he was a chany toy that he was afraid of breaking. And when they got to Smith's—you know there's always a crowd about there, he picked the child up and carried him in his arms the length of maybe five or six houses."

"How I hate such hypocrisy!" exclaimed Mrs. Miller, biting off the end of her sewing-cotton energetically. "Much he cares for his dead brother's child, to be sure."

"But you see, he's courting the child for the sake of the mother," and Mrs. Parker laughed disagreeably. "Of course they want the little dear to love the new papa that is to be. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if they are learning the boy to say papa instead of uncle."

"Oh, shocking! His father's ghost ought to appear to them."

"I'm sure I wish it could," said aunt Sally.

"So I kept them in sight, as I was going to tell you, and at last in they went to one of the biggest stores, and in I went after them determined to see what they were after. The store was purty well filled, and they did not see me where I took my stand, but I could see them plain enough, and what do you think it was they were looking at?"

"White satin, I suspect," said Mrs. Miller.

"Brussels veils," "blonde lace," suggested the others.

"No, you're all of you wrong, though Mrs. Miller came near being right. 'Twasn't white satin, but it was the purtiest silk you ever sat eyes on, a kind of light fawn color, and every bit as shiny and good as satin."

"That's for wedding visits," said Becky Webb.

"Well, let it be for what it may," said Mrs. Parker, "isn't it the most shameful thing for a woman to be looking after such things, and she not out of her year's mourning for her husband?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Miller, "it's even too soon yet for her to be thinking of second mourning. I do say that a widow ought to keep to full black for at least two years, if she has any respect at all for her husband's memory. But how we do interrupt you, aunt Sally, you must excuse us indeed."

"It doesn't matter a bit, I'm most through now. But where was I? Oh, about the silk. Well, they looked and looked, and talked and talked, and at last they agreed it would do, I suppose, for the shopman began measuring it off. So you may guess how I felt about such doings then, and thinks I, 'I'll give her something to think of anyhow.' So I crossed over to the counter and stood close beside her, and asked to see some black silk. She turned round, surprised-like when she heard my voice, and we shook hands and talked quite friendly, and she stood her boy up on the stool he'd been setting on to shake hands with me. He seemed kind of bashful, and she laughed a little, and said that Arty was forgetting me, he saw me so seldom. Thinks I there's a chance for me, so says I, 'Like enough he doesn't know me, but I'd remember him if I hadn't seen him for years.' Then she smiled again and said, 'You think you would?' 'Why,' says I, 'I'd know him at the other end of the world, he's so like his father.' Then she colored a little, and began to smooth down his curly hair, and says she very quietly, 'Yes, Arty is very like his father, I am thankful the resemblance is so great; if it extend to mind and heart as well as to person, I shall have nothing to wish for in his regard.' 'Except

that he may be longer-lived,' says I. 'Yes, Mr. Gilmer was a proper good man, and it seems hard he wasn't spared awhile longer. I suppose Arthur doesn't remember him, though to be sure it isn't very long since he died. It seems like 'twas only the other day.'"

"Oh, that was cute of you, aunt Sally," said Mrs. Parker. "What did she say to that?"

"Nothing for a minute or maybe more. I wish you'd been there to see her; she first turned red, and then white, and she had as much as she could do to keep from bursting out crying right there at the counter. I saw that plain enough. But after a bit she says, 'It seems a long, dreary time to Arty and me.'"

"Yes, I expect it does, but she ought to be ashamed to tell it, if it does seem so long to her," said Mrs. Webb. "And such a good, kind husband as he was, too, and to see her choosing finery for her second marriage before he's hardly cold in the ground."

"How any woman can act so!" exclaimed Mrs. Miller. "But what more, aunt Sally?"

"I didn't say any more to her. I was satisfied that she was struck with what I said, for she only shook her head when Edward Gilmer wanted her to look at something else. So they went away, he looking at her very anxious as they passed out, for he hadn't heard what I was saying to her, and when he saw her face he must have thought she was sick, or fainting, or something of the sort. So he took charge of the silk, and I guess that was all the purchase they made that day."

"And that was one too many. But that was a capital hit of yours, aunt Sally. I'm so glad you thought of it. But is it not strange that she does not get some lady to go shopping with her?"

"Oh, she wants to keep it secret, you may depend," rejoined Mrs. Webb. "Besides, how could she have the face to begin to talk about it? For my part, I'd give her a piece of my mind if she would but hint at such a thing to me—oh, here you are, Mrs. Black," rising to meet a lady just entering. "I had quite given you up. You see you're the last to get here, for all you have only to come from the next house."

"I thought I should not be able to come at all," replied Mrs. Black, after exchanging salutations with the other visitors. "For just as I was ready to come, Betsy Smith ran in to tell me that the two good people over the way had gone out together again, and I do believe she stayed more than an hour talking about them."

"We were just talking about them too," said Mrs. Webb."

And thereupon the inexhaustible subject was renewed with fresh interest.

Poor Mrs. Gilmer was unfortunate in her "over-the-way" neighbors, Mesdames Webb and Black. For several weeks her "going out" and "coming in" had kept all eyes and tongues in both houses busy. The domestics of both were taken into confidence—to what meannesses will not people descend to gratify a paltry inquisitiveness?—and between mistress and maids the widow's house was well watched.

One day, Mrs. Black came running in to Mrs. Webb's, brimful of excitement,

"I haven't a moment's time to sit down, but I want to tell you. While ago I saw Mrs. Gilmer go out, and I thought I would send Ann over to borrow something, and see what she could find out from Letitia. She was in one of her huffy moods, and wouldn't hardly speak to Ann; but Ann is no dunce, and she found out something."

"What was it?" questioned all the Webb family in a breath.

"Why, maybe you recollect that embroidered Swiss robe that Edward Gilmer gave to his sister-in-law, not very long before his brother died?"

"I do," said Becky, eagerly. "She never got a chance to wear it only once, and then I saw her all ready for a party, and it was the loveliest dress I ever saw."

"Well, that identical dress—I know it must be from Ann's description—Letitia had just done ironing, and most beautifully too, Ann says. So Ann was admiring it, and says she, 'That looks like getting ready for a wedding.' Said Letitia, 'Maybe it does, and maybe it doesn't,' and that was all the speech Ann could get from her. She always was a hateful girl, that Letitia, there's no getting a word out of her. If she was like other girls we could have found it all out long ago. However, the Swiss dress settles the matter to my mind. What use could she have of such a dress at this season if she was not going to be married?"

"None at all. Oh, we'll see something before very long," said Mrs. Webb, and nodding acquiescence, her friend hurried off.

"Things must be coming to a head if the Swiss dress is done up ready for wearing," said aunt Sally. "Now we must watch close, or we'll miss it after all."

The others agreed that she was right, and a regular plan of espionage was adopted, the watchers relieving each other at stated times. The day passed, and the next was nearly drawing to its close, when Becky, who was then on duty, gave the signal, and all rushing to the

windows, saw a carriage standing before the widow's house. Pretty soon they saw a trunk brought out and placed very carefully on the carriage. Then Mrs. Gilmer and little Arthur appeared and took their seats in the vehicle, Mr. Edward Gilmer followed, and the carriage drove off. Peeping through the Venitian blinds, the Blacks and the Webbs had seen all, but so far from having their curiosity satisfied, they were sorely troubled for farther knowledge. That the trunk contained the bridal apparel was evident to all, since the bride-elect wore her usual dress of black: but why so much mysterious secrecy about their proceedings? To be sure they might well try to keep them secret; she, at any rate, might well be ashamed to have it known that she was already thinking of marriage; but still, as they were going to get married, why not be honest and above board? as aunt Sally said. Farther "observation" was evidently needful, and aunt Sally volunteered to watch through the night, as she was certain they would come back late, and she wouldn't miss seeing their return for the world. So she took her station in an easy-chair by the window. Whether curiosity was powerful enough to prevent her "sleeping at her post" the family doubted, when next morning she was obliged to confess that she "heard nothing," though "she never slept a wink the whole night through." What was to be done now? In spite of Letitia's "huffiness," it was decided to send Ann again to reconnoitre, on pretence of returning what she had previously borrowed. She came back with the intelligence that there was no one in the house but Letitia, who was as "close-mouthed as ever." There was nothing for it but to continue a vigilant watchfulness, which they did, and were rewarded ere the close of the day by seeing the carriage return, but lo! it contained only the lady and her child.

"Where on earth is he?" queried the irritated gossips.

"There's the trunk back again, too, and she's in her mourning attire yet—the deceitful thing. You may depend the marriage is to be kept secret. Wait till to-morrow; if 'tisn't in the morning papers, then it's to be kept secret."

It was not in the morning papers, at least as far as they could ascertain, although, after consulting their own paper, they sent all round the neighborhood to borrow other journals of intelligence.

"Now don't it beat all?" was Mrs. Webb's exclamation at last. "You see they do mean to keep it secret, but if I live till after dinner I'll find it out—that I know."

In pursuance of this determination, the worthy lady (in company with Becky) sallied forth early in the afternoon, "called in" at Mrs. Parker's, related all they knew, (which was very little,) and all they surmised, (which was a great deal,) and very easily prevailed on Mrs. Parker to bear them company in a call upon "the bride."

She was in the back parlor, teaching her little boy to read. On the appearance of the visitors, she rose to meet them in a friendly, unembarrassed manner, somewhat to their surprise.

"We have come to offer our congratulations, Mrs. Gilmer," said Mrs. Webb, with a meaning smile.

For an instant Mrs. Gilmer looked slightly perplexed; then with a bright smile she replied, "Oh, you have heard of the wedding! I—"

What she would have added the ladies could not guess, for she was interrupted by the entrance of Letitia in search of Arthur, and when she next spoke, it was to make some polite inquiries after Mrs. Parker's family.

"But what has become of the groom?" asked Mrs. Webb, returning to the charge at the first opportunity.

"He has gone to New York."

"To New York, and without you?" queried the amazed gossips.

"Certainly. I could not think of taking such a trip even to gratify Edward," replied Mrs. Gilmer, looking down at her black dress with an expression that told she had not forgotten that "she had buried her dead."

"Well, no, you could not be expected to go on a wedding trip, all things considered," said Becky, "but it is a wonder Mr. Gilmer was willing to go without you."

"He was rather disappointed, I believe, when I declined going, but, I fancy, his regret at my absence did not long continue," and again that bright smile, which the observant visitors thought so uncalled for.

"I suppose we will soon lose you as neighbors?" said Becky.

"Oh, no. I like this house very well, the neighbors also, and Edward will continue to board here, at least for a time, his bride being too young and inexperienced to take charge of a house yet."

The ladies had fairly started with surprise.

"Why, we all thought—" began Mrs. Webb; but Mrs. Parker, who was a woman of presence of mind, interposed, giving her a significant glance at the same time.

"I suppose the young lady is an acquaintance of yours."

"She has been like a younger sister to me from her infancy," was the reply. "Our parents were neighbors and friends. But since my marriage I have only seen Celia a few times, as she was at boarding-school till within the last few months. She is a dear, sweet girl, and I am greatly pleased that Edward has won her, I have no doubt they will be very happy."

"We thought there must be a wedding in prospect," said Mrs. Parker, smiling, "when we saw you out so often with Mr. Gilmer."

"Yes, I had to do all the shopping Celia required, and that kept me busy for a few days. Besides, there were matters connected with the settlement of my husband's affairs that frequently demanded my attendance, and I was glad to have Edward's company and advice on those occasions."

"I presume so, indeed. Women are so helpless in law matters. Of course, you were at the wedding?"

"I should much rather not have gone, but I knew both parties would have felt hurt had I declined going, especially as it was quite a family gathering, no one but the relatives being invited."

"That is the kind of a wedding I like," said Mrs. Parker. "Some people do make such a parade and show on such occasions. I think it is ridiculous. But, I declare, it is high time I was on my way home."

And rising as she spoke, her movement was gladly imitated by her friends, who were yet in a state of bewilderment from the complete "upsetting" of all their fancies and imaginings.

"What ninnies we have been making of ourselves!" was Mrs. Parker's exclamation, as Mrs. Gilmer's door closed upon them.

"I am so thankful that you stopped me that time," said Mrs. Webb, drawing a deep breath. "I should have blundered out that we all thought she was the bride."

"I knew it, and I was resolved she should not hear of our folly. I do not wish to lose her friendship."

"Nor I. I declare I will never again believe any report until I ascertain that there is some foundation for it."

And Mrs. Webb looked as if she had been imposed upon; quite oblivious of the fact that it was she herself who had started the report, and worked herself and friends up to a virtuous indignation against a "match" that had never been in contemplation.

THE DEFORMED.

BY SARAH HAMILTON.

CHAPTER I.

"Sweet is the image of the brooding dove!
Holy as Heaven a mother's tender love!
The love of many prayers and many tears,
Which changes not with dim, declining years."

"Poor little Harry!" said the tender mother, stooping down and kissing the pale forehead crossed with faint lines of blue. Then she brushed back the damp masses of hair, and gazed long and lovingly on the face of the sleeper. His breath came quick and short, and his chest heaved with the labor; his arms were thrown forward, and the hands fervently clasped.

"Poor little Harry!" repeated the mother, still more sadly, and the blinding tears fell thick and fast; her boy, her only child, was deformed, a wretched hunchback. She went back to the time when he was as straight and vigorous as any neighbor's child—when his laugh rang with the merriest—and now he was a frail floweret crushed at its opening. It was very trying to think—it must always be so—that there was no relief—no blessed Saviour upon earth to lay his hand on the diseased body, restoring all its former strength and beauty. But the mother's faith was strong, and kneeling by the humble couch, she asked the Father in soft, trembling tones to watch over her flower—bruised though it was—to keep firm this little thread of life—to purify and make beautiful the inner temple—to make him strong in goodness and courage. The child moved uneasily on his pillow, murmuring incoherently in his slumbers. The mother quietly arose with a sweet consciousness her petitions would not go unheeded, and arranging the curtains so the light might not fall too strongly on the face of the sleeper, she seated herself where the pale moonbeams stole softly in, and looked out upon the night—it was a scene calculated to arouse a less appreciative nature than hers. "And what are we," she murmured, "that God should note our trials?—should sympathize in our sorrows? This little island of life—how small a thing to Him who holds countless gems of much greater magnitude in his hand, if all its happiness be wrecked or wasted!" and a long, long sigh fell shudderingly on the still air.

A low, sad note stole upward—a robin's moan

—and with it came the words, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father? But the very hairs of your head are numbered, fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." Holy, comforting words! Again she looked forth, and while the heavens shone blue and fair, the earth seemed smiling in its borrowed light—an untold joy rustled in the bending branches of the tall elm that shadowed the lowly dwelling, there were bright tears on the opening buds of Harry's prairie rose, that had perseveringly climbed where he could see it grow. Every leaf, every bud, every blossom was still more closely watched by a heavenly eye, crimped and shaped by His hand, watered by His dew and rain, painted by His sunlight with the flush of early dawn.

Harry loved his rose—but God loved Harry better than many roses. She would nurture, watch over him, even as he cared for this, and a higher power would bless her labors.

Her child was a rational being, within that little bosom beat a warm, affectionate heart. There were also the same germs of evil that weed the hearts of the best—must she from a wrong sensitiveness allow these to go unrooted? Should his mind glow with the golden setting of intellectual beauty? Oh! she would like to have him great, talented, so she could look up to him with pride, spite of his misfortune—but who should furnish the means? Her husband was a little man—not in stature—oh, no! and the blushing face of the wife bent low, as she acknowledged the unwelcome fact of his littleness even to herself; his mind was all given to the pursuit of gain—gain.

Long she sat in deep thought—and then a sweet smile chased away the brooding look of care. "I will help him," she said, aloud, "to earn treasures in heaven, a white robe, a shining crown—he shall not be of the world, lost in the mad strife of ambition and pleasure. I will dedicate my child now in this solemn hour to the service of the Most High; his life-sky of necessity must ever be clouded—but the Sun of righteousness can pierce the darkest cloud and warm the coldest heart. I hope shall color all his future brightly," and bending once more

over the sleeper, she touched her crimson lips to the pallid brow, and left him to his dreams.

Mrs. Percy entered her chamber, stealing about very noiselessly as she disrobed for the night, fearful of awakening her husband, whose heavy breathing told her he was in deep slumber. As she lay down by his side, the movement aroused him—with a long yawn he impatiently inquired the time.

"I do wish, Carrie, you wouldn't sit up so nights, ruining your health and disturbing me. Here it is eleven o'clock, and I haven't slept a wink—and I must be up and off by six in the morning."

"But Harry was so restless, Charles, I could not bear to leave him before."

"I wish you cared half as much for my comfort as you do for crooked little Harry's."

"If you were unable to care for it yourself, perhaps I might," was the unpleasant rejoinder on the wife's lips—but she wisely choked it down.

Sometimes she would have been more than annoyed by this seeming indifference, selfishness—but she remembered she had that night consecrated herself to a new purpose, and if she were to discipline herself to walk tranquilly above the trials and perplexities of life, she must at once learn the lesson of control, a quiet submission to things she might not remedy. A few, brief moments stole on, and the deep-breathing again told of the utter forgetfulness of her companion. In vain she closed her eyes—now she was back in the days of her girlhood, the pride of a loving household, listening to the passionate words of—who? surely not the one resting so calmly by her side, unmindful of the sorrow blighting her days. Now she stood at the altar giving up all, home and dear ones, feeling only in his love could her own happiness be perfected.

Then together they watched over a tiny infant daily growing more beautiful, more winning in its baby ways, till at last it could proudly walk by the father's side—but, alas! a blight was to fall upon their beautiful child, bringing long sorrow-days, months of anguish to all. Mr. Percy seemingly growing colder and harder all the while, more immersed in business, less at home—the wife more prayful, more watchful, and little Harry sadder and more fretful—and where was it all to end? The little, small voice again came, "Fear not, I am with you always," and from the gloomy depths of despondency her heart went up in thanksgiving for the blessed assurance, "I am with you always."

All the morning had Harry's darling mother been at work, washing the dishes, baking nice,

flaky pies for the hard-working man, who wanted them on the table, morning, noon, and night, who guessed not—how should he? with his strong hands, how the more delicate palms of his wife ached with the labor?—how the drooping shoulders smarted and tingled with the much beating, rolling, sweeping, and scrubbing, all coming on one? More weary, more discouraging than the hardest work, is the thought that our services are unappreciated—that when the weary frame and sinking heart tries to bear up bravely for the beloved one's sake, he sees it not, but carelessly turns away without one kind, sympathizing word. This it was that saddened the wife's face; but as she glanced at the window and the soft eyes of her child met hers, a new expression stole into them; and going close to him, laying her hand on the brown curls, she called him her sweet, prairie rose. The new title pleased Harry, and turning to the open casement, he selected the brightest and most fully-blown of all his treasures, and with a beaming face presented it to his mother. She took it and playfully twisted it in her hair. This pleased Harry still more, and he said, half crying with the strange fluttering joy in his bosom, "Mamma shall have one every morning."

At last the work was all finished, the kitchen bright in its every day cleanliness; the sitting-room swept and dusted; chairs arranged, and fresh cut flowers placed on the mantle; wearily Mrs. Percy seated herself on the sofa by her boy.

"Harry," she asked, in a trembling voice, "do you love mother?"

"Very much," answered the child, laying his head in her lap. "Harry tired—sing."

"Yes, Harry, and then you will be very still, and let mother read till the short hand," pointing to the clock, "gets to twelve."

"Yes," said the little wondering face raised inquiringly to hers, hardly understanding how she could read on any day but Sunday, it was such an unusual thing. Sweetly the mother chanted the words of Mrs. Hemans,

"I hear thee speak of the better land."

After answering her child's many questions, she brought the pillows, and Harry, remembering his promise, watched the clock and was very quiet—watched it till sleep curtained his eyes.

Mrs. Percy sat down, not to a charming volume that would banish the present and relieve the tired brain. No, with slate and pencil she was employing those few leisure moments in that to her hard, dry study, mathematics, sadly neglected in her school days, now resumed for Harry's sake. Courage and strength did she need in her ignorance and weakness to make

herself a competent teacher to that strong, active mind; affection could alone have prompted her to the effort. Early and late was this the one grand purpose of her life, and yet no household duty went neglected. Her husband's dinners were as punctual, as nicely cooked as ever; his linen as scrupulously clean and shining; his rooms as free from dust and blemish. A few times he seemed aroused to the fact that she was becoming thin and pale, and said if she wished he would hunt up a girl to wait and tend on Harry—but this she did not wish. He was becoming a very good boy, learning of his tender-hearted parent the great lesson of sacrifice; her cheerful looks and tones were reflected back from his patient, little face.

Sometimes, as a reward for his goodness, she would take him out in the shadow of beautiful trees, far off in the green woods amid emerald mosses, bright colored flowers, a very paradise to the little housed-up cripple. These were bright holidays to both, making them feel it was a great thing to live, a great thing to be able to appreciate God's works—especially did Harry's mother feel this. There was such a loving peace resting in her bosom—such a thankfulness for all her earthly blessings—such exalted views of the true end of existence. If he, the dear husband, could only realize the joy of such emotions—could know and approve as he must—could he only know them once, then her happiness would shine perpetual, nothing could come between them, for he would understand, and understanding, would love her all the more, she was sure of that—she was a better woman now than when he married her, more worthy of love, more patient, not so ambitious and worldly; if he could only be led from the gaining of riches to the accumulation of something better, he too would find his happiness increased—it would be such a blessed thing, and was so much to be desired for them all. Perhaps God would in time bring him, as she had been brought, lovingly to a new life, she would hope, and hoping trust.

CHAPTER II.

It is impossible for us to follow Mrs. Percy and her deformed boy in their daily life—impossible to note all the evil that came to sadden and discourage—the good to bless and lighten up their lives. We can only now and then glance at the cases by the way, not forgetting that desert paths led to them. Harry and his mother were a help each to the other. Mrs. Percy felt more than repaid for all the exertions made for her child's welfare by his filial obedience and love.

Mr. Percy continued to labor for that which satisfieth not; but his voice was becoming modulated to a softer key; the influence of his home could but wear an impression on his heart, though it were harder than rock.

The voices of wife and child, blending in happy song, in the long, mellow twilights, refreshed the wearied father, bringing a feeling of satisfaction that they were his own household jewels. Often too stirring his mind with longings and conscience-gnawings, that troubled him long after the hour of usual rest.

It was at one of these seasons he suggested to his wife the propriety of sending Harry from home to obtain a classical education, as he had given evidence of possessing a mind of more than ordinary ability. This had long been her ardent wish; but she, fearing a repulse, had delayed naming it; now the suggestion was embraced as a good to be immediately acted upon, and now a loving pride sprang up in her bosom at this new proof of a growing generosity on the part of her husband. He felt something of this, and although the next morning, with the darkness, had fled the weary weight on his heart, and the old avaricious love of gain predominated, he was too proud, too chary of his wife's good opinion to willingly lose it; he entered cordially into all her plans, and wondered, and was made glad by the new interest, the new happiness he experienced.

So Harry was sent off to find a home among strangers, and his mother calmly, cheerfully had arranged all, had said, "Good-bye," with tearless eyes, had watched him out of sight—but now that it was over her fortitude forsook her. The re-action had come, trembling and weak, she re-entered the now dreary, little sitting-room. The small table by the window, the study-chair without its accustomed occupant, the bare branches of the prairie rose stripped by autumn's winds and frosts of its beauty, brought to her heart such a feeling of desolation as she had never before experienced. But this state of mind was not lasting, because, like an unselfish mother she willed herself to submit cheerfully to his greatest good, though it shadowed her present comfort. Therefore her countenance was bright and hopeful, ready to greet her husband with calmness and pleasant words when he returned at night. He wondered at this—wondered so much he could not help speaking of it, tenderly as if he felt for her; and she, with her head resting on his shoulder as it had not rested for years, told him how hard the trial had been throughout, what a struggle with self; he listening, smoothing her hair now and

then, touching his lips to the white brow in the old lover-like way, saying too, she was the best of women—the best of wives, and ought to have had some one very different from him for a husband; he had been a brute, or but little better; he wished he could be different, more like her. At first poverty, or the fear of that, had choked all his better aspirations, he had been so fearful they might suffer for a home, and home comforts, and by laboring so steadily, daily counting his expenses, studying economy, he had acquired the habit of being parsimonious, adding riches and subtracting happiness from their home. He had given himself no leisure for improvement, and so they had both suffered; he began to think threadbare coats were better than threadbare minds—a poor cottage than an empty heart.

At first too, he had been wickedly unconcerned to Harry's misfortune, he did not know what he or his child had done that they should be thus afflicted; but Harry was a good boy, his face was like an angel's, he would not now exchange Harry for the tallest, straightest lad in the country. Well may you smile, little wife, weeping joyous tears, for you are gathering golden fruit of your own planting.

Here for the present we must leave them, meanwhile giving a letter from the wanderer, written long after, when the novelty of school life and new scenes had worn off.

H—, May 2nd, 18—.

"DEAREST MOTHER—I can hardly realize the length of time that has elapsed since I left you for the first time, four years ago! Vividly comes before me, not only the outward picture of loneliness upon which my gaze rested that morning, but the inward darkness and strife warring in my bosom. I remember how serenely the golden sun rose, dispelling the grey vapors that lay like a cloud upon the whole landscape, the growing clearness of every object, as the dense mist floated upward, and I tried to think just so would the black shadows creeping about my heart flee away.

"How I shrank back from contact with the world, how little and wretched I felt without your encouraging smile! I feared ridicule, mother, but worse than that, the visible pity and curiosity of my companions. I gazed upon the surrounding country, at the bold sweeps of willow trees, at the broad, sparkling river shining in the distance, at some late, autumn flowers held in the white, plump hand of one of my traveling companions, a beautiful girl—into her sunny face, and I murmured, 'that I alone was crooked and deformed.' Never before

or since have I felt the bitterness of my lot, as I did on that long, wearisome ride. My school-mates and teachers have been invariably kind and attentive. Truly the Lord has been better than all my fears; I once thought the good things of this world very unequally distributed, but I am not of that opinion now; riches and power may hide sorrow and care; Fame's laurels so ambitiously sought for may pierce the brow when worn with unseen thorns; and a proud, erect form, such as one like me might be led to covet, oft carries within a sad, depressed heart; on the other hand, the poor may be rich in love, the humble and unambitious happy in possession of a contented mind, and a poor, deformed youth like myself possessing that which naught could purchase. There is a true greatness of the soul that can come not to any unasked, unsought, a fountain of living waters, free to all, and he that drinketh shall thirst never more. Mother, when life was darkest, when I was ready to faint by the wayside, worn-out with its burden, this living stream sprang up in my soul, fertilizing all its barren, uncultivated ground; weak, feeble, I have yet something great to live for when I look upon the world, gazing upon so much misery, such a seeking after the jewel happiness afar off, and ever in the wrong direction, when it lies sparkling at their very feet. I long to cry aloud, to lead my erring brothers back to the fold of God's love, and, mother, with your sanction this shall be the aim and end of my poor life.

"I follow all of your directions, do not keep late hours or study hard. I find I can accomplish as much by my temperance in these things as some of my more ambitious companions, who are wearing their health by a too close application to their books. I am counting the intervening days between this and my visit home; and, mother, I have something strange to suggest, the adoption of a child that I think will require nearly as much of your attention as did your invalid boy formerly, a little, forlorn thing I picked up in the street the other day, left, it appears, on account of sickness, by a band of roving musicians. My room-mate, Ralph W—, would gladly give her a home—but has none to offer—never having known the luxury of one himself; his mother died before he was old enough to realize her worth, and his father since has spent most of his time abroad. May I bring the little girl, Marcella, she calls herself, and ask Ralph to accompany us? I know it would do him good to make your acquaintance.

"Hoping you will think favorably of all my plans, I remain affectionately yours,

HARRY PERCY."

CHAPTER III.

HARRY PERCY had finished his collegiate course, and had come home preparatory to commencing the ministry. A stranger would observe naught but the crooked outline of the young man's form; but the memory of that first unpleasant impression invariably faded upon a near acquaintance—the broad, white forehead, unmarked by time, or knitted by passion—the clear, gray eyes—the open countenance, at once revealed something of the spirit reigning within—of the music, purity and beauty dwelling in a soul unstained by the vices of the world. There was also a fascination in the voice and manners of Harry, when engaged in conversation, that won upon all hearts—he was kind to all, forgetting not to be courteous to any—refusing never the cup of cold water to one of the Father's little ones. Oh! 'tis the heart that loves, that wins affection—the mind that reigns conqueror."

"This is good!" exclaimed Harry, on the night of his arrival home, "very good!" repeated he, in tones of satisfaction, holding out both hands before the open grate, for the mere pleasure of feeling the glowing warmth of a home fire, while he glanced rapidly about the room from one familiar object to another, till his gaze rested on a thin little figure lying on the sofa. "Marcella," said he, leaving his comfortable seat to re-assure her, in his own kind way, now she had come to look upon strange faces, "this is my home—your home—when you are strong and well once more, and find out what a home can be, you will learn to prize it even as we do. There's the big orchard behind the house, with golden stars at your feet, and pink clusters in the thick boughs over your head, and a clear, shiny spring in the edge of yonder wood, where smiles the waxen-leaved arbutus, and sweet-scented violets, that will give you such dreams of beauty as your childhood never knew; and here, this was my study-room, Marcella, it shall be yours."

The child looked eagerly into the speaker's face, her own quivering with new and exciting emotions.

"Why, Ralph, what have you there?" interrogated Harry, as his friend entered with a tiny goblet in his hand.

"Something to preserve Marcella's tears in; I shall need some precious memorial of her when far away. Look here, little one, art willing I should treasure those bright pearls raining down your cheeks?"

Marcella's countenance brightened, and she laughed heartily at the strange idea.

"Harry," said Ralph, in a low voice, as they

drew their chairs together by the window which looked out upon the prairie rose, "in striving to comfort yonder little invalid, you were doing her the greatest injury imaginable; dilated eyes, flushed brow, feverish from excitement—she feels too keenly—let her alone."

In the evening Marcella felt able to sit up and look over some prints with Harry and Ralph, Ralph keeping her alive to all that was ludicrous, while Harry, who sat quietly by, wondered, and was gratified at the keen enjoyment manifested by both his brilliant friend and the forlorn child, a few days since a common beggar in the streets.

Marcella was an Italian by birth—but little could she remember unconnected with the roving life she had led for years. There were floating fragments passing through her mind of a home somewhere, way back, and loving voices; to-night, as Mrs. Percy drew her to her side, and endeavored to draw from her something of her early history, the vague impressions grew strong and were almost clear; as she rested her head on this new friend's bosom, a dreamy, satisfied feeling stole over her—the rest, long sought, she had at last found.

Mr. Percy treated the new-comer with the same interest manifested by his wife. She gave life and animation to the little family circle. When the glow of health came to tinge the brown cheeks, and the tangled masses of black hair were daily brushed, plaited and decorated with gay ribbons—when the coarse, tattered robe, had been replaced by pretty prints, and the dark eyes had learnt to sparkle and beam with new and ever-varying thoughts, the child appeared altogether a different being from the trivial-looking creature that had first excited Harry's sympathy—as for Ralph, he declared he had never made the acquaintance of any drawing-room belle who proved half so bewitching.

It was a great wonder—a great trial to Marcella, to learn from her adopted mother, that her whole time must not be given to bird, bee, and flower—that she must learn to read—to sit still in the house and pore over unintelligible words.

No, she "could not," and with an impatient stamp of her little foot, she declared she "would not!"

"But Harry wishes it," urged Mrs. Percy. "Will you not do so to please Harry?"

It was enough—no further argument was needed.

Was it strange, that the child, rescued from death, or a life worse than death, came to make an earthly idol of her preserver and teacher—strange that her quick intellect learnt to read

and appreciate the abstruse beauties of that master mind—strange that his words, his wishes, were treasured up, remembered, and acted upon, as were no others?

Years passed, and it was a dark day at the cottage when Harry left his childhood's home to proclaim the glad news of a Saviour's love to a flock afar off.

In a thriving town in one of the western States, he accepted the charge of pastor over a flourishing society for an indefinite period. Close beside the church of S— stands the Parsonage, a low, grey building, half concealed from the street by the over-shadowing trees, the numberless vines and flowering shrubs that encompass it. Two windows in front are thrown open to admit the fresh morning breeze into a bright little study, whose only occupant at the present time is Henry Percy.

Years have but added attractions to an interesting countenance; but as he turns from his book and leans from the window, dreamily gazing on the beautiful landscape before him, you notice an air of sadness—newly acquired, it may be—rests on his features. It is evident his mind is afar off, lost in some painful reverie. He leaves the window abruptly, takes from the side table an open letter, and slowly he reads:

"Ralph is home, my dear boy. He is a noble man, worthy of your friendship; he has improved much since he left us eighteen months since; Marcella's spirits seem to have revived since his visit; she was so lonely after you went away; not a pleasant day passes but some excursion is enjoyed, and another planned for the next. I am glad to see them happy, but Harry, this mere physical enjoyment is not your portion, but thank God, you have that left which is richer and more enduring. I must not murmur if the innocent pleasures of youth are debarred my child, for it was God's will."

Harry's lips for a moment rested upon the paper, and he murmured, sadly, purified by affliction, "It is well—he will win her—and I—I must learn to grope my way alone. It is strange that I cannot find in my heart to wish them joy—strange that the bitterness of my lot has all returned when I thought it had fled forever."

Harry Percy now learned, that he too, with the rest of the world, was but a poor dreamer; his imagination had built fancy castles, and inhabited them. He saw it all, and more assiduously than ever before did he apply himself to the earnest life before him, asking the Father to keep him in all his ways, learning anew the lesson of trust. Trial and toil was not always

to be his portion—patiently would he learn the task allotted him—he had loved—how much beauty, how much joy, the sentiment had brought him! Did he wish because the flower beyond his reach, blossomed not for him alone—that no other could see, admire and transplant it to a more congenial soil?

None would have thought, looking into Harry's calm, pleasant face, of the inward struggle warring with his peace—all noticed the glory that radiated it, when the full sacrifice of his own selfish desires had been made of another, of two others; for when had Marcella's smiles been the brightest? when had her laugh rang merriest? was it not when Ralph W— was her companion? He remembered, too, the care and devotion, the constant thoughtfulness, manifested for his comfort; but this arose from pity, a sisterly affection, sympathy.

Not at all surprised was he, to receive, not many months later, an invitation to attend his friend's wedding, which was to take place immediately on Mr. W—'s return from Europe, who was daily expected. But Harry was unable to leave, nor did he regret that his numerous engagements prevented him. But when summons came for him to visit the bedside of a dying parent, no consideration would have prevented him answering the call—sympathy for his mother, that best friend—thoughts of the constant care and wearisome watchings weighing her down—of the poor, dear father hastening to that dark valley, drove from his mind all the lingering pain that tarried, when he thought of one whose sunny face would not be there to greet him.

It was a beautiful eve in mid-October, when, wearied and travel-stained, he alighted at the little garden gate of his home.

The windows were closed, all but one in the room occupied by his father—the slow movement of the drooping curtain, as it swayed back and forth, catching up the faint breath that stirred its folds—the pale, clear moonlight lighting up and throwing in shadow—roof, tree and shrub—all seemed to whisper to his heart one sad tale, desolation. The stillness was oppressive; he vainly summoned courage to meet the loved ones; a white hand gently pushes back the curtain—a familiar face glances out—quick steps pass through the hall—a light form glides down the garden walk, and stands by the crooked figure.

"Oh, Harry, how glad we are you have come!" And the lips tremble, and the eyes fill with tears. "He is now sleeping very sweetly, mother watching beside him." Passing her arm

through Harry's, the two silently enter the house together. Marcella insists upon his resting on the lounge while she goes for refreshments.

She saw the suffering painted on his face.

"Can't I do anything more for you, Harry?" said she, timidly, leaning over the arm of the sofa, trying to smile as she laid her hand on the feverish brow. The touch was pleasant; he closed his eyes, slowly, opened them, apparently not heeding her question, saying cheerfully,

"You have grown very beautiful, Marcella—very beautiful; you will allow a brother to say it. I have heard that great happiness has the power of painting the plainest face with beauty. What then must be its effect when nature was lavish before? But where is Ralph? You have not yet mentioned your husband!"

"My husband!" repeated Marcella; "of what are you thinking?"

It was now Harry's turn to start.

"Yes, Marcella, are you not married?"

"Harry, Ralph has been married but a month; he became acquainted with his wife in Italy. She came to America but a few weeks since, in company with some of her friends, and Ralph's father, Mr. W——. She is a dear little creature, and Ralph insists, the resemblance is so great between us, we might pass for sisters."

The door opened, and Mrs. Percy came in, surprised and much gratified, to find her son.

Marcella glided out, but immediately returned from the sick room, saying that Mr. Percy was awake, and had recognized Harry's voice—would he go to him now?

The meeting was very affecting, father and son felt it was the last to take place on earth, both knew there was a more joyous one in store for them. Mr. Percy seemed to realize that death was very near. He took a cheerful farewell of each, leaving, he said, gladly, the road that had become so beautiful, as he drew near the close of his pilgrimage, knowing that its termination led to a glorious inheritance beyond; feeling that it was better for him to go

first, that he might be there to welcome the loved who would soon follow; for time there would not lengthen as here, months and years would sink into their true significance. There, too, he should realize the worth of discipline. "Who would not," said he, taking Harry's hand, "battle bravely the greatest sorrow, knowing this to be the end? God bless you, my wife."

Harry persuaded Mrs. Percy and Marcella to visit him in his western home. He rightly conjectured that that change would prove beneficial to his mother. Months passed, Marcella, pale and spiritless, sang no song, but stole softly about her accustomed duties. Harry, too, seemed unusually taciturn. Keenly sensitive, he tried not to break up the icy reserve that crept in between them, he feared she would consider him presuming should he dare whisper to her the dream of past days.

These mothers—how eagerly they watch over the happiness of their loved ones, striving ever to ward off the trials and discomfitures of life, how they tenderly touch one chord, and when the wrong vibration trembles forth, patiently await the music of another! how opportune comes the good advice—the tender council! No, Mrs. Percy was not a meddlesome woman, but a true mother. She knew that the raven of gloom rested upon her household. 'Twas not the shadow that death left—much as they missed and mourned the absent, they felt their loss was his gain. But the cloud had a present cause, it was a word here, a remark there, uttered in wisdom by Mrs. Percy that scattered it—teaching her children to be true to their own hearts. Marcella loved the cripple even as she was loved, proudly could she wear his name, looking into his good, noble face could feel honored by his preference. She took it, and none who knew Harry Percy, the young minister of S——, none who listened, spirit-rapt, to the eloquent and truthful speaker, none who saw the goodly works and blessed deeds that followed his labors, wondered at the beautiful girl's choice.

THE STORM.

BY PHILA EABLE.

'Twas a wild, dark night, a dreary night,
And along the island shore
The dark, wild waves, the heavy waves,
Broke with a dismal roar,
And the clouds were very black that hung
The weary earth-land o'er.

Forth went a woman, haggard, pale,
Amid the darkness dread,
And kneeling on the wave-lashed shore,

Where briny tears were shed,
She sobbed and moaned in agony
For wrecked ones, lost and dead.

And when the daylight silver white
Came up the waters o'er,
They found her lying white and still
Upon the lonely shore,
Asleep so sound that no wild storm
Would wake her any more.

THE LOVER'S SUSPICIONS.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"WHAT a splendid girl! I faith she has no equal for beauty of expression, whatever may be said of beauty of form and feature." The young man was gazing admiringly on a lovely girl who was among the dancers, her bright, sylph-like form seeming to float rather than move in the mazes of the dance. After a few moments' silence, he turned again to his companion, who had made no response to his previous remark, and with a manner of blended gravity and playfulness said, "Take my advice, old fellow—you know I am famous for giving valuable counsel—and secure this peerless creature while yet you may. If you dally much longer you deserve to lose your chance of winning her."

"Much chance have I among the flattering crowd that always surrounds her," was the moody answer.

"Oh, well, you can't expect every one to draw back whenever you choose to approach her," said the other, laughing. "You should be all the more pleased that you can win the admired of all admirers in despite of them all. Why don't you propose, and end your doubts and fears?"

"I can perceive nothing in her manner to me to warrant my doing that. Once I did fancy that my love was returned, but I was only deluding myself then. I don't believe she has any more care for me than for any one of a dozen others who are courting her favor."

"Miss Lincoln is not one to meet your advances half way, if I am any judge," replied the friend, more seriously than he had before spoken. "I believe that she does care more for you than for the others, principally because she is more reserved with you than with them. There is a sort of conscious embarrassment in your presence that would lift me to the pinnacle of blissful hope were I in your place. Rely on it, you are trifling with her happiness as well as your own."

"See how she smiles on that Ralston," said the lover, evidently paying no heed to what his friend was saying. "He is ever at her side, and her pleasure in his society is very evident."

"Yes, too evident to be a symptom of love. You are not fancying him in your way, surely?"

Oh, Ralph! Ralph! what has become of your wits? Pinck up courage, man; pop the question, and if you do not find me a true prophet, punish me by never believing me again."

Ralph Morris thought over what his friend had said, and the result of the reflections was, that on the following morning he repaired to the house of his lady-love, resolved to learn his fate without farther delay. When shown into the parlor, he found to his extreme annoyance that several lady friends were present, who manifested no intention of soon taking leave. Ralph, however, had made up his mind, and determining to outstay them, let them stay as long as they would, he entered into a trifling conversation with the ladies.

He soon learned that two of the visitors were in despair, because Miss Lincoln was to leave town the next day. Her sister in Baltimore was going to have a grand party, it was indispensable that Gertrude should be there; but on the other hand, Cad Stevens' party next week would be a failure without her. Cad intended to have tableaux, and Gertrude was just the one for that: they would be obliged to give up three or four that they particularly desired to represent, if she could not be there to take the principal character. And further to Cad's disappointment, Mr. Ralston had begged her to excuse his absence, as he would not be in town on the appointed evening. Cad was quite vexed with them both, for it was her birth-day party, and she wanted to have everything in the finest style.

Ralph forgot to sympathize with the ladies at this point, for on the mention of Mr Ralston he had instinctively glanced at Gertrude, and she meeting his eye colored visibly. Ralph's jealous fears returned, and he paid little heed to the talk now going on; he was deliberating whether it would not be better for him to defer the object of his visit to another time—till he could satisfy himself by close observation whether Ralston was indeed a rival, and still more important, whether he was likely to prove a successful one. Before he had come to any conclusion, the other visitors prepared to depart. As they were stepping into the hall, they met a servant bringing a large basket which she had just received at the door.

"Oh, there is your dress from Madame B——, Gertrude," said one, eagerly. "I know her basket. Let me just take one little peep."

Gertrude objected, but the young lady had an insatiable curiosity, and moreover prided herself on a "pretty, child-like willfulness," which was increased by opposition. Aware of this, Gertrude yielded the point, though she was evidently annoyed by her friend's unceremonious procedure, and Ralph quite sympathized with her. But how were his feelings changed, when he heard the exclamation, "Why, if it is not a bridal dress! and the veil, orange wreath, and all. Just look!" and the laughing girl held up to view a wreath of orange blossoms intermixed with lily of the valley. "Isn't that exquisite? Ah, Gertrude, your secret is out."

It was indeed exquisite, that dainty French imitation of nature, but in Ralph's eyes what a hideous thing it was, and what a finished coquette its beautiful owner! All was plain enough now, and while the ladies were yet bantering her on their discovery of her secret, Ralph took leave, rejoicing that he had escaped the humiliation of "a refusal."

The other visitors did not tarry much longer, being in haste to spread the news. Gertrude tried to convince them that they were altogether in error, but her protestations were heard with laughing incredulity. After they had left, she sent the basket with its elegant contents back to the dressmaker; and in a short time it again appeared, accompanied by the regrets of Madame B——, for the mistake that had been made. Very beautiful was the evening dress that Gertrude now drew forth from the unlucky basket, but she surveyed it with small appearance of interest or admiration. The reproachful look which she had received from Ralph, as he made his parting bow, still haunted her. Though he had never in words declared his passion, yet she had long felt that he loved her; and felt, too, that his love was not unreturned. Vexed by the unlucky incident of the morning, and the impression it had evidently left on Ralph's mind, she prepared for her trip to Baltimore with less pleasure than she had anticipated; though she reassured herself by reflecting that on her return he would discover the mistake into which he had been led, and all would come right.

But on her return, she learned that Ralph had left the city, suddenly, and without apprising any one of his intention. "Doubtless he will return soon," said his friends; but weeks and months went by, and he came not. Gertrude mourned in secret over the unfortunate mistake, which she had no doubt was the cause of his

departure. In society she was gay and charming as ever, and many sought to win her love, but sought in vain.

It was nearly three years from the day of his mysterious disappearance, ere Ralph Morris trod again the streets of his native city. He had not proceeded far, when, to his extreme annoyance, he encountered his former confidant and adviser, Coleman. The latter, overjoyed at his friend's return, plied him with eager inquiries, to which he received vague and brief replies. Ere long Coleman fell upon the very theme that Ralph most wished to avoid.

"Ah, Ralph, you stubborn fellow! why did you not act upon that sage advice I gave you at our very last meeting? Don't you remember it? Confess now that in all your wanderings you have not met one to equal the bewitching Gertrude. I saw her the other day, and, by George, I thought her handsomer than ever."

"Does she still reside in the city?" Ralph put the question carelessly; his friend did not hear him, and he was obliged to repeat it.

"I merely asked if Mrs. Ralston still resides in this city."

"Mrs. Ralston did you say?" Coleman looked slightly puzzled. "Oh, you mean the wife of our old friend Ralston. True, he married soon after your disappearance, but I do not know his wife even by sight."

"Although you were just speaking of her."

"Who? I? My dear fellow, you must be dreaming. Ralston married a lady in the South, and has not come northward since, to my knowledge. I never saw his wife. It was Miss Lincoln I was speaking of—your old flame, you recollect?"

"Well!" Ralph paused in his walk, and awaited farther intelligence with breathless interest.

"Well!" repeated his companion, jocosely; but looking at his excited friend he dropped his bantering tone, and said in surprise, "you did not imagine that Gertrude Lincoln married Ralston, did you?"

"Whom then did she marry?"

"Why, nobody," replied his friend, laughing heartily at his air of bewilderment. "Our peerless belle is still free. I begin to think you will be the lucky man, though, to be candid, you don't deserve such good fortune."

"I don't, indeed," said Ralph, coloring a little. "I believe I have acted like a simpleton, if nothing worse."

And thereupon the particulars of his last visit to Gertrude were poured into his friend's ears. "Now that you know all, do you think—I want

your candid opinion, Coleman," Ralph spoke beseechingly, "do you think there is the shadow of a chance that I can win her?"

"As to the shadow I can't say," was the provokingly deliberate answer, "but a real, substantial chance I do think you have, provided you do not lose it by farther delays and suspicions. What, irresolute still?"

"I fear she despises me," said Ralph. "I should in a like case."

"And so should I," was the consoling rejoinder, "but woman's judgment leans to mercy always, you know; so come to me to-night and tell me how your wooing speeds. I warrant you'll claim my congratulations."

Coleman's surmises, of course, were correct. Ere the close of the evening, his friend bounded into his room in high spirits.

"Just like all accepted lovers—ridiculously happy," said Coleman, shaking him warmly by the hand. "You won't slight my counsel the next time, old fellow; three years of happiness lost just through your own folly; think of that."

"Too true," said Ralph, regretfully. "And

Gertrude has loved me all along; she never thought of Ralston, nor he of her, she told me; that is in the way I suspected. And I have been so miserable, Coleman, but I deserved to be wretched; 'twas far worse that I rendered her unhappy."

"Yes, you merited a long probation for that, I think; she forgave you too readily, like a gentle, loving girl as she is."

"Like an angel, as she is, rather say," exclaimed Ralph.

"No, that flight of fancy is only for lovers," said Coleman, dryly. "I was going to add, that she entrusts her happiness to you too rashly, I also imagine, after you have shown yourself so given to indulging the most groundless suspicions."

"Ah! I have suffered enough from that disposition to be cured of it forever," said Ralph, earnestly, "our married life shall never be rendered unhappy from that cause."

And time proved that Ralph spoke truly: he was done with jealous suspicions forever.

LEAVING HOME.

BY MISS HELEN A. BROWNE.

Ye rocks and hills, along whose base
My childish feet how oft have strayed;
Ye foaming rills and pastures waste—
Ye meadow walks; ye haunts and shade:
Ye purple heath, where erst the bloom
Of childhood's cheeks gave warmth and light;
Ye wildwood glens, so filled with gloom,
Ye shiver in the winds of night.
Ye homestead, grown so mossed and grey
With ruins by thirty Summers sent;
Ye woodbines clamb'ring by the way
With tree and rose together blent;

Ye household ones, grown dearer now
When thought of parting draweth nigh,
And Time, with measured step and slow,
Is stealing on with calloused eye.
I leave ye all with dimming sight,
With raining tears you may not see,
With heart so full 'tis far from light,
And clings alone to none but thee.
I leave ye all; ye rocks and hills—
Ye groves that bear the wood-bird's call—
Ye meadow walks; ye foaming rills—
Ye homestead, household, woodbine—all.

THY HAND WITHIN MY OWN HAS LAIN.

BY D. A. BIBB.

Thy hand within my own has lain,
Thine eyes have looked back love to mine,
While words as links have formed a chain
Which doth around us two entwine;
Then henceforth whatsoever befall,
Whatever space may intervene,
Let us not break this viewless thrall,
Or speak of love as what has been.
But should a time of trial come
To cloud our sky, now bright and blue,
Still let us keep in light or gloom
Our hearts confiding, calm and true.

So shall our spirits soar above
The power of man, or fate, or time,
And we in our exalted love
Prove more than mortals, blest sublime.
But do not say, "I will do this,"
And dream that it is easy done,
Such almost superhuman bliss
Cannot without its price be won.
For we must tutor mind and heart,
Must learn to think and to confide,
E'er we can stand aloft, apart,
By Love and Faith thus deified.

CATHARINE LINCOLN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 186.

CHAPTER XVII.

At this moment a door at the farther end of the passage opened and Catharine appeared, roused by the unusual sound of voices. In spite of their indignation, there was something about her which moved the clergyman and his followers as she walked toward them, her face pale from confinement and watching, and that indescribable air of grace and dignity, which made her as a queen among a score of common beauties.

"What is the matter, Janet?" she said, "did these gentlemen wish anything?"

"It's the parson," whispered Janet, "and ye'll never see a March hare that's madder; as for them that's with him they're only worse."

"I am the clergyman," said Mr. Gray, with all his former severity, "and I come to you, with these friends, upon a painful errand, but one from which we do not shrink."

"Excuse me, sir," Catharine said, courteously, "I think there is some mistake."

"None, madam, none, do not attempt to deceive me—but this letter will say all."

He thrust into her hand the letter which he had that morning received. Catharine recognised the writing, shuddering slightly, but very calm.

"Will you walk this way?" she said, moving toward a parlor at the front, "there is a sick man near here, and I would not have him disturbed."

The minister and his companions followed her, impressed by the simple majesty of her words and manner. Janet Brown looked after them with her scarce spent wrath still shining in her eyes, picked up her broom, and with some Scotch ejaculation retreated to her own dominions.

Catharine stood and read the letter, while those frowning men gathered about her, silenced by the calm dignity of her demeanor. Its contents caused her no surprise, and as for the pain, it was so slight in comparison with that which had lain at her heart for years, that she scarcely heeded it. As she had supposed, it was another stab of her implacable enemy. Mr. Jeffrys had traced their movements, and written to the

clergyman a tale well calculated to rouse his puritan blood. It called upon him as a father of the church to denounce and drive forth the guilty pair who had taken refuge in his village, after deserting a dying wife and bringing lasting disgrace upon all connected with their name.

When Catharine had finished the letter, she returned it to the minister, saying only,

"And you believed this thing?"

She looked full in his face with her clear, truthful eyes, whence a great sorrow broke, and their language went to the old man's soul as no protestations in words could have done.

"Madam," he said, in a changed voice, "you are strangers here, your mode of life has appeared singular from the first—we didn't know what to think."

"We did not come here to argue," broke in the selectman, seeing that the minister was about to soften, "your arts are all wasted on us; we come in the name of the law to warn you out of this place as a criminal."

"Peace, brother," whispered the pastor, "you are too violent."

Catharine looked at the speaker in silence, but he shrunk from the truth in her eyes and the grandeur of her face. After a moment she glanced suddenly toward the clergyman,

"Sir," she said, "have you a daughter?"

The old man turned away his face, pointing to the weed upon his hat; scarcely three months had passed since he buried the darling of his hearth, the fairest girl that the whole village could boast. The deacons themselves were softened by the sight of their pastor's emotion, and Catharine saw that they were almost ready to relinquish their hard purpose.

"By that daughter's memory," she said, "I ask you to deal kindly with one greatly injured, but innocent as she. Tell me now what you require?"

"We should not have spoken to a woman," said the deacon, more kindly, "where is the young man?"

"Did I not say that he was ill?—tell me your errand."

They looked at one another, and she looked calmly at them, but no one seemed inclined to break the silence.

"You wish us to quit your village," she said, "is that it?"

"It would be better," returned the pastor, hesitatingly, "better for all, if you would do so."

She made no answer, but moved toward the door at the end of the apartment, and motioned them to follow. They obeyed her gesture, and looked into the shadowy room beyond. The curtains were flung down over the casements, and on a low couch in the gloom lay the wasted form of a sleeping man. His face looked mournfully youthful in that heavy slumber, the features so thin and sunken in the uncertain light that the gazers started back, almost believing themselves in the presence of death.

Catharine closed the door, and turned again toward her visitors.

"Will you drive that man forth from his last shelter?" she said. "The Saviour whom you worship was less hard upon sinners than you! Even though he were the moral leper you deem him, could you not allow him to die in peace?—he asks only that—not even a grave after."

Without a word those men passed slowly out of the chamber with downcast eyes, where the tears would come in spite of their firmness. When they reached the outer door, the old minister turned to Catharine,

"Forgive us," he said, "for verily we knew not what we did!"

"Oh! sir," she said, not bitterly, but with a quiet mournfulness, "oh! sir, so many unasked pardons have gone from my soul that I could not hesitate here! You are old men, but your span of life is not so near run as his whom they are hunting to his grave. Surely here we might be left in peace—there is no sin on his soul or mine, and yet we are without proof against their accusations."

"Any help," suggested the hard old deacon, "watchers, anything that our womenfolks can do!"

"Thanks," she replied, "if I need them I shall not forget your goodness; farewell."

They bowed with solemn aspect, and Catharine stood watching them disappear down the walk. Painful as that scene had been, it left almost a feeling of pleasure—they were not wholly outcasts! For once that man's schemes had failed, or turned to the advantage of those whom he sought to ruin. She re-entered the little parlor and sat down, waiting until Walter should wake and require her presence. The

haunting memories of her past came back, the first crash of the thunder tempest which had darkened her sky, the after desolation, all returned, and in her heart she thanked God that the end seemed so near. Upon the table by her lay two books which she took up, looking at them with a sorrowful bitterness—it was her own last work and a volume of Walter's poems. They had won fame those two—what an added woe it seemed at such a season!

She wondered if the clouds which enveloped her would ever clear up; years had passed since she ceased to struggle, believing that all attempts to penetrate that dreadful mystery would be in vain. The sight of Walter's sleeping face had brought the countenance of her dead husband so vividly before her—must she go into eternity without the power of solving that secret! She checked the thought, almost smiling at her own folly—there all would be made clear—she could leave it still to time and God.

She went into her own apartment, opened a casket where those letters had lain for years, and taking them out returned to the parlor. How often she had studied that handwriting, and sought a clue to the fatal packet! She was folding them up to restore them to their place, when again a sound from without aroused her. She went to the door and saw in the hall a young man, travel-stained and weary, who seemed to have unceremoniously entered at the open door. He walked toward her, saying quickly,

"You are Catharine Lincoln, I suppose, I wish to see Walter Seaford."

"He is very ill and sees no one."

"I tell you what it is, madam," exclaimed the determined-looking youth, "I have made this journey for an express purpose, and I am not to be defeated in my undertaking. That man has destroyed the peace of the dearest girl that ever breathed, and by heaven he shall answer for it."

"This is more of William Jeffrys' work," said Catharine, calmly; "you will scarcely wreak your vengeance upon a man so near death, I think."

"Jeffrys, yes, I believe that he is a black-hearted scoundrel! Look here, madam, I have no idea that you are half as bad as they have said, for it don't seem to me that May's sister could be—will you sit down and talk honestly with me, and both try to get at the bottom of this thing?"

"May I ask your name?"

"I am Robert Morris, a grand-son of old Judge Morris—you used to know him."

"Yes, yes; I have seen you too when you

were a child; it seems very strange to meet you here now. Yes, I will talk honestly with you! Tell me first of May—my sister, my poor sister!"

Robert's face lost its determined look, his eyes grew misty and his voice tremulous with feeling as he answered,

"Poor May indeed! She is better now; I thought she would die once—if she had," and the fire flashed into his eyes again, and his voice grew hard, "by heaven, I would have killed Walter Seaford and torn Jeffrys' heart out of his body."

"Has she spoken of me—of Catharine?"

"Only once—she could not bear it."

"Did she curse me?—did she think ill of me?"

"Oh, madam, what could she think! But she never cursed you, she wept and prayed for you!"

"And you too believe me a bad, false woman?"

"I did before I looked in your eyes—I don't know what I believe now. At least you will own it has all been a mysterious thing."

"Do you mean that charge?—those letters?"

"No, about Seaford—I don't know much about the first affair—but Jeffrys says you had been living with Walter for a year past."

"Robert Morris, I have not seen him for a year until I met him in New York! I knew him first in Paris—we were both free—it was my right! In the midst of the only month of happiness came that Jeffrys, he dragged Walter away, maddened him with his horrible falsehoods, brought him to America—"

"And then he married May—after he was betrothed to you—then he is a villain, after all!"

"No, no, we were parted forever, Jeffrys told him that I had been his—his—oh, I cannot speak it! Walter was ill, crazed, he married May to preserve his father from ruin! He went back to Europe, found me, and for the first time knew that he had married my sister—my sister whom I believed to be dead."

"This was Jeffrys' doings—how he must hate you!"

"He has followed me for years like a fiend; to gratify his revenge on me he has brought this misery upon you all."

In their earnestness they had unconsciously returned to the parlor and seated themselves. Robert sat leaning his head upon his hand, striving to catch some connecting link in all this wickedness, with the mystery of the past.

"Tell me all about that—those letters," he said, "I have only heard vague hints, for my grandfather Morris has kept it a secret, and Jeffrys fears him more than any other person in the world."

Catharine told him all, every event of her past

life, speaking more freely than she had ever done to any human being. Even under happier auspices hers would not have been a confiding nature, and in her life of trial she had learned to shut in upon her heart the pain that ached and moaned for expression. After her attainment to that celebrity so unexpected, she had been received in the proudest circles abroad, but even there she had found no one in whom she could trust, and old Janet Brown had been dearer to her than all the world beside. When she met Seaford for the first time, she almost forgot her past, shut it out from remembrance in order to enjoy the full bliss of that short season of sunlight. The end came before they had learned to go back to the confidence of by-gone years—the present had fully engrossed them, and since that time she had lived utterly alone, until summoned to watch over Seaford in his illness.

But there she sat and told Robert Morris everything—her departure for Europe—her search for that darling sister—her poverty and privations cheerfully endured, with the thought that she should one day find that cherished idol. Then came the tidings of May's death—another artifice of the arch fiend who had so pursued her—their toil for labor's sake—the new found fame which fell so coldly upon the crushed and broken heart! All, she told him all, sitting there tearless and calm, while he, unused to suffering and endurance, felt the hot tears falling fast as he listened.

"And you are still alive," he exclaimed, "still alive! Oh, Catharine, and I—you do not know how much I suffer! It seems little in comparison with your wrongs, but I am so young, I loved May so fondly, and to have all happiness torn from me—I cannot bear it!"

He clenched his hands in sudden passion and anguish, while Catharine looked at him pityingly as if he had been a brother.

"And you love May—oh, this is hard! And she, does she love you, Robert?"

"I think so, that's the worst of it all—what are we to do? This Jeffrys—oh, if I had my hands on his throat! Look at it, Catharine, we might all be happy now if we were not in his infernal toils."

"Happy!" repeated Catharine, while the old look of resignation came over her face; "happy! You and May, yes—but for me and Walter the thought would be sacrilege—beyond, there, Robert, there!"

"I cannot be so resigned—I will not be—this infernal plot shall be broken—no man shall wrest my happiness from me."

"You are so young," sighed Catharine; "alas! poor Robert, poor May!"

There was a sudden cry from the room beyond which startled her, she rushed out with Walter's name upon her lips. He had wakened quickly, and finding her gone called out for her with all his strength, beneath a terrible fear that she had left him—a fear which haunted him always if he woke and found her absent from his side.

When Robert Morris followed Catharine into the room, she was sitting by Seaford's side, holding his hand and soothing his agitation. Robert could not look unmoved upon the man who had come between him and his happiness, but in an instant the sight of that wasted face brought his better nature back, and he loathed himself for the sudden burst of passion which had swept over his heart.

"Who is that?" Walter asked, pointing toward him.

Catharine whispered in his ear, and the sick man held out his hand, saying only,

"Will you take it?"

Robert grasped the thin fingers without a touch of bitterness, though it seemed very strange to him. They returned to the other room, and at once Walter's quick eye caught sight of the open casket of letters, which Catharine had forgotten on the table.

"What are those?"

"The letters which were the beginning of all this sorrow—the letters that Mr. Lincoln found in my desk, and of which I knew and know nothing."

He held out his hand for them, and began looking them over.

"I do not know the writing," he said, reading on. "Stay! Strange—how familiar this seems!"

"What, Walter, what?"

"I don't know—perhaps it is fancy—why, Catharine, I have read these before!"

"Never, you never saw them till now."

"I know it, and yet——" He broke off, opening more letters and reading hurriedly. "I tell you, Catharine, these letters are familiar to me—I recognize the expressions—I could almost swear that I had written them!"

He looked so excited that Catharine was more disturbed than often happened.

"Don't, Walter, you only distress me; do not add to the mystery."

"But it is strange, it is strange!" repeated Seaford, crushing them impatiently in his hand. "If I could only think!"

Catharine feared this excitement, and sought to change the subject.

"Where is May?" he asked, turning to Robert.

"At Mr. Jeffrys' house in the city; she was too sick to be moved for a time, and since then she has chosen to remain there."

"I must see her, Walter," continued Catharine, "I must go to her. You are quite strong to-day—I shall not fear to leave you a little time."

"She will not see you, Catharine."

"She will—she must! She trusts Robert, he will tell her how bad and false that man is."

"Oh, you do not dream of the influence that he has over her," returned Morris, "she has trusted in him since her childhood—looked up to him as a saint, it will be very hard to make her doubt now."

Walter Seaford groaned and laid his forehead down upon the table—that man was his father—it seemed the most terrible thing of all—his father!

"I must go—something tells me that it is best!" exclaimed Catharine; "indeed I must, Walter."

"You are right," he said, lifting his head, "go, Catharine, but come back before it is too late; remember how little time is left to us now."

"Hush, Walter, not those words! I will return to-morrow—Janet will watch you! Oh, Walter, it kills me to leave you even for these few hours, but I must go—I feel that something is about to happen."

Almost unconsciously while speaking, she thrust the packet of letters into her dress, shuddering as she always did at their contact.

"Go, Catharine, my Catharine—God help you—go!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAY had been much alone since her illness; even the companionship of Mrs. Davenant, kind and gentle as she had always been, was irksome to her. She liked best to sit in her chamber, her hands idly folded in her lap, looking dreamily out upon the children playing in the little park opposite the house, or watching the fountain as it cast up its glittering clouds of spray. She had been very ill, but was now rapidly recovering, though the buoyancy of spirits which had made her lovely was gone; she looked like the shadow of her former self, and her voice was fast falling into that dreary monotone of suffering which is so painful.

Without possessing the genius which was the fatal endowment of her sister, May was a highly gifted girl, cursed with that peculiarly sensitive organization which had wrought half the misery of Catharine's life. She had remained a child

longer than the young are apt to do, and the events of the past weeks had forced her on to a maturity of thought and purpose which brought with it its own wretchedness. The innocence of all those wrongs which darken human lives was gone—the vail had been torn rudely aside, and she forced face to face with a living evidence of guilt which she had not before even imagined. That was more painful than anything else—to be unable to think of that sister so long lost, but whose image had lingered like a beautiful dream in her memory—the feeling of unutterable horror which came over her when the scene of that terrible day presented itself to her mind—all these things, and the shame, the shrinking from herself which they brought with them, were harder to bear than the actual grief flung like a weight upon the brightness of her heart.

Once Mr. Jeffrys alluded to the subject, but she checked him, and when he spoke of the redress which she must claim, and made her understand the legal rights which he intended to seek, her anguish was such that he had not again ventured to recur to it. But his will was immovable, and he determined not to be balked of the full measure of his vengeance though he trampled her heart down to obtain it, even as he had crushed that of the woman against whom he had sworn a hate so deadly and so lasting.

May was entirely alone one day, Mrs. Davenant had gone upon some business to their house in the country, a place to which May would not return, thinking of it only with an added pang, and Mr. Jeffrys was also absent.

She sat for a long time in her chamber, and at length descended to the floor below, wandering about among the vast apartments like some desolate spirit doomed to keep that unquiet vigil. At last her strength began to fail, and she sat down in the library which her guardian usually occupied as his study. She looked idly around for something with which to occupy herself, and was at length attracted by a quaint old cabinet at the farther end of the room.

She went up to it, and with the childish curiosity of recent illness, opened the numerous doors and drawers, without even thinking that there could be anything improper in her aimless researches. At length she reached a compartment which was locked, but the key, apparently from thoughtlessness, had been left in the lock. She unlocked it, and found an antique casket of tarnished silver, curiously wrought and of singular form. She took it out with an exclamation of pleasure, and, finding it heavy, set it down on the table to examine it at her ease.

It seemed to be locked also, for the spring did

not yield to her hand, and she made no effort to open it. Around the front edge of the lid were several curiously cut ornaments, and she stooped to observe more closely the workmanship, passing her hand over each in succession. As her fingers touched the centre-piece, the lid flew open with a sound which startled her, giving to view a roll of manuscript that seemed to have lain there for a long time.

She remembered then that she had no right to examine those things, and was about closing the lid, when the door opened suddenly, and a woman entered the apartment. May gave a little nervous cry, for sickness had rendered her timid, but before she could recover from her astonishment, the stranger had crossed the room, and throwing back the heavy vail, revealed to May the features of her sister Catharine.

The girl looked round, as if for help, feeling no anger, only a vague terror and desire to escape her presence.

"Stop, May, stop!" exclaimed Catharine, "I can do you no harm—do not go!"

"What do you wish?" gasped the frightened girl; "you can have nothing to say to me—let me pass."

"Nothing to say to you! Oh, May, am I not your sister?"

"Don't speak that name, don't!" she returned, shivering from head to foot.

"May, it is not your own heart that I hear, it is the echo of that bad man's teachings. Stop and think—we are children of the same mother—even were I the degraded creature you believe me, would you have the right to cast an only sister off without a word?"

"It isn't that, not that," returned May, swaying to and fro in her anguish, "but it is so terrible—two sisters!"

"What, May?"

"I can't explain—I hardly understand—I could forget weakness, sin; but oh, Catharine, he was my husband, and you my sister!"

"My name, you have spoken my name—bless you, heaven bless you! Listen, May, I tell you that there is no guilt in my heart, nor in my life."

"But I saw—you were there—it was his room—you had come from Europe with him!" she uttered these words in broken gasps, supporting herself against the table, for there was a sudden mist before her sight which was like the faintness of death.

"It was true that you saw me, but I did not come from Europe with him—I had not met him for a year! I knew that he was sick, and I hurried back to this place that I might see him before he died."

"You love him?" May exclaimed; "you love him?"

"I did love him when I had the right, there is no feeling in my heart now for which I need blush, nor you condemn!"

"And he loved you—why did he marry me? I tell you it was wicked, terrible!"

"It was that man's work too! May, he wished to complete his revenge on me. He told Walter that he had spent your fortune, and called upon him to marry you lest it should be discovered."

"But why did Mr. Seaford consent—it was so wicked?"

"Because that man was his father, May, could he refuse to save him?"

May slid slowly to the floor, sitting there with her face hidden, rocking to and fro and gasping for breath.

"Do you believe me, May?—will you trust me? I am your sister—I loved you so fondly! When they drove me away, homeless and friendless, I went searching for you afar in a foreign land—then they told me you were dead, May, and I was all alone in the world! Father—mother—and my little sister—all dead, and I left without a friend. Oh, May, May, do trust and believe me—my heart is so crushed and broken—May, little May!"

May half rose from the floor, extended her arms, and Catharine sank into them with a burst of weeping, which eased her heart as nothing had done for years. Neither spoke for many moments, there they knelt locked in each other's arms, a murmured thanksgiving upon the lips of the elder.

"Have I indeed found you?—oh, May, May!"

The girl nestled close to her bosom like a young bird, murmuring through her tears,

"I know your voice now—I know your voice!"

"And you trust me?"

"Feel my heart beat, Catharine, every pulse throbs in witness to your truth."

"And we shall part no more?"

"No more, never more! Mr. Jeffrys will consent, oh, I know he will."

"Oh, heaven, I had forgotten him! Come away, sister, come away, he will tear you from me—make haste, oh, come!"

It was May's turn to comfort her, and to calm her agitation.

"I tell you, Catharine, there is no power strong enough to separate my heart from yours!"

"But that man—oh, May, you do not know him!"

"I hope not—oh, I hope you are deceived, Catharine! I have loved him so long, trusted him so entirely."

"Hush, May, you make me tremble; you are too young, too innocent to fathom treachery like his. He has caused my ruin, I have no proof, but I feel it!"

"Why, why?"

"He hates me—long ago he swore to be avenged, because, because—oh, May, I cannot tell you! I know that he has done it all—my husband's death—my own wretchedness! Come with me, May, I cannot breathe in this house—he may return and I shall lose you forever."

"Be calm, Catharine, there is no danger."

"Oh, I tremble, I tremble!"

She clutched the table with such force that the casket fell upon the floor with a dull, heavy sound, which made both shudder with fright.

"It is only that casket," said May, after an instant, "the papers have fallen out."

She stooped and picked up the roll of manuscript, as she did so the leaves fell apart, and one fluttered to Catharine's feet. She took it up—her eye fell upon the hurriedly written lines.

"This writing," she gasped, "this writing—what is it?—whose, May?"

"I don't know, I found it here!"

Catharine grasped the sheets, turned them over hastily, yet closely scanning each page, while May stood frightened at the whiteness of her face.

"At last!" she murmured, "at last!"

She fell back in a chair—her eyes closed, the manuscript dropped from her hand and slid slowly to the floor.

When Robert Morris entered the room alarmed at his companion's long delay, he found Catharine still insensible, and May leaning over her with passionate tears and words of wild endearment.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was many moments, in spite of their united efforts, before Catharine recovered from that heavy swoon. She opened her eyes with a start, muttering some incoherent words like one suddenly awakened from a deep slumber.

"Sister, sister!" exclaimed May, "what has happened to you?—is it a new sorrow?"

Catharine's eyes fell upon the manuscript at her feet—she snatched it with a faint cry, repeating quickly,

"It is joy, joy—I am—I am—oh, I told you how innocent I was—thank God—thank God!"

"Speak, what is it?" urged May and Robert, in the same breath, "do speak, Catharine."

"Here—look—the letters—this manuscript—the words are the same—Walter's writing, and he, Walter, recognized the letters!"

May looked at her in bewildered astonishment, but Robert seized the letters which she drew from her dress, and began comparing them with the pages of the manuscript to which she pointed. Catharine was shaking with a nervous tremor, unable to speak, but he understood the agonized appeal in her eyes.

"It is no deception, Catharine—you are saved! I understand it all—look here, this is an old story of Walter's left unfinished—that man has stolen it and copied the letters! Look—look! Where was it found?"

"In that casket," answered May; "I found it. What is it, Robert?—what is it?"

"The proofs, the proofs!" gasped Catharine. "Don't you hear, May, I have them—I am righted at last!"

She strained May to her in a long embrace, wetting her face with her tears, but very quiet in the deep thankfulness of her soul. They allowed her to weep until she could once more look up, when a serene joy broke through the grief which had so long obscured the brightness of her face.

"Tell me all," repeated May, "I am so bewildered."

"I told you of those letters the other day—they ruined Catharine—but she has now the proof of her innocence. Here is the original of those letters, and Seaford can swear to his own writing."

"Oh, Catharine, Catharine!" May could utter nothing more, she knelt at her sister's feet, kissing her hands and garments, giving way to a burst of hysterical joy and remorse strangely at variance with Catharine's silent blessings. "And I shunned you—refused to believe you—can you forgive me?"

"May, darling!" and it seemed to Catharine that all the pain which had weighed so long at her heart went out in that fervent caress. "You acted nobly—my sister, my own, own sister."

"And the fortune is yours—and I shall be your child again—your little May!"

"And that wretch preserved the manuscript!" ejaculated Robert; "it is strange that a villain almost always overreaches himself."

"Mr. Jeffrys—my guardian—did he do that? Oh, I hope not—don't believe it, Catharine—let him go—for my sake—I loved him so well!"

"I ask no more, May, I am content."

"The scoundrel, the black-hearted scoundrel!" cried Robert. "He ought to be torn limb from limb!"

"No, Robert, no," pleaded May, "he was kind to me—so very kind."

"Kind! You say that of a man who has blighted your whole life, destroyed your happiness forever!"

Those passionate words brought back the reality to every heart! A name rose simultaneously to their lips—"Walter! Walter!"

May hid her face on Catharine's bosom, while Robert flung himself into a chair in a sudden paroxysm of grief and rage. Catharine raised the bowed head—extended her hand to the anguish-stricken youth,

"Bear up, my children—this is sinful! God may at any moment set you free—you would repent this weakness then."

They stood up, sobered and awed; that pallid face rose before Robert's, and he bent his head in penitential silence.

"I must go to Walter," said Catharine, "I have left him too long—come with me, both—come!"

"But there is something yet to be done," urged Robert; "my grandfather must be summoned—it is decision, Catharine, which must restore you to your rights."

"And they will disgrace Mr. Jeffrys? Oh, Catharine, my sister, have mercy!"

"Hush, May, could you think me so vindictive? The story of my shame was kept secret——"

"But against his will," broke in Robert.

"No matter—his treachery and guilt shall never be revealed—I promise it, May."

"Bless you, bless you!"

"We must go," urged Robert. "May, you are quite able to make a short journey—get ready while I order a carriage; you and Mrs. Lincoln can start in the first train, and I will follow with my old grandfather as soon as possible."

"Oh, May, is it real?" and Catharine turned again to assure herself by the clasp of those loving arms that it was no delusion. "It is indeed you—my darling is given back to me."

"Catharine—sister! Bear with me—teach me to grow like you—so grand, so resigned."

"I like you to praise me, May, it is very sweet, and the strangest thing is that it seems so familiar—I cannot realize that all this dark past has been."

Robert aroused them again, for it was growing late, and they had no time to lose.

"These papers—they are safest with you, Mrs. Lincoln; as for the casket, I will put it back in its place. Here is another paper," he continued, lifting up the casket, "perhaps this belongs to you also."

He opened the paper, and they saw a shadow steal over his face as he read.

"Look at this, Mrs. Lincoln—poor Walter!"

She looked over his shoulder at the lines—it was a certificate of marriage between William Jeffrys and Lucy Seaford; upon the back of the paper were some lines in Jeffrys' own hand, giving the name and the birth of the child Walter Seaford.

—Catharine took the document reverently and placed it in her bosom.

"It will be a consolation to him," she said, in a low tone, "there has been a doubt upon his soul always, and he had no courage to question that man."

There was sin somewhere—an added crime to the catalogue which darkened the soul of their foe—but the mother was innocent, a wedded wife. Doubtless the certificate had been concealed, and she had gone down to her grave unable to leave a record of her marriage to the child she left behind.

Robert put the casket away, and closed the doors of the old cabinet which had so long been the depository of that fatal secret.

"I will go now," he said, "be ready to start, May, when I return."

He left the sisters together, and they stole up to May's chamber. Catharine's hands prepared her for the journey, her task often interrupted by a mute caress or some broken exclamation.

"At least I found those papers," May said, as they were ready to descend, "I shall feel that I have made some slight atonement."

"Never speak those words again, darling—it is a dismal word—atonement!"

"What ails you, Catharine?—you are growing pale!"

"Walter, Walter! We must be gone, he needs me; why doesn't Robert Morris come?"

"Is he so ill, Catharine?"

"Ill—oh, May!"

They heard Robert's voice in the hall, and hastened down to meet him.

"All right," he said, more cheerfully, "grandfather will be at the station, we can go on together."

Catharine remembered her last meeting with that just old man, and for an instant it seemed to her that there might yet be an earthly future to compensate for that troubled past, but she checked the thought, she could not be ungrateful in a moment like that.

"We will give one more look at this old room," said Robert, "we may have left something."

They went in, but there was nothing there except May's handkerchief lying on the floor; Robert snatched it up,

"It seems contaminated—take it, May!"

"Let us go," said Catharine, "I cannot breathe in this place—oh, let us go!"

May opened the door to pass out, but started back with a faint exclamation, grasping at Catharine's dress as if for protection. Robert Morris sprang forward with a muttered curse, but Catharine pushed him gently back and moved to the door, where, mute with astonishment and wrath, stood William Jeffrys.

He looked from one to another, and for a moment neither spoke.

"What is this?" he exclaimed, at length; "May, what is this woman doing here?"

"Let us pass," Catharine said, with her quiet majesty, "there need be no communication between us."

"How dare you come here, woman?" he returned, in a low, hissing tone. "May, leave that creature this instant, and, madam, quit this house, or I will have you flung into the street, where such as you belong."

The words had hardly left his lips before Robert Morris seized him in his athletic grasp, shaking him violently with a silent rage that was terrible to witness in one so fair and honest-hearted.

"Robert, Robert!" shrieked May. "Don't, don't, for my sake, don't!"

Mr. Jeffrys had been so overpowered by the sudden attack, that he had been unable to free himself, and at May's cry the young man dashed him back with such force, that he staggered against the opposite wall of the window. Catharine moved between them, with the same lofty calmness, saying only,

"This is needless, Mr. Jeffrys, let us pass."

"Go, but this boy shall rue his act! Stop, May, I command you not to stir a step! You thought to steal her away, did you, woman, but I have thwarted you again!"

"You are powerless now," Catharine replied, "my sister goes with me."

"She shall not stir! I am her guardian, she cannot leave my house."

"Even there you have no right, she is Walter Seaford's wife!"

He glared at her in impotent rage, working his hands nervously as if he would have torn her like a wild animal.

"We shall see, we shall see! I will sue for a divorce, and she shall swear that she found you in her husband's room, his head upon your shoulder!"

Robert sprang forward again, but Catharine checked him as before.

"This is idle, Mr. Jeffrys—everything is discovered—you have lost all power."

"Discovered!" he repeated, "what do you mean?—have you——"

"Yes," interrupted Robert, furiously, "we have found the manuscript—ah, ha, you are pale now!"

The wretched man shrunk back, his features so convulsed with rage that May shrunk away in horror.

"Fiends and fury!" he exclaimed; "what have you done?"

Catharine motioned May and Robert to go on, they obeyed in silence, the girl not once turning her head—there was no anger in her heart, but she could not look again upon the man whom she had so revered and trusted. But his iron will would not yield even then, he took a pace forward as if he would have wrenched her from the young man's side.

"Come back!" he shouted; "you shall not go—you dare not!"

But she only hurried on to escape the sound of his voice, there was something in it which filled her with a dread far beyond any emotion of passion or terror.

"Mr. Jeffrys, you can do nothing," Catharine said, "she leaves you forever."

He stamped upon the floor, clutching the ruffles at his wrist, until the delicate cambric was torn to shreds, but he could not articulate a syllable.

"I know all—the proofs of your guilt are already in safe keeping. I have no wish to harm you, but go away, leave this land forever."

The specked foam flew from his lips, and his iron breast heaved with the wrath which could find no expression.

"Your name will be spared, for your son's sake——"

"Curse him!" he exclaimed, uttering the words with a great effort; "curse him forever and ever!"

"Hush, oh, hush, perhaps in a few hours he will stand before that Judge, whom you must one day meet—remember, there is an eternity, a God!"

He laughed hideously, bearing up under his shame with exultant strength.

"Thanks. He will die—I am glad—then you must suffer still—go, I am revenged."

She turned back—looked in his face with her holy resignation and smiled—a smile such as some pure seraph might have bestowed upon a lost and mocking spirit, ere she fled from his sight forever.

"Drive on quick," Robert said, as she entered the carriage where May had crouched still silent

and horror-stricken; "let us quit this terrible place."

"Yes, hasten!" urged Catharine, "Walter, Walter! oh, we shall never reach him!"

When the sound of the departing wheels aroused Mr. Jeffrys to the consciousness that they had really gone, he rushed into his library to pass the first hours of retribution far from any human eye.

He dashed open the doors of the cabinet—for the full fury of his madness was upon him still—wrenched asunder the lid of the casket—it was empty! He trampled it beneath his feet, giving way to a paroxysm of rage which was worse than insanity.

There was no use to struggle—all was over—his own imprudence had thwarted his ends. There was no remorse, no sorrow—he only gnashed his teeth at the thought of his own impotence to carry out his designs.

He must leave America—there was no relenting when he remembered that injured son—he howled forth his curse, and would have followed him into eternity to echo them.

But he went away—it is fallacy to think that such records must always end in the death of a man like him—to live was the most terrible retribution that could have been visited upon him, and he did live, lived on to an old age of wretchedness and vice, ruined and deserted even by the powerful will which had borne him on so long.

"We do not move! we shall never reach him!" was still Catharine's moan, as they speeded away in their lightning-like path. The dread was on her soul—the premonition which had never failed—was it a warning still?

By her side sat the old man who had years before promised her justice—now he held her hand in his and murmured words of comfort, which she strove to heed, but still the cry would rise,

"Walter! Walter!"

May wept encircled by Robert's strong arm, clinging to him as she might have done to a brother, for there could intrude no human thought at an hour like that. So they sped on, but swifter than they flew a pale visitant—welcome, oh, welcome after the years of gloom and night—the weary watching—the endless search! Over at last—peace and rest were nigh—the peace which can never be marred, and the repose that knows no waking.

CHAPTER XX.

WALTER SEAFORD was lying upon a low couch in his chamber, weakened by the change which

had come over him within a few hours. A table had been drawn to his side, and upon it lay a mass of papers which he had insisted upon Janet's placing within his reach. He had been lying there for a long time in the solitude of that room, where during the past weeks his life had been going so tranquilly and so slowly out. He raised himself at length, struggling with his weakness, and took up the manuscript. It was the last effort of his genius—the tragedy which had lain so long unfinished. As he read, the color came back to his cheek, and the old excitability broke through the feverish brightness of his eyes.

He seized the pen and began to write, at first painfully and with a great effort, but after a time an unnatural strength supported him to give voice, for the last time, to the wild thoughts which thrilled his soul with their strong utterance. Never during all those years in which his passionate poesies had been going over the world, and filling it with the magic of his name, had he written with the burning eloquence which inspired him then.

Another hour, and the beautiful work would have stood out in its perfect completeness, but his strength began to fail, the lamp which had blazed up with such brilliancy flickered again, and this time there was no power to kindle it anew. The pen dropped from his nerveless fingers, and he sank upon his pillows murmuring still fragments of the glorious vision which was upon him. He tried to rouse himself, but in vain, then all his waning energies became absorbed in one mad thought—Catharine, would she never come? He should die there alone—she would return and find only his motionless form. A chill seemed slowly creeping over his heart, and he pressed his hand against it as if to keep life in the sluggish pulses and warm them into new vitality.

He would have called for Janet, but his voice had left him, and he felt himself sinking into the lethargy from which he should never waken.

It was wonderful to see the action of his strong will—he struggled up, clutching at the table for support, while the cold dew gathered over his forehead, and his very heart seemed rending with the mighty effort, called out,

"Catharine! Catharine!"

There was a hurried step in the room beyond, and as even in answer to his prayer, Catharine appeared and was kneeling at his side. He recognized nothing more, though he heard faintly her agonized appeal.

"Walter! Walter!"

But it was not the death pang, though she

had deemed it such, and after the restoring cordials which old Janet administered, he sat up again and looked around, then he recognized them all, Robert Morris and May looking sadly on, with the venerable old man lost in silent prayer.

"Catharine! oh, Catharine! I thought I was to die alone; but you are here—all is well!"

They are all here, Walter—there is May, my sister."

"May, poor little May!" he said dreamily, repeating the pitiful appellation which he had always given her of yore.

"She knows all, Walter, she has saved me!"

"Saved—saved?"

Catharine paused, she could not bear to darken that hour by the knowledge of the black crime of the man who was his father.

"I have proved my truth," she said, "I can go before my angel mother without a fear."

"Mother!" he repeated, catching at the word. "That is hardest of all—mother, mine—oh, could I know!"

Catharine understood the pang which crossed him even there. She drew the certificate from her bosom, and held it up before him.

"She will meet you—that mother—Walter, this paper is the certificate of her marriage."

He looked at it with his eager eyes, and a great calm settled over his features.

"It is enough," he murmured, "I knew that she was waiting for me."

He lay still for a few moments, but aroused himself again, and motioned her to raise him up.

Old Mr. Morris came forward, and held out the manuscript.

"If you can only testify that this is yours," he said, "Mrs. Lincoln is freed from the stain which has been so long upon her."

"Yes, it is mine—a story written years ago—where did you find it?"

They evaded his question and he soon forgot it.

"Catharine Lincoln," Mrs. Morris said, "I do believe this testimony—you have been a wronged woman—at least such reparation as can be made shall no longer be withheld—the fortune which was your husband's reverts to you."

"I could not touch it, there would be the stain of blood on it; May must keep it. Remember, in this hour I declare that I will never accept it!"

"May!" Walter said, "little May! come to me!"

She went up to the couch, and he looked long in her tearful face.

"There are shadows on it," he said, "did I bring them there?"

"No, Walter, no, you did all for the best."

"And you can be happy again—think of me kindly, May. Take her, Robert, here in this death hour I give her to you—cherish her—love her. Poor May! poor little May!"

He dropped away into a slumber, holding Catharine's hand.

When he woke, after the brief forgetfulness, he saw the manuscript on which he had spent his last strength.

"Unfinished," he said, mournfully, "give it to the world as it is, Catharine—I have no other legacy to bequeath."

"A great name, Walter," whispered Robert Morris, "you leave that."

"Yes," he said, faintly, "yes, I am glad for your sakes, it will be very dear to you all. Leave me with Catharine now—I am going soon."

He joined the hands which May and Robert placed in his own.

"I shall not forget you—you will find me beyond. No tears, May, it is a brief parting—no tears."

He kissed her forehead, blessed her, and they all stole away, leaving him alone with Catharine.

"Open the windows," he said, "and let me look out."

She threw open the sash, and the soft air of the summer evening swept in pure and fresh. The sun was setting, and its last rays streamed into the room through the branches of the old willow tree, and rested like a halo upon the brow of the dying man.

"I had hoped to die so," he murmured, "at this hour—at this season."

The holy confidence of that time it would be sacrilege to break! There were no tears—no vain regrets—only a deep thankfulness in each heart. They knew that even eternity could not separate their souls—that they should henceforth be nearer than when divided by earthly distances and the pains of earthly trials.

The moments passed—slowly the sunlight faded from the room, lingering still by the casement like angel smiles waiting to light the freed

spirit toward the higher sphere which lay beyond.

"Take me in your arms, Catharine—hold me close—I am going, going, going!"

"Watch over me, and me always! Walter, Walter!"

"Always—always—it will not be for long—not long!"

He closed his eyes—opened them, looking still in her face, as if he would have that the last earthly image which should go forth with his soul. Slowly still the sunlight faded, seeming to beckon him away.

"Catharine—beyond!"

The earnest eyes brightened, then grew dim—he sank back, his head pillowed upon her heart—the last lingering sunbeam was gone, and had borne away his spirit in its flight.

When those who watched without entered the apartment a long hour after, Catharine was yet clasping the pale head to her breast—tearless—calm—answering her sister's burst of weeping with a look at the beautiful face.

"Hush, May, all is over, at last—the hereafter has come!"

So end these records, for I will follow no farther the after course of those who were left to lament the death of that gifted being we have followed through these years of suffering.

The passionate heart was at rest, the grand poet soul had found that higher existence which lies above the threshold of this world, and for which a spirit like his pines always during its earthly sojourn.

Robert and May went on to the tranquil happiness which best suited their quiet natures, and the memory of the past grew only a shadow beautiful from its very sadness.

Catharine did not die—she lived to brighten into immortality the great fame which was already hers; patient, hopeful; conscious always of the presence of that heavenly spirit, which was the counterpart of her own soul. She gathered up, too, every relic of his genius, and gave them to the world, heightening their lustre by the presence of her name: so side by side they went on to an earthly glory, as in the endless spheres beyond, their souls should go up to that perfect bliss which is everlasting.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

BY HARRIET SYMMES.

Poor orphan babes! Heaven yet is kind;
Unconscious now ye lie,
But better thus, than feel as he
Who drove you forth to die.

The robin-redbreasts deck your shroud,
The winds your requiem wail,
And feeling hearts, till time shall cease,
Shall weep at your sad tale.

THE PARKINSONS.

BY J. H. MAXWELL.

Mrs. PARKINSON lived in one of those magnificent dwellings, whose expensive decorations, modern improvements, and elegant finish, leave nothing to be wished for by the occupant. The house has more to do with the character and "inner man" of the inhabitant than would seem to the casual observer. It tells about the taste, habits, station, style, and a variety of things too numerous to mention; just as dress, equipage, and fashion impress with the importance of the individual. And this is a principle so much recognized, that many persons sacrifice much to outside show, and some everything.

Mrs. Parkinson was not one of the latter class. She resided on Walnut street, and her splendid establishment bespoke opulence and luxury. She owned the house she lived in, and several more in the neighborhood. Her husband, a rich merchant, had left her in circumstances of independence; and her sole care now was the education and welfare of two daughters, Jane and Alice, who had arrived at the respective ages of ten and eleven years.

To bring them up according to the usages and rules of fashionable society; to instill into them the precepts of elegance and showy accomplishment; to have her daughters the pride of society as they were her pride, was the grand idea of her life, and the almost sole tie that bound her to the world, after the death of her husband, some six years before. Who will not say that her object was a good one? What more important to a mother than the happiness of her dear daughters? A parent, living in the right discharge of such a duty, becomes an example to others, and deserves the gratitude, not of her children only, but of the community at large, for individuals are its component parts.

The young ladies possessed no great fortunes. But Mrs. Parkinson resolved that her children would be, nevertheless, as gay and fashionable, as elegant and accomplished as any in the city; and if they did not secure such flattering alliances in life, as would be the envy and emulation of their acquaintances, the fault would not lie at her door.

Each of the young ladies had her own maid, and, from the earliest period of childhood, were shielded from the blast that might have blown

too rudely on their young faces, from the heat of the sun that might have tinged their pretty cheeks with brown. Livelier children than they, could nowhere be seen. Every one praised their beauty; and all visitors to the house were delighted with their innocent, childish ways, and with the vivacity and sprightliness, that, with dispositions truly lovely, made them objects of interest and affection to all. At every party, given by Mrs. Parkinson, the children were caressed; and all the guests, knowing the maternal vanity, and wishing to gratify it, praised the young ladies: and this in their hearing, which gave them no little idea of themselves from their earliest childhood. Any communication with servants, however honest, industrious and excellent they might be in their own places, was regarded as a contamination. And, in all the retinue of that expensive establishment, but few were permitted the favor of speaking to the young ladies, and that only on matters of business, for a moment, in cases of indispensable necessity.

Mrs. Butler, a lady of fortune, residing at one of the fashionable hotels, happened to spend an evening with Mrs. Parkinson. Having little business of her own, she usually took a good deal of friendly interest in the affairs of other people; and on this occasion, remarked to her hostess, that now the children were arrived at a proper age, it would be well to provide them with a suitable governess. "And this," said she, "is not so easy a matter to find, for in my opinion young ladies should be so educated, that, from the very first, their ideas should be genteel. A real lady," she added, "far from possessing any of the vulgarity of common, low people, (such as attention to domestic concerns, mending linen, superintending culinary matters, or making a new dress, or even trimming a bonnet,) should breathe only in the atmosphere of Fashion; and possess such ideas only as are truly refined. For what, my dear Mrs. Parkinson, can a lady of fashion require to do, but sit in her parlor at the piano, receive company, appear in the society of the *élite*, and shine forth as some lovely star in her native sphere, distinguished for her rare brilliancy amid the dazzling beauty that surrounds her? What indeed

does she want with the study of accounts, taking care of her children, or giving herself any other concern but how she may gain all the admiration she has a fair claim to? A young lady, I would recommend as governess, is one in every way capable. She is a Miss Simco, who has lately lost her father, a captain in the Navy, who left his family no other inheritance than a fashionable position in society, besides the small income his widow receives from the government, as an annual pension. This lady has all the accomplishments desirable, and is in every way suited to improve those entrusted to her care, and prepares her pupils for moving in the highest circles."

Thus Jane and Alice were placed under Miss Simco's care. They spent several hours, in the forenoon of every day, at their lessons, and were taught the usual branches, the useful being always, however, sacrificed to the showy. Miss Simco, though possessing a really good heart, and sincerely attached to her pupils, could not well be blamed for not imparting what in reality she stood much in need of herself—a just appreciation of her duties to society, as one to whom the happiness of another might be entrusted.

Things went on in the usual way till Jane and Alice had reached the ages of sixteen and seventeen, at which period Miss Simco thought proper to enter the holy estate of matrimony, in accordance with the proposals of a country gentleman, who possessed considerable fortune.

The prudent Mrs. Parkinson now resolved to send her daughters to a fashionable boarding-school for young ladies, that they might get the last "finishing off," and receive the most polished culture possible to complete an education of the most fashionable refinement. For six months did these favorites of fortune enjoy the great advantage of Madame Mariot's establishment, where no expense was spared to make them the most perfect of human beings. At the summer holidays, they returned home, full of health, spirits, and the delight the young feel in having completed their education. Happy epoch! Few days such as these are the lot of any in life! Their mamma received them with much joy. Mrs. Butler was delighted. So was Mrs. Harrington, which was the name of their former governess, who now was on a few days' visit during her husband's absence in Washington.

At a splendid ball given in the autumn by Mrs. De Witt, none in the brilliant circle looked so charming as the Misses Parkinson. Their dispositions, as well as style of beauty, were very dissimilar, though they fondly loved each other.

All that was gay, and light, and careless, that never had a thought for the future, or a care, and gave itself to the enjoyment of the present, was the disposition of Jane. Alice was of a more serious cast, more thoughtful; she considered consequences and looked to the future. Both were equally beautiful. For regularity of feature each might have been a model of Grecian art, and for the expression of their features a fit subject for the painter. The wardrobe of each showed off her perfections to the best advantage. They dressed almost alike, both wore a profusion of jewelry, and no rivalry, or petty jealousy, ever disturbed the harmony between them. Jane danced with young Shelby, a gentleman of Boston, of very large fortune, who fell in love with her at first sight. Alice ran through the giddy mazes with a young army officer, and with a grace that elicited bursts of admiration from those who witnessed her. The ball continued to a late or rather early hour, and the ardent admirers gracefully waited on their fair partners in the dance to the family carriage: when off drove Mrs. Parkinson with her daughters, the objects of so much maternal solicitude. "Jane, my dear," said she, "of course, young Shelby will be a frequent visitor at our house, I wish you to encourage the attentions he has of late seemed desirous of paying." Jane said, "Certainly, mamma, he is so very attentive, he wishes me to ask your consent to a Boston residence, which I am half inclined—" "To accept?" observed her sister. "Yes, to accept," replied Jane. In brief she did accept, became the wife of a worthy man, and gratified maternal vanity and pride in making such a match as her mother could have wished. But Mr. Shelby found, in a short time, that however brilliant and accomplished his wife was, her virtues were not of the domestic kind. She was unacquainted with household affairs; the servants saw her deficiency, and took advantage of it; so that disorder reigned in all departments of Mr. Shelby's expensive house; and its owner, at the end of two years, felt himself much impoverished, very unhappy, and obliged to procure the superintendence of his affairs, by a maiden aunt, to save him from absolute beggary. Since then, the affection that formerly existed between his wife and himself, has considerably diminished; and neither can be said to be happy.

Alice, careful for the future, and having her sister's experience before her eyes, has declined all offers of marriage, conscious of her being no better able to manage household concerns; for she is too indolent to learn what should have been instilled in earlier years. She is, however,

President of a Dorcas Society, and visits the poor, and is rather religiously inclined. The two sisters visit each other, several times a year, and bitterly lament, that, in their education,

they were taught only the showy accomplishments, that failed to do what might have been done by a thorough and judicious training.

COME BACK.

BY FLORA WILDWOOD.

I sit alone within the self-same room
Where last I saw thee, ah, my own beloved!
But everything is dressed in sombre gloom,
Though other eyes would see naught had been moved.
I see where thou hast been, and as I look
Out in the twilight, upward at our star,
Or turn the pages of some dear, old book,
They satisfy me not—thou art afar.
Can life be joyous if its all it lack?
Oh! then come back.

Thou hast been absent long, and my heart yearns
To feel thy presence, till almost a pain
The longing hath become—until it spurns
The precepts of meek Patience, taught alas! in vain.
Why dost thou linger when so far away

From each familiar place, each trusting spot?
Do other friends allure thy lengthening stay!
Their hearts are cold to mine, they love thee not!
Dost not thine own heart tell thee what they lack?
Oh! then come back.

Dost thou not feel my soul call unto thine
Through all the weary distance that divides,
Whether by business' mart or pleasure's shrine,
By storm or sunshine borne, thy life-bark gildes?
Its wild, impetuous cry canst thou not hear?
Come back to this deserted home, and make
The sunshine pleasant and the twilight dear,
And fold me to thine own heart lest mine break!
If love can lure thee to the homeward track
Thou wilt come back.

DO THE DUTY NEAREST THEE.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Do the duty nearest thee,
Ask not what the end will be,
Shrink not, though thy hopes must fade,
And self be on the altar laid!
Bid each dear temptation flee—
Do the duty nearest thee.

Do the duty nearest thee,
Painful though its burdens be,
Grace divine shall thee sustain
To endure life's sharpest pain;
Dare not from thy work to flee—
Do the duty nearest thee.

Do the duty nearest thee,
Dark although the way may be,
Fame may beckon thee away,
Love allure thy steps to stray;
Love and fame the price may be,
Yet do the duty nearest thee.

Do the duty nearest thee,
Let no eye thy conflict see,
Higher, truer, purer life
Shall be given thee from the strife,
Nobler, stronger shalt thou be—
Do the duty nearest thee.

TO

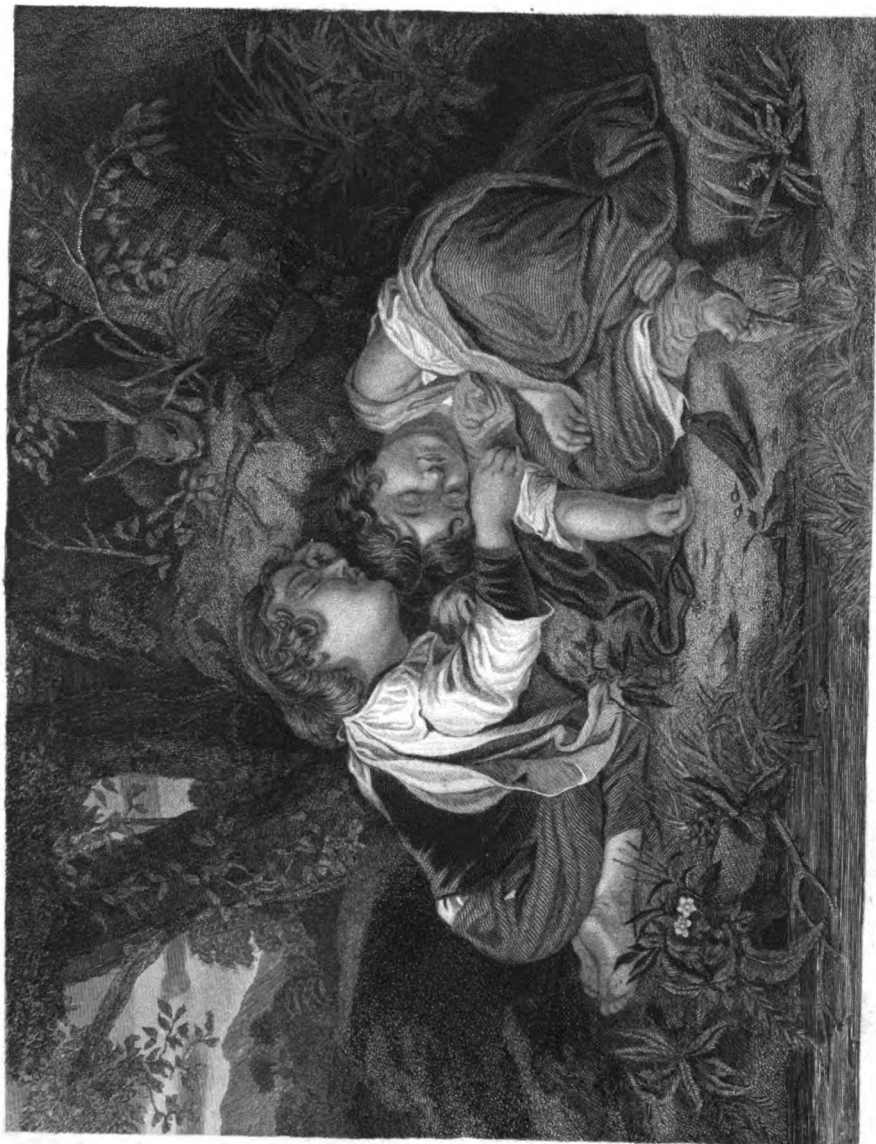
BY J. S. M'EWEN.

WHAT were this world to me,
And all its fleeting joys,
If friends were friends by name—
In mirth, then cast off toys?
Oh, no! 'twill never, never be,
That friend is but a name to me.

What were the Spring-time here,
But to revive afresh
The sore that Winter bore,
And render friendship's mesh
The stronger, for that Summer here
Had bound it closely in the year?

What were the deep-fetched sigh,
The trickling of a tear,
If friendships all were feigned,
And had no lasting here?
What were the flush upon the cheek
When parting comes, hearts fail to speak?

Nay! they are dear to me;
And friendship's bonds are true—
But those are not our friends
That would a pride imbue;
Or in the Winter time are flown,
And when the Spring returns, return.



CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

By J. G. Thompson, Esq.

THE CUP AND THE LIP.

BY MEHITABLE HOLYOKE.

CHAPTER I.

"Good morning, uncle Lem!"

"Ah, how do you do, Lemuel? Glad to see you, glad to see you, my nephew! Haven't been here for some time, and I've needed your assistance in several matters. You shouldn't forget your old uncle, he has solid charms you know, boy—solid charms: and they must fall to some one before long—I am growing infirm."

"Oh, nonsense, uncle! you bid fair to live a quarter of a century after I am in my grave."

Lemuel Lisle spoke out of the bitterness of his heart, for he was tired of exactions, which were only paid by promises. He was a young student, slight, shrinking, gifted, poor; his relative, a rich and gouty old widower, past middle age."

"Bid fair to live, do I? To tell the truth that's just what I was thinking, Lemuel, when you came. I am really not so old, and your aunt used to say, if I were only to spruce up a little, with a set of teeth and a scratch and so on, like other men, I should be, ha, ha, ha! quite a beauty. Lem, poor aunt has been dead now nearly a year, and——"

"Yes sir, I have attended to the grave-stone: it is all as you desired, a handsome obelisk, the name—a space left for your own, and the motto 'We shall meet again.'"

"Very well—thank you—thank you—won't lose anything by doing these little things for me, and it's an advantage for a young man—gives him some idea of business. Is the inscription, the—the motto really engraved?"

"Engraved sir, and the letters gilded."

"Ah, your aunt was a good woman, and I hope we shall meet again; but, Lemuel, I have been thinking of—that is, I didn't know but it would be well to—change my situation."

"You surprise me, uncle, there is not so fine a situation in all Wilton as this—so high and breezy, such a glorious view," and Lemuel looked out at the window to conceal the half-amused, half-vexed expression of his face.

"Yes, yes, the view is well enough; I have no thought of selling my house, but you see I—a-hem, I—want some one to enjoy it with me—I think of being married, Lemuel!"

Turning, the young man fixed his clear, gray eyes upon his uncle, and quickly responded,

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"Well?"

The senior quailed, fidgeted in his chair, and feigned a twinge of gout by way of relief from his embarrassment. He had promised Lemuel as plainly as if by deed and bond, that the change now proposed should never be made, and his estates should descend undivided, unencumbered to his nephew and namesake.

"Yes, my dear fellow, both for your sake and mine I think it best—I cannot receive you now as hospitably as I would like to receive and entertain the heir of a great estate, and——"

"I'm in haste, uncle, come to the point; what are your commands to-day?"

"Why, sit down, sit down! never hurry, it isn't dignified. I have met a person who seems possessed of all essential requirements."

"Such as?"

"Good looks, youth, grace, and besides, some literary talent."

"I should like to meet her."

"There, I knew you would, Lem. You are always ready to sympathize with your old—that is, your uncle. This young woman may have gifts and connections which will be of service to one at the outset of his career. I think of you in all my arrangements, nephew!"

"It is exceedingly kind, and now, what return can I offer? Shall I go and make love to the young person by proxy?"

"Ha, ha, ha! not so bad as that. No, but she's young, and a little flighty, and sentimental perhaps, and we old fellows who have made fortunes, have lost the knack at that sort of thing. Now, couldn't you, being young, just indite a line or two to the girl?"

"With pleasure. What shall I say?"

"Oh, anything; you know best. Say she is charming; inspired love at first sight; that she passed as I stood in the railway station, I inquired her name, history; read her beautiful tales in the magazines. Put in about my house, fine situation, carriage—for I may keep one yet; and ask if she objects to such an establishment. Here's plenty of paper in my desk, and don't take that steel pen—use my gold one."

"This paper won't do, coarse, yellow, ruled; young ladies are fastidious."

"It is nine shillings a ream, and good as she

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will have after becoming—a hem—Mrs. Morse, I can tell her that.”

“Don’t tell her yet. And it strikes me I should not begin with an offer, it is too sudden; commence by admiring her works, fancying there is some affinity between your souls, and so on.”

“I will not pretend to dictate in the literary part of your task; but you must let me have my way, Lem, in substantial. I’m older than my nephew.”

“And he is younger than his uncle.”

“And thinks himself altogether more wise in consequence. A singular state of things has come to pass, the rising generation think they have all the acuteness and wisdom—the old are set aside. How they have flocked to hear that crack-brained Emerson lecture this very winter. I don’t hear very well, to be sure, but that was little loss, for I couldn’t catch any thread to the argument, nor hear aught but a medley of words, words; and there was your sister Ellen, drinking in every syllable, and declaring ‘twas all ‘inspired, divine,’ and like nonsense. I tell you, Lem, it’s a suspicious kind of wisdom that passes the understanding of the wise and prudent, and, and——”

“Is revealed unto babes?”

“Revealed unto silly chits like Nell, who had better far be churning, or making bread, than reading moral philosophy; as I tell her mother, I wasn’t brought up on moral philosophy.”

“A very good argument against its propagation,” said Lemuel, dreamily, his pen flying over the paper, for he had the missive nearly sketched during his uncle’s speech. “But, uncle Lem, you wouldn’t have the aged monopolize wisdom more than the young, I hope. Chemists don’t pretend to make better honey than bees; let bees condense the sweets of the garden, let pure spirits like Nelly, understand their kin, let young men write of love, and middle-aged ones furnish spending-money and establishments. Now I will read you the letter.”

“But stop—couldn’t you put in what you’ve just been saying? It was a very pretty sentence, and when you write to a woman, no matter about the argument.”

“Listen first, and decide if there’s room.”

Lemuel had written, not as from the respectable soap-merchant, his uncle, but from himself, an appeal that would reach any woman’s heart, timid, yet ardent, delicate, yet manly and honest. Without knowing why—for the mischief, perhaps—he touched the old man’s ugly plot with the torch of genius, and changed it to a secret romance.

CHAPTER II.

IN a large room which served at once for chamber, parlor, and library, sat the heroine of our story, Rose Rivulet, in the magazines, Grace Rivers, at home. An orphan, young, fair, with soft, light tresses that drooped in abundant curls above the paper, across and across which her pen moved in evident haste.

The door opened, and a young girl appeared, like, yet lovelier than the authoress—her sister, and only near relative. “Are you ready, Grace?”

“Yes; but Annie, couldn’t you go to the office without me this once? I’ve hurried so as not to make you wait, I am so tired.”

“Silly girl! when all poor I can do is to wait and watch a little. Yes, I’ll go to the ends of the earth alone for you, dear. Stretch yourself on the lounge, poor thing! and keep up a cheerful heart, I may bring home a letter heavy with yellow gold!”

“Bring home your dear self, that’s all I need to-day. What do we care for money?—fifty dollars in the desk here, every debt paid, and more work engaged than I can well accomplish.”

“Then I’ll bring you a love-letter from the president, or some high poet. Keep up a cheerful heart,” and the laughing face of Annie vanished like a sunbeam from the door.”

Closing her desk with an air of relief, and humming a strain of music as she crossed the room, Grace threw herself on the sofa, shaded with white clasped hands her tired eyes, and dreamed such dreams as only workers know. “That wasn’t a bad story. I improve. The papers copy my scribblings. What if I should yet produce something better than ‘not bad,’ something to last. How it would please Annie! How it would blossom over my grave like a posy after I had gone!”

“But I do not long for the grave now, as when we were poor and so lonely. How happy we are! Content, and fifty dollars beyond our need. Has Rothschild so much? What a blessed thing it is to be independent, and to be occupied, and to feel as I do now, that I have used every faculty to its utmost reach of strength! I would not ask, like Solomon, for wisdom and goodness, but for congenial work that leads to both. I would not pick the flower without the fruit. How wise you grow, Grace Rivers!”

The young girl was startled by a voice as sunny as the face that had lately disappeared. “I have stood here fifteen seconds with my hand full of letters, and you too deep in a dream to see me, Grace. Are you in love?”

“In love with my lot, that’s all. No, dear

I'm too busy for such sweet dolours. It is enough that I can make and break as many hearts as I wish, on paper, every day. When I can build castles of glistening marble and fill them with knights, like Bayard, and Sidney, and Kane, do you suppose I'll stoop to a poor brick house, and a man of straw, though human?"

"I'd rather find one good man made of flesh and blood, if he did live in a brick house, than all your airy castles, full of shadows. Come, read!"

Half rising in the couch, Grace glanced languidly over the contents of her letters, Annie watching, receiving them from her sister's tired hands, and replacing them in their envelopes.

And thus they had reached the last, when the expression of the reader's face changed; she pushed back her curls, reread the letter deliberately, and with a bright smile that proved their kinship, gave it then to Annie.

"Read, here is your hero of flesh and blood; some youth has seen me at an unromantic place, a railway station, and fancies he's in love; as one would know by the pains he takes to hide any such confession. You may have him, all for your own."

"But he didn't fall in love with me!"

"Young hearts are like bees among flowers—now a pansy—now a rose. No matter that the rose did not come first, so long as it is sweeter."

"You are like doctors, who never take their own medicine: you write about love, and then talk like Diogenes."

"Yes, and the dear, trembling heart that wrote this letter, fancies I'm like the ladies I describe; as much as the hermit on Carmel is like the heaven he prays to! The youth is in love with a fancy, and it fits my sister better than myself."

"He hasn't an over-handsome name, Lemuel Morse. Mrs. Lemuel Morse, instead of Annie Rivers! And I guess he's poor: no danger that he owns a brick house."

"Then he has not been spoiled by prosperity."

"That sounds very well: it's an excellent thing to be good enough to go through the eye of a needle; but that same eye is a narrow place to live in. Give me a hero so brave that he can be rich and unspoiled both."

"A shadow, Miss Annie! Very well, burn the letter."

But Annie answered the letter, declining the correspondence in her sister's name, half-declining in her own. Her style was graceful as her sister's, with more vivacity, for Annie had led a joyous life, protected always by the soft wing of Grace.

In due time, uncle Lem received her missive. The old man had eyes but for the half that refused, and was discomforted; the young man saw the half that hesitated, and was radiant with hope.

"Once more I will try," said Lemuel, "and this time, nephew, set down my house, my carriage—I bought a gig yesterday—my prospect, my position, and just mention, will you, that the house is brick, fire-proof? No demurring, now! I tell you, if the girl will refuse to be mistress of so much property, she's underwitted, and I do not want her"

"And the grave-yard, and the scratch, and teeth, and gout; yes, I will set down each particular."

"These particulars are not at all essential. I won't have one of them alluded to."

"But the lady will feel insulted—it is like proposing to buy her."

"Do as I bid. All people have their price."

"Worth so many cakes of soap, more or less, I suppose?" ventured Lemuel, whose courage this love affair was developing. "There, I have written as much about your property as is delicate; if you don't like it you may send for another scribe."

"I don't like your behaviour, Lemuel; you are saucy. Be careful, young man, my will is not yet signed. I may cut you off without a farthing."

"You cannot cut off my sense of right, my independence. And as for farthings, I have talents, uncle, of my own, and shall be rich, I hope, before I die. I do not want your money!"

Before Rose Rivers, or any lady fair, or man of worth, Lemuel might have trembled like an aspen leaf; but he had too much manliness to stand in awe of his mercenary uncle.

"Very well, sir, very well! I shall remember your words. This letter is good for nothing. I will burn it."

"Do that or send it, as you please: it may result in good, it cannot in harm."

Ah, thoughtless Lemuel!

"And you refuse to alter? Recollect, you speak at your peril."

"I refuse. Good morning, uncle Lem!"

"Stop, take the letter: as you say, it can do no harm."

CHAPTER III.

THE sisters were together at the village post-office, when a second missive came from Lemuel Morse; signed with the signature of uncle Lem, but written with the heart and hand of his nephew. It was directed to Annie Rivers.

She tore open the envelope, her sunny face all radiant. "A love-letter, think of it! and to me—the first I ever had in my life. How droll! he has sent an inventory of his worldly goods—a Gothic cottage in brick, a stock in trade, a gig, &c., &c., &c. And yet there's a kind of delicacy in the way it's told—and yet, yet, when I know the weight of his heart, what do I care for the weight of his money-bags?" Poor little Annie was falling in love with a "shadow."

Grace read the letter and sighed, and smiled, and left the result to heaven. Too grave and gentle herself not to recognize the sweetness and purity of the soul that was singing its love thus from afar; she had also known too well the rough chances of human experience, to anticipate much from this little ray of romance which had fallen into their quiet life.

For a long summer, letters full of loving thoughts slipped back and forth, through the tortuous course of stage and steam conveyance—slipped from one heart to the other easily as strung pearls slip when two hold the ends of the string; and autumn came, and old Lemuel was ready for his bride, well pleased with his prospect, though he had grown weary of so much love, and did not always read the letters which his nephew brought.

And Annie Rivers smoothed back the bright hair that waved in such graceful folds about her little head; and looked in her glass at a face she could not but think fair, and yet—would it be fair to him? Would it even not disappoint him? Wouldn't he think her too young, too foolish for his wife? Wouldn't he fancy Grace more, after all? Dear, splendid Grace, she was worthier of him! Annie would make an excuse for delaying the bridal, and he should choose between the sisters. Yes, she could bear to give up even a lover to Grace; for what else had she ever done to repay her sister's constant care, and indulgence, and bounty?

Ah, Annie! It is what our friends are, not what they do for us. In your dependence you are more to Grace, than all the goods and chattels of old Lemuel Morse could be to either of you—though he should lay the title-deeds at your feet.

But he will not! "No, sir: not if I lose her. Catch me sending diamond rings to a girl I only hold by a few love-letters. It's enough that I have bought two scratches, and this set of teeth, and am on the point of ordering a whole new suit of clothes," said uncle Lem.

"They will do for another wedding, in case you are disappointed," his nephew replied.

"But the ring, where would that be? Write

that I'm going on Thursday, that urgent business will prevent my remaining more than a day—it will: the rents are due Saturday—and that she must have the minister engaged, and all her boxes packed."

Lemuel wrote. His fine romance was coming to an end. The lady would meet uncle Lem, and smile, and shrink, and—

What would follow?

Lemuel had never thought of this before. The lady's chagrin, perhaps disappointment—uncle Lem's boisterous anger—and she so young, an orphan!

Lemuel had not thought, because he would not. He was neither deaf nor blind; but he was in love, and his reason all wrapped up in a purple haze. His joke had turned to earnest—this young thing whom he had never seen, never expected to see—he loved her better than his soul.

And what then?

He sent uncle Lem's letter, sealed as it left his presence. He went by car and stage to Millbrook, Annie's residence. He saw and recognized her—saw her read the letter—saw the color come and go in her cheek as she glanced at him—felt the clear, thoughtful eyes of Grace searching his own—and he introduced himself as the messenger of Lemuel Morse.

And then from first to last he told his story—how what began in mirth had ended in crying wrong—how grieved, and contrite, and ashamed he was, as the instrument.

But Annie did not listen—displayed neither anger nor chagrin; only she looked at Lemuel as in a dream, and the color came and went in her fair cheek.

And Grace looked on and smiled, and sighed, and left the result to heaven.

Then followed a longer conversation in the parlor at home—the sisters had taken a parlor now; and Grace listened and did not sigh, and said at last, "We can all live together, all work together, we three shall be so happy!"

And on the Thursday morning Annie donned her wedding-gown of white; and the good old minister, who had been like a father to her, came and blessed her a bride; and Lemuel made the responses dreamily, bewildered with joy; and Grace thought of the future and smiled.

So while all the woods were arranged in purple and gold, in the beautiful autumn weather, the three set forth together for Niagara. What the woods, what the Falls, what life was to them all thereafter, let young hearts judge.

But for such as like facts more than fancies, I will tell how uncle Lem went for his bride and

found no Rivers' at Millbrook, none, none—they had left with all their effects, and were not to return. Their smiling old landlady was very dull when uncle Lem came fuming, all red in the face, back to her door; the townspeople had a twinkle in their eyes when they told of the recent wedding, and the sweet, young bride; for secrets cannot be kept in a country town, and country people are keen in putting events and appearances together. Every boy in the streets knew uncle Lem for Annie's disappointed suitor, and they laughed as they said a hippopotamus might as well fall in love with a humming-bird.

So uncle Lem went home and fell in love with his waiting-girl; but before he had taught her to write, and her wedding *trousseau* was ready, the old man had a sense of propriety, for all the slander of the village boys; before his plans were completed, uncle Lem's situation was in reality changed. I saw—on his wedding day I saw men gilding a second inscription on a certain obelisk, and the motto above was, "We shall meet again."

Lemuel Morse had died of apoplexy; and in a will duly signed and sealed, had bestowed his

property, to the last farthing, to "my dear wife, Bridget Wilcox."

Bridget was not his wife, and the property fell to the legal heir, the namesake, Lemuel, junior.

The bridal party returned to find themselves rich in worldly goods, richer they could not be in happiness and love. But Lemuel never enjoyed wealth until he had earned it with his own stout hand and brain. A living once secured, and a marriage portion for Grace, he invested all uncle Lem's accumulations in a public library.

You may still see at Wilton, the old man's native town, in the grave-yard his obelisk, though the gilding is worn from its letters now; and conspicuous in the centre of the village, a graceful building, lettered with his name, which contains the unintended bequest of Lemuel Morse.

But the cup that never reached his lip, it ministers life and consolation yet to a gentler soul, its nectar was not spilt upon the ground.

So, reader, if we have not all our price, we have all our pay. The great heart gains beauty and gladness, heart's-wealth—the plodder, lands and goods—the money-boarder thanks, scanty and grudging, yet in some low way deserved.

DREAMING OF THEE.

BY EDWARD A. DABBY.

I AM lying in a garden
Where the whitest roses bloom,
And my brain is almost drunken
With the wealth of their perfume.
Roses, roses, sweetest roses
That are regal in their pride,
Red and white, and pink and yellow,
Looking love on every side—
Roses for the dead maid's coffin,
Roses for the happy bride—
Let her wear them, they will crumble
Like the darling hopes that died.

While I lie among the roses,
How ineffable and sweet
Are the dreams that chase each other
Through my soul with footsteps fleet;
Fairy dreams of love and loving,
Sweeter, aye, a thousand times
Than the sweetest rose that ever
Bloomed in Flora's fairest climes.

How the snow-white roses tumble
As the zephyr wantons by,
Like a fickle, faithless lover,
Raising hopes to see them die!
How he steals the hidden sweetness
From the roses red and rare,
And as soon as it is tasted
Scatters it upon the air!
How he emulates the lover
Who delights to gally rove
Among the sweetest, fairest maidens,
Toying with their precious love!

How bewildering the beauty
Of the visions flitting by
As I tarry in the garden,
And among the roses lie!
Thou, my darling, girl with glory,
And with eyes so full of light,
Comest here to bless my dreamings,
Radiant as an angel bright.
What emotion fills my bosom,
Welcome as the morning's beams,
As the vision of my fairy
Dances lightly through my dreams?
Beautiful the dreams that bless me,
Sweet the roses red and white—
What their beauty, or their sweetness
Unto thine, my airy sprite?

Let me dream a little longer
In the garden 'neath the rose;
Let me taste thy Lethæan kisses
That have charmed me from my woes.
Let me gaze again in rapture
On the beauty of thine eyes,
And be blessed again with blisses
That are wafted from the skies.

Shall I e'er be filled with joyance,
As my weary days go by,
Such as greets me in the garden
As beneath the rose I lie?
Oh, the waking! how it chills me!
Dreams and roses, where are they?
Scattered like the friends that loved me
When my heart was young and gay.

KING PHILIP'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 206.

CHAPTER IV.

BARBARA STAFFORD sat upon the roots of an old oak, that held the edges of forest turf together, just where they verged into the white sands of the beach. The woods had been thinned on that portion of the coast, and the old oak stood out almost alone, amid a sea of whortleberry bushes, ferns, and low-vined blackberries, that covered the sparse soil with their many tinted herbage. Behind her loomed the forest; before her rolled the ocean; and the sunshine lay upon both, lay everywhere, save in her own heart—that was unutterably darkened.

I do not say that all this brightness in nature fell upon her, like a mockery; for her soul was too heavy, even for a thought of eternal things. It is only sudden, or light sorrows, that shrink and thrill to outward things. When depression becomes the habit of a life, it weighs upon the existence, as stagnant waters sleep in a landscape. When they are disturbed, miasma starts forth, and makes the earth feel that a weight is forever upon its bosom, whose breath is poison, and which the brightest sunshine cannot warm.

This great burden lay upon Barbara Stafford. Had the ocean been lashed with storms, she might have looked upon it with awe, for she was a woman full of feminine timidity, and only a few weeks before had been snatched from the waves, when in the jaws of death, by the very youth from whom she had just parted. She was thinking of the youth, but not of the waves from which he had rescued her—thinking of him with vague yearnings of fondness, which seemed all of human tenderness that gleamed across the desolation of her hopes. She felt something like joy singing through the dreariness of her life, whenever the image of this young man presented itself. Why was it? she asked herself again and again. Were the blossoms of a new love springing up from her soul, after it had been laid waste for so many years? Had the ashes of dead hopes fertilized her life afresh, that she should feel this fresh glow of affection, when the lad spoke or looked into her eyes?

Barbara was no girl to wave these questions

with blushes. She knew their meaning well, and searched her own heart to its depths, as the surgeon probes a wound. The unnaturalness of this attachment did not startle her pride as at first; for she was one of those who measure souls by their capacity, not the years that have fallen upon them. Still every sensitive feeling of her nature was wounded by the very idea of love, in its broadest and most beautiful meaning, as connected with this youth. Affection deep and pure, a love that thrilled her with a thousand holy impulses, she found; but nothing that could bring the pure matronly blood warmer to her cheeks, or cause her frank eyes to turn aside from his glances. The feelings that she was forced to acknowledge to herself, were inexplicable, for gratitude alone was never half so tender, love never in a degree so unselfish. She had never known the sweet worship which a mother feels for a living child, and could not judge how far these strange sensations approached that most holy feeling; but she knew that the presence of this had filled her with ineffable content. The hard realities of her condition faded away at his approach, and all the gentle sensations of her youth came singing back across the desert of her life, keeping her soul from the despair that for a time had threatened it.

She was thinking of the youth, nothing else, though her eyes gazed wistfully across the sea, and her face seemed thoughtful, as if she expected some pleasant approach from the far off blue of the deep. So, when footsteps came across the beech, she started, and the wings of a brooding bird seemed to unfold in her bosom, as Norman Lovel approached, and seated himself on a fragment of stone at her feet.

Barbara could not resist the impulse, but laid her hand caressingly on his head, burying her fingers in the rich waves of his hair.

He looked up, and smiled. This gentle caress was pleasant, after the coldness with which Elizabeth had driven him from her side.

"How profoundly you were thinking!" he said, "I was almost afraid to disturb you."

"Yes," answered Barbara, "I was trying to find out what has swept so much of the darkness from my life, within the last hour."

"And did you find a happy conclusion? I hope so, for then I shall think that some pleasure at my coming was mingled with your thoughts. Oh! dear lady, you never will know how keenly we felt your loss."

"And yet I am a stranger to you all."

"Some people are never strangers, lady. I feel as if I had known you from the cradle up, as if my happiness would never be complete if you were away. The touch of your hand soothes me, and your voice stirs my heart, like music heard before thought or memory come. When I am near you, a solemn gladness quiets me into a very child. Oh! lady, I love you so dearly."

Barbara did not start, or change color. This language seemed natural to her, as the rush of the waves on the beach. She simply bent down and kissed the youth on his forehead. He drew a deep breath and was silent. The smile upon his mouth was like that of an infant Samuel when he prays.

"I have found you at last; you will never, never leave us again!"

"When the ship sails I must go yonder," she answered, pointing seaward.

"To England again! Why should you go? Have you friends more dear than those you will leave behind?" questioned the youth, anxiously.

"I have no friends there, but many duties," said Barbara, and her voice trembled painfully. "When I leave these shores, every living being that I have loved will be left behind."

"Why go, then? Why abandon those who regard you so much, for a land that contains no friends?"

Barbara turned pale, as she looked down into those beautiful, eager eyes.

"Because," she said, extending her hand toward the ocean, "because that must roll between me and—and this continent, before I can fall into the heavy rest, which is all I hope or ask for now."

"But why go away? This is a new country; a mind and energy like yours may find ample scope for exertion here. Become the missionary of intelligence. We have school-houses, but few teachers. What grand men and noble women would be given to the world, from a teacher at once so strong and so gentle!"

Barbara smiled a little proudly. The idea of becoming a school-teacher in one of the colonies had evidently never entered her imagination.

Norman saw the smile and blushed.

"You think it a humble means of good," he said, "and are, perhaps, offended with me for naming it. But Governor Phipps thinks it a calling of most importance in these settlements. He says that the man, or woman, who gives wisdom and christianity to our little ones, holds an office higher than that of any judge or statesman in the land."

Barbara gazed wistfully in Norman's face, while he was speaking. An earnest gloom came into her eyes, and her lips began to quiver. Why was her voice so like a hoarse whisper when she spoke?

"Did—did Governor Phipps speak of me in this connection?"

"No, but when I had been speaking of you, he said it, as if the idea came with your name."

Barbara shook her head, slowly and mournfully.

"It can never happen. This land holds no corner of rest for me now. Here is struggle, temptation, bitter soul-strife; there is rest, that leaden rest, which comes when there is nothing to hope or fear. Oh! my young friend, it is a terrible thing, when one reaches the hill-tops of life, and finds a broad, ashen desert beyond, with nothing but a grave on the other side, which you long to reach, but must not."

"But surely this is not your case, lady?"

"I think so. Alas! what else?" she whispered, casting that wistful look seaward again. "What of joy, or hope, can ever come to me again?"

"And are you so unhappy?" questioned the youth, almost with tears in his eyes.

"Unhappy! I do not know—but let us talk of other things, this fair girl Elizabeth."

"Do not speak of her—she wounds me with her coldness, she insults me with suspicions—let us talk of anything rather than her."

"But she loves you, for all that."

"I do not believe it!" cried the youth, impetuously, "love does not turn a maiden into stone, when a true heart appeals to hers. You would not repulse me one hour, and adore me the next. I am tired of girls!"

Barbara smiled, as if the prattle of an infant had amused her.

"My fiery young heart," she said, laying her hand on his shoulder, "how little you comprehend the feelings that trouble you!"

"I can only understand how much sweeter your voice is than hers, how grand your words are, how like heaven the earth seems when you permit me to rest as I do now at your feet, and look forth on the ocean. With you all is rest—

with her excitement. She does not love me, and I begin to think that I do not love her."

"Boy, forbear. This is madness. Your heart does speak out here. This impetuosity will end in evil. Check it. Your wild temper belies a noble heart. Remember Elizabeth Parris is your betrothed wife!"

"I can remember nothing, except that I have offended you," answered the youth, passionately, "and I would rather have died."

"Hush," said Barbara, "here comes Elizabeth Parris, with her father. I will walk toward the beach, while you converse with them."

"Nay! I will follow you."

Barbara had arisen. The young man started to his feet, and prepared to walk forward with her. His color rose, and a glow of haughty resentment came to his forehead, as he caught a glimpse of the young girl's face, which was flushed and eager, while that of Samuel Parris glowed with sombre anxiety.

"Stop," cried the old man, lifting his staff. "Move not to the right, or the left, till I have spoken with you both, face to face."

Barbara Stafford drew her proud figure to its height. There was something too imperative in his command for her humble endurance. At times, blood, that seemed born of emperors, mantled over that broad forehead. It rose red and warm now.

Norman Lovel stood by her side, his lip curved, his eyes flashing fire. The two looked strangely alike, in their haughty astonishment at the voice of command, which sought to arrest their foot-steps.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Elizabeth Parris was left standing on the stepping stone, and saw every one drift by her toward the shore, a sensation fell upon her, so strange and even terrible, that she thought herself dying. The blood seemed to stop in her veins, blocking up all the avenues of life. The breath choked up her throat, and from heart to limb she seemed turning to stone. During some heavy minutes, she stood in this position, like a thing of marble, save that her hair had sunshine in it, and her eyes deepened in color till they seemed black. At last she turned, as a statue might have wheeled from its base, and entered the house. A little wing had been added to the building, in which Samuel Parris kept his books, and wrote his discourses. It was dimly lighted, and a sombre gloom hung about, in too solemn accordance with the old man's habit of mind. Samuel Parris had spent much time in this apartment after the excitement of returning

home; and with a feeling of gentle complacency was looking over some of the familiar books that lay on the table. Engaged with these old friends, he did not observe when the door opened, and his child glided through. Her small hand, pale as wax, laid upon the open page he was reading, first warned him of the dear presence.

The old man gently pushed the hand aside.

"It is the Holy Bible," he said, in explanation of the act.

"The Bible," muttered Elizabeth, bending down and attempting to read. But the words all ran together and melted into an intangible network of characters under her gaze. She started back with a moan of horror and clasped both hands over her eyes.

The minister looked up in dumb astonishment.

"What—what is this?" he said, greatly troubled by her emotion. "What have I done to make you moan so piteously, Elizabeth?"

The young girl dropped the hands from her face, and wrung them in bitter anguish.

"Father, I am smitten in my sight. The blood is frozen in my veins. The breath settles in my throat, strangling me when I speak, I scarcely feel your touch. I cannot draw a deep breath. When I bend my looks on the Bible, the pages are striped with ragged, black lines, as if a devil, not God, had written it."

"My child, what is this? A little while ago you were quiet and cheerful. What disease can have fallen upon you? What evil thing touched you?"

She fell upon her knees, groveling on the floor. Her eyes glittered painfully, her lips grew still.

"Father, do not touch me. I am smitten. Lo! I am bewitched."

The old man began to tremble in all his limbs. He shrunk away from his child, gazing wildly at her, as some holy man might watch an angel changing into a fiend before his eyes.

"Elizabeth, daughter Elizabeth," he cried, "oh! my God—my God!"

She bent her face downward, shrouding it with her garments, sobbing out,

"Do not touch me, father. I am unholy; body and soul I am unholy. God blinds my sight to his word. Fiery fiends have tracked their footprints over His promises. Oh! me—oh! me—the curse is here!"

More pale, more terribly stricken than his child had been, the old man stood up, and clasping his thin hands, lifted them slowly to heaven. At last he spoke, in a voice of solemn command, which vibrated to the poor girl's heart!

"Elizabeth Parris, rise up, and say unto me,

who has done this thing, whence comes thy affection?"

Elizabeth arose very slowly, and looked her father in the face.

"Come and see!"

Uttering only this one sentence, she led the way out of the house and into the open air. On she sped, through the sunshine and along by-paths, toward the sea-shore, looking round now and then to be sure that her father followed close, but never turning aside or speaking a word.

At last she came out upon a curve of the beach, within sight of the oak tree, under which Barbara Stafford was sitting with Norman Lovel.

"Behold!" she said, throwing out her hand, with the look and gesture of a priestess. "Behold the strange woman, Barbara Stafford. The evil one cast forth from the depths of the sea to torment us. Behold the WITCH."

After the young girl had uttered these awful words, for awful they were in those days, a dead silence fell upon the father and child. At last they both turned away, slowly retraced their steps, and entered the house together. When they were alone in the library, the minister fell into his chair, and began to weep—to weep and pray with a troubled abruptness, that proved the terrible hold which his daughter's change had seized upon him. He saw now the complete change that had come over her, the wildness in her eyes, the deadly white of her face. The inroads, which a week of anxiety had made upon her person, struck him with consternation and belief. What, save some fiendish influence, could have changed the rosy bloom of her youth into that dull, hopeless look?

"Kneel down," he said, at last, "Elizabeth, my child; for if all the dark spirits of the black realm have entered that form, you are still my child. Kneel down, and with your hand upon the Bible, tell me how this strange woman has poisoned your life; tell me all, that I may ask the Most High God to help us in this strait."

Elizabeth answered more consistently than her state of terror would seem to warrant. She had evidently thought deeply on the matter, and reasoned with an intellect rendered keen by the alarm of a loving heart. She was very pale, and sharp, nervous quivers startled her now and then, but the pretty willfulness of her character had entirely disappeared. She was like a priestess shriving to some solemn oracle.

"First, let me ask you, father, who is this woman whom you and Norman Lovel dragged up from the depths of the sea?"

"In truth I do not know," answered the

minister, greatly troubled. "Did I not tell you, Elizabeth, that it happened on the second day of my arrival in Boston?"

"The second day; and I had not seen you then."

"Truly, your words are sooth, my child. I was beset by this heart to visit you at once, but some feeling, which seemed from above, held me back, whispering ever, 'Do not make to yourself an idol of this fair child, for thy God is a jealous God, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children.' Then, feeling that the great love in my bosom might fall upon thee in wrath for mine offence, I dared not come within sight of thee, mine only child; but was driven by the storm, as it were, on to the heights overlooking the ocean."

"And what did you see there, my father?"

"A ship, breaking through the clouds, afar off, that waved and surged around, and above it like fiery banners."

"And this woman came down the sides, entered a boat, and was whelmed in the waves, from which you and Norman Lovel, my betrothed, rescued her. All the rest I know also. But who is she? What is her country, and from what good or evil influence did she get that wonderful power, which wins every heart to her glance?"

"Elizabeth, I do not know!"

"Father, let us be just. From the depth of my soul, I believe this woman an emissary of the Evil One, sent hither to break up the harmony of our whole lives. But speak to her, father, question her, as a judge might do, when afraid to sentence unholy. If the conviction fastened here, springs from the selfishness of too keen affections, let me have the proof, and I will kneel at Barbara Stafford's feet till she pardons me. But if there is truth in these things, if she possesses no power to sweep suspicion of diabolical powers away from her, then will I, of my own strength, surrender her to the magistrates, that the evil spirit may be lifted from our house."

Samuel Parris was sorely perplexed. In his simplicity, the introduction of this strange woman into his household had been preceded with none of the usual explanations; and there was something about the woman, a dignity of reserve, that notwithstanding her sweet graciousness, forbade all close questioning. When Samuel Parris remembered all the incidents connected with their first meeting—the reserve maintained ever since—the confusion left behind when she fled so strangely from the governor's house, and the animosities that had sprung up beneath his own roof since it had sheltered her—the justice of

his daughter's accusation fastened strongly upon him. He shivered with dread. Events hitherto of simple solution, took a lurid form in his eyes—he looked wistfully at the pale face uplifted to his—at the trouble in those beautiful eyes, and was ready to cry out with anguish when he thought that it was through him the evil influence had reached that young soul.

"Stay here," he said, rising from his chair, and searching for his staff, for the tremor in his old limbs was painfully visible. "Sit here and pray for help. Before the Lord, I will question this woman."

He kissed his daughter on the forehead, trembling all over as if his lips pressed the brow of a corpse; and taking up his staff went out, followed by her heavy gaze, and a succession of low moans; for with great mental anguish came bodily pain, and for a time Elizabeth Parris seemed as if shrouded in ice.

The old man bent his steps toward the beach once more.

Barbara Stafford had left the foot of the great oak, and was walking along the curving lines left where the forest turf crumbled away into a surface of white sand. Now and then she paused to gather a leaf, or some wood blossom, which she put in a little Indian basket, which hung upon her arm.

As the minister came up with her, she was kneeling on the turf and eagerly unearthing a bulbous root, from which two or three rich leaves sprang up, shading a cone of red berries that shone up from their midst like a flame.

She looked over her shoulder, as the minister approached, and half rose, with the little stiletto, with which she had been digging, in her hand.

"Wait a moment," she said, falling to her work again. "This is a rare specimen. I have almost uprooted the bulb. Old Tituba will find it wonderfully useful in making up her drinks."

The minister grew pale, as he stood leaning on his staff gazing at the root. Barbara spoke again, rather cheerfully, for exercise and a bright sea breeze had excited her a little.

"It has a common name, I think, among the people here. Wake robbin— isn't that correct?"

"Wake robbin—wild turnip, a deadly poison," answered the old man, hoarsely.

"Ah! that is as you take it. Well dried, and ground to powder, it is sometimes a wholesome medicine. I will teach Tituba how to use it."

"Tituba—my woman servant, Tituba—and is she of this diabolical confederacy?" muttered the old man, while a sensation of horror crept over him. "Am I beset with fiends?"

Barbara arose from the earth, held up the cone of scarlet berries in the sun, while the bulb was clasped in her hand, with the green leaves falling over it.

"How can poisonous things be so beautiful?" she said, with a sigh. "Now, who would believe that any one of these glowing drops would take a human life?"

"You know it to be deadly then?" questioned the old man.

His voice was so hoarse, that Barbara looked him earnestly in the face.

"Yes," she answered, thoughtfully, "I know all its good and all its evil qualities. Like many other things in life it can both cure and kill."

As she spoke, Barbara cut away the leaves and the red cone with her poignard, dropping the root into her basket. Then she put away the stiletto somewhere in the folds of her dress, and dashed off the soil that clung to her white hands.

"You would speak with me, I think?" she said, a little anxiously.

"She knows that already," thought the old man, feeding his suspicions with every word Barbara Stafford uttered: but he only said,

"Lady, where is the young man who sat with you half an hour ago, under the oak yonder?"

Barbara smiled. These words were a relief to her. She had expected something more important by his strange manner.

"Oh! Mr. Lovel—he has gone into the woods in search of a shrub I wanted. I hope his wish to oblige me has not encroached on grave duties."

"And he too?" muttered the old man—"he too?"

Barbara listened keenly, but the words escaped her. His silence, however, was impressive.

"Let us go forward to the oak yonder," he said, pointing the way with his staff.

Barbara turned, without a word, and walked slowly toward the oak. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN EPIGRAM VERSIFIED.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

"What's woman's proper sphere, my love?"
Asked John of pretty Joan.

"You give it up! 'Tis thirty feet,
Or more—of crinoline."

LEAVES FROM MY GRAND AUNT'S JOURNAL.

BY A. L. OTIS.

It is a good thing for us to hear, from the aged participators in them, of past times, especially of those noble and stirring events which have now fossilized into mere history. While listening to the enthusiastic narrators, the past becomes the present to us. Our sturdy forefathers take breath, and life, and keen sensation again, and as we realize their excitement, their danger, and their rejoicing at victory, we are shamed in our idle, objectless luxury, by their noble aims, and their "stubborn patience."

Even the minutest particulars relating to our country's past history, have deep interest for some minds. That what follows is really the impression made upon an eye witness of the last war with England, (though she was only a giddy girl,) by some very interesting days of trial and fear, make it worthy of being offered to you, dear reader.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 30th, 1814.

Nobody can talk of anything but the enemy's taking Washington. We are expecting the British here every day, but we are not going to let them have our town for the taking! They have got to fight for it, I can tell them.

Kitty and I are at the window from morning till night looking at the soldiers. Companies of militia are going about all day long, and bands of volunteers come pouring in. They are mostly country boys in homespun, with perhaps a fine young gentleman from some plantation to lead them. They look tired and worn out, for the weather is dreadfully warm.

Mrs. Brenton, who for a boarding-house keeper is very liberal, and exceedingly kind and obliging, has had buckets of water set out on the porch steps, with tin cups—and so have all the neighbors. The poor, tired volunteers run out of the ranks, take a drink, and back again as soon as possible. They are half dead with thirst, after their long, dusty march. This morning I was eating my lunch, (a good square of gingerbread,) and was sitting on the window-sill, when a young soldier came to our steps for water. He looked at me so earnestly (I think hungrily) that I reached out and gave him my cake. He took it and set me all in a smile, he made me such a handsome bow!

This house is now full of boarders, and Mrs.

Brenton says she can't find room for one more. They are all nice young fellows. Kitty and I have a good deal of fun. I like the excitement of it all. Mother says it is very wrong to do anything but grieve over the war, and Kitty, who is older than I, (quite eighteen!) looks on the dark side, and is awfully afraid the British will take Baltimore, and put everybody to the sword.

Aug. 31st.—The people here are so angry about the burning of the Capitol, and libraries, and paintings, that they say they will mob every Englishman in the place! A body of rioters passed our house to-day. Oh, how horrid they looked! I was really frightened for once. I was so afraid they were going to attack Mr. Milman's office, for though I hate him, of course, since he is a Britisher and a tory, yet he is a perfect gentleman, and so good to me, that I wouldn't like to have him, or anybody, ill-treated. The young gentlemen boarders here look at him very coldly, and try to insult him. I am afraid of a quarrel every day, and Mrs. Brenton says she does wish he was in a safe place, for she thinks everything of him. She says he is a noble, true, honest, old school English gentleman.

Sept. 14th.—Oh, what a terrible time we have been having! Day before yesterday, in the morning, the news came that the British had landed at North Point, and all the women were ordered to keep in their houses, and on no account to go into the streets, and the men were all to be ready to fight at a moment's notice. Several young men from our house have gone to meet the enemy. Our army marched out on Sunday. It was a dreadful day, not like the Sabbath at all. The bells rang out now and then suddenly, and we heard the cannonading! We didn't know at every horrid boom! but what some dear friend was swept away. Kitty and I were on our knees half the time, and I was almost crazy—I knew so many soldiers, splendid, good fellows, every one of them! Oh! a battle is so dreadful!

Every woman in town is busy cooking things to send down to our army. Yesterday Kitty and I helped Mrs. Brenton make up a great batch of bread, and roast huge ribs of beef. She

said she had good boarders in the army, and they should not starve while defending us. After we had got through with this, we were standing crying at the parlor window to hear the terrible cannons, when who should come past the house but Walter B——! looking so handsome at the head of his young volunteers, ("minute men," he calls them.) He cried, "Halt!" and they all stopped. Then he said they might get dinner, but to be ready there, upon that spot, when the bells rang. He then came into the house with a good many others, and we ran to hear the news. Folks do not mind laying by their bashfulness a little when so much is at stake.

"Dinner, Mrs. Brenton!" he cried. "Dinner instantly! Perhaps the last we shall eat with you, so don't make us wait for it, and go away to battle hungry."

This made me feel dreadfully.

"Pshaw! Alice," he whispered, "I have no intention of being killed. I only want to hurry up the old lady!" He said the British were now bombarding the forts, and they were only two miles from the city!

The young men, all in their arms, stood around the table. They wouldn't take time to sit down, but hastily swallowed their dinners, standing. While they were still there, the Englishman came in, and they taunted him with staying at home with the women, when every other man was going to fight. He did not want to get angry, but they went on, half joking, half sneering, until he said some very provoking things, and wound up with,

"And if I went, I should not fight for you—rebels and traitors! but for my countrymen, and they can whip you, as you deserve, without me."

"You lie!" called out Walter, fiercely, "and to prove that every individual man of us could whip his three Englishmen, I promise you a horsewhipping at three several times as soon as I get back."

The other young men said they had five minutes more, just dress off the d——d Englishman now! Mr. Milman was standing with his back against the wall. He put himself into a posture of defence, and Walter was rushing at him, when the bells rang out a sudden peal, and away our soldiers had to hurry away. Walter only shook his fist at the tory, and laughing fiercely, said, "Mind you are on hand when wanted!"

He waited until the others had gone, and when he and I were alone in the front vestibule, he said with such a different voice and look,

"I was going to behave, in my anger, like a boor and a ruffian, in offering to fight when you

were present! But, Alice—give your soldier boy a good-bye kiss."

What could I do?

How I hate that Englishman because Walter does! Kitty takes his part. She says he is brave, but quiet, and would never quarrel if they would let him alone. She calls their behavior to him persecution!

I didn't sleep a wink last night, and to-day is more horrible still, for at half minute intervals comes the dreadful shock of the cannons; and now that so many of our poor, young fellows have come back wounded, or lie dead upon the battle-field, we know better what that horrid, jarring, stunning sound portends. Every report seems to strike against my heart now that Walter is with the soldiers.

Twelve o'clock at night. Good news! Good news! The British have retreated, and they are embarking at North Point. I'm glad they have lost their Gen. Ross, though Kitty says I am a savage to exult. The cannonading is over! Our soldiers are at home again! Some of them. Kitty and I watched them coming up the street. When Walter rode by, waving his cap and shouting cheerily, "All's well! All's well!" I could have sprung out of the window to welcome my victorious soldier! He was so gallant!

Sept. 15th.—Last night before we went to bed, we waited until Walter came home and told us about the battle. It was quite dark in the room, and I was glad of it, for Mr. Milman was sitting in a corner near Kitty, and I was afraid Walter would begin another quarrel if he saw him, and I was very much afraid he would betray his presence by some taunt, when Walter was telling us about the regiment that ran away! And I was so ashamed to have any Englishman hear of that! But Mr. Milman kept quiet, and Walter went away without observing him.

"He is a coward—that Mr. Milman!" I whispered to Kitty. "He is afraid of my soldier boy!"

She only said, "He is very forbearing!"

At supper to-night, Walter asked for Mr. Milman, and was told he had gone out.

"The truth is," said Mrs. Brenton, "he went away on purpose to avoid a quarrel with you, which was very gentlemanly of him. Do be civil to him, Mr. Walter, for you see he does not want to fight."

"You mean he don't want to take a cowhiding!"

"You are going out after tea, I suppose," Mrs. Brenton said, very anxiously, but pretending indifference.

"I was going, but I see you expect that rascally Englishman, and I must——"

"No," said Mrs. Brenton, very decidedly, "you shall not quarrel in my house."

Walter reddened and bowed. We were all pale with fright, and Kitty told Walter to have done with his boasting! So I am sure she was quite out of her senses with fear.

Mr. Milman came home about eight o'clock, and entered the room where we all were. Walter is a little hot-headed, I must admit. He instantly asked the Englishman to step out and have a few words with him, as he would be on duty for a month after this, and would have to march to a distance.

"No," said Mr. Milman, "you only wish to quarrel, and I will not gratify you. You are but a foolish boy, bursting with bravery, and I am a cool man. Go—I will ascribe your bluffing words to your youth, and take no notice of them. But let me hear no more of them."

Walter was white with rage, as well he might be. "Coward! coward! coward!" he cried, "you dare not meet me——"

"Stop, gentlemen, stop!" cried Mrs. Brenton. "With the enemy rushing down upon us, will you act in this dreadful way, and frighten us to death? Oh, what shall we do—poor, unprotected women, with two angry men just ready to fall upon each other, and no one to part them?"

Mr. Milman said to her, "You need fear no disturbance from me, madam. You have been a kind hostess, and I will never cause you trouble. I will never fight this pretty boy, and"—said he, turning to me—"for your sake, Miss Alice, I will not even chastise him, so do not look so pale. I have secured other lodgings for the present, and I shall bring discord to this house no more. Good night, ladies."

He was manly. I only wish Walter had observed him. But he was busy with his own passion—his own rage—and the moment Mr. Milman stepped into the hall, Walter sprang after him, collared him, shook him, threw him down, and said, "Do you call that the grip of a pretty boy?" Walter was much smaller than the Englishman, but he was furious. However, he could keep the other down but one moment. And when he started to his feet we all screamed with terror. But Mr. Milman was still cool and calm.

"You certainly are not old enough to be a gentleman," he said, to Walter, "when you are, you will blush for this. I see that my forbearance was quite undeserved, but it shall not fail nevertheless."

He slowly ascended the stairs, and then we let

go of Walter. A messenger was waiting with some orders from head-quarters, and he has gone—for I don't know how long. Poor me!

Sept 16th.—There is one comfort in his being away. We are sure he had nothing to do with what occurred last night. The people are so excited against the English, now that they are so near us, and are ravaging our coast—and they are so mad at the politicians who take the British side, that we were afraid Mr. Milman would be mobbed, and our fears were not groundless.

It was about one o'clock last night, when Kitty and I, who were awake talking, heard a knock at the front door. Several of the young men had come home late, and we supposed this was another of them, but yet we feared it might be an enemy. The patrol was out, for fear the British might return, and we had been listening to their tread, and the noisy, restless passers by, for the whole town seemed alive and abroad that night.

The knock was repeated again, and again, but never loudly. Kitty grew nervous, and said,

"Mrs. Brenton's room and the servants' are very far off. The gentlemen came home so tired that they will sleep soundly—hadn't we better look out of the window and see who it is?"

"And perhaps have our heads shot off!" I answered.

"I think I will venture!" Kitty said, after waiting a little while. "It may be some poor, wounded soldiers."

So she got up—her teeth fairly rattling, she was so afraid—and looked out.

"Alice," she whispered. "It is Mr. Milman! He wants shelter. They have mobbed his office, you may depend."

"Well," said I, "I am glad of it. I wish they had tarred and feathered him!" I took Walter's part, of course.

"I hope you won't wake up any of the soldiers. They may treat him badly, they are all so angry with him."

While she was saying this she was putting on her slippers and dressing-gown.

"What are you going to do?" I asked, astonished.

"Let him in," she said, quietly.

"What! go out of your room at night! and down those long, dark stairs! and through the hall! and open the front door with the city so full of horrid people, and perhaps Britishers?"

She was gone. I was so frightened, I sat up in bed crying. It was only a few minutes, but it seemed an hour, before she came back, all trembling.

"The mob did attack his office, just as I said,"

she whispered, "and he barely escaped. He came up here to—to—to—"

"Well, what?" said I, impatiently.

"To tell me he was safe, and to bid me goodbye for a time, while he conceals himself. I am so glad I went down. If I had not seen him I should have gone crazy, to hear in the morning of this night's doings, to know that he was missing and yet be ignorant of his fate! Oh, I am glad I went down!"

So saying, Kitty threw herself upon the bed, and every time all through the night, whenever I woke up, I heard her sobbing. I little thought there was so much in it!

To-day poor Kitty looks miserable, and I can pity her even more than I do myself, for my brave soldier is fighting for his country, and her Englishman is only skulking to save his life.

Nov. 15th.—Mr. Milman is established in his office again. He and Walter are friends. I think Walter apologized, and I like him the better for it.

Since Walter has forgiven Mr. Milman, I have grown quite friendly with him, and think him a fine man. Kitty has told me part of his story.

He came out to this country because his father failed and left his family destitute. Mr. Milman established himself here, and then sent for his mother, and four sisters, all young. He was expecting them at the very time of the attack on Baltimore, and that was why he would not accept

the many challenges which our soldiers sent to him. They called him coward, and everything, but he would not be provoked, because he knew how greatly it would be wronging his unprotected family, to bring them to this strange land and leave them to struggle on in poverty. His arm was strong and his prospects good, and they should find some one here to receive them, and provide for them, he was determined. I like him for sticking to his resolve not to fight, through all kinds of reproach. His mother and sisters are here now, and living in a charming house in — street.

Kitty is as happy as she can be, and I fancy Mr. Milman will one day be my brother-in-law, though Kitty don't say a word about caring for him—quite different from me. I can't for the life of me help talking about my soldier boy. But it is no matter if I do, for as soon as the war is over he is to be my husband. Mother gave her consent kindly and nicely, but she told me in private that we were the silliest couple in all the Southern states.

Here is an end to the journal. Poor aunt Alice! She was my only maiden aunt. I don't know why she did not marry her soldier boy. Kitty, who married Mr. Milman, was my grandmother. She died when my mother was only one year old, and so there is no one left to tell the rest of my grandaunt's story.

THE GRAVE BESIDE THE SEA.

BY MARY W. JANVRIK.

Once, beside a maiden, told I o'er and o'er,
Legends quaint and olden of the days of yore,
Sitting in the gloaming by the lone sea shore.

When the spell was on us, breathed we words of song,
Weaving glorious dreamings all the dusk eve long,
While the waves, low murr'ring, sang an echo song.

If, above, in beauty, walked the golden moon,
The golden moon of summer, thro' deepest skies of June,
All our thoughts were music, all our words were tune.

Sometimes airy fingers swept the sounding pine,
Chorus'ing the ocean with an organ chime,
Then I felt her heart beat quicker close to mine.

Once, oh, I remember! not a wave was stirred,
Only in the night-tide sang a late sea-bird,
Swiftly beating homeward; no other sound was heard.

Walked we on the sea-beach, Mildred Lee and I,
Starlights in the heavens, starlights in her eye,
Walked, with hands close clasping, Mildred Lee and I.

Now again 'tis summer. On the white sea-sand
Cold the moon is gleaming, colder yet the strand;
I see no blue eyes beaming, I feel no clasping hand.

Every night the white moon riseth from the sea,
Like a saint she gazeth pitying down on me;
Every night my vessel rides the gleaming sea.

Yonder on the main land the night lies soft and still;
How, while looking thither, tears my dark eyes fill!
Gazing at the cottage underneath the hill.

Gently sway the larches by the cottage door,
Quaintest shadows flicker 'cross the sanded floor,
But a maiden's step there crosseth never more.

I have watched a white cloud melting from the sky;
I have watched a white rose wither, droop and die;
Faded thus my Mildred—passed she from Love's sky.

Now my barque at midnight rides the gleaming sea;
Now, from the skies down gazing, the white moon pitieth me,

Or veils her face with clouds and weeps for Mildred Lee.

But list! the freshening land-breeze all the white sails fill!
Ah! how my heart wild beateth! nor can I make it still
Till my barque is once more anchored underneath the hill.

Its prow will soon be turning unto a foreign shore,
Yet must I tread the sea-beach—the olden paths once more,

And I must sing at midnight our old songs o'er and o'er.

And kneeling where her grave is, beside the rounding sea,
I'll say the low prayers over, the prayers she taught to me,

And kiss the sod that covers my loved, lost Mildred Lee.

WAIFS WE HAVE RECOVERED.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

BEHIND TIME.—A railroad train rushed along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, and beyond this a station at which the cars usually pass each other. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the down train was to wait had nearly elapsed: but he hoped yet to pass the curve in safety. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity! and all because an engineer had been *behind time*.

A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight long hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; re-enforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be right. The great conqueror, confident of its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and led them down the hill. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was *behind time*.

A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous assets in California, it expected remittances on a certain day, and if the sums promised arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was found on inquiry that she brought no funds; and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents; but it was too late; they were ruined, because their agent, in remitting, had been *behind time*.

A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life. But it was under circumstances of the greatest provocation; and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve; a favorable answer had been expected the night

before: and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive in season. But the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind. At that moment a horseman came in sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved frantically to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve. But he had come too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death, because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive *behind time*.

It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in what they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever "behind time." Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune, or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being *behind time*.

THE ANCIENT JEWS.—The popular idea, that the ancient Jews were an inconsiderable people, living entirely on agriculture, has held a place so long that it will be difficult, perhaps, to eradicate it. Yet this notion seems to us contradicted by numerous well-known facts. It is due, we think, to the history of that remarkable race, to correct this error.

The silence of profane history, in reference to the greatness of the Jewish people, is no proof that they were a mere petty nation of barbarians, as an infidel writer has thought fit to call them. For at the culminating period of Jewish history, that is, at the time of King Solomon, there

existed no contemporary historians, at least, none whose writings have come down to us. Greece, itself, was a half-savage country, whose princes lived in the rude manner described by Homer, and whose sculptors, dramatists, painters, philosophers, legislators and annalists were as yet unborn. Rome was still an undrained swamp. Only Assyria and Egypt existed as first-rate powers, and these have left no written chronicles behind. But in their sculptured monuments, to say nothing of the historical books of the Hebrews, there is collateral evidence to show that the Jews, at that period, ranked high among the nations of the world.

It was less, however, as a military than as a commercial people, that the ancient Jews held this eminent position. Even in their later and more degenerate days, when Pompey entered their territories as a conqueror, the enterprise of the Jews had founded commercial colonies everywhere. They ruled the Bourse at Alexandria, they controlled the exchanges at Greece, they were numerous and influential money-dealers in Rome, and they were known at the Indus, the Ganges, and, there is reason to believe, even in China itself. But in the palmier days of Jewish prosperity, when Solomon began to build the temple, they must have held in their hands the financial control of most of the then civilized world. The immense sums contributed to erect the temple establish this almost conclusively. Even in David's time, the free-will offerings amounted to thirty-four millions, an impossible

sum, if donated by a merely agricultural people. In Solomon's reign, the collections rose to nine hundred millions of pounds sterling, a sum so enormous that it suggests the probability of a mistake in the accepted value of the Jewish money of that day. Yet, even if we compute gold at the lowest possible standard, the amount collected still remains gigantic, proving that Judea, with its small territory, could not have contributed such a sum, unless like Venice and Amsterdam at a later day, it was enriched by an extensive commerce.

If we accept this view of the ancient Jews, much becomes clear that otherwise puzzles us, in their career. They rose to greatness under David and Solomon, because they had become the traders, carriers and bankers of the world. They declined when they ceased to be so, because of civil dissensions. There have been many parallels of such a rise and fall; and will be till the end of mankind. When they had sunk to be a petty, warlike state again, they fell an easy prey to the Babylonians, because they had neither native-born men enough to fight their battles, nor wealth to subsidize others. Profane history only knew them in their decline. But even then they were a great commercial race: as, indeed, they continue to be to this day, when scattered, broken up and in exile. What must the Hebrews have been in the culminating hour of their career, when David conquered the Philistines, when Solomon built the temple, when the ships of Tarshish traded with Ophir?

FAIL ME NOT THOU.

BY HATTIE H. CHILD.

THINK you because one little hour
Of cloud, or dreary rain,
Breaks in to hide the sun's full power,
He ne'er will smile again?
Then doubt not woman's constancy,
Whate'er may hide her smile from thee;
Thou know'st the sun is true to earth,
Know then her heart is true to thee.

Think you, if on some darksome day
The bird doth hush her song,
She ne'er again will tune her lay
In carol sweet and long?
The lay still lives, though gloom and fear
May fright its echo from thine ear
Sooner will every bird forget,
Than she the tone love renders dear.

If o'er the fountain hangs a veil
Of mist, to hide its play,
Think you its waters all must fall
In silent drouth away?

Nay, nay, the fount of tenderness
In woman's heart is fathomless;
Oh, traitor doubt! to think it gushed
But once, and never more could bless.

If droops a single floral gem
From where it freshly grew,
Dost think the self-same parent stem
Will never bloom anew?
Fresh buds shall spring to glad thine eye,
Fair as the bow in hope's young sky;
The past hath press'd its own bright flowers,
Then oh! should faith look up and sigh?

When all the vine hath twined itself
About the growing tree,
As all my spirit-thought hath clung,
And clingeth still to thee;
Who would rebuke a tendrill new
That hung unfettered as it grew,
And chide its seeming tardiness,
As though it were untrue?

CHILD'S DRESS FOR FALL.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

WE give, this month, a pattern and diagram, by which to cut out a CHILD'S DRESS. The dress is suitable for the autumn months, is to be made of scarlet merino, and is unusually pretty, as well as very fashionable.

No. 1. Half the Front.

No. 2. Half the Back.

No. 3. Side-Body.

From A to B is for a plait in front. The pattern is to be enlarged from the diagram, according to the size of the child. The decorations of the body are in the military style, with bands of narrow velvet fastened on the shoulder, and brought to the front as shown in the plate: the skirt is adorned with velvet and steel studs.

In order to vary the style, however, the skirt may be trimmed differently, if preferred. We give two engravings, to show how this may be done: as also to



FRONT OF DRESS.



BACK OF DRESS.

exhibit the back and front. The front skirt is trimmed with velvet and steel studs, in one style; but the back skirt is trimmed after a different pattern; and many think this second style the prettiest. In all other respects, the two dresses are alike: the decorations of the body are in the military style in both. For the autumn months, nothing more beautiful has been got up, for children, in either Paris or London.

The diagram, by which to cut out this tasteful dress, will be found on the next page. We repeat, what we have often said before, that the patterns are to be enlarged, according to the size of the child: a proportion only to be determined by the mother or dress-maker. We have, it will be remembered, often described how to enlarge patterns.

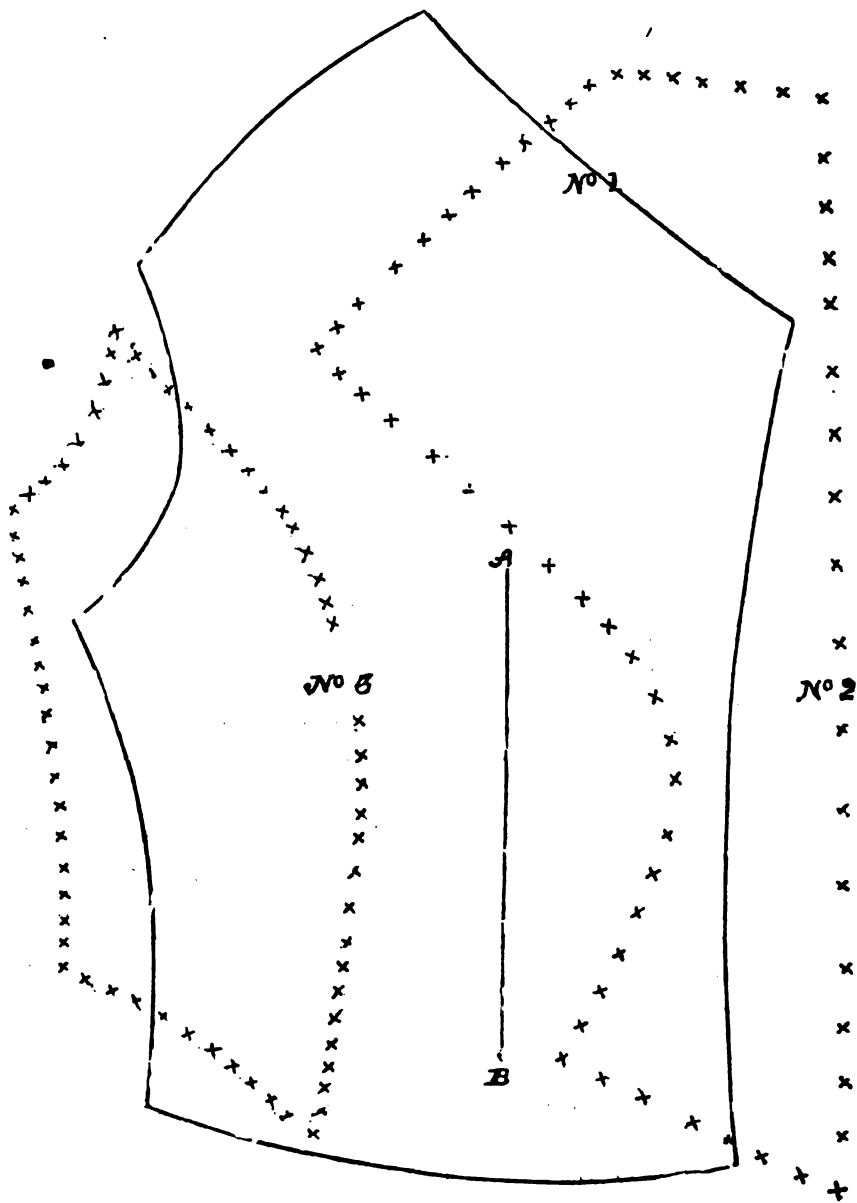
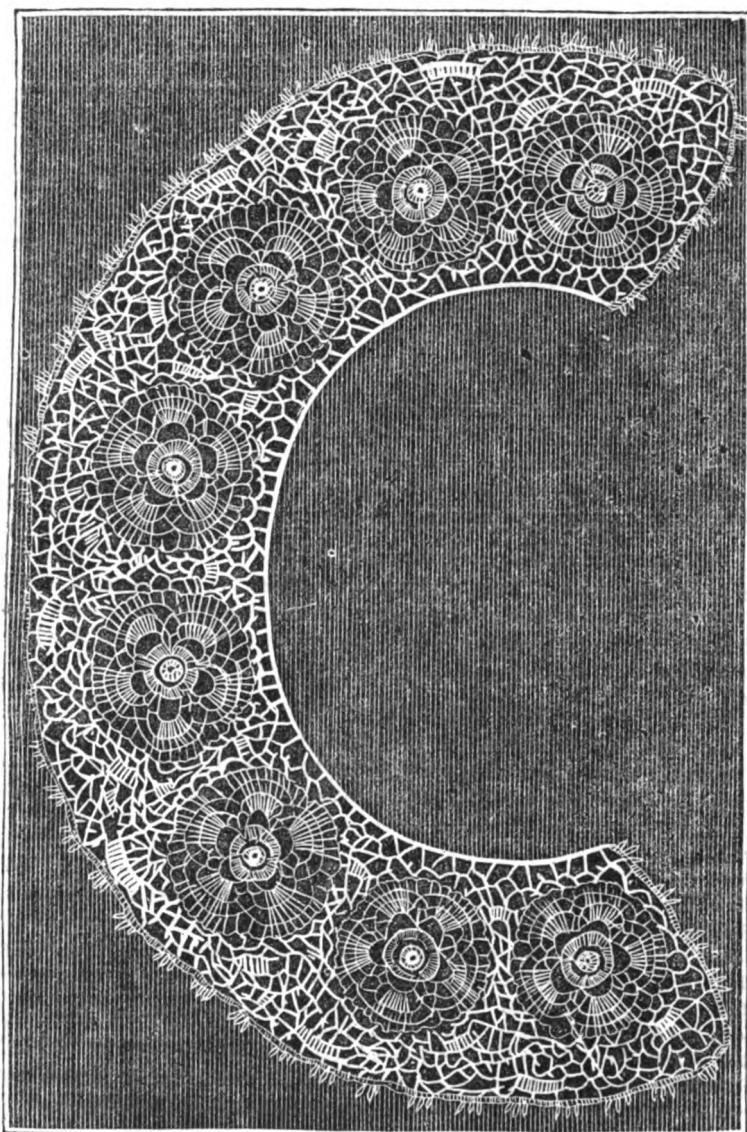


DIAGRAM FOR CHILD'S DRESS.

UNIQUE COLLAR, IN SCARLET AND WHITE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—One reel cotton, and one reel of } 2nd.—5 ch do into every 3rd loop of the 15
Ingrain scarlet, No. 20. (5 chs of 5.)

For the centre of Scarlet Medallion White } 3rd.—5 ch * 7 L u 5 ch 3 ch. Repeat from
cotton, 3 ch, (or chain,) unite; under this circle *. End with 7 L.

work 15 dc; loop on the red cotton, 1 ch; leave an } 4th.—5 ch 1 L u the 5 ch before the L stitches;
end of white, pull the latter tight; work with red. * 7 ch 1 L u 3 ch; 5 ch 1 L u same; 5 ch 1 L u

same. Repeat from *. Tie the red and white ends together in a tight knot at the back.

5th.—* 5 ch 9 L u 7 ch; 5 ch dc u 5 ch; 5 ch dc u next 5 ch. Repeat from *. End with 5 ch dc u 5 for twice.

6th.—* 5 ch 1 L 1 ch on every L stitch for 9 times; 5 ch dc u 2nd 5 ch. Repeat from *. End with 5 ch dc u 2nd 5 ch.

7th.—* 5 ch; 1 L 2 ch, u every 1 ch for 8 times; 5 ch dc u 5 ch for twice. Repeat from *. End with 5 ch dc u same 5 ch as the last.

8th.—Loop on the white, make 1 tight ch, leave an end of red, pull the latter tight. 5 ch 1 L u 2nd 2 ch; 8 ch 1 L u same; 5 ch dc u 3rd 2 ch; ** dc u the last of the 2 chs; 7 ch dc u 2nd 5 ch; 5 ch T 5 dc u 7 ch; 5 ch T 4 dc on dc; 7 ch dc u 5 ch of red; ** dc u same; ** dc u 3rd 2 ch; 8 ch 1 L u 2nd 2 ch; 8 ch 1 L u same; 5 ch T 1 L u 2nd 3 ch; 5 ch 1 L u centre of bar; 5 ch dc u same; 5 ch 1 L u next bar (always u centre;) 5 ch dc u next chs; 5 ch 7 dc u 5 ch at end of dc; 8 ch 1 L u next bar; 7 ch 1 L u next chs; 5 ch T 1 L u 7 ch; 5 ch 1 L u same; 5 ch 5 dc on dc (taking the back loops;) ** dc u chs; 3 ch 1 L u next chs; 7 ch T dc u bar; 5 ch 1 L on centre of dc; 5 ch dc u chs; 5 ch T 5 dc u each of the chs for 8 times; 5 ch dc u chs already worked into where the L stitch is; ** dc u next chs; 5 ch 1 L u next; 5 ch T dc u bar; 7 ch 1 L u chs; 7 ch T dc on dc stitch in centre of bar; 5 ch T do u 7 ch; ** dc u the L stitch; 15 dc on dc; 7 ch dc u 2nd 5 ch; 5 ch dc u next chs; ** dc u the L stitch; ** dc u chs between the L stitches. Tie the white and red end together in a secure knot; 5 ch 1 L u 1st chs of red; 5 ch dc u same; 8 ch 1 L u chs previous to L stitches; 5 ch dc u next 2 ch; 7 ch T dc u 5 ch; 5 ch dc u 8 ch; 5 ch T 5 dc in each of the chs; 5 ch T 10 dc on dc; 5 ch 1 L u chs between the L stitches; 5 ch dc u next chs; ** dc u same; ** dc u next bar; 5 ch 1 L u next; 5 ch T 5 dc u 5 ch; ** dc u bar; 5 ch dc u next; 5 ch dc u next chs; 7 ch 7 dc on dc; 5 ch T 5 dc on dc; 8 ch 1 L u 7 ch; 3 ch 1 L u 5 ch; 5 ch dc u next chs; 7 ch T dc u 2nd of the chs; 5 ch T dc u chs; ** T dc u the chs close by the dc; 7 ch dc on the centre of the dc; 7 ch T dc u chs; 3 ch 1 L u bar; ** T dc u chs; 7 ch dc u 1st 5 ch; 7 ch dc u next; ** dc u chs of white already worked into; 8 ch 1 L u

2nd 2 ch; ** dc u next 3rd 2 ch; 5 ch dc u 5 ch; 5 ch 1 L u next; 7 ch dc u 1st 2 ch; ** dc u 3rd 2 ch; 5 ch 1 L u 2nd 2 ch; 5 ch 1 L u 1st 5 ch; 7 ch dc u next 5 chs for twice; ** dc u 3rd 2 ch; 7 ch dc u next 3rd 2 ch; 7 ch dc u 5 ch; 5 ch 1 L u next; 8 ch dc u next; 5 ch dc u L stitch of white; 7 ch 7 dc u 2nd of the chs; 7 ch dc u next L stitch that goes across; 7 ch 7 dc u chs previous to bar.

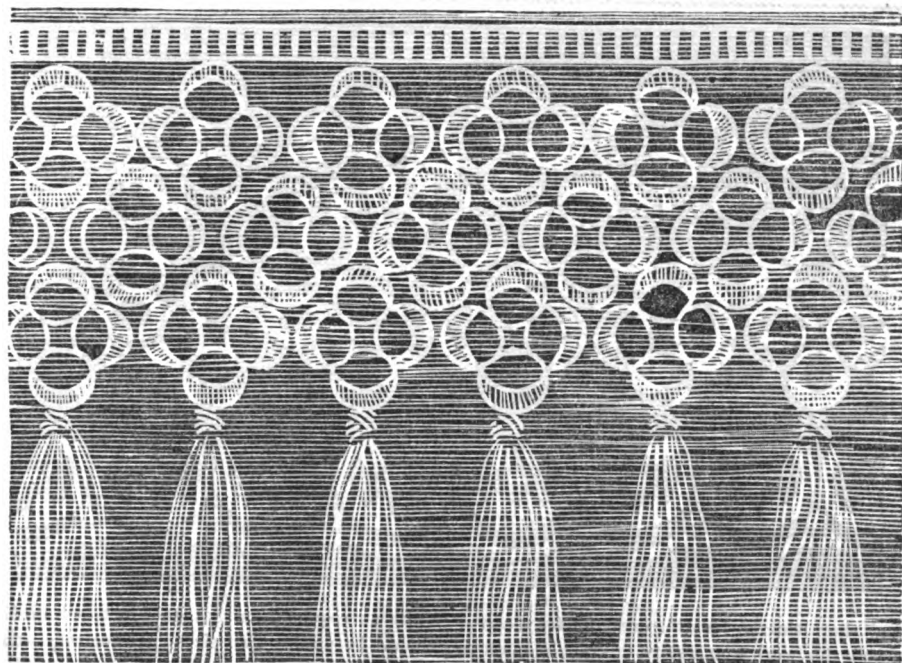
Fasten off; leave an end. Make a second piece the same; do not fasten off, but proceed to join thus:—T, place the first piece at the back of that just completed, but not so that the sides shall match; therefore it will be the opposite side to that which has the end of cotton; dc u centre of bar of b (or back piece;) 5 ch dc u next chs at b; 2 ch dc u chs in f (or front piece;) 4 ch dc u next chs at b; 4 ch dc u same; 2 ch dc u chs in f; 5 ch dc u bar at b; 2 ch 5 dc on dc in f; 8 ch dc u bar at b; 3 ch dc u chs in f; 5 ch dc u chs at b; 1 ch dc u chs in f; 5 ch dc u chs at b; 6 ch dc u chs at f; 5 ch, open the pieces; T 9 dc u 6 ch; 5 ch dc u centre of bar of left hand pattern; 6 ch T 7 dc on dc; 2 ch dc u 1st chs of left hand pattern; 5 ch dc u next; 5 ch T 1 L on centre of dc; 3 ch dc u next chs; 5 ch 1 L u bar already worked into; 5 ch 1 L u next chs; 9 ch T dc u 2nd of these chs; 5 ch dc u next 2nd; 7 ch dc u centre of bar. Fasten off.

Make and join seven or eight of these divisions. For the neck, make 1 L u bar at corner; 5 ch 1 L u same for twice; * 4 ch 1 L u chs 3 times; 4 ch 1 L u chs already worked into; 4 ch dc u next chs 8 times; 4 ch 1 L u bar. Repeat from *; make both corners alike; do not fasten off, but make the Edge thus:—7 ch dc u chs 3 times; 7 ch dc u bar and u chs twice, and u bar at corner; 7 ch dc u same bar; * 7 ch dc u L stitch; 7 ch dc u chs already worked into; 7 ch dc u bar, and u chs three times; 7 ch dc on 4th dc; 7 ch 1 L on next 4th; 7 ch dc u bar; 7 ch dc u bar already worked into. Repeat from * to the other side of the neck; where along the neck, make 4 dc u each 4 ch to the other side of neck; then join on the scarlet cotton for the Edge; 2 dc u 1st ch; * 7 ch 2 dc u same. Repeat from * twice more. (8 chs of 7 and 8 dc stitches;) 9 dc u next 7. Repeat these two patterns all round, and fasten off.

CROCHET FRINGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THERE are so many purposes for which a most useful articles in our Work-Table Department. It is quite astonishing to see how much pretty fringe is applicable, that it is one of the



can be accomplished in the way of ornament, with a very small outlay of expense and the exercise of taste and industry. Curtains, toilet-table covers, counterpanes, may all, at a very trifling expense, be converted into ornamental articles of daily use, in this way. The Crochet Fringe we have given has a very pretty effect round any of the articles enumerated; and when these are all trimmed to match, they look extremely well. Each star is worked separately, a chain of twelve loops joined to form a ring.

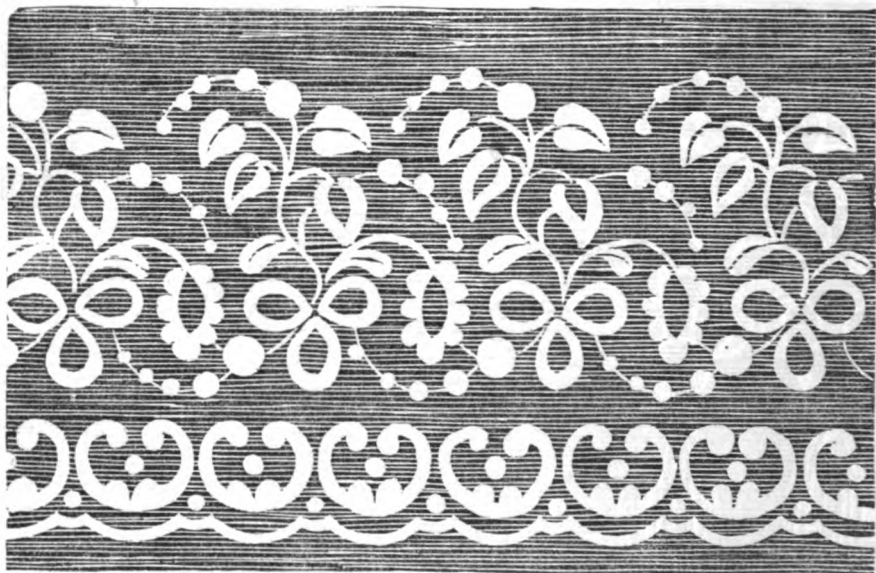
This is worked over with single crochet. The net row is chain nine, loop in third stitch, chain nine again and repeat, making four chains of nine stitches on the ring. On these work over two stitches of single, seven of double, and two of single again, in each of the four loops. These stars are sewn together as many rows as may be preferred, to form either a deep or narrow fringe. Six or eight thicknesses of cotton are then tied into the outer row, in every star. The proper cotton is No. 10 Six-cord Crochet Cotton.

APPLIQUE LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THERE is an elegance about these applique laces which no other sort of embroidery possesses; but to insure this effect very fine materials and extremely neat work are indispensable. Good Brussels net, which will not shrink when washed, and fine, clear Swiss muslin, form the groundwork materials. These must be tacked together before commencing the pattern. The pattern must then be carefully arranged and closely tacked as much in the intermediate parts as at the edges, so that there should be no dragging of either the muslin or the net. It must then be neatly traced in cotton. Every line

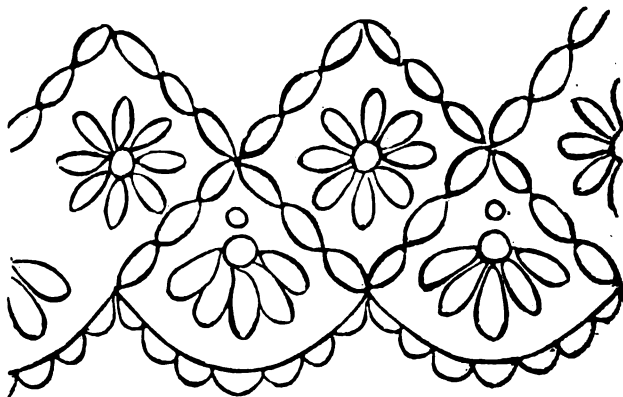
must then be sewn over with the greatest regularity and evenness. When the whole of the design is completed and the paper pattern removed, the superfluous muslin must be cut out, leaving only the pattern in the muslin on the net ground. The designs for applique must be arranged expressly for this sort of work, as they are quite different from those intended for the general style of embroidery. The one we have this month given is extremely elegant, when worked, and for any purpose of dress where a superior degree of ornament is required, this will be found especially suitable. For a berthe,



and short sleeves for full dress, or for a cap or a veil, this work would show to great advantage. It is equally important that the best cotton should also be selected for working, as it is

quite as requisite as that good net and muslin should be used. Two sizes are necessary—one for tracing the pattern, the other for sewing over. The first may be No. 20, the latter No. 40.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



BOTTOM OF SKIRT.



NAME FOR MARKING.

THE GERMAN WATCH-HANGER

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER

Dark Orange.

Light ditto.

Dark Yellow.

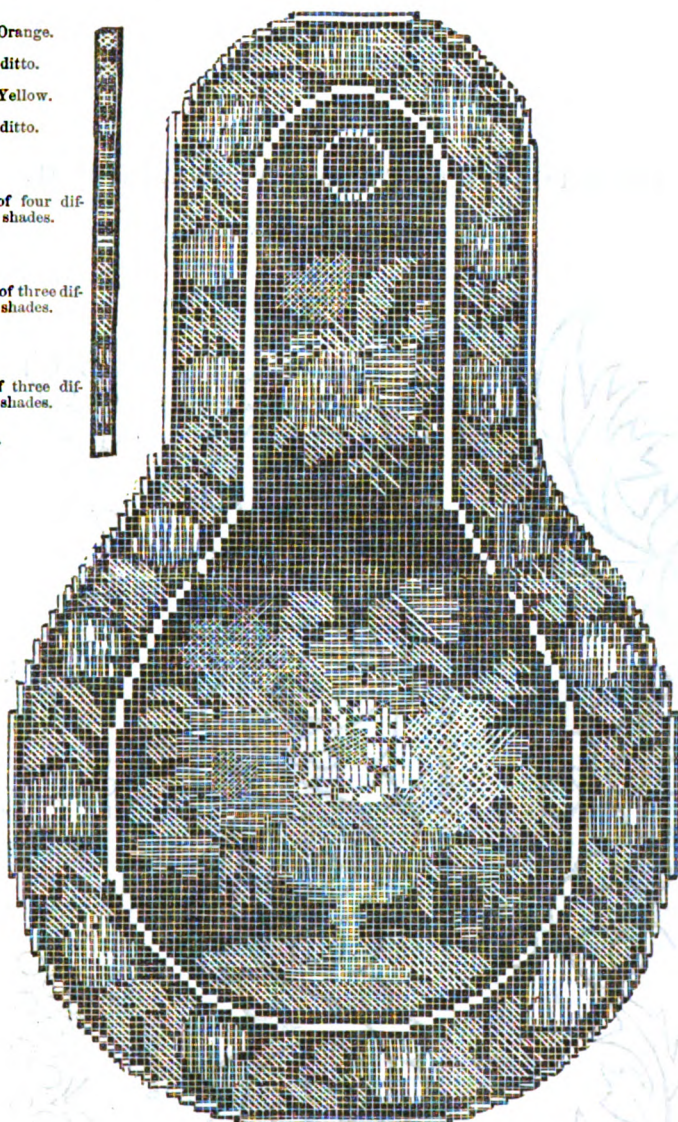
Light ditto.

Blue of four different shades.

Green of three different shades.

Red of three different shades.

White.



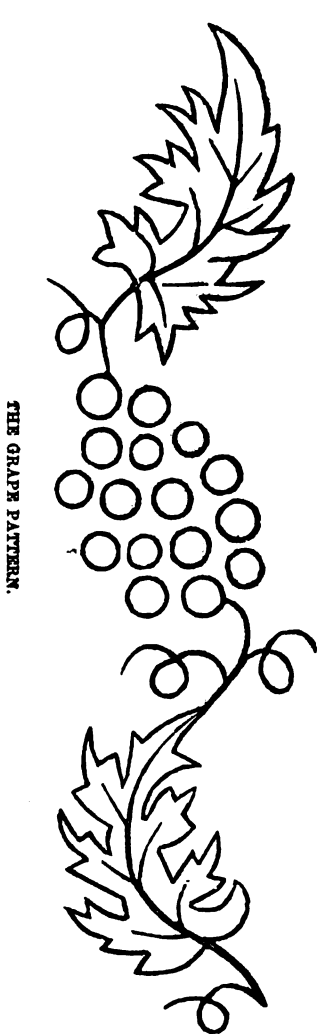
We have this month selected for illustration an article which is as useful in every house as it is ornamental. The colors contrast effectively with each other, and, being of a soft character, their introduction will not disturb the harmony of tone, whether grave or gay, already prevailing in the apartment for which it is intended. The two lines which enclose the border of roses are worked in the deepest of the three shades of the flowers. The roses are worked

in floss silk, the light being in white floss silk. The ground is a very soft, pale blue in Berlin wool. The flowers in the centre group are also in floss silk, but not any of the leaves. Our scale of colors will best explain the flowers. Attention should also be paid to the size of the canvas.

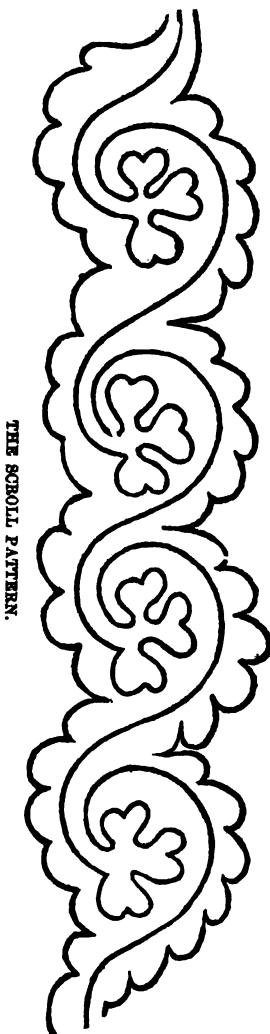
In making up, a cardboard shape must be cut to the exact size, over which the work must be stretched and lined with silk. The stitches are to be concealed by a row of opaque blue beads the same color as the ground, one bead being taken in the needle at every stitch, and using blue reel cotton.

EMBROIDERIES AND BRAIDING.

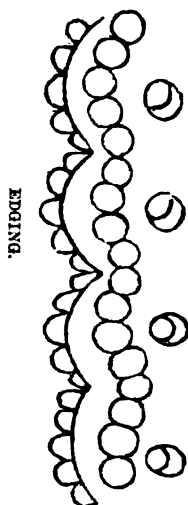
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



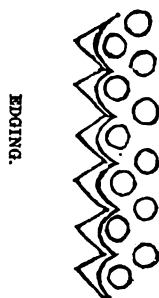
THE GRAPE PATTERN.



THE SCROLL PATTERN.



EDGING.



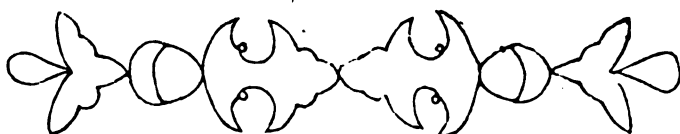
EDGING.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.

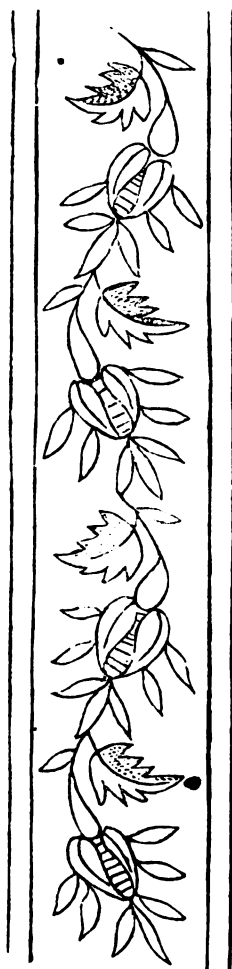
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.



EMBROIDERY ABOVE THE HEM OF FLANNEL SKIRT.



INSERTING.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

STARE, MY DEAR.—Stare, my dear, he's a minister. Don't be afraid, he's used to it. Don't he stand up in a pulpit every Sunday and expect to be looked at? Count the wrinkles in his neck-cloth, and the buttons on his vest; observe whether his eyes are black or blue, or both. Satisfy yourself whether his profile is Greek or Roman, and then tell your friends you had no idea the Rev. Mr. ——— was so plain—positively a dowdy. To be sure a meeting-house, especially with stained windows, is a great flatterer.

Stare, my dear, do stare; she's a widow. Widows go into black to be stared at, you know. They like to have their grief furnish food for impertinent curiosity. If she smiles, though it be with that sad, worn look, tell your dear, five or five hundred, as the case may be, that you don't believe she cared a fig for her husband, and you shouldn't wonder if she was married in a month. Don't scruple to stare very hard, if her veil is thick, so as to see if she has really been weeping. If she is pale, protest that you believe she uses chalk for effect—if her lips are set holding in her grief, declare that she has been practicing "prunes and prisms." Don't pity her; widows are so common—why should you? You didn't see that darkened chamber. You didn't hear that dying farewell—it was not your heart that grew cold with anguish at the pressure of trembling fingers, damp with death-dew.

Stare, my dear, do stare. That woman is worth a hundred thousand. Only look at her; feed her vanity. Note her flounces and the dress that cost not a cent less than one hundred hard dollars. Keep staring, it's polite. You don't often see such women with their hard eyes and independent bearing—look your fill at riches, and then go home and tell what wonderful things you have seen.

Stare, my dear, do stare. That's a country girl. It is indeed! Elevate your eye-glass. Her bonnet cost a dollar, and her gown is cheap chintz. Oh! you needn't mind her annoyance, it's lady-like to stare such things out of countenance, what else do you wear a twenty dollar hat for? Nudge your neighbor and laugh aside at her taste. Poor child! how her cheek burns. Never mind, ladies are privileged.

Stare, my dear, do stare. That's a cripple. His feet are out of shape, and his back is broken. See, his fine, dark eye falls as you look; he notes your smile and hobbles to get beyond you. He loves to be stared at—deformed people generally do. They like to feel their difference—to compare their crooked bodies and withered limbs with your straight forms and supple motions. They love to feel themselves so different—it is pleasant to be singular, you know—so do stare. Don't mind his blushes, his awkwardness. It's your privilege—and a free country to back you up.

Stare, my dear, do stare. She's a very humble woman with a basket of dirty clothes. She really is honest, though poor, and virtuous, though needy. Don't abate your curiosity because with an appealing look she turns away, but keep on staring. She has never known better days, so she won't mind it—not at all. It's a proof that you take notice of her. She hasn't any nerves—poor people never have nerves. They expect to be looked at as if they were orang-outangs. They've got used to it, as lobsters have to boiling water, as eels to being skinned. Lobsters don't feel; eels don't feel; ergo, poor people don't feel.

Stare, my dear, do stare. Stare at everybody. If an author comes along, feed your eyes upon his face till you get the gauge of every freckle, pimple or blemish. Then

whisper to your seven particular friends, so that their seven particular bonnets may turn all at once as if on so many harmonious pivots; it makes one feel exceedingly comfortable. Stare at anybody that has a reputation for celebrity from the perpetration of murder down to the perpetration of a paragraph. Most especially, my dear, regale yourself with the deformed; they are never sensitive. Some people say they are, and compare them with the shrinking leaf that curls away if the warm finger comes but near it. All a mistake; don't you believe it, and so withhold the glance of pity—(turned away, however)—or even the smile of derision. A needle is very sharp when it enters the quivering flesh—but what is feeling to flesh; nothing can hurt that, so stare, my dear. Keep your delicacy for those who are perfect; they need it most.

THE CHARM OF PINE WOODS.—There will be thousands, like ourselves, to realize the truth of the following description, which we copy from the Rev. Charles Kingsley, author of "Alton Locke." We know just such an aromatic pine wood, through which we walked only an hour ago—it is our favorite haunt—and the fragrance of which still lingers about us, in imagination, as we write. "The March breeze is chilly," says Kingsley, "but I can be always warm if I like in my winter garden. I turn my horse's head to the red wall of fir stems, and leap over the furs-grown bank into my cathedral; (wherein, if there be no saints, there are likewise no priestcraft and no idols)—but endless vistas of smooth, red, green-veined shafts holding up the warm, dark roof, lessening away into endless gloom—paved with rich, brown fir-needle—a carpet at which Nature has been at work for forty years. Red shafts, green roof, and here and there a pane of blue sky—neither Owen Jones nor Willement can improve upon that ecclesiastical ornamentation—while for incense I have the fresh, healthy, turpentine fragrance, far sweeter to my nostrils than the stifling narcotic odor which fills a Roman Catholic Cathedral. There is not a breath of air within; but the breeze sighs over the roof above in a soft whisper. I shut my eyes, and listen. Surely that is the murmur of the summer sea upon the summer sands in Devon far away. I hear the innumerable wavelets spend themselves gently upon the shore and die away to rise again. And with the innumerable wave-sighs come innumerable memories, and faces which I shall never see again upon this earth. I will not tell even you of that, old friend. It has two notes, two keys rather, that Æolian harp of fir-needles above my head; according as the wind is, east or west, the needles dry or wet. This easterly key of to-day is shriller, more cheerful, warmer in sound, though the day itself be colder; but grander still, as well as softer, is the grand sighing key in which the southwest wind roars on, rain-laden, over the forest, and calls me forth—being a minute philosopher—to catch trout in the nearest chalk stream."

EUGENIE'S HEAD-DRESS.—It may not be uninteresting to the ladies to be informed that the head-dress at present worn by the French Empress in the country is a little hat fastened under the chin with a gauze scarf, and christened by her an Olivia, from "The Vicar of Wakefield."

MORE FOR THE MONEY.—The Northfield (Minnesota) Journal says:—"Peterson's is a general favorite with the ladies. It gives a large amount of reading matter—larger than any other Magazine, for the money—and it is always of a choice quality."

A WITTY POEM.—Has it ever been noticed how many wits have been clergymen? Sidney Smith, Dean Swift, Robert Hall, and others are familiar illustrations. Perhaps one of the wittiest men of the present day is the Rev. Charles Tisdall, of Dublin, Ireland. He is but little known on this side of the Atlantic, except as an exemplary divine, for his modesty has, as yet, kept him from publishing. But in social and literary circles abroad he is well known. We have, before us, a copy of some verses, sent, by him, to a friend, which are capital in their way: and they have never before appeared in print.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A COUNTRY WASHER-WOMAN.

(NOT) IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD AND (NOT) BY GRAY.

Farewell, old friend, to mem'ry ever dear,
Thy toil and labor in this world are o'er,
Let every friend to merit shed a tear,
The faithful Mulligan is now no more!

In humble cot she pass'd a useful life,
Unmindful of the world and all its ills,
A tender mother, a devoted wife,
Perfection—in her doing up of frills.

Oft have I seen her, on a Summer's day,
Prone o'er her task, unmindful of the heat,
With sleeves tuck'd up, she'd stand and scrub away,
And then on hedges spread her work so neat.

Each closing week, at eve, she took the road,
With caps, chemises, handkerchiefs and frills,
Stockings and vests, in wicker-baskets stow'd,
Pinned to the bundles were—her little bills.

Full many a votary at Fashion's shrine
Owed half his beauty to her starch and iron,
From *gens* who sport their shirts of cambrie fine
To little boys with collars *a la Byron*.

One day I chanced to pass her cottage by,
And wondered where its occupant could be,
I saw a heap of clothes neglected lie,
Nor at the tub, nor at the hedge was she.

Returning home I saw upon the ground
An empty basket, with a letter tied,
I broke the seal, and to my anguish found
That morning Biddy Mulligan had died!

Adieu ye spotless vests of white Marseilles,
So white ye give me pleasure to put on,
Ye snowy-bosomed shirts a long farewell—
Alas! poor Biddy's "occupation's gone."

Not all the symmetry of Hoebach's suits,
Nor hats by Morgan exquisitely glossed,
Nor Asken's ties, nor Parker's Jetty boots,
Console me for the treasure I have lost.

Oh! Mulligan, thy shirts perfection were,
Now I ne'er put one on but feeling pain,
And closing up my waistcoat in despair
Feel I can never show their like again.

Death's ruthless hand hath laid thee out at last,
Thy mangling's done, his is a mangling trade,
Thou'rt bleaching in the chilly Northern blast,
Pale as the shirts o'er which thy fingers stray'd.

Nymphs of the tomb! attend the fun'ral throng,
Plant (mangold) mangle wurtzel near where she is laid,
And scatter snow-drops as ye pass along,
Fit emblems of the whiteness of her trade.

THE EPITAPH.

Let no bombastic verse be carv'd in stone,
No high-flown eulogy, no flatt'ring trope.
Be then the plain inscription—this alone—
"She never yet was badly off for soap."

SIMPLICITY OF REPUBLICAN MANNERS.—The Baltimore Sun tells a story, in regard to President Buchanan, which illustrates the simplicity and frankness of our republican manners. In no other nation could the incident have occurred. It seems that the President, on his return from Bedford Springs, stopped at the Relay House, between Washington and Baltimore, and being dusty and hot, passed into the bar-room, with the rest of the passengers by the train. Here he threw off his coat and his white neck-cloth, carelessly pitching them over a chair, opened his shirt collar, and tucked up his sleeves for a wash, conveniences for this purpose being in the apartment. At the time, however, both basins were occupied by two young men, neither of whom seemed to be aware that the President was present. He waited patiently for some time, when some one spoke and invited him up stairs. He declined, however, quietly remarking that he would "wait for his turn." And as soon as the basins were vacated he "took his turn" in a good wash in the public bar-room. This done, he seemed rather perplexed about the arrangement of his neck-cloth, and seemed likely to tie his nose and mouth up in it. Somebody, however, just then offered assistance, and the President was briefly equipped. But, meantime, a person, who had come into the room, exclaimed aloud, "Look here, I thought the old Pres. was to be here to-day—" The speech was cut short by a nudge, while a momentary comical expression passed across the face of that same "old Pres!" A cigar was handed to him by a friend; he took a drink of ice-water, and had barely fired up the cigar, when the bell rung, and "all aboard" summoned the Chief Magistrate of the United States to his seat in the cars, and away they went to Washington. The Baltimore Sun adds: "We took our admiration of this scene of republican simplicity quietly with us into the cars for Baltimore, and mused with some complacency over the sterling honor of being an American citizen."

THE LECTURE SEASON.—We are glad to hear that Park Benjamin, Esq., the wittiest of American lecturers, has prepared several new lectures for the approaching winter. His "Hard Times," which we had the pleasure of listening to, last year, was the best thing of its kind we ever heard. It is rumored that he is the author of "The Finishing School," in Harper's Magazine for September: a satirical poem that is making almost as much noise as "Nothing to Wear" did. If he is not the author, he might easily have been; for in these racy hits at society he has no superior.

INEXPERIENCED WRITERS.—We must again decline receiving manuscripts from inexperienced writers. We still receive, almost daily, crude tales, sketches, &c., which we are requested to read, correct, and publish. This description of articles, we need not say, we do not want. Our subscribers would not thank us, if we published the articles in the shape we receive them; and we have not the time (for time with us, at least, is money) to rewrite them.

AN EDITOR MARRIED.—One of that unhappy fraternity, the bachelor editors of the United States, has lately married a pretty Tennessee girl; and talks as follows of his bliss. "A pair of sweet lips, a pressure or two of delicate hands, and a pink waist ribbon, will do as much to unhinge a man as three fevers, the measles, a large-sized whooping-cough, a pair of lock-jaws, several hydrophobias, and the doctor's bill."

HOW TO GET A GOOD WIFE.—Subscribe to "Peterson," and send it to the most amiable girl you know. After that exhibition of good taste, she will say "Yea," the very first time she is asked. Try it, if you doubt us.

THE LAUNCH.—We give, as an extra plate, this month, a mirth-moving engraving under this title. Isn't it capital?

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of Rachel. By Madame de B.—1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The world is always curious about great men and great women. Rachel, the famous French actress, without being morally great, was intellectually so; and hence the desire of so many persons, in both hemispheres, to have a memoir of her. That memoir has now appeared. It is, on the whole, discreet and interesting, and as impartial, perhaps, as could be expected. We cannot deny that it is a readable book. But we are not the admirers of Rachel's genius, much less of Rachel, the woman. Charlotte Brontë, when she saw her act in London, expressed our own feelings when we beheld her, in America, in the part of Phœdra. "She is not a woman," exclaimed the author of *Jane Eyre*, "she is a snake." A famous critic has just pronounced her to have achieved the highest possibilities of a false school of art. More than this, or less than what Miss Brontë wrote, cannot be said of Rachel.

Squier's Central America. By E. J. Squier. With numerous original Maps and illustrations. A new and enlarged edition. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This work not only made its reputation long ago, but has been in such demand, that a new and improved edition has been called for, and now lies before us. The increasing interest felt in Central America is doubtless the chief cause of this popularity. Mr. Squier, having been Charge d' Affaires to the Republics of Central America, had unusual facilities for acquiring correct information respecting them; and in this volume has collected and digested all that is known regarding their biography, topography, climate, population, resources, productions, &c., &c. The volume is handsomely printed.

Dr. Thorne. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is one of the most readable novels which has appeared for many months. Mary Thorne, the heroine, is a charming creature, and we do not wonder that Frank loved her so devotedly. The characters of Dr. Thorne, Sir Roger Scatcherd, Lady Arabella, the Squire, and Lady Jane de Courcy, are admirably discriminated. The election scenes are particularly well done. Mr. Trollope is a comparatively young writer, and will yet achieve a leading reputation, if this novel is to be considered a fair specimen of his powers.

Tales of the Crusaders. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—These two volumes, the thirty-seventh and thirty-eighth of the "Household Edition of Scott's Novels," contain the tales of "The Betrothed," "The Talisman," and "The Highland Widow." This beautiful edition of Scott is now rapidly drawing to a close. No person of taste can consider his or her library complete, unless it has this "Household Edition;" and we advise such, therefore, to lose no time in purchasing the volumes. Considering its elegance, the edition is remarkably cheap.

Two Millions. By the author of "Nothing to Wear." 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—We hear that this poem has had a great success, and can easily believe it, for everybody expected to find a better thing than even "Nothing to Wear." But everybody has been disappointed. "Two Millions" is neither as racy, nor as original as its predecessor, and though not without good passages, will scarcely add to the reputation of Mr. Butler. The volume, however, is very prettily got up.

The Coopers; or, Getting Under Way. By Alice B. Haven. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The merit of Mrs. Haven as a writer, better known to the public as Mrs. J. C. Neal, has become a household word. In this charming volume, she has worked out a pretty little story, full of excellent advice to young people on the subject of marriage. There is always a raciness in what Mrs. Haven writes.

Sermons, Preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton. By the late Rev. F. W. Robertson. Third Series. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—On a former occasion, we noticed the preceding series of these sermons, and we can now only add, that this is not inferior to its predecessors. By a large and influential denomination, this volume will be welcomed as a most powerful and intelligent exposition of its sentiments; while impartial Christians of all sects will recognize on every page the sincerity, earnestness, ability, learning, and piety of its author.

On the Authorized Version of the New Testament, in connection with some recent proposals for its revision. By R. C. Trench, D. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Redfield.—Whatever Dr. Trench writes will be read, and pondered on, by all thoughtful men. His advice on the best means of revising our English translation of the Bible contains as much sound sense and knowledge, as we have ever met with on the subject, especially within the limits of so small a compass.

Memoirs of Joseph Curtis, a Model Man. By Miss Sedgwick. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Whatever Miss Sedgwick's pen attempts is worthy of the theme. Whatever her genius touches is so far forth beautiful. The author of "Hope Leslie," in this little volume, has rendered interesting, what, if told by another, would have seemed very common-place.

King Richard the Third. By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another of that fascinating series, "Abbott's Illustrated Histories," than which we find no books more popular with young people.

ORIGINAL PUDDING RECEIPTS.

Quince Pudding.—Pare—very thin—six quinces, cut them into quarters, and put them into a pan with a little water and lemon peel; cover them close, and stew them gently until they become tender. Then rub them through a sieve, and afterward mix in some sugar, and a little cinnamon, or ginger. Beat up four eggs with a pint of cream, or new milk—and stir it well into the quinces till they are of a good thickness. Lay a puff paste in a dish, pour your mixture into it, bake it three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven, and serve it warm.

Cocoa-Nut Pudding.—The ingredients are:—Half a pound and two ounces of sugar—the same quantity of butter beaten to a cream—the whites of ten eggs, beaten to a froth—half a pound and two ounces of grated cocoa-nut, one wineglassful of wine, and the same quantity of brandy, and of rose-water. Put the ingredients together, keeping them moderately warm whilst beating them. Bake the puddings in an oven. This recipe is sufficient for three puddings.

Lemon Pudding.—The ingredients are:—One pound of butter, and one pound of sugar—beat to a cream; ten eggs—beat very light; the rind of one lemon—thoroughly grated; the juice of one lemon; one wineglassful of wine, one of brandy, and one of rose-water. Beat the ingredients well together, and bake the puddings in puff paste, in a quick oven, for half an hour. This quantity of material is sufficient for four puddings.

Almond Pudding.—Ingredients:—One pound of butter; one pound of sugar; half a quarter of a pound of blanched almonds—pounded fine; one glassful of brandy; one glassful of wine; one glassful of rose-water, and five eggs—well beaten. Add half the rose-water to the almonds whilst bruising them. Bake the pudding in a quick oven.

Cocoa-Nut Pudding.—To one cocoa-nut—grated—take six eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, one wineglassful of wine, and some nutmeg. Bake in a fine puff paste.

Baked Bread Pudding.—Half a pound of stale bread crumbs, one pint and a half of boiling milk—poured over six eggs, beat light, and added when the milk cools—a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, one nutmeg, and three-quarters of a pound of currants. Melt the butter in the milk—beat the eggs and sugar together—and butter the dish in which the pudding is to be baked.

Indian Pudding.—The ingredients are:—One pint of molasses, six eggs, one quart of milk, half a pound of suet, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and six cupfuls of Indian meal. Warm the milk and molasses together; beat up, and add in the eggs; mix the suet with the meal, and pour in the milk. Slice in a few apples. Bake in a pan.

Custard Pudding.—Soak some bread in one quart of good milk, then add eight eggs—well beaten—some raisins and cinnamon; pour the whole into a dish, putting in as much sweetening as you like; butter a few slices of bread, lay them on the top, and bake the pudding in an oven or stove.

Boiled Pudding.—Soak some stale bread in a quart of good milk—add six eggs, well beaten—a little salt, and as much flour as you think will make it thick enough. Put it into a bag and boil it an hour. Raisins may be added if you like them. Serve it with whatever sauce you prefer.

Baked Rice Pudding.—Boil the rice until it becomes perfectly soft; then add to it half a pound of butter, the same quantity of sugar, one nutmeg, and as much wine and nutmeg as you prefer. Beat in also four eggs. Bake in a dish.

Sweet Potato Pudding.—(A sufficient quantity for four puddings.) Take three good sized potatoes, one quarter of a pound of butter, one pint of milk, three eggs, one lemon, and sugar to your taste. Bake in a good crust.

Lemon Pudding.—(To be baked in a fine crust.) Three ounces of butter, the same quantity of sugar, one lemon, one wineglassful of rose-water, and four eggs.

ORIGINAL USEFUL RECEIPTS.

To Dye Wool Scarlet.—Take one gallon of water to one pound of yarn—also one ounce of cochineal, two ounces of cream of tartar, and two ounces and a quarter of solution of tin. When the water comes to a boil, put in the cream of tartar, then the cochineal; when dissolved, add the solution of tin, and then the yarn, stirring it all the time. Let it boil fifteen minutes, air it once or twice, and then rinse it well in soft water.

To Make Indelible Ink.—Put six cents worth of lunar caustic into a bottle, and to it the eighth of a gill of vinegar; let it stand in the sun from ten to fifteen hours. In another bottle put two cents worth of pearlsh, add one cent's worth of gum arabic, and about a gill of rain water. The first preparation is the ink; the second is the preparation to be first placed on the linen. After marking, expose to the sun's rays.

To Destroy Flies.—To one pint of milk add a quarter of a pound of raw sugar, and two ounces of ground pepper; simmer them together eight or ten minutes, and place it about in shallow dishes. The flies attack it greedily, and are soon suffocated. By this method kitchens, &c., may be kept clear of flies all summer, without the danger attending poison.

Starch Polish.—Take one ounce of spermaceti, and one ounce of white wax; melt, and run it into a thin cake on a plate. A piece the size of a quarter dollar, added to a quart of prepared starch, gives a beautiful lustre to the clothes, and prevents the iron from sticking.

Blueing for Clothes.—(Better and cheaper than indigo.) Take one ounce of soft Prussian blue, powder it, and put it in a bottle with one quart of clear rain water, and add one quarter ounce of oxalic acid. A teaspoonful is sufficient for a large washing.

To Clean Black Silk Gloves, &c.—Black silk gloves, kid boots, and shoes may be cleaned by adding to three parts of whites of eggs one part of ink. Mix well together, then damp a sponge with it, and rub it over the articles to be cleaned.

Cologne Water.—The ingredients are:—One half ounce oil garden lavender; sixty drops each of oil bergamot, and essence of musk; two drops oil cinnamon; eight drops attar roses; and one and a half pints of alcohol.

To take Grease out of Cloth.—Make a mixture composed of an ounce of liquid ammonia, and four ounces of alcohol, to which must be added an equal quantity of water. There is no better preparation than this.

To Clean Black Silk.—Take an old kid glove, and boil it in a pint of water for an hour. Then let it cool, and when cold, add a little more water, and sponge the silk with the liquid.

Eye Water.—Take of sulphate of zinc, ten grains, sugar of lead, twenty grains, and rose-water, one pint. Dissolve each separately, and then mix; turn off the clear water for use.

Cement.—Melt together half a pound of rosin, two tablespoonfuls of white lead, four tablespoonfuls of tallow, and a piece of bees-wax the size of a hen's egg.

Cement.—(Good.)—Half a pound of rosin, one-quarter of a pound of red ochre, two ounces of plaster of Paris, and one sixteenth of a pint of linseed oil.

Poison for Bugs.—The ingredients are:—Corrosive sublimate and sal-ammoniac, half an ounce of each; and one pint of whiskey.

To Extract Indelible Ink.—Rub the stain with a little sal-ammoniac, moistened with water.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TOILET.

Scented Wash Ball.—Take of the best white soap, shaved into slices, $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; of Florentine orris, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz.; of calamus aromaticus, the same; of elder flowers, of cloves, and dried rose leaves, each, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; coriander seeds, lavender, and bay leaves, each, a drachm; with three drachms of storax. Reduce the whole to a fine powder, which knead into a paste with the soap, adding a few grains of murr or ambergris. When you make this paste into wash balls soften it with a little oil of almonds to render the composition more lenient; this soap has excellent cleansing and cosmetic properties.

To Remove Stains from the Hands.—Ink-stains, dye-stains, &c., can be immediately removed by dipping the finger in water, (warm water is best,) and then rubbing on the stain a small portion of oxalic acid powder and cream of tartar, mixed together in equal quantities, and kept in a box. When the stain disappears, wash the hands with fine soap or almond cream. A small box of this stain-powder should be kept always in the washstand drawer, unless there are small children in the family, in which case it should be put out of their reach, as it is a poison if swallowed.

A Cheap Pomatum.—Take a quarter of a pound of fresh lard, and about half an ounce of white wax, and twopennyworth of rose hair oil, mix well together; this makes a good, cheap pomatum, and will not injure the hair. Instead of the rose hair oil you may use a small quantity of any liquid scent you please.

Irritation of the Skin.—Solution of Magnesia one fluid ounce, to be taken twice or thrice a day, combined with a little ginger or bitter aromatic tonics. This distressing sensation does not arise from the black dye of the dress as Olga supposes, but from acidity of the stomach.

A Capital Pomade.—Dissolve thoroughly over a slow fire two ounces of white wax and half an ounce of palm oil, with a flask of the best olive oil. Stir it till nearly cold; then add one ounce of castor oil and about three pennyworth of bergamot or any other perfume you please.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR DESSERT.

Calf's-foot Jelly.—To one set of feet take two quarts of water. Boil them well, let the liquor stand until it becomes cool, then carefully skim off all the fat. Take about one pound and a half of sugar, some cinnamon, a little mace, one large lemon, (or three lemons,) the whites of three eggs, and the shells, and half a pint of wine; (or one pint of wine.) Mix these ingredients with the cold liquor, then put it over the fire, let it come to a boil, and then strain it through a flannel jelly-bag.

Lemon Custard.—Beat the yolks of eight eggs until they become as white as milk, and then add to them a pint of boiling water, and the grated rinds of two lemons; sweeten to your taste, and stir the mixture over the fire until it seems to be thick enough for use, and then add in a large wineglassful of rich wine, and half the quantity of brandy; give the whole a scald, and pour it into cups. To be served cold.

Floating Island.—Beat the whites of two eggs so light that a spoon will stand in it, and by degrees beat in two tablespoonfuls of some favorite jam, two tablespoonfuls of currant jelly, and five tablespoonfuls of loaf sugar. Drop the float upon the surface of a quart of milk poured into a deep glass or china dish. The milk must be sweetened, and flavored with a small portion of wine.

Cherry Toast.—Stone and stew what you consider a suitable quantity of cherries, adding as much sugar as you prefer, and also some sticks of cinnamon. Toast some small, thin slices of bread; put a layer of it on the bottom of a dish, then a layer of cherries, and so on until the dish is filled. The juice should be flavored with a small portion of wine. Serve this dish cold.

Pumpkin Custard.—Mix with one quart of stewed pumpkins, six eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, half a pint of wine, some nutmeg, and as much sugar as you prefer.

Jelly Custard.—To a cupful of the jelly you most prefer, add one egg—well beaten—and three teaspoonfuls of cream. After mixing the ingredients thoroughly together, bake in a fine puff crust.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

DUMB PROVERBS.—A player thinks of a proverb, and then without speaking tries to make it understood by actions. But it is best before commencing the game to appoint a President, so that if the proverb is not guessed, he can ask any question in reference to it, if he thinks it is not sufficiently intelligible. We give some examples:—

The player leaves the room, and then rushes in and around the room in great fear and trembling, constantly looking behind, as if expecting that some one was chasing him. The one who first guesses "Fugitives fear, though they be not pursued," must take his (or her) turn, and give another one—we will suppose "Some are very busy, and yet do nothing." This can be done by going about lifting and moving different articles and putting them down again in the same place, doing it swiftly, and as though they thought they were very industrious and had so very much to do.

Another proverb that could be acted in this way, is, "They who give willingly, love to give quickly." The player can pick up any of the small articles about the room, and present one to each of the company, and by motions beg of them to accept them, doing so with a cheerful and quick manner. "Two of a trade seldom agree," is another proverb, and requires two performers who leave the room and decide what trade they will represent, and then entering again, they work very pleasantly together, acting as though they were very friendly, when in a few moments a change comes over them, and they end as if they were disputing, and are quite angry with each other.

ART RECREATIONS.

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ECONOMY IN DRESS.

FEMALE UNDER CLOTHES.—The cost of these is not near so great as many suppose. A lady can procure, if she makes them herself, for little more than ten dollars, the following:

Six good plain chemises.	
Ditto pairs of drawers.	
Ditto petticoats.	
Ditto night-dresses.	

Get two pieces of long cloth. The pieces run from 40½ to 41½ yards; and, if properly cut, scarcely a thread need be wasted. The eighty-three yards will make

	Yards.
Six chemises, 1¼ long, 2¼ in each, - -	15
Six pairs of drawers, 1¼ long, 2¼ in each, - -	13½
Six petticoats, 1¼ long, 4 widths, 5 in each, -	30
Six night-dresses, 13 by 16 long, 4 widths, leaving 13 inches for sleeves, - - - -	24
	82½

These should all be cut out at the same time, as the slopings from the drawers will cut the bands, and bands for petticoats, shoulder-straps, collars, wristbands, gussets, etc., for night-dresses. The sleeves of chemises ought to be cut from the piece taken off the top; the small gores joined on at the bottom from the piece cut out each side. When the set is completed, mark them neatly.

Number each article, and wear them in rotation. It is advisable to get two other pieces of long cloth and com-



LES MODES PARISIENNES

mence a second half dozen, as soon as convenient; by wearing them in turn, the dozen will last four or even five years. If ladies wish for trimming, the best for night-dresses is unveined insertion and scallop edging. A neat crochet edge is pretty for the chemise, and less expensive; the quantity required for chemise is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard; insertion for collar, wrist, and front of night-dress, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard; of scallop work, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

The less trimming there is on under-linen the more lady-like it appears. A nicely vandyked long cloth collar, gauntlet cuff, and piece down the front to correspond, is both simple and elegant, and does not get destroyed in the wash.

To young ladies of limited means who say they have not time to do their own plain sewing without interfering with other duties, we would say, rise an hour earlier for the purpose, and always have some at hand to take up any spare minute that may occur during the day. Try this plan for one week; you will be surprised at the quantity of work done even in those odd minutes. With a sewing machine, vastly more, of course, can be done, in less time.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS OF PLAID SILK.—Skirt plain. Corsage high, with a very long point in front. Sleeves plaited low down on the arm, and very wide at the lower part. The corsage and sleeves are trimmed with medallions of brown silk, surrounded by narrow black lace quilled. Bonnet of white silk with pink flowers.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF GREY PLAID SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with several rows of velvet, put on in a diamond pattern, with a black floss tassel in each diamond. Corsage high, with a basque cut short, with five points, two in front, one on each hip, and one behind. These points are finished with tassels. Large, wide sleeves, ornamented to correspond with the corsage and skirt.

FIG. III.—WALKING DRESS OF GREY SILK CHENE WITH PINK ROSES.—Mantelet of black silk, with two deep flounces pinked at the edges. Bonnet of tartan plaid velvet, trimmed with a band and bow of black velvet ribbon.

FIG. IV.—DINNER DRESS OF APPLE GREEN CHENE SILK.—The skirt is double; corsage high and round, and finished at the waist with a mesh. The sleeve is made wide, and slit on the inside of the arm; there is also a wide "jockey cap" at the top.

FIG. V.—WHITE SATIN BONNET from Wildes, 251 Broadway, New York. Composed of white satin, white moss silk, and blonde. The front is of satin, the edge bordered with a narrow fold of the moss silk. The crown is of silk, and laid on with sufficient fullness to form a ruffle, which extends entirely round the crown, forming a double curtain: the edge is finished with a superb fall of blonde, headed by a piping of white satin. The right side is adorned with a graceful ostrich plume, tipped with marabout. The inside of the brim is edged with scarlet velvet, over which is laid a full cap of blonde, interspersed with green velvet leaves. On the left side is a bow and ends of scarlet velvet ribbon, edged with black lace. Broad white strings striped with satin.

FIG. VI.—HEAD-DRRESS, also from Wildes. The band over the head forms two scallops, and is composed of a network of scarlet chenille, interspersed with jet beads. On the left side, and extending down the back, is a full rosette, formed of ruffles of tulle, and intermingled with gold and scarlet velvet. Pendent from the rosette, descends a long streamer of tulle, decorated by narrow bands of scarlet velvet, edged with blonde, and laid on in a slanting direction. The right side is formed of a single bow and ends of rich chene plaid ribbon, and clusters of marabout feathers, mingled with gold grapes: a single loop of the ribbon extends down the back, and terminates in a long streamer to correspond with the tulle.

FIG. VII.—RAPHAEL CAPS, made of rows of lace and black

velvet on a blonde netting. Two ruffles of wide lace finish the cape at the bottom, and it is tied in front with a narrow black velvet ribbon.

FIG. VIII.—BREAKFAST CAP, composed of French muslin and Valenciennes insertion. The front and cape are finished with rich blue ribbon, ornamented on each side with frills of Valenciennes lace.

FIG. IX.—DINNER CAP, trimmed alternately with a row of white gulpure gathered, and a pink ribbon also gathered. There is a bow on the top of the head, and a second behind.

FIG. X.—HEAD-DRESS FOR EVENING, composed, behind, of a Spanish net, with small tassels on each knot; in front a bandeau of platted ribbon of the same color as the net. At the side a tuft of small roses with ribbons.

FIG. XI.—HOOD-CAP, to wear with a morning dress. It is made of a deep blonde turning all round; the front row is thrown back on the other to form a barbe, and it is trimmed about the crown with a small ribbon ruche, which comes forward to meet the ornaments of the front. On the top a handsome bunch of ribbons. A double bow of ribbon joins the two barbes under the chin.

FIG. XII.—COLLAR OF FRENCH EMBROIDERY, with wide pink ribbon bow and ends, edged with black lace.

FIG. XIII.—HEAD-DRESS OF BLACK LACE, ornamented on one side with a large pink rose with leaves.

FIG. XIV.—BALL HEAD-DRESS, composed of a net of white pearls, with a rich white ostrich feather on the left side. Loops of pearls commence half way up on the right side, and continue around the back of the head-dress.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The autumn chintzes, cashmeres, and de laines are of the very richest colors, and generally in large figures. Many of the silks also are very gay. There are many double skirts, some single ones with one very deep flounce, some with two flounces, and very many with three or more. In fact flounces are usually so graceful that it will be a long while before they are wholly dispensed with. A favorite trimming for the double skirts of silk dresses consists of a gouffering or plaiting of ribbon. This trimming may be placed on both skirts, or on the upper one only. The ribbon employed for the purpose may be either figured or plain, but a chequered pattern is extremely effective. Bias bands, set on flat, are also a favorite trimming. They may be of the same material as the dress, or of some color amalgamating with it. It is scarcely necessary to mention that the trimming of the corsage should correspond with that on the skirt.

Sometimes the upper skirt is made to descend in rounded points at each side, and straight in front and at the back. This style is perfectly new. When both skirts are trimmed, the trimming on the lower skirt should be quite at the edge. The bodies of silk, or even of more simple materials, intended for full evening costume, frequently have corsages rounded in front of the waist; others have corsages pointed both in front and at the back—a style which has the recommendation of giving increased slenderness to the waist. The caprices of Fashion are infinite, and the fickle goddess seems at the present time to be more than ever determined to adopt as her motto the word "Variety." Consequently, on occasions not demanding full evening costume, we see some ladies with corsages high to the throat; others with corsages half high in the style known as the "Infant waist," with the fulginess gathered to a point in front of the waist. Many corsages are shaped square at the neck *a la* Raphael. It is only by reviving what is old that we can get at any thing new; and therefore it is that the *elegantes* of the present generation have adopted the fashions of their grandmothers.

SLEEVES are in every variety. For winter very wide sleeves, closed at the wrist with a large pointed cuff, and a wide, pointed jockey cap, will be much in favor.

LACE is worn in profusion. It is employed for the flounces

of wedding dresses, and for those intended for full evening costume. Lace dresses have again become fashionable. Both black and white are equally in favor. Lace trimmings for mantelets are beginning to recover the vogue they once enjoyed, and mantelets of black or white lace are extremely fashionable. Almost every article of embroidery is now richly trimmed with lace.

COLLARS intended for morning and negligé costume are frequently formed of a flat plaiting of muslin, having a broad hem at the edge, and a colored ribbon run within it. Under-sleeves, suitable for the same style of dress, have two puffings at the upper part, with small bows of ribbon fixed on the lower puffing; and the whole finished by a broad frill of muslin, with ribbon run in the edge. Muslin sleeves, close at the wrists, have cuffs formed of a puffing, within which is run a lilac or green ribbon.

BONNETS, as we noticed in our last number, are gradually assuming more of the Marie Stuart shape. The last novelty is the combination of black with colored ribbon in trimming bonnets. This caprice—for it is a *fantasie* rather than a fashion—is gaining favor in Paris. The black sarcenet ribbon employed for this style of trimming is by no means so effective as black velvet; and though the innovation is not in the best taste, yet Fashion has accepted it, and consequently it has been readily adopted by her votaries. Black and pink, black and gold-color, and black and currant-color, are the favorite combinations. In the form of bonnets there is no very marked change, but those of the very newest style manifest a slight tendency to enlargement. The trimmings exhibit the most fanciful variety. Some of the bonnets, however, which have just issued from the rooms of the most fashionable Parisian milliners are distinguished by comparative simplicity. One bonnet is of Belgian straw. Round the crown are disposed ears of maize and wheat, the latter made of black velvet. Two narrow rows of lace, the one black and the other white, edge the front. The crown, which is without stiffening, is made of white tulle, spotted with black. The strings are of broad sarcenet ribbon, of a bright shade of Prussian blue; and the under-trimming consists of bows of blue and straw-colored ribbon.

The large hat that a *la mousquetaire*, which has been so much worn of late at the French Court, has been replaced since the journey to Fontainebleau by the simple gipsy hat, tied down by a gauze scarf, which fastens it beneath the chin. The Empress is said to have named this hat an "Olivia," from the "Vicar of Wakefield," and has worn it with great success in her rambles about the park and gardens of St. Cloud. The ladies of the Imperial Court have followed her example, and the *mousquetaire* is, consequently, quite exploded.

MANTELETS continue to be made very large, with pointed hoods. Tassels are much used in trimming them.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—(See wood cut.)—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY OF BROWN POPLIN, striped with black, and ornamented down the front with buttons and cord.

FIG. II.—(See wood cut.)—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF SILK, plaided in blue and grey. Side-trimmings of blue and grey silk. Cloak of blue and white striped cashmere. White bonnet trimmed with blue ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—A dress intended for a girl about the age of ten, consists of lilac-colored silk, figured with very narrow horizontal stripes in the same tint. This dress is made with two skirts. Both are bordered with a narrow plaiting of ribbon in a lively chequered pattern of green, rose, blue, and white. On the upper skirt there are side-trimmings formed of quillings of the same ribbon. The corsage is plain and low, and with it is worn a chemisette of cambric. The chemisette is nearly high to the throat, and, at the upper edge, is fastened on a band surmounted by a row of Valenciennes. A berthe, formed of folds of silk, finished at the lower part with a quilling of ribbon, ornaments the corsage. This berthe is pointed behind, and has long ends crossed in front, then passed under the arms, and linked one in the other at the back of the waist. The sleeves, which descend mid-way down the arm, are slit up their whole length in the inner part, and are edged round with narrow quillings of chequered ribbon. The under-sleeves consist of full puffs of muslin. To complete the costume, a stripe of narrow black velvet, with long pendent ends, is worn round the throat. It is fastened by a black enamel clasp. A bow of black velvet, with flowing ends, fixes the hair at the back of the head.

Another dress for a smaller girl is made of light blue silk, and trimmed with four flounces, each edged with a row of narrow black velvet. Up each side of the dress there are trimmings formed of bows and ends of velvet, placed one above another at the head of each flounce. The corsage is full, shaped square in front, and edged round with a row of velvet. A chemisette of tulle is added. The sleeves are formed of one puff, and two frills trimmed with black velvet.

An out-door dress, prepared for a little girl, is composed of pink silk. With it will be worn a basquine of black silk, trimmed with plaitings of ribbon, and a bonnet of white silk with a soft crown. The edge of the bonnet and the curtain are ornamented with a quilling, and in the inside there is a wreath of pink daisies.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.—If we were to publish all the notices we receive, we should fill three or four pages: but for this we have no room. We have already received hundreds of notices of the September number, similar to the following, from the *Jeffersonian* (N. Y.) Democrat. "Peterson's Magazine, for September, has come to hand ahead of all competitors. The excellence and variety of the articles in this Magazine are much superior to many which appear in some of the Three Dollar publications. Considering its high literary merits it is the *cheapest* Magazine published in this country." Such of our readers, as see only "Peterson," will learn from this how superior, for its price, this Magazine is to all others.

NEVER TOO LATE.—It is never too late in the year to subscribe for "Peterson," for we can always supply back numbers, to January inclusive, if they are desired.

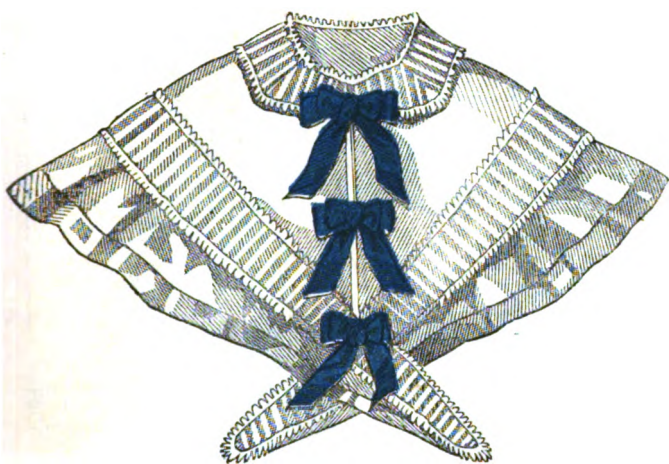
HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the names of your post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Pennsylvania, New York or New England bills preferred. If the sum is large, buy a draft, if possible, on Philadelphia or New York, deducting the exchange.

"PETERSON" AND "HARPER."—For \$3.50 we will send a copy of "Peterson" and "Harper's Magazine," for one year. But where part of a remittance is intended for another publisher, we do not take the risk of that part.

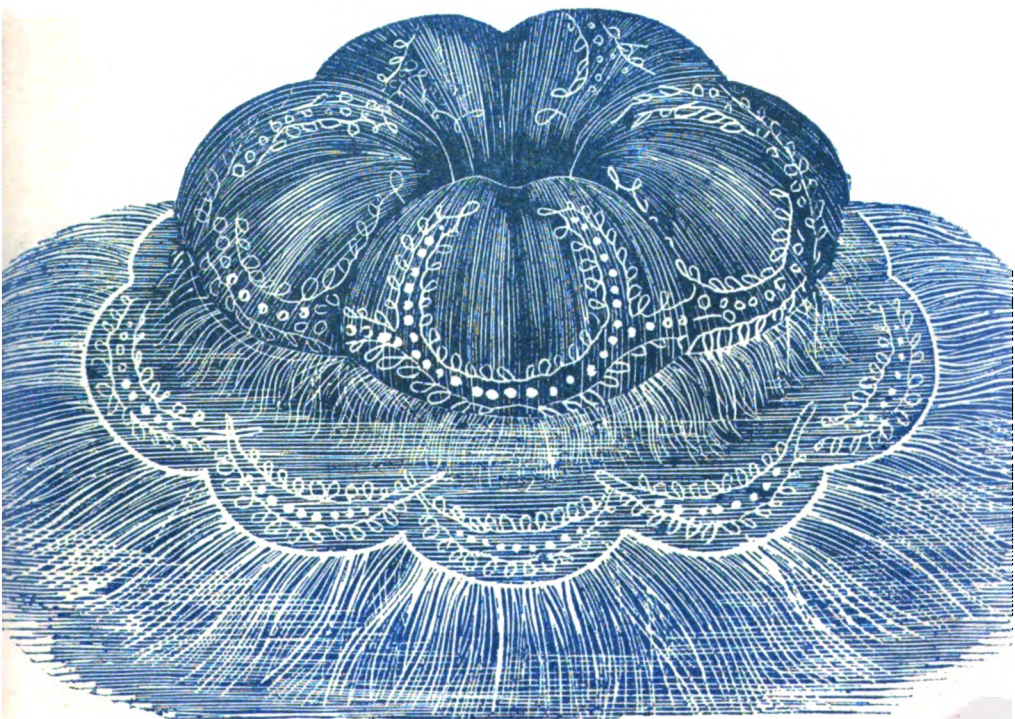
POSTAGE ON "PETERSON."—This, when pre-paid quarterly, at the office of delivery, is one and a half cents a number, per month, or four cents and a half for the three months: if not pre-paid it is double this.



HEAD-DRESSES.



CAPE AND SLEEVE.



PEARL PINCUSHION.



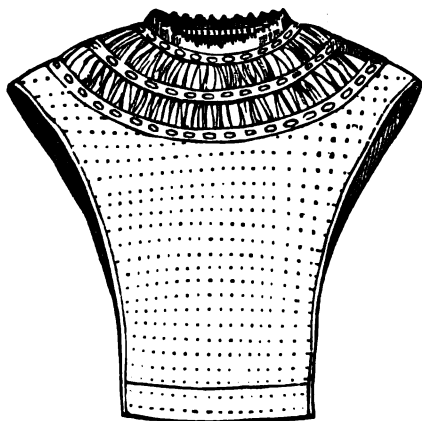
"BEG, SIR."



PARDESSUS FOR LITTLE BOY.



CHILD'S SACQUE.



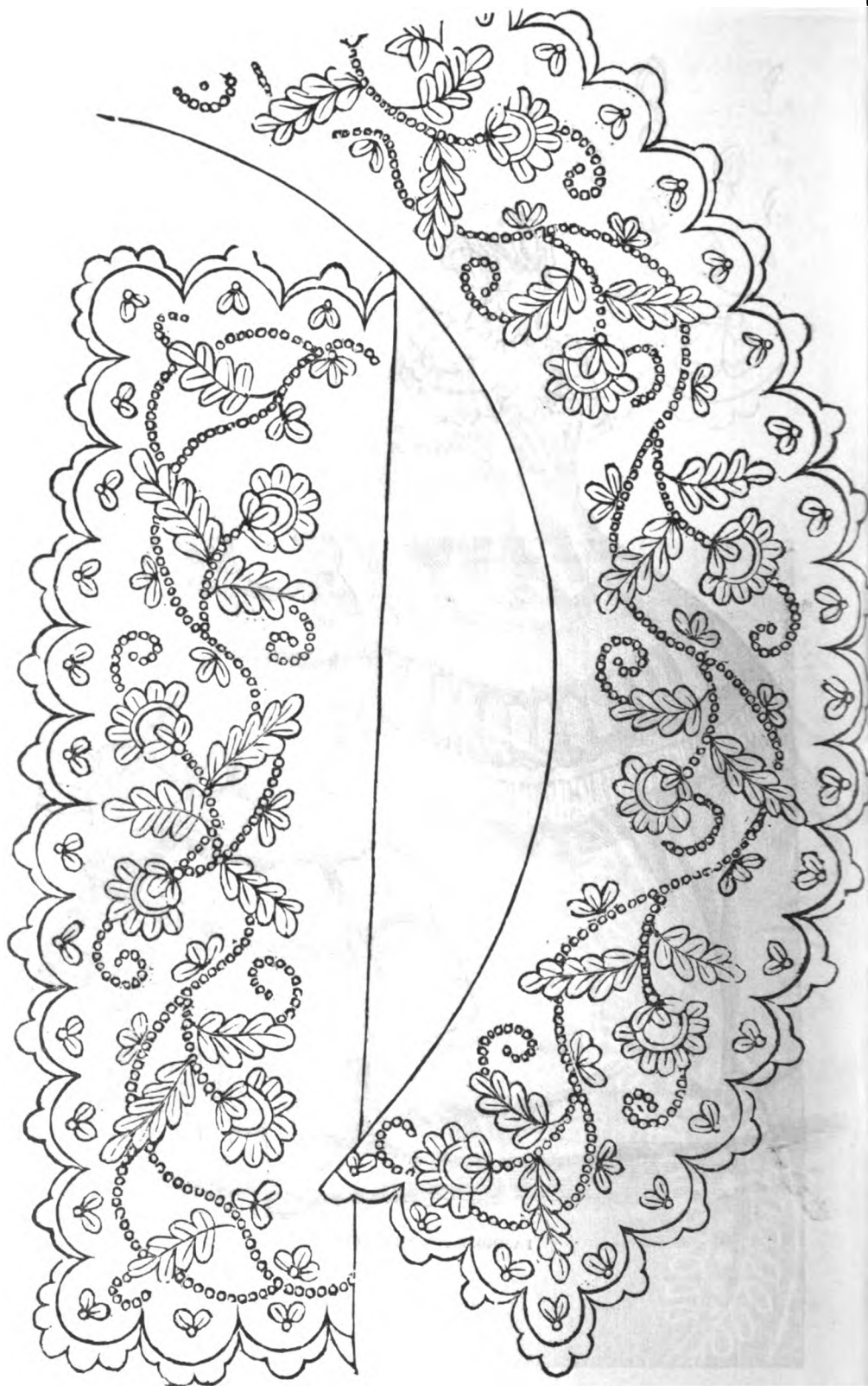
CHEMISETTE AND SLEEVE.



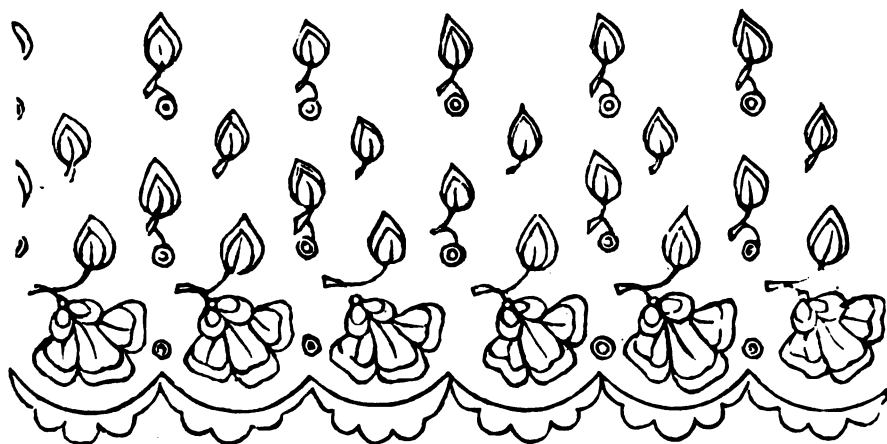
MORNING ROBE.



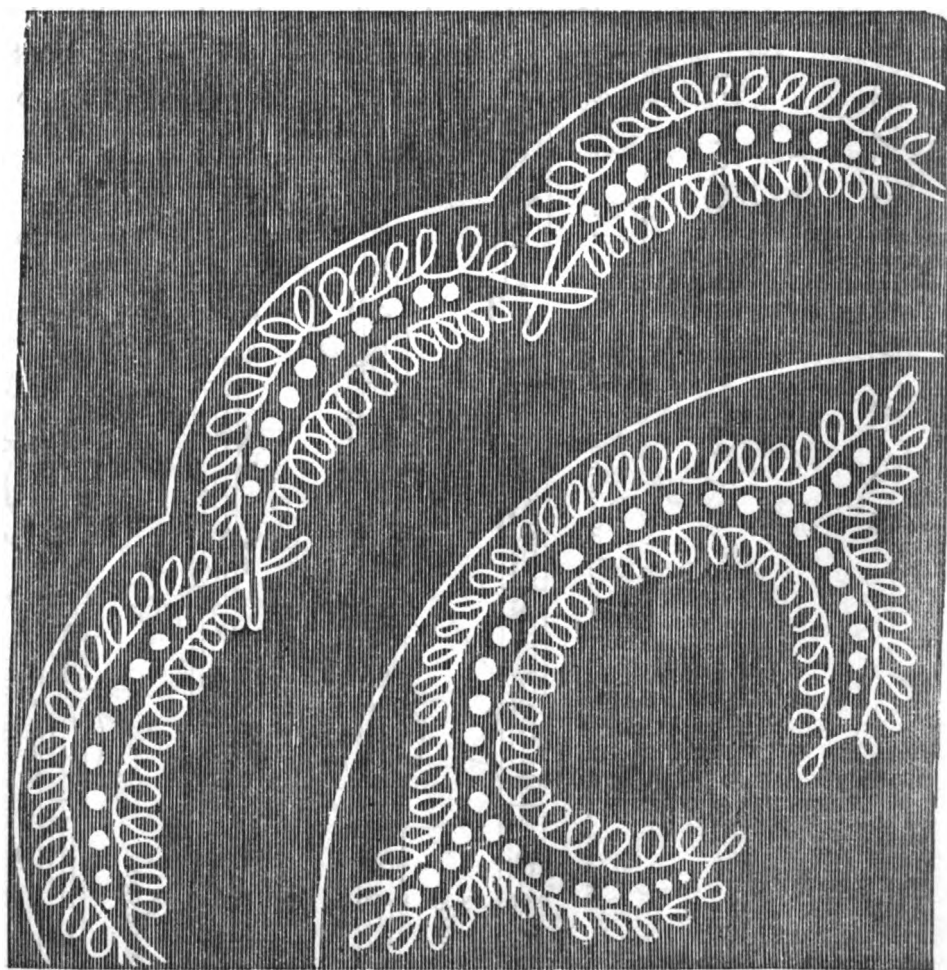
FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.



COLLAR AND CUFF.



BOTTOM OF SKIRT



PATTERN OF PEARL PINCUSHION.

GRAND MARCH.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and includes a piano accompaniment. The notation is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into four systems, each with a staff for the vocal parts and a grand staff for the piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second system is marked 'PRIMO.' and the third system is marked 'ff'. The fourth system is marked 'Grandioso.' and features a large, ornate initial 'G' for the piano part. The vocal parts are written in a style typical of 19th-century magazine music, with many notes beamed together in groups of four or six. The piano accompaniment consists of a simple, rhythmic melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

Soprano. Alto. Tenor. Bass.

PRIMO.

ff

Grandioso.

Measures 87-90 of a musical score. The score is written for four staves. The first staff (treble clef) contains a melody with a dynamic marking *p* at measure 88. The second staff (treble clef) contains a melody. The third staff (treble clef) contains a melody. The fourth staff (bass clef) contains a melody. The measures are numbered 87, 88, 89, and 90.

Measures 91-94 of a musical score. The score is written for four staves. The first staff (treble clef) contains a melody. The second staff (treble clef) contains a melody. The third staff (treble clef) contains a melody. The fourth staff (bass clef) contains a melody. The measures are numbered 91, 92, 93, and 94. A dynamic marking *D.C.* is present at the beginning of measure 92.



BONNETS FOR NOVEMBER.



THE CABLE CLOAK.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1858.

No. 5.

BOUND TO ELOPE.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"This is a dreadful matter-of-fact world," said pretty Lola Grahame, as she looked up into her cousin Lizzie's face, "all the romance has departed. Don't you think so, coz?"

"Well, I never gave the subject much consideration," said her cousin; "but I thought I heard you yesterday saying that Anna Grant's marriage was very romantic."

"No, no, not her marriage, that was very stupid and matter-of-fact; it was her meeting with George that was romantic. She fell overboard in one of the boating excursions at Payneville last summer, and George, who had just come, and had never seen her, sprang from the bank and rescued her. To be sure, she was only wet and frightened, and the water was shallow, but still the incident was delightfully romantic. I wanted her to elope, but she wouldn't, and they were married in the old hum-drum style. If ever I marry I am determined to elope. The present style of courting, proposing, and wedding, is just as flat as dish-water, I want a little spice of romance in my matrimonial schemes."

Now, reader, do not think that my little friend Lola was an empty-headed, romantic simpleton. Far from it! She was very pretty, very fascinating, and very intelligent, highly accomplished, and in most things very sensible; but unfortunately Miss Lola had got her pretty head full of sentimental poetry, and highly romantic novels; and had taken quite a dislike to matter-of-fact incidents. As her father was wealthy, and her mother hospitable, Lola, of course, did not lack admirers. Among these there was one that cared nothing for Lola's money, but loved her with a deep, earnest love for her own bright self. He was handsome, talented, well connected, and wealthy, and in every way a suitable match for the coquettish beauty. But Lola treated him with the utmost indifference. Did he bring her flowers? She tossed them aside, while he was

present, with an air of profound contempt, and yet, if he could have peeped into Lola's most cherished books, he would have found, that, between the leaves, were pressed many of these same flowers. Did he ask her to dance? She was invariably engaged, and yet her eyes would jealously follow all his movements if he took another partner. If he wanted her to sing, she was always hoarse, yet, if she heard him mention any air as a favorite, Lola invariably purchased and studied it. In short, disguise or deny it as she would, Lola was in love with Atherton Lascelles.

"Lola," said cousin Lizzie to her, as they sat sewing together, "don't you think you are treating Mr. Lascelles shamefully?"

"Shamefully, Lizzie? Shamefully? Why, I positively accepted an offer to ride with him, this very afternoon."

"Yes, I know that, but you flirt with him outrageously. Are you going to marry him, Lola?"

Lola shook down a shower of golden curls to hide her burning face.

"He never asked me, Lizzie."

"But he will. He loves you, Lola. He told me so, and—and, Lola, he thinks you—you—perhaps that is, you will not refuse him."

"Does he? He will find out his mistake."

"Why, Lola, surely you do not intend to refuse him?"

"But I do!"

"Why? He is everything desirable. Your father will be delighted with the match!"

"There now, you have just hit the very reason. He would ask papa, and then ask me, and there would be nothing romantic about it; no opposition; a real stupid wedding; a trip to Niagara, and then just settle down like all the rest of the world. Bah! the very idea is tiresome! No! I am determined when I do marry, I will elope!"

One week later, Lizzie and Atherton parted at the parlor door with these words,

"You are sure," said Atherton, "that this is Lola's only objection?"

"Sure."

"Well, I am glad it is no worse. Good-bye." And leaving her with a warm shake of the hand, Atherton took his way to Mr. Grahame's private counting-room. He was closeted with Mr. Grahame for a long time, and then came out with a beaming face and light step. The same evening found him alone with Lola in the parlor. He was very silent, apparently very sad, while Lola was remarkably cheerful and chatty.

"Positively, Mr. Lascolles, you are very tiresome," said Lola, "you are as silent as if you were dumb. Have you anything on your conscience?"

"Lola," said he, looking up into her laughing eyes. "Lola, I love you."

"Really. Well, so you have said before. If you have nothing more original to say, you had better relapse into silence."

"Yes, but, Lola," said he, with a lugubrious sigh, "I have loved you long, but I never felt how dear you are to me so forcibly as I do to-night. Before I have loved with hope, now, now that I must lose you——"

"Lose me? I—I mean—that is——"

"Yes, Lola, to-night we must part. Your father forbids our thinking of each other."

"My father!" cried the astonished girl, "why I thought—he said—I—I——"

"Then you have spoken of it?" and there was a joyful thrill in Atherton's voice, "oh! Lola, may I hope you love me?"

"I—I like you."

"Is that all? Alas! your father was right. He said that you were too young to love, and that I was too poor to marry."

"Poor?"

"Yes, did you not know that the Sing-a-poor stock had gone down to nothing, and that all my property was invested in it? Did you not know that I was penniless? And yet I dare to love you. Alas! in vain!" and Atherton's head went down on the arm of the sofa, in an attitude of deep despair.

Lola stood still, looking at him. For a moment romance was forgotten; and true woman's nature was strong in her young heart. Poor and despairing! Ah! now she knew that she loved him. Unconfessed before, even to herself, there stood the strong love in her heart, defying her to tear it out.

"Atherton!"

The voice was low, very low, and the lips close to his ear.

"Atherton. Look up!"

A low groan was the answer.

"Atherton!" And a little, soft hand lay among his masses of curls, and there was almost a sob in the sweet voice,

"Atherton! Look up; for I," oh! how low the voice sank, "I love you!"

Dear me, how the relative position of the parties changed! Atherton, erect, manly, holding her close to his heart, while his whole face glowed with love and pride; and Lola, timid and shrinking, her face hidden on his breast, and clinging close to him.

"Say that again, Lola!"

But Lola, thinking one such sugar plum was enough, raised her head suddenly with a look of laughing defiance, and would have run away, but he held her fast. Then they talked long together. Atherton declared Mr. Grahame to be resolute in forbidding their union, and before these lovers parted, they had planned an elopement.

A few days later, Lola shut herself up in her room one morning, declaring that a severe headache would prevent her joining the family. She refused all medicine, and all attendance, pleading only for quiet; and at last her mother and cousin Lizzie left her alone. After they had gone, Lola employed her time very peculiarly for an invalid. She packed all her jewels and money in the smallest possible compass, and then put some clothes into her traveling-bag. She laid out her traveling dress upon the bed, and arranged a new brown ribbon on her traveling bonnet.

Early in the evening, Lizzie and her mother came to bid her an affectionate good night; and then she was left alone again. Instead of retiring, she dressed herself in the aforesaid traveling suit, and taking the bag, sat down by the window. The evening passed slowly, and just before midnight, there came a low tap upon her window. Looking down into the yard beneath, she saw Atherton, armed with some tiny stones, which he was throwing against the glass. She threw up the sash, a ladder was placed against the sill, and in a few minutes Lola stood beside her lover. A carriage was waiting at the gate, and they drove away. In a little time they stopped before the door of the Rev. Mr. J——, where that gentleman, who was waiting for them, performed the marriage service in a very sleepy manner, and the happy pair drove to the Girard House, to wait for the earliest train for New York.

One little week had passed, and we find our bride in a sung parlor at the International Hotel, at Niagara Falls.

Lola looked weary. Atherton was away, and if the truth must be told, Lola was a little ashamed of her escapade. She remembered her mother's tender care for her, and her father's kind indulgence all her life, and she knew that she had made them but a poor return for their love. While she was thus musing, Atherton came in.

"Lola," said he, "I have just had a telegraph from home; I have bad news for you, my poor darling."

"Father! mother," cried she, springing to meet him.

"Your mother is sick, very sick, dearest, I fear. We should go home immediately."

"Oh! Atherton, can I go home, I have been so ungrateful and naughty? Oh! mother, mother!"

"Why, dearest, if the truth must be told——"

"Father may refuse to let me see her. I did not leave them any word where I was; perhaps it is fretting for me that made mother sick," and the poor, little beauty threw herself sobbing into her husband's arms.

"Why, Lola, I—don't cry so, darling; they are not angry. They knew all about it."

"All about what?"

"Our elopement. Forgive my having deceived you, little wifey; but you were so determined not to marry with your father's consent, that I told several very dreadful fibs to get you to confess that you loved me."

"Why, haven't you lost all your money?"

"Not a cent!"

"And did papa know I was going to run away?"

"Yes," and here a glow of honest pride came into Atherton's face. "I am not a man," he said, "to steal my wife. No, I loved you, but had your father really refused me, I would have crushed out my love——"

"Would you?" said Lola, archly.

"At least I would have concealed it. But come, darling, if we hurry, we can catch the next train."

"And I can go to mamma? Oh, I am so glad. Oh! Atherton, I have felt dreadfully guilty this week; but now I am happy."

"And you forgive my deception?"

"Yes, for it proved your love. That you could feign to do an act from which your noble soul revolted, when you found that I was——"

"Bound to elope," said Atherton, finishing the sentence.

The repentant Lola found her mother getting better, and received a warm welcome home, which she humbly acknowledged she did not deserve. Since then, whenever she has a very willful fit, her husband can always make her submissive, by alluding to her memorable elopement.

S O R R O W .

BY ANNE L. MUZZEY.

Sorrow will come! Our Father has not given
His children power to stay the tempest's wrath!
We cannot chain the thunderbolts of Heaven,
Nor turn the light'ning from its chosen path!

The raging floods must burst their gates asunder,
They will not heed our puny "Peace, be still,"
The mad, mad heart must break in passion's thunder,
Ere it can bow submissive to God's will!

Sorrow must come! In vain we weep, we falter,
We pray for some strong refuge from our woe,
Does Heaven heed? Can human pleadings alter
The purposes of God? Ah, no! ah, no!

Is He not wise? Shall we, the weak, and sinning
Presume to question Him, our mighty Friend?
Who knoweth all things, from the far beginning,
And seeth onward, even to the end!

We lack in faith. We sink down broken-hearted
Where'er the shadow of a cloud flits by;
We think the day time of our life departed,
If God but lays His hand upon our sky!

Why not believe? Why not repose securely
In Him who sends the sunshine and the flood?
What right have we to murmur, knowing surely
That all things work together for our good?

Sorrow may come! A thousand cares be pressing
Their sword-points to our bosoms! Shall we fall?
Shall we despair like cowards? No! God's blessing
Is ever with the brave! Bear up through all!

There are some hours in life, of wildest anguish,
When Hope goes down, like a strong ship at sea,
When the sweet flowers of feeling droop and languish;
And the well-springs of gladness cease to be.

There are some things of dark and fearful seeming,
Whose hidden meaning none on earth can tell;
But never mind! It may be we are dreaming,
Yet we shall wake in Heaven! So all is well!

Stand up and face the blast! The true soul never
Bewails its destiny! God knoweth best!
And He will moor us on His grand Forever,
And gather us into His fold of rest!

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

BY MRHITABLE HOLYOKE.

NEW YORK, April 17th.

DEAR FATHER—Now I am happy, safe in this glorious city, and at home for once in "marble halls." Most kindly received by my cousin, dazzled, bewildered by everything about me—what more could heart desire?

Don't think me wild, pa; but you should see this house, the broad, paved entrance-hall, the frescoed walls, the gilded cornices, the hangings of satin and lace, the general air of magnificence; then think of your simple Nell walking beneath the massive chandeliers, lounging on velvet sofas, gilding above and softest tapestry below, and a fresh, glad heart to enjoy it all. It was so kind of you dears at home to let me come. I thought, as the cars whirled on, how mother would miss me about the house; and how many bushels of wheat dear father must plant, reap, bind, load, draw, thrash and sell, to pay the expense of my journey. It was so kind of you.

I hardly realize yet that I am here; a rapid glance into the various rooms as I passed, a few minutes inside of the parlor, an hour by the basement window, this is all I have seen of the busy world as yet.

But our relatives? I hear you asking. With uncle you are probably acquainted: he looks much older, much more careworn, much less happy, and while making the enumeration I may say, less good, than his country brother. Aunt is a kind soul, but somewhat distracted with household cares, and over-anxious regarding appearances. She dresses like old Mrs. Skewton. I never saw on one mortal form such a bale of furbelows. Cousin Leonora is very stylish. She has such pretty alabaster arms, all manacled with bracelets; such a clear, white complexion; such a pensive smile in her eyes. They must be shocked with my ruddy cheeks, and ringless fingers, and open speech. It seems, here, dreadfully foolish to be so unsophisticated; but I'm an apt student.

Good-bye, my best parents. Think at the morning work and evening prayer, of your
NELLY.

LEW, April 17th.

DEAR HELEN—The news of your safe arrival made us glad; but the remainder of your letter
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made us sober, and yet we only desire, child, that you should be happy, and enjoy whatever may fall in your path. You are dazzled now by splendors, and young hearts will not believe old heads; so we must leave you to find out how much pinchbeck passes with city gold; and how well gilded wood and frescoed plaster indicate the shallowness of city splendors.

I have nothing new to relate, we look to you for news, and are well content that what has always been should always be with us, peaceful work and grateful rest—what better can God give his children?

Your mother is well, and sends her love, and promises to write, a promise she will hardly keep. You know it puts her in such a tremor merely to sign a bill that she must have the door locked first, and our heads turned another way. But the good soul has no less wisdom than one by one she drops her accomplishments, and no less love for you, Nelly, that the message, instead of through her hand, comes through that of your loving father,
MAURICE WELLS.

NEW YORK, April 21st.

DEAR PA—What a nice letter you sent me, and how eagerly I read every word, and then how proudly I read it all aloud, to show that refinement and wisdom can exist in the farmhouse as well as in marble halls.

We have had a rainy week. New York is dismal, dirty, hateful in a rain. It is strange it never occurred to me before that cloudy skies could overshadow palaces as well as huts. I may as well own that I'm homesick. These splendors, people and all, are only made for sunny weather I find. We sit all day in the basement—cellar, we should say at home—beggars lagging by, looking up at the house, then looking in at us, and envying our state, an envy which seems to me the very height and depth of folly. Aunt sits in her wrapper, and talks about servants, and style, and economy, till one grows tired of the words. Leonora, in curl-papers and faded finery, prattles of dress and lovers, and yawns, and wonders which way the wind has changed, and if ever it will be fair. I try to read; but the books are all in such elegant bindings that aunt watches me in a fever of

apprehension lest a leaf should be loosened or soiled.

Don't laugh, dear pa, at my sudden change of mood; you have been young, and must know what real trials in passing, are these disappointments, which may appear trivial enough to calm old age.

You are seated about a blazing fire to-night, thinking of me, longing for me as I long for you. Why cannot I follow these loving thoughts, and take my own dear seat in my dear home, where peace, and plenty, and union, and blessedness abound? Oh, for wings, the wings of a dove, and farewell to marble halls!

Your own NELLY.

LEE, April 23rd.

MY DEAR CHILD—Do not think me stern if I confess that your sad letter made me rejoice. These dis-illusions must come, Nelly, all through life, and the sooner, the surer and better. You are, as you say, an apt scholar: study this hollow world then, while you may. Learn to detect the shame, that you may recognize the realities; for there are glorious virtues and gentle graces in halls as well as in huts.

Nothing to do because it rains! Do all the human hearts in that huge city stop beating because it rains? The wild whirl of life goes on, splendor and poverty, peace and woe. If the gilded books are too fine to read, cannot you find some truth in those "beggars that lag past the basement window?" are not their faces books which society and God "joined hands" to write?

But I don't wish to lecture you, Nelly; be happy, my child, in your own bright way, and we will think of you—yes, at our morning work and evening prayer, and ask that the heavenly blessing may follow ours.

Your loving PARENTS.

NEW YORK, April 25th.

A thousand thanks for your suggestion, father dear. I have, indeed, found deeper than printed books, in the beggars that pass our window every day.

But, like a good physician, you wish, before nearing me prattle, to feel my pulse. Better, thank you—well. Home-sickness gone, heart-sickness comforted. How?

Oh, by a letter I had, from a certain old farmhouse among the hills; by the strong reminder 't brought of my blessed treasures there; of the truth, and wisdom, and content, the something solid in this hollow ball, which the world learned not a day ago.

Yes, and my books! Aunt had told for the

ninth time, a story in six volumes, about a malicious cook, who stole her best silk gown, and seven silver spoons; and Leonore had gaped for the ninetieth time, and sighed, and looked at her rings, and sighed again, when the post-boy appeared with a letter.

No matter what the letter contained, I said, "Cousin, what strange extremes of condition there are in city life!" "Oh, yes, to be sure, fearful," and she gaped, "only this morning, Belle was telling me, that almost within the shadow of our house, there are people sadly poor. "But," I said, "do you never visit them?" "I? oh, no. I don't know what to say to such creatures. And then, coz, it's so expensive living in our style, we are forced to economise as well as they—we have nothing to give " "And you have not even seen the inside of their houses? Let us go now and gratify our curiosity."

She sprang to her feet, "Good! anything to be rid of this *ennui*. Lead, Nelly, and I'm at your service." Up stairs we flew, dressed, found umbrellas, went gaily down the long flight of wet, marble steps; what wings it gives me to have never so poor a purpose!

Then was my discontent rebuked. Ah, father, how narrow a circle we make for ourselves in life! how calmly we walk on, leaving God's children to perish, because, forsooth, we do not think of them, and expecting, nevertheless, a welcome in His home on high.

We passed a few great houses like our own, entered a narrow court, went down some broken steps of brick, and found ourselves in the home of the widow and fatherless. It was no scene of abject poverty such as newspapers often describe; all was neat and orderly, and the sadder for that. One low basement was kitchen, bed-room, store-room, parlor and chapel, to these uncomplaining souls. Its walls were covered with a motley array of household and cooking utensils, clothes and work.

"And this is not all the room," said a girl of fourteen, who sewed diligently as she talked with us, "there's a place for mother, now she's sick," and she pointed toward a door which we had not observed in the dusky afternoon.

Mother, with what an air of trust and security the poor child spoke that word! God help her, for she will not speak it long! In a closet, barely large enough to contain her bed, unlighted and unventilated, lay this woman, her athletic frame wasted to a skeleton, groaning, and coughing, and tossing in the last stage of consumption, now praying to linger with her little ones, now longing to be gone. At night four children

occupy the same bed with the invalid in that fetid apartment: thus doubly exposed once by infection, once by inheritance, to the same disease, the same lot! The older children sleep in the outer room on a pallet with their grandmother, a woman of seventy.

I thought no more of my discontent. I could only think—all the splendor in our home kept repeating the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not unto me!"

But *apropos* to splendors, pa, I will tell you a secret! My cousin Leonora is in love, half engaged—you'd never guess to whom; to a count, a live count—think of it! Aunt is so pleased that the ancient honors of our family may be revived! You know she and ma both descended from William the Conqueror. Uncle has a dining-room all frescoed in imitation of solid oak, and with furniture stained in the same style. I hoped we should occupy this in the rainy weather, it would so lead my fancy back to the ancient baronial halls, and the prowess and state of my ancestors! But alas! it's a company dining-room; so in the basement still, in the gathering dusk, I must end my long letter with endless, endless love from

HELEN.

LEE, April 27th.

MY DEAR, BRIGHT CHILD—Your letters amuse us, here at the old farm house. We read them over and over again at evening, for it's lonely without you, Nelly, and yet do not hasten home, it is only at times we are lonely. John Anderson and his old wife are seldom at a loss for conversation. No matter if our talk turn sometimes on a silly bird that has flown away from her nest!

I write hastily, to say that you may expect a rustic beau ere long, even in Gotham. You have not forgotten William Elmer? Ah, Nell, I wish you remembered him as faithfully as he you; he's a man of "prowess" and "honors," such as do not need the advertisement of outside pomps and vanities. Mark this, child: do not meddle with Leonora's count; he is some discarded valet, or worse perhaps. We laughed, mother and I, at your vision of old baronial halls. Don't forget, dear, that you are not only descended from William the Conqueror, but from plain Maurice the farmer, who is still your loving

PARENT.

P. S.—Write more concerning your neighbors. You will surely visit the poor woman again? Give her the money I enclose, spend it for her.

M. W.

New York, April 29th.

Oh, pa, I've seen the count! and never was anything half so droll as our interview. Let's

see! I must begin at the beginning—you remember I wrote last on a rainy day, after a rainy week. Leonora and I had been out in the streets, came back half drenched. The dinner-bell was ringing as we reached home, and Nora slipped on my wrapper which mother lined so nicely with silk: poor girl, amidst all her finery she has not one loose, comfortable gown. After dinner we sat in the gloomy old basement, a forlorn light straggling in from the gas-burners out in the street. Aunt said it seemed like moonlight—I thought it must be moonlight, then, in the Dismal Swamp. So we had the old topics of saving, and money, and dress, and beaux, when Leonora started to her feet, clasped her hands wildly, and gave a little scream, "The count, the count—I'm sure it's his footstep—and now he'll think we are out!"

"Gracious Providence!" groaned aunt, "and not even the hall burners lighted!" so she grasped a newspaper, and all the way up stairs was twisting it to its utmost length; uncle ran after with matches, Nora with more; and I behind to witness the fun.

You should have seen us! Uncle and I frantically scratching matches that wouldn't light; and aunt without her spectacles—with her long twist of newspaper all aflame, groping after the burner; filling the hall with gas in her vain attempt. At last it was lighted, flared up half to the ceiling, and reminded us all of our *dishabille*—I am much taller than Nora, and my long dress swept behind her like a train as she flitted across the hall.

The next I knew I stood alone at the parlor door, and mildred, the count, was bowing to me while all the others had fled. I received him quietly enough—his presence did not crush me as I anticipated—I did not think of my dress, which was somewhat plain—I only thought of keeping the count amused till Leonora should appear.

Yes, I talked with a live count! He is not handsome nor ugly; he has a pale, thin face, and such nice English whiskers—not the stiff, odious sort that—well! that do well enough for one of your age, pa—but just a soft fringe at the sides of his face, so graceful, so becoming!

Presently uncle appeared, then aunt; but no Leonora. I did not feel proud of my relatives—one was so narrow in his range of topics, so small in his ideas—the other so over-dressed and under-bred. Strange, I thought, that two sisters marrying two brothers—all the wisdom should range itself on one side, all the wealth on the other! Still no Leonora! Aunt came so late herself, that she did not know but her

daughter had left in search of some book or picture—for Nora talks learnedly to the count—and still she did not come.

Do you know, pa, I really think his highness fell half in love with the rustic cousin—he looked down into her face so earnestly at parting—said so cordially, “Yes, he would come again!” Lingered so at the door; are you frightened?

Poor Nora, in her flurry, mistook for a stairway door one which leads only into a closet: and from this trap she could not escape without being seen by her noble admirer—so passed the evening in full sight and hearing of much that passed in the parlor. Was it not tantalizing?

Poor child! I pity her; for she has some refinement, and uncle is too vulgar. He sent for some wretched sour wine to regale the count, and because the little boy who serves for page in this establishment, spilt a few drops on the carpet, uncle positively boxed his ears before us all; and began to fret about the price he paid for his tapestries—and aunt chimed in with the old strain of servants’ extravagance. I wondered what the count thought!

William Elmer called on that same evening: how much he has improved by his year at the West! I will own that I dreaded his coming, these country swains appear so rustic in town; but I was truly proud of Will, he conversed with such good sense, such elegance. I was vexed though, that he looked amused when uncle boxed the boy’s ears. The count was only shocked.

It is late at night, I am tired; the farm house doors are shut, you are all asleep: heaven’s angels watch over you. So prayeth HELEN.

HELEN’S JOURNAL.

Dear book, how frequently I wrote in your pages at home, our quiet home. I lived there. This is not life, this mere existence on the surface.

A count has been here—a French count—has taken my hand—looked in my face. Well, what of that?

Nothing. The count may go his ways.

William Elmer has been here too: my old schoolmate and friend. No, not my friend now, he no longer cares for me, except—

Why need these dear parents choose a husband for me? Is it my fault if he loved once?—if he left home on my account—if—

• How Elmer has improved! How manly he seemed to-night, what clear eyes he has—beside the muddy orbs of that count! How I keep thinking of Will’s eyes, recalling every glance—I don’t quite see what right he had to send such earnest glances.

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Oh, Helen, sleep, sleep, and forget these vanities!

And Helen did sleep, and forgot the vanities, and dreamed—of William Elmer.

On the morrow she stood by the bed of the dying woman, gently ministering unto her needs; and suddenly one stood beside her, and clear eyes were looking into hers again—and they both went forth together.

“Were not those exquisite flowers? We do not have such in the country, Mr. Elmer!”

“We have hearts that can find such, and give them in delicate charity.”

“Do not overpraise me. Count Lafarge sent the bouquet—the sight of it vexed my cousin, and I brought it away from her presence.”

“That count—”

“Takes all our hearts, he is so magnificent, so interesting. Don’t you admire him, Will?”

“Will!” She had not called him by that name for years, “Will!” He looked in her eyes, and somehow afterward she could not forget the glance. “No,” he answered, abstractedly, “forgive me, Miss Helen, but I think your count a villain—I think your cousin had better be vexed for an hour than wretched for years. If this Lafarge is a count, then I am—”

“Then you are William the Conqueror,” laughed Helen, carelessly.

Those clear, calm eyes met hers again; and she did not forget the glance. “It is very foolish,” she thought, “in Will, a mere country clerk, to be casting such glances; besides—he no longer cares for me. It is very foolish!” and yet she remembered them.

LEE, May 1st.

DEAR HELEN—We can spare you from home no longer, your mother is lonely. At some future time you may visit the city again, but now we are anxious to have you beneath our own roof once more.

Have you seen enough of hollow splendor? We will find you some city friends, who, fine as their outward surroundings may be, lead finer lives; whose outward splendor seems but a natural radiance from their true and noble selves.

I do not like your count, with his interesting face and his soft fringes. Nelly, Nelly, we have not been unkind to you: can you doubt and forsake us now in our old age?

Dear child, come home to your

FATHER AND MOTHER.

NEW YORK, April 8rd.

Yes, pa, I am coming home; and oh, with such a glad heart! Dear, blessed home!—but

what if I own that your letter came too late, that my mind was made up already, my going only delayed by—

I mustn't anticipate. We have had a nice little family tempest to finish up the stormy week. They have fallen upon me with suspicions, accusations, threats, till I am truly bewildered: what do you think? They say I have stolen the heart of Leonora's lover, crushed all the family hopes, blighted their lives, broken their hearts, and I know not what besides. Yes, I am coming home—believe it!

And not alone. Now, pa, don't call me fickle! Don't drop your knitting work, mother. Cannot you trust me, dears, as I trust you? He is so noble, so—

I'm a wicked girl to tease you: my companion is not any ogre of a count, but plain William Elmer—who does not care for me now—and is, therefore, a much more agreeable companion than of old.

Two days more, only two! and the door will fly open, and you'll find yourselves all smothered in kisses from

HELEN.

Two weeks had passed. Helen was standing by the farm house door, in the moonlight.

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Elmer, going so soon—so soon?"

"Yes—what then? It matters little where we abide, if we can but do our work in the world!"

"Yet you sigh. Are you really going?"

"Yes," and a deeper than moonlight flashed from his clear eyes—"if we cannot be happy, we can at least be useful, be true, good! I am sick of this buying and selling; I will fit myself in the divinity school for better work; so good-bye, Helen!"

"Wait!"

He waited an hour, and because of that hour Helen waited years; and now they are standing again at the farm house door, in the moonlight, and again they talk of "going," for Helen was married yesterday, and her husband's parish lies six miles beyond the hill-side farm.

What are they saying in the moonlight?

"Dear Will, you must preach economy: the parish have been extravagant, good souls! in building us such a parsonage."

"Too fine is it, after your dreams of baronial halls?"

"By-the-way, did I tell you the famous Count Lafarge was in States' Prison for larceny?"

"I can believe that; but poor Leonora!"

"The count never returned to her; and she has concluded at length to reward the constancy of an aged millionaire."

"You speak too coldly of such iniquity, dear!"

"It is of such frequent recurrence, that is all! I often feel guilty at the way, in my thoughtlessness, I used to ridicule the habits, while enjoying the hospitality of my uncle's family."

"And to think that you should come home, Nell, to find 'WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR!'"

WE AND OURS.

BY ANGIE HARTLAND.

Two only ones, two petted ones, yet cheerless ones were we Long, long ago—but now we've learned how happy life can be!

We've learned to love, we've learned to trust, our mutual hopes are one, And ever turns each heart to each, as dial to the sun.

We have two precious mothers—the loving, kind and true—And in our daily path they walk, and watchful keep in view

Our daily good, our holiest good—and in their hours of prayer

We know our names are ever first: God bless them for their care!

We have two sainted fathers, enthroned in bliss above, Who trained our steps through childish years in tenderness and love,

They bade us follow, as they went, their Heavenward, homeward way—

They watch our path—they love us still: God help us to obey!

We have a precious infant, a first born, darling son, And round him are our hearts entwined, as round an only one!

And ever when we kneel in prayer, we thank our God in Heaven, That to our name and to our hearts this little gem was given!

But we have laid him far away—his tender form doth rest Not in his father's yearning arms, nor in his mother's breast. Our Father gave us hopes and cares, and woman's promised lot, But when we thought to clasp our babe, we asked—and he was not!

His shrouded form was all we found—cold, breathless at our side—

For e'er he looked on earth's sad scene the little one had died!

God, in His mercy took him Home—while unto us was given Sweet, blessed thoughts of a dear child, awaiting us in Heaven.

CHARLOTTE.

BY IDA BOLTON.

THE curtain of the Mannheim theatre had slowly fallen on the last scene of Cabal and Love. And now from every part of the vast and brilliantly-lighted playhouse rose a rapture of applause, such as those old walls had never re-echoed before! There was a momentary hush when the favorite actor, Iffland, leading the Louise of the play, answered the call of the delighted and enthusiastic audience; but as he and the beautiful girl, having bent in grateful acknowledgment, were about to disappear, the excitement and eager plaudits of the people again burst forth, and voices were everywhere heard demanding the name of the author!

Iffland spoke not, but turning with a slight, yet significant gesture, he pointed to a private box near the stage, where a slender youth with flashing eyes and golden-brown hair swept back from a brow on which genius shone like a star, stood alone, his arms folded on his breast, and his lips wearing the smile of a child under the enchantment of some fairy dream.

"Schiller! *Es lebe* Friedrich Schiller!"

The cry originated with a group of students in the grey uniform of the Duke Karl's Academy at Stuttgart; they had recognized, in the solitary occupant of the private box, their old comrade, Friedrich Schiller, and with a joyous impulse they shouted his name aloud. In an instant a thousand voices had taken up the refrain,

"*Es lebe—es lebe*—long live Friedrich Schiller!"

In one of the court boxes, overlooking that of the young poet, sat the Lady of Lengefeld, with her two fair daughters, Caroline and Charlotte. The mother and elder daughter were magnificently arrayed, wearing their hair elaborately arranged and powdered according to the fashion of the time, but the girlish Charlotte was attired with all the simplicity of a maiden whose footsteps had not yet crossed the threshold of the gay world. Her robe of pale azure, of soft yet unpretending texture, fell in airy folds about her graceful form, but the delicate throat and rounded arms shone with no other ornament than their own fairness. Her complexion was exquisitely pure and clear, and her hair, very dark and fine, was gathered in a rich knot at the back of her beautiful head, thus fully un-

veiling the sweet lines of brow, cheek, and the clear-cut profile. Her eyes were dark and tender—they were shining now with the light of soul—a poetic soul kindled into new and radiant life by the eloquent thoughts to which she had just listened. Bending forward, with a quick, impulsive movement, she swept aside the crimson hangings, in whose shade—seeing yet unseen—she had sat during the play, and looked for the first time on the youthful poet. At that moment his eye, uplifted, met her glance! A joyous premonition trembled through his heart—he knew that they must meet again—he beheld in that pure girl his destiny!

Forgotten now were all those weary years of exile from his dear Suabian land, where his boyish heart poured itself out in one burning prayer:

"In thine arms I cast myself, oh, German fatherland! Take him up who resigns for thee all the joys of love and home—take him up into thy great heart! And if thou canst not, if I am powerless to accomplish the great work before me, grant me, fatherland, an early death in thy service, and deign to write on my lowly tomb: He dreamed of the true, of the excellent, and we bless him for his dreams!

The weary past forgotten—a Hope, purer and sweeter and lovelier than life ever offered before, beckoned him on!

"*Nun bin ich ein Dichter!*" murmured Schiller, bending his bright head before the people, while tears thrice blessed stood in his glorious eyes.

The sun was just disappearing behind the "blue, Franconian mountains," leaving in his wake a train of rosy, golden-edged clouds, which seemed almost to color the soft, summer air with their own bright hues. Far across the valley, through which the winding Saale pursued its course of light and shadow, rose the grey towers of Lengefeld above the dark verdure of its ancient Wald. From the gothic chapel near the castle the sweet evening chimes rang out their plaintive melody, melting into the influences of the hour, and softening each heart into a tender sadness

"—That resembled sorrow only,
As the mist resembles the rain."

Many a time had Schiller wandered amid those scenes by the side of the gentle Charlotte,

to whose home he had been welcomed after his triumph in *Cabale und Liebe*, but it was on the summer eve of which we write that his love first found voice, and Schiller tasted the sweetest draught ever held to mortal lips—the consciousness of love returned!

“What then I felt—what sung—my memory hence
From that wild moment would in vain invoke;
It was the life of some discovered sense
That in the heart’s divine emotion spoke;
Long years imprisoned, and escaping thence

From every chain, the soul enchanted broke;
And found a music in its own deep core,
Its holiest, deepest deep, unguessed before.

Like melody long hushed and lost in space,
Back to its home the breathing spirit came:
I looked, and saw upon that angel face
The fair love circled with the modest shame;
I heard (and Heaven descended on the place)
Low whispered words a charmed truth proclaim—
Save in thy choral hymns, oh, spirit-shore,
Ne’er may I hear such thrilling sweetness more!”

This exquisite souvenir, in “*Die Begegnung*,”
bears the date of that summer evening.

THE STORY OF A SUMMER'S DAY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

’Twas a quiet Summer afternoon,
When over the hills trailed the robes of June;
The clover billows tossed in the breeze—
And a thousand fairies sang in the trees,
The bees were drowsy with all of sweets,
And refuge took from the fever’d heats
In the lily’s cup,
When it lifted up

Its love and light to the tender sky,
Close by the edge of the field of rye.

There was a cottage rambling and brown,
On the hillside west of the town;
Apple trees shaded the low, old door,
Flower breaths came from the green-hilled moor;
And close by the step, a deep, cool well,
Fringed with the trembling asphodel,
Slept in its freshness so pure and divine,
As to charm the *bon vivant* from his wine.

A ragged wanderer, tall and grim,
Came down the dusty road—
Looking with wistful, hungry eyes
Up to this sweet abode;

He turned, at last, from the hot sand,
And clambered up the rising land,
Until, in pain, spent, and footsore,
He stood before Dame Edith’s door.

He raised his tattered cap to catch

The cooling Western breeze,
Which whispered ’mid the lilac shrubs,
Filled with the breath of ease;

The sweat ran down his feverish cheek,
He wiped it off with gesture meek;
And leaning on his oaken staff,

He gazed out on the scene—

The purple woods, the swelling hills,
The high-heaved pastures green.

Dame Edith, from her dairy door,
Saw the poor wanderer’s strength give o’er;
She hastened out, and bade him come
To rest within her “keeping room.”
No velvet carpets met his tread,
No silken curtains soothed his head,
But boughs of fir and mountain spruce
There twined above the mantle-piece.

A sanded floor as white as snow,
Curtains of muslin, drooping low
O’er windows screened with holly-vine,
And draped rich with young woodbine
A few rude drawings here and there,

A rustic lounge, an easy-chair;
And on the rug a sleek, clean cat,
Taking in peace her noontide nap.
Dame Edith looped the curtain up,
To woo the breath of lilac cups.
She made the wanderer rest his limbs
In the chintz rocking-chair,
And brought a comb of ivory
To smooth his tangled hair—
And gave him milk, and cream—white bread,
And new cheese, rich and rare.

Fresh from the hills a gush of song,
Broke through the window-bars—
Chanting a tale of shipwrecked men,
Who died ’mid broken spars—
An ancient song of Love and Faith,
Mixed with old fancies wild;
The traveler left his nectar cup
To see the singing child.

Unknown that a stranger was within the house,
The little maid flew in—

“Oh, mother, dearest, see the flowers
I’ve brought from Gowrie Linn!”
She stopped—a bright blush broke the snow
Upon the whiteness of her brow.
“Your pardon, sir; I knew it not,
A guest was in our favored cot.”

The stranger looked; the vision bright
Which burst upon him chained his sight.
Scarce nineteen rosy-bosomed years
Had crowned her with their smiles and tears!
Hair like the sunlight on the brook,
Eyes in whose depths you scarce dared look—
Lest their pure, beaming innocence
Should deem you vile, and flee from hence.
She stood there, timid as a fawn,
Her graceful dress of snowy lawn
Falling unto her feet.

Her little hands crossed on her breast,
Her very look and smile unrest;
Her lips just parted, like the bliss
Of two red rose-buds when they kiss.

The stranger said, uncouth enough,
In truth his voice was stern and gruff—
“Sit down, my lass; a beggar man
Can place all courtesies at ban.
This good dame here has fed me well,
I scarce can tell me why
So much of kindness should be shown
To such a lout as I!”

"Dear sir," the maiden said, "we know
That God is God to all below;
He made us all from humble clay—
Why should we spurn the poor away?
The beggar's soul may be as pure,
His heart as true and good,
As young Duke Athrel's of the Birk—
That prince of gentle blood!"

"Ha!" cried the stranger—"you may say it;
From lips like thine,
The veriest treason seems divine!
Maiden, I'm lowly, you that fact can see,
Say! would you wed yourself to one like me?"

"Sir, 'tis a strange inquiry—passing strange—
But I will e'en reply—
Pd marry Love whether in hut or grange,
Cottage, or palace high!
The King might woo me with his lily hand—
The noblest man in all this favored land—
But not my hand without my heart should go;
Good, sir, pray let me pass, I will it so!"

"Stay, maiden; I had heard that in this shire
None were so fair as she who dwelleth here!—
I thought me I would like this girl to see—
I came, I saw, and lost my heart to thee!
Elva, wilt thou walk with me through this life,
And share my poverty?"

He took her hand, looking into her eyes
He read his blessed fate—
The god of Happiness came near and oped
Love's crystal-paneled gate!
Her bosom throbb'd, she blush'd, and looked adown
Her sweet face shrouded in her tresses brown.
Harold, the stranger, knew her thoughts,
His life was blest!
He took her strongly to his stalwart breast.

* * * * *
Days passed.
He went away, although Dame Edith strove
To keep him at the side of his new love;
In vain; he said his destiny decreed,
He must away,
But at the dawning of next Christl day
He'd come again to smell the new-mown hay.

* * * * *
The morn of Christl day broke o'er the earth,
Its advent welcomed by the bird's rich mirth;
Young Elva woke from sleep; a clarion horn
Sounded adown the hills of blooming thorn!
The royal trumpets blew a shrilly blast,
And down the road Duke Athrel's train spurned fast.

"Oh, mother, see the scarfs and helmets bright!
Look, mother! is it not a fair, brave sight?
See! quickly! see, they wind at the steep hill
Leading around the pond of Kellie's mill—

As I live, mother, the fine coursers wait—
Ha! ha! they dash in at our little gate!
What means it, mother?"

Ah, gentle maid, the sentence was undone;
The courtly horsemen riding one by one—
Their rich-plumed hats held in their noble hands,
Waiting Duke Athrel's pleasurable commands.
The kingliest cavalier among them all,
The prince, alike in tented field, or hall,
Sprang from his steed, and sought fair Elva's side—
"Maiden," said he, "I come to claim my bride.

"How?" Elva said; her color came and went
Like the red sunset on the hills of Brent;
"I promised am to one both good and true,
My heart is his—I may not look at you."

"But I am Duke of Athrel; gems of gold
Shall be for thee—diamonds thy bosom fold!
That brow so white, with regal beauty set,
Will well become a Duchess' coronet!"

"Go, my Lord Duke, I cannot be for thee;
I love another, humble though he be!
Not for the wealth of all the King's estate,
Would I exchange with thee my happy fate!"

The proud Duke smiled, and cast his helmet down
Upon the lilac bushes, bare and brown—
"Elva," he said, "look well upon my brow,
Tell me if thou hast seen this face ere now?"

She gazed; her soul seemed to go forth to look,
She nearer drew—one searching gaze she took—
"Great Heaven! my wandering Harold! can it be?
No, no; Duke Athrel, thou canst not be he!"

"Harold, the wanderer, and the Duke are one!
Fair Elva, by a beggar wert thou won—
Wilt thou refuse? lift up thy drooping head—
Wilt thou refuse with royalty to wed?"

His proud lips touched her radiant, rosy mouth—
His blood was fervid like his native South—
He at Love's portal drank life's richness in,
And wondered if such love could be a sin!

* * * * *
One morning in the glorious Autumn time,
The bells of Loch-Fern rang a bridal chime!
The grim cathedral oped its ponderous doors,
And gave to happy feet its sacred floors.
Blushing, fair Elva leaned on Athrel's arm,
Her step, her blush, her very look a charm.
The priest in gown and surplice blest the rite,
And asked the blessing of the God of light.

And Elva, now a Duchess, velvet-robed,
Is to her husband all he wished or sought;
She gives to all his vassals free and glad;
Her life and hope with his brave heart unsought.
Their lives two rivers joined in harmony,
To flow together to the Shoreless Sea.

HAD FATE BUT CAST.

HAD fate but cast thy lot on earth
In some low vale like mine;
I would have clung unto thy side
Like ivy to a vine:
But now, alas! our fortunes are
Too wide apart for me;
I can but cherish in my heart
Grief's bitter tears for thee.

The pangs which on my heart now prey
No human soul shall know;
No murmurings shall e'er reveal
My hopelessness of woe;
Nor shall one sigh of mine through life,
My utter misery tell,
While I can know 'twould wound the heart
Of one I love so well.

F. J.

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

BY MRS. BEULAH C. HIRST.

CHAPTER I.

MANY years ago, on a wild, desolate part of the sea-beaten coast of New Jersey, stood the humble home of George Clayton. He was young, poor and unlearned; but so handsome, industrious and honest, that when he won the heart of a noted beauty—a wealthy farmer's daughter of the mainland, people were not surprised, even though Sarah Wallace was known to be proud and ambitious.

George had been a sailor, but when a fair, young wife lighted his home with the joy of her presence, he abandoned his profession. Still retaining a fondness for the sea, he left the mainland and built a cottage on the waste, sandy beach, where the waves broke in wild, musical tumult near his door. Fish, oysters, terrapins, and game abounded in the vicinity, the capture of which afforded him ample and remunerative employment. The beach was thinly inhabited, and only by those, who, like George, drew their little incomes from the depths of the waters.

Here the fond, young husband brought his wife, anticipating joy, peace, and content in the society of the beloved one; but soon found, to his sorrow, that love had not extinguished in his wife's heart her natural pride, ambition, and vanity, the fatal plants of bitterness which no earthly power could pluck out by their roots.

Years had passed since he carried her to his ocean home, and a lovely daughter made the rude walls musical with her childish glee. But Sarah still continued fretful and capricious, driving peace and joy from the fireside in vain longings after unattainable wealth.

A wild, fearful storm was sweeping over the coast, lashing the angry sea into furious rage, dashing it with mighty force upon the unresisting land, with the sound of many thunders. On the distant mainland, Christians prayed for those "who go down to the deep in ships," and human hearts shuddered in anticipation of the fearful news the morrow might bring of danger, shipwreck and death. They gathered around warm firesides, and told sad tales of nights like this, when weary mariners, so near their haven, were caught up by treacherous winds and seas, and tossed and torn in utter helplessness; then thrown pale, cold, and lifeless on the sandy

shore. They narrated wild adventures of the hardy fishermen—the wreckers of the coast—in their earnest endeavors to save human life, and in subdued tones described the morning walk along the beach, when the winds were calm and the waves had subsided, and naught was left to tell the tale of death, save the shattered fragments of some ill-fated vessel, and the bodies lying stark and ghastly beneath the sun's bright rays, far up on the strand, where the receding waves had left them.

The last prayer in every heart that night was, "God help the mariner," as each remembered how many friends and neighbors whom they loved, were out upon the stormy ocean.

But in a home nearer the scene of danger, no prayer was rising for those in peril. The storm that raged without, and sent the voice of the angry sea far over the land, was mocked by a gust of human passion in the rebellious heart of Sarah Clayton. Some rival had outshone her in dress, and the paltry love of display had raised a mighty tumult in Sarah's heart, which, with most unwomanly speech, she vented on her unoffending husband. He listened long in silence to her reproaches and lamentations over his poverty, and then endeavored to pacify her by promising, that if hard, unremitting labor could give her the objects which she coveted, she should have them.

"But, Sarah," added he, "you know in this season of the year I cannot make money by my calling. Only wait until summer comes, and you shall have silks and gaudy trappings, though I toil without bread to give them to you."

"You always say that," retorted the angry woman; "you have promised me a dozen times that I should have them. When did you ever keep your promise? Never! Nor will you now. I might have them as well as others, only you are so precious honest: how many goods have you picked up from wrecked vessels which you might have kept, but for your foolish scruples? Margaret Green's husband is not so particular, so she and her family ride over me and mine with fine airs which crush us. Are we always to live in this way? Is Alice, with all her beauty, to grow into womanhood nothing but a poor fisherman's daughter—with her pretty face

burned by toil and exposure in the sun, and her slender figure bundled up in linsey-woolsey? Tell me. Don't sit there, with your head down groaning over the truth; but look up like a man, and answer my question! Is this to be my daughter's fate?"

"God help me! God help me! It is not my fault!" moaned the tortured man.

"Help yourself," replied the wife. "That is the way to get rich; and not by sitting there, crying and calling for help, like a whipped baby. And let me tell you, George Clayton, if you do not make money by some means, I will; for I will have it! If I was such a fool as to throw away my youth and beauty on a poor fellow who had nothing but good looks to recommend him, I have learned better since. My father told me how it would be, and you know how unwillingly he permitted our marriage, assuring me, in plain words, if I wedded a beggar, I should abide by my choice, for not a dollar of his should assist me. Love cannot feed on air, nor will it stay in a proud heart for one who brings that heart to poverty and shame. In the distant city, they tell me, my beauty would have won me a rich husband, and I am resolved my daughter shall not throw herself away as I have done. If you cannot dress us decently, and give her, as she grows up, means to equal the people on the mainland, I will take her to the city, although I walk every step of the way, and beg my bread from door to door. You know I will do what I say, and I warn you so that you may set to work as soon as possible, unless you choose to part with the wife and daughter you profess to love."

"What, Sarah, would you take my child from me because I am poor?" asked the husband, cowed by his wife's violence.

"Aye, that I would!" exclaimed she; "and do her thus a kindly deed. My Alice shall be a lady, though I die for it. She shall not live another year in this beggarly way."

"Sarah, be careful what you say. A dozen times you have urged me to the verge of madness by your ceaseless reproaches. Heaven knows, I would give you my heart's blood could I coin it into gold. I have lived, and I hoped to die, an honest man; but if you will have wealth, I suppose I must get it, honestly if I can, or, if not, why then I must even take a troubled conscience, or an unhappy home."

Just then a beautiful child appeared in the doorway of an adjoining apartment, and glancing inquiringly from one to the other, she saw George wipe away the tears which had been called up by his wife's reproaches. In a second her little bare feet pattered over the floor, and springing on his

knee, she clasped her arms around his neck, and nestled her head, with its wealth of sunny curls, beside his tear-stained and sunburned face.

"Papa, dear papa, what makes you cry? Has any one hurt my papa?" exclaimed the innocent child.

He drew her more closely to him, and mutely kissed her.

"What makes you cry?" persisted Alice; "mamma loves you, and Alice loves you. Don't cry, dear papa."

George's tears flowed afresh, and the child turned with a troubled glance to her mother.

"Mamma, why does papa cry?" asked she. "Has he been naughty, as Alice sometimes is?"

"Yes, darling; he has not loved Alice as he ought, and mamma scolded him."

"Not loved Alice!" cried the child. "Oh, papa!" and she burst into tears.

"Sarah, beware!" said George, angrily. "Poison not her young mind."

"If you love her, prove it," retorted Sarah. "Once you professed to love me, but you have given no evidence of it. Look at that pretty face! Is this hut a fit place for such beauty?"

A heavy knock at the door prevented a reply, and George answered the rude summons by opening it. He started back in surprise at beholding two strangers on the threshold.

"Shelter for the love of heaven!" cried one of them.

"Enter, and welcome," responded George, heartily, as the wild wind and rain swept through the partly opened door, plainly exposing the violence of the storm without.

They staggered in, telling by their pale, worn faces, tattered garments, and feeble footsteps, a tale of suffering and danger, quickly read by Clayton's practiced eyes.

"What! is there a ship ashore?" asked he, as he placed them beside the fire.

"Aye! what craft could live in a storm like this?" replied the sailor. "The Sea Gull was as staunch as any ship that rode the waves; but nothing now remains, except her shattered hull on the bar below. But by my faith, Lewis looks as faint as a woman. No wonder: we had a rough time beating about among the breakers. I thought we should scarcely reach the shore alive, for what with the trunks, bales, boxes, and the like, floating around and tossing against us, we were sadly bruised and mangled. Look at that foot: it will take many weeks, and good nursing, to make it fit to bear my weight again."

"Bring some brandy, Sarah, and plenty of blankets," cried George. "Comrade," continued he, turning to the more hardy sailor, "I will

attend to your wants directly; but as your friend seems sinking, we will at him first."

"Aye, do," replied the bluff sailor; "Lewis is young and somewhat delicate; yet he made a good officer—he was our second mate. It will be better to let me get thoroughly warm before my crushed foot be disturbed."

Brandy, mixed with hot water, was administered to Lewis, who seemed completely exhausted; his wounds were dressed, his bruises bathed, his hands and feet warmed, and chafed; and a bed made for him on a settee, where he was closely wrapped in blankets. Under the kind care of Sarah and her husband, the flagging current of life reanimated the sailor's frame, and he soon became able to thank them for their hospitality.

Meanwhile the more sturdy seaman had swallowed a glass of the hot liquor which Sarah gave him, and had drawn around him a thick blanket, and, seated close to the fire, patiently awaited their ministrations to his comfort.

When Lewis revived, George turned to his other guest.

"You are also an officer, I judge?" said he, as he bandaged the bruised foot.

"I was first mate of the Sea Gull," returned the man.

"Your shipmates—where are they?" asked George, when he had completed his task.

"All lost, poor fellows!" replied the mate; "but the captain is still alive, and we promised to send him aid if we could obtain it. We left him on the sand some distance down the shore beneath a group of trees. You will look to him, comrade, will you not?"

"Certainly," returned George: "but how came it that only the chief officers of the wreck escaped? You surely did not desert your ship?"

"Not we," replied the sailor, quickly. "When the vessel first struck, the dastardly crew rushed for the boats, leaving their officers to shift for themselves. Both boats were swamped when they had scarcely left the ship, and the poor wretches were drowned. The captain, Lewis, and I, lashed ourselves to a spar, and were safely washed ashore, though we received many hard knocks from the floating cargo around. When we reached firm land, we cut ourselves loose from the spar, and sought shelter. Lewis and the captain were so weak, I had to assist each in turn as we groped our way along the sand. At last the captain could hold out no longer, and we left him, promising to send assistance. Are there any men in the neighborhood to go with you to his rescue?"

"None near enough," said George. "About two miles up the shore are several families—all the men good wreckers. If you had fired signal guns when your ship struck, they would have hastened to your assistance."

"There is no light on this shore to warn us of danger," returned the sailor; "and we did not know ourselves so near a bar until we struck. Before the guns could be reached, the sea washing over us, wet the ammunition. It is a bad night for a man to venture forth alone in such a place as this; but you will be amply rewarded. The captain carries a small fortune in a belt about his waist."

Sarah's eyes gleamed, as she quickly glanced toward her husband.

"If he was badly hurt, he may be dead by this time," said she. "However, George, you had better go see what can be done for him. Here is a lantern; but first, come up stairs and put on your pilot coat, woollen comforter and mittens."

She led the way, and he followed her to an upper room.

"George," said she, huskily, "if that man is still alive, he is probably insensible; if dead, he can tell no tales; dead or alive—secure that money."

"What! steal?" cried George.

"You might as well have it as another," returned she. "If he still lives, he may not recover from his injuries; if dead, he will not need it. If you do not get it, these men will; and they are nought to him. Have courage, man! Remember your wife and child! I have promised you we will not inhabit this beggarly hut another year, and you well know I will fulfill my threat."

George turned away with a moody brow and compressed lips.

When he went down into the room below, he found Alice standing beside the mate's chair, while his large hand stroked her ringlets.

"By my faith, comrade," said he, "you must have stolen a mermaid's daughter, or some queen's child. This is too rare a creature for a fisherman's dwelling. What is your name, pretty one?"

"Alice Clayton," replied the child; "but papa calls me Lilly."

"Aptly named, pet," returned the mate. "Well, friend," continued he, turning toward Clayton, who was busy with his lantern, "I wish you luck for this fair daughter's sake. Such a picture should have a golden frame."

"It shall," murmured George, inwardly, as he caught her up and kissed her. Then quickly

disengaging himself, he seized his lantern and dashed out into the darkness.

CHAPTER II.

THE fury of the storm was sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. The waves leaped on high, chasing each other in mad career, until they broke with mighty moan upon the shore. The fierce wind swept over the unprotected coast with fearful violence, its deep diapason mingling with the sublime music of the mighty ocean, whose every voice was abroad upon the tempest.

George Clayton heeded neither wind, nor wave, nor sounding voice of storm. His heart was full of one thought, one hope, one firm resolve—to obtain gold, and at once, even at the price of crime.

George was naturally honest, and inclined to do good; one thing, however, he lacked—strength of mind. Unstable and impulsive, he had always yielded to Sarah's great force of character until it obtained complete mastery over him. Had that influence been exerted for good, he had remained a true and upright man. But Sarah coveted finery, and her impatient pride irritated her naturally imperious temper, which was constantly visited on her husband in tears, reproaches, and threats. Her mind was so completely filled with the desire for wealth, that it became a passion of her strong nature—a complete monomania, overpowering all sense of integrity.

The memory of the indulgence which gratified her every whim in her father's house, and readily opened his full purse at her request, made her look backward with longing eyes to those times, when arrayed in costly attire, she swept about among her companions, the acknowledged beauty and belle of her sphere.

She could not recall those luxurious days; but she sighed for their gay trappings, and as her daughter grew in years, with promise of rare beauty, Sarah waxed impatient to surround her with the wealth that had embellished her own youthful reign.

Sarah Clayton was not to be checked by aught that impeded her will, and daily, for weeks, months and years, she urged her husband by every argument woman's ready wit suggested, with every appeal to which his feelings were sensitive, to procure gold to minister to her vanity by any means that might present themselves, were they honest or otherwise.

His ductile mind had gradually yielded to her power, and on the night our story opens her vituperations goaded him to madness. The

words of the sailor seemed to testify to Sarah's assertion, that beauty needed the protection and embellishment of gold; and with the last remnant of honest resistance overcome, George went forth, determined, desperate and reckless.

After her husband's departure, Sarah carried Alice back to her bed, and having sat by her until the child fell asleep, returned to the other apartment and busied herself nervously in preparing food for her guests, clearing away the dishes when they were satisfied, and arranging everything in the room until there was no farther excuse for exertion.

Then she sat down by the fireside, and gazed thoughtfully at the flame. The mate had made several remarks to her, while she was employed, and receiving short replies, left her to her abstraction. Now, however, the entire comfort which surrounded him turned his thoughts to his less fortunate brother officer.

"If the captain were only here," said he, regretfully, "I feel restless while he is still exposed to the furious storm."

Before she could reply, the door was rudely thrown open, and George Clayton rushed in, pale, breathless, his eyes starting from their sockets, his whole manner betraying intense excitement.

Sarah and the mate sprang forth in alarm. Wounded as he was, Lewis arose in anxious fear.

"The captain—have you found him?" exclaimed both sailors in a breath.

"No!" replied George, hoarsely, "I went first to the group of trees to which you directed me, but he was not there. I searched far and wide, and finally concluded he must have strayed into the sea."

"I am not afraid of that," returned the mate, "he was too far beyond the surf when we left him; and even in the darkness the whiteness of the breakers would warn him to keep away."

"He may have been so injured about the head as to have affected his senses, and thus have unconsciously rushed into danger," remarked George.

"Not so," returned the mate, "he said he was only injured about the lower limbs, which made walking so painful that he surely would not voluntarily remove from the spot where he knew we would seek him."

"He was not there, that is all I know about it," said George, abruptly.

"What frightened you so, comrade?" queried the mate. "When you rushed in you looked as if a legion of fiends were chasing you."

"No jesting at my expense, if you please!" exclaimed George, glaring angrily at him.

"I do not understand you," said the mate, in surprise, "going out into the storm has had a strange effect on you. Your look, voice, and manner are vastly different from what they were."

"Ah, do you think so?" returned George, with a forced laugh. "It is all excitement and anxiety. I have seen many shipwrecks, but they are always terrible to me. And a hunt on the beach, at midnight, alone, and in such a storm as this, for the body of one who may prove living or dead—you know not which—and the knowledge that a dozen corpses are floating near you, which, when the sun went down, were hale, hearty, living men, is enough to shake the nerves of the bravest man."

"True sir, true," exclaimed the mate, "forgive my rude thoughtlessness; but I am troubled about the captain. God help him! I am sorry that I left him! It was his desire, however, and we could do no good by remaining. Heaven forbid that after escaping such peril by sea, he should die on land, so near a shelter. He was a good officer, and an honest man. May all good angels guard him, for a fair, young wife would mourn his death, and a lovely child be rendered fatherless!"

"Wife and child!" cried George, starting up, trembling with emotion.

"Aye, sir, a wife as fair as yours, and a child that would almost rival yon sleeping cherub," returned the mate.

"God help them!" exclaimed George, with a groan.

Sarah sat pale and silent—a look of horror in her large, black eyes.

"Let us make another attempt to save him for their sakes," said the mate. "My poor, mangled foot will make slow progress; but I cannot sit here, by this warm fireside, while he lies, dying, perhaps, out in the cold. Nay, Lewis," continued he, as the latter attempted to rise, "you cannot go. Why, boy, your strength would not withstand a single puff of the blast without; you were almost gone when you reached this place, and must stay where you are; but you, comrade," turning to George, "you will go?"

"It is useless," replied Clayton. "I looked carefully.

"Let us try," persisted the mate.

George arose and procured a great coat for the sailor, and relighted the lantern. They went forth and searched long and carefully for the missing man, until his faithful officer, at last, admitted farther effort was useless.

They returned, despondingly, and after warming and drying themselves, George led his guests

into an upper chamber, where a soft, warm bed soon lulled their weary limbs to rest.

George and Sarah retired to their own bedroom on the ground floor. Scarcely were they alone, when he drew from his pocket a heavy belt, and threw it toward his wife.

"There, madam, is the gold you coveted, for which you made my house a place of torment, and which I have sold my soul to win!" said he, with fierce bitterness.

"Oh, George, you did not—you could not—murder!" exclaimed the wife, in agony.

"Heaven knows I did not intend to kill him," returned George, "I found him, as I expected, insensible, and had nearly withdrawn the belt, when he revived, and caught me by the throat with a strong grasp. I struggled to release myself, and in the effort clutched him by the throat. As I tightened my grasp, his relaxed, and he lay lifeless—dead—before me. I seized the belt, secured it, and ran homeward. I soon remembered that the morrow must expose all, and I hastened back and dragged the poor fellow down to the sea, and as the waves receded, threw him in among them! Then, frightened at my own crime, I ran homeward with all speed; ever and anon cowering in terror, as, in the darkness, the white crests of the breakers gleamed, like accusing ghosts. Madam, I hope your gold will give you pleasure: it is dearly bought, at the price of a soul."

"Oh, George! George!" cried the woman, "I meant not this. I never dreamed of murder. How could you? How could you?"

"Woman, be silent!" exclaimed George, fiercely. "Would you hang me?"

She sprang up in fear. He had never before addressed her so harshly.

"Sit down, madam," said he, mournfully, "I will not harm you. I am not a murderer in heart, though my hand is stained with innocent blood."

"Oh, George! George!"

"You would have your gay trappings," continued he, "and I was goaded on to get them as best I could. Woman is said to inculcate all good. A wife, they say, is a man's best safeguard. Have you been such to me? Never! my love for you has ruined me—poor, weak fool that I am—but yesterday, an honest man; now, a thief, a murderer!"

"Dear George," said Sarah, soothingly, "try to calm yourself; you will awaken Alice."

"Poor Alice!" exclaimed he, "would she had died in her cradle, rather than by her beauty have rendered herself a tool for others, to urge her father on to crime. Alas! I have placed a

gulf between me and my sinless child over which I can never pass. How will her very purity accuse me? As for you, Sarah, you are leagued with me in crime, and stand before heaven as guilty as myself."

"Spare me! spare me!" cried the wretched woman.

"I loved you, Sarah, and my soul was in your keeping," said he, unheeding her; "how will you answer for the charge? This man, they say, had also a wife and child—poor, perhaps, and dependent on him for bread."

He paced the room for a long time in silent agony. Sarah's iron will soon composed her troubled spirit, and led her to subdue her husband's agitation.

"George," said she, firmly, "I am sorry for this thing; I would be content to live and die a beggar, could I undo it. I would freely give my life, would that avail; but regrets are useless! We must look to the consequences. If discovered, you know the penalty. Your manner has already excited attention, and when the captain's body is found, and his belt missed, you will need all your self-possession to evade suspicion. For my sake, for your child's sake, compose yourself, that you may be better prepared to guard yourself to-morrow."

"I cannot undo it now," returned George, "so I will brave it out. But oh, how gladly would I exchange places with that poor corpse floating in the deep, could I wash my hands of this deed!"

Sarah carefully concealed the ill-gotten treasure, and persuaded her husband to take an opiate, which soon induced sleep, and soothed his excited nerves for the morrow's trials.

CHAPTER III.

THE sun arose, bright and clear. The waves still roared in angry tumult, and the wind blew violently. Clayton appeared before his guests, calm as marble. All trace of the last night's excitement had vanished, and his manner was grave even to sternness.

At an early hour George and the mate set out again in search of the captain, or his dead body, as the case might prove. At the door they were met by a party of men—bluff, hardy fishermen, ever ready to assist the suffering—who had done more deeds of true heroism, without fame or reward, than many a hero, whose name filled the world, could boast of. Often had they risked their lives to rescue those in danger, whose only claim upon them was the tie of humanity.

They had come down to see if the storm had swept harmlessly by, or whether, again, some

gallant ship lay shattered on their dangerous coast, and suffering strangers required their aid?

When they heard the errand on which George and his companion were bent, they volunteered their assistance, and urged the mate to forbear using his mangled foot, assuring him they could do all that was possible; but his anxiety prompted him to go with them at any hazard of pain to himself.

They manufactured rude crutches for him, and set out on their search. They first visited the group of trees where the captain had been left, with a faint hope that, if alive, he might have returned thither. He was not there; but a neck-cloth was found, which, the mate declared, the missing man wore on the previous day. They now pursued their search inland through the low undergrowth, and down the beach until the inlet barred farther progress in that direction. They next sought the strand, which was strewn with articles from the wreck, which the waves had washed far up on the shore.

Packages, and hampers of goods, with beds, chairs, trunks, and articles of clothing, were scattered far and wide. The fishermen drew them up beyond the tide-mark, and left them there, until the wreck-master should come from the mainland to take charge of them.

They had not walked far, when the sight of a human figure, lying on the sand, made their hearts throb, and their steps quicken.

When they drew nearer, they perceived it was a sailor from the hapless wreck. He lay pale, cold, lifeless, with his open eyes staring full at the sun, which no longer had power to subdue their stony gaze. They knelt beside him, put aside his clothing, and felt above his heart. It had ceased to beat, as the unblanching eyes forewarned them. Carefully covering his face, two of them bore the corpse along, as they continued their search.

They soon found another dead body, which was taken in charge as the first had been.

They passed the spot where the vessel had struck, and where her shattered hull was still visible. She lay some distance from the shore, on a low sand-bar, whose presence was only indicated by the breakers foaming above it.

"My poor Sea Gull!" exclaimed the mate. "It grieves me as much to see her tossed and torn upon yonder bar, as though she were a living friend in peril. How often have I stood upon her deck, and laughed to see her pass her fellows with the swiftness of an eagle! But I shall do so no more; and if I can only find her brave commander alive and safe, I'll whistle all other care down the wind."

Pursuing their course, they found another body, likewise that of a sailor. This corpse was borne along as the others had been. As the men kept on their course with their heavy burthens, they still sought for some trace of the captain. They reached Clayton's cottage, however, without finding any, and laying the dead bodies in an outhouse, despatched one of their number for the wreck-master and coroner; while the others pursued their search along the shore above. They returned at noon, after having visited every part of the beach, without success.

Early in the afternoon the wreck-master arrived, bringing with him the coroner and a number of trusty assistants. They gathered up all the valuables from the wreck, and put them in a place of safety, there to remain until the wreck-master should receive directions from the underwriters in New York.

The bodies were taken charge of by the coroner, and removed to the mainland for burial; it being customary to carry them a great distance, if necessary, to secure them Christian burial, among those who met a more peaceful death.

The first mate was disconsolate and troubled in mind. He ate nothing, and remained out on the strand, even when strongly advised to retire to Clayton's house and rest. He watched George with a lynx eye, which the latter did not fail to perceive, although he affected not to notice it.

Early next morning messengers were despatched to a neighboring beach, to learn if the captain's body had floated thither. It had not been seen, although several sailors had been found and removed for burial.

Lewis had partially recovered from his injuries, and the first mate engaged a fisherman to convey them to the mainland.

"Why does not Clayton take you?" asked the man. "He has a good boat, and is one of the most obliging men on the beach."

"You rate him highly then?" returned the mate, inquiringly.

"Yes, that I do," replied the man, frankly "George Clayton is one of the best, most temperate, upright men in this county. He has never been known to do an ill deed. Why, sir, the wreck-master always gives him preference above all others, where valuables are to be guarded."

"He is above suspicion, then?" asked the mate.

"To be sure he is," bluntly returned the man; "and I pity the man that hints otherwise among his comrades, who love and respect him."

The mate said no more, but returned to Clayton's to prepare his brother officer for removal.

"It may be, Lewis," said he, after he related his conversation with the fisherman, "that Clayton is innocent of the captain's disappearance. I hope he is; still, I strongly suspect him. His words, manner, and appearance that night, were very suspicious; and I fear our friend has been foully dealt with. However, time will show. I will try to suspend opinion until we find him, or his body. I cannot bear to stay under a man's roof, when I doubt his integrity, and on the mainland we shall hear more readily from distant points of the coast should the captain be found."

"If his body is discovered rifled of his belt, will you denounce Clayton?" asked Lewis.

"Not unless I have positive proof of his guilt," replied the mate. "He stands high in public opinion, and nothing short of clear causes for conviction will fasten the crime upon him. If I cannot offer indisputable testimony to support my suspicions, I shall not mention them."

Clayton parted kindly with his guests, indignantly declining any remuneration for his services.

Several days later news came that a dead body had been found on a beach, not far distant from where the Sea Gull was wrecked, and the first mate hastened to the spot and recognized his long sought friend. The body was somewhat mutilated by fish, but easily identified. Dark marks were upon the throat which might be tokens of violence, or the effect of natural causes—no one could say which. His belt had disappeared; and the faithful mate was fully convinced in his own mind, that George Clayton was guilty of robbery and murder; but on consultation with his fellow officer, concluded the circumstance of finding the corpse so many days later, and in the hands of strangers, without any marks of violence, which could be positively recognized as such, together with the man's high character, which many had asserted in reply to their inquiries, would prevent conviction for the deed; and, while a doubt remained, they would not assail the reputation of one, who had shown them hospitality.

After giving their superior officer proper burial, they departed for their distant homes. The memory of the wreck of the Sea Gull was soon dimmed in the minds of the people of the vicinity, by other occurrences of a similar nature.

Not so with George and Sarah Clayton. It was an era in their lives, beyond which peace and happiness could not pass; back to which, in after years, they looked, as the date, when crime, and its sure follower—remorse, entered their hearts to be driven out no more.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

SQUIRE HOLMAN'S WOOING.

BY MARY W. JANVBN, AUTHOR OF "PEACE; OR, THE STOLEN WILL."

CHAPTER I.

"SQUIRE, I wonder you never got married."

The words rang in the old squire's ears long after his neighbor, Deacon Towers, who had a habit of dropping in often to spend a social evening, had spoken them—bade him "Good night!"—and walked down the graveled avenue leading to the highway, leaving the old squire sitting by his fire-side in profound thought.

I say "Old Squire," because everybody in Dentford called him so; and yet he was a fine-looking, dignified man, still on the sunny side of fifty, with but few grey threads in his still luxuriant hair. Reader mine, mayhap, with myself, you have met some persons in this world who never seem to have had any accredited youth—maidens, dubbed "old maids," because of their "primness" or "shyness," long before they turned "the first corner," and men set down as "old bachelors" ere their prime, perhaps because of the staid, sober gravity of their demeanor, or, as is oftener the case, because they were in their youth guiltless of sowing that very fertile seed whose harvest is denominated "wild oats."

Of this latter class was Squire Holman—for his youth had been pure, kind-hearted, generous; his middle-age of a similar character; and now, when going on toward his fifties, everybody voted him a good, old-fashioned gentleman—a very much appreciated "fixture" in the society of his native Dentford.

It was a cheery apartment the squire was left sitting in that chilly October evening, with its glowing fire, the handsome carpet of rich, warm colors, the massive book-case, a round table covered with papers and magazines, one or two easy-chairs for the squire's lounging, and a little work-stand with its basket of sewing, and a stand of plants near the window—betraying, notwithstanding the squire's bachelorhood, some feminine presence.

Miriam Graves—plain, delicate, yet refined Miriam Graves—was an orphan child of four summers when Squire Holman's mother gave her a home and cherishing care; and it was about that time that William ("the Squire" of to-day,) came from college and opened his law office in the village; and, most faithfully filling

the place of an adopted daughter, did the girl watch over her kind benefactress, and shed tears of sorrow upon her coffin when she died. Miriam had a little property in her own right—a few hundreds left by her father, which was also swollen by a similar bequest from good old Mrs. Holman; but the squire, who was a middle-aged lawyer of considerable renown at his mother's death, would as soon have thought of appropriating to his own use the scanty portion of those widows and orphans whose estates he "administered" upon, as of receiving a cent from Miriam—so it was settled that she should still keep his house like a sister; and when the old mother was laid to her rest, her arm-chair still stood in its old place by the window, her glasses still lay as she had left them on the opened, large print Bible, and Miriam carefully kept in "the press" of her chamber the neat, black silk dresses the old lady used to wear; and summers and winters passed over the Holman mansion house—and William, "the Squire," grew to be a little grey—and Miriam, never a strong girl, still delicate and pale, glided on to her thirtieth birth-day.

Thirty summers over her head, and yet no lover had ever knelt to Miriam Graves! Somehow, she had escaped that usual accredited "lot" of woman. Among all the match-making *cliques* of Dentford—the "sewing circles," and "quillings," and "fairs," where gossiping spinsters most "do congregate," she had not been held up as a target; even as the squire had been set down as a bachelor, for whom *affaires du cœur* were supposed not to exist, so Miss Miriam's remained intact—for nobody seemed to imagine that under the somewhat shy, silent exterior of the girl going about her daily housewifely duties, and ministering so noiselessly, but effectually to the happiness of those around her, lay a strong, earnest nature, and heart capable of great love and devotion.

Thus, had any one in Dentford connected Miriam's name with matrimonial speculations, few believers would have been found. True, some, knowing her worth, had said, "I wonder the squire don't marry her!"—but others replied, "Why, they've been just like brother and sister all their days! Miriam's a good girl—but

then—well, I guess the squire ain't a marrying man!" which "guess" the seemingly fixed bachelorhood of the squire helped to confirm.

And now the squire sat there where Deacon Towers had left him—his slippered feet on the warm fender, and his head on the back of his comfortable arm-chair, thinking over what the deacon had said—"Squire, I wonder you never got married!"

And, as he thought, and thought it over, it gradually became a matter of wonder to himself too—sitting there all alone with no company save the great grey cat purring on the hearth-rug at his feet, for Miriam had gone up to her chamber early in the evening with a headache.

"There was Richard Allbury, my chum in college," soliloquized the squire, "married now, and his son in college—James Derby, a portly country doctor with a growing family and practice—Tim Halliday, poor Tim! he died and left a scanty income to his wife and children—well, they were all at old Harvard with me—married young—and now—how time flies! Over twenty-five years since then! why, it seems but yesterday since I got my degree and came home to open an office here in Dentford. How consequential I felt when I gained my first case! Jupiter! I was a second Daniel Webster! Let me see—twenty-six years ago, and mother had just adopted Miriam—bless my soul! Miriam thirty years old, and I am going on to fifty! Ah, well, time and tide wait for no man—though the thought never struck me before that I'm getting old. I don't know but Deacon Towers was right in wondering why I never got married—I can look back on all my young mates, and they're all old and grey family men now. I really begin to believe I ought to be married—hey, puss?" at which interrogatory, by way of conclusion to the squire's soliloquy, the grey cat addressed rose, and, purring audibly, put up her back against her master's hand dropped over the arm of his chair.

"Yes, puss, I believe I ought to be married—but whom to get to marry me, is the next question. There's Halliday's widow—poor Tim!—and the six children, with hardly as many hundreds to support 'em—well, Mrs. Halliday is a good-looking woman still, and I always spend pleasant evenings when I go there—but the six Hallidays," and here the squire glanced round his orderly apartment—"No, I couldn't endure it! for I've noticed that she spoils little Tim—the image of his father—and how could I see my calf-bound edition of Blackstone turned into a hobby-horse? Besides, when Miriam has her headaches—no, no, that won't do!" and an em-

phatic shake of his head dismissed Mrs. Tim Halliday and children six! in which decision the grey cat seemed to concur, for she expressed her satisfaction by a very loud purring.

"Let me see—there's the widow Smith," again went on the squire, while Tabby opened her eyes and sprang to his knee, "the widow Dorcas Smith—capital housekeeper—good farm, she owns—attends church constantly—gives liberally to the Foreign Missions—but then they do say that peaked nose of hers isn't for nothing, and Smith led a sorry life of it—no, not the widow Smith, pussy?" and he brought down his hand emphatically on the arm of his chair.

"There's Anna Bradley," he continued, getting interested, "Dr. Ames' wife's niece—good figure, sparkling eye, and pretty ankle, (why, Squire Holman, who'd ever have imagined you'd an eye for a woman's ankle?) but she's too gay and giddy—Miriam'd go crazy with her airs and flounces and furbelows, and this house full of company—and this I know, by Coke! no woman ever comes into this house to queen it over my good, pattern little Miriam—how kind she always was to my mother, heaven bless her!" and the lawyer sat for a moment buried in thought.

"Then there's Miss Betsey Mills—strong-minded Betsey!" he went on laughing and stroking the cat—"Good heavens! how she talks politics! Why, if they'd sent Miss Betsey to stump the country, Fremont and Jessie would now sit in the White House! Now why not Miss Betsey, since she'd copy all my briefs and perhaps get up all my pleas? Ha, ha, pussy! look your old master in the face and see if he'd be fool enough to marry a strong-minded woman! No, no, puss—guess our market isn't made this year!" and straightway dismissing Miss Betsey in the same lawyer-like manner as he had "summed up" and decided upon the "cases" of preceding ones, while the old clock struck ten and the grey cat sung herself to sleep on his knee, Squire Holman sat busy with his thoughts.

And patient, gentle Miriam's head grew easier, and she fell asleep at last in her chamber above, while the squire still sat buried in reverie. But somehow, despite his jocular soliloquy, the old sitting-room had never seemed so lonely, nor his life so lonely, as then. Is Squire Holman the only man who walks blind-folded, stretching out his hand for a distant happiness, while that most suited to his need is within his grasp?

CHAPTER II.

"Good afternoon, squire! Come in and spend the evening socially with us to-night. Haven't

seen you for this long time. Got a little company at our house—my wife's cousin from Boston, come to stop a few weeks. Has lately lost her friend—feels rather down-hearted—drop in to-night,” exclaimed Deacon Towers, meeting Squire Holman just returning from his office.

“Thank you, thank I will. You see I've been busy enough for a month past with this case of *Drew versus Drew*. Old Silas appealed, and it went up to the supreme court—but the old fellow was worsted, and to everybody's joy, I've no doubt—for when a man rich as Silas Drew endeavors to wrest away the little all of his dead brother's widow and orphans, the law ought to serve him as it has this day served him.”

“You don't mean to say you've got the case for the widow, squire?”

“Yes, I do mean that! Verdict this afternoon for the plaintiff. I tell you, Deacon Towers, it did the court good to see Silas Drew's crest-fallen look. But I'll be round to-night. Give my respects to your wife, and tell her that business has hindered my being neighborly. Wife's cousin, did you say, stopping with you? Estate to settle?—lost her friend?—a client for me?—ha, ha, deacon!” and with a smile of good-humor the squire hurried homeward.

“Yes, a client for you, squire!” laughed Deacon Towers, at his own tea-table that night, as he repeated to his wife the acceptance of his offer; upon which they too laughed and nodded knowingly to a handsome, showy, black-eyed woman of apparently thirty years, who sat opposite at the tea-table—“his wife's cousin,” the widow Maria Ellis, of winning exterior and pleasing address, who had come down to that quiet country town, as she laughingly told them on the first day of her arrival, purposely “to make her market.”

“Good, cousin!” said the worthy deacon, whose soberness of demeanor, I am sorry to say, did not always comport with his title, “we have the very man for you in Dentford—Squire Holman—not fifty yet, fine house, funded property, and no encumbrance but a sort of old maid adopted sister, Miriam Graves—but she'd be easily got rid of. We must ask the squire over, wife, and make the match. What do you think, wife?”

To which arrangement “wife” eagerly assented, and an early evening was named; while the smiling widow smoothed the folds of her lavender-colored merino, and gracefully listened to a recountal of the squire's virtues and—property.

When he reached home, the squire said,

“Miriam, Deacon Towers' wife has invited us

over to spend the evening;” (the good squire quite forgot that Deacon Towers also forgot (?) to include her in the arrangement;) “how is it, can you go, Miriam?”

“I had promised to sit up with Mrs. Bond's sick child to-night, for it is very sick, William;” (Miriam always called the squire “William,” like a good brother as he was;) “but you go over, and tell Mrs. Towers I am much obliged, but will come in soon—some other evening,” was her reply, passing him his cup of fragrant Hyson. “I saw the stage stop there a day or two ago—and thought likely it brought them company. Oh, did you get the case for the widow Drew, William?”

“Yes, Miriam. Thank heaven! Silas Drew found out that the law brought him up. How contemptibly mean—how devoid of human compassion—must be the scoundrel who would rob his own brother's wife and children of the homestead—the roof that covers them! Why, Miriam, he had brought up claims enough to have covered the whole property; but his villainy was unmasked, and he is utterly defeated. This affair will wind up the old miser's career in Dentford. Miriam, I'd work a thousand times harder than I have for a month past, rather than that scamp should triumph! I declare, Miriam, 'twould have brought the tears to your eyes could you have witnessed the gratitude Mrs. John Drew evinced when I communicated to her the decision of the court this afternoon!”

“Just like him—always doing good—always taking the part of the poor and down-trodden!” said Miriam, as the gate closed behind him on his way to Deacon Towers'.

Well, the trap was set—the bait “took”—and Squire Holman was caught!

Yes, ere that first evening was over, irretrievably, beyond the shadow of a doubt, was the large-hearted, unsuspecting country squire, the victim of the showy, dashy, sweet-voiced, fascinating city widow, Mrs. Ellis.

It was surprising how rapidly the acquaintance progressed that evening ere the clock struck eleven, and he took a lingering, reluctant leave, remarking to the deacon on “the shortness of the evenings;” (for the good squire quite forgot that it was November, and they were growing longer,) while, hardly had his footsteps died along the front yard walk, ere, with a triumphant smile, the deacon turned to his guest, saying, “I told you so, cousin Maria!” and the lively widow, feigning a sudden attack of girlish bashfulness, got up a counterfeit blush, and laughingly retreated to her room.

But fact it was, that the lure was successful;

and the squire went home, to forget his customary chat with pussy at the fireside, but, instead, to linger before his glass—to resolve to purchase a bottle of Begle's Hyperion on the morrow—and then went to bed to dream of law cases innumerable, in all of which actions were sustained, "Drew *versus* Ellis," each winding up with the decision of the judge of the supreme court sentencing his enemy, old Silas Drew, to marry the beautiful black-eyed widow.

CHAPTER III.

"WELL, Miriam, they do say that the squire isartinly courtin' that city widder a visitin' Mrs. Deacon Towers!" said old aunt Susy Bean, settling herself in the arm-chair at the sitting-room window, and drawing forth her knitting work from her huge black silk work-bag. "La! who'd a thought it, child, to up and marry a stranger? They do say she's powerful handsome tho'! My Mirandy see her at meetin' Sabba' day, and says she is proper lookin', with eyes black as a sloe. The deacon's wife was a city woman, you know; and she's good-lookin'; but then, la, who knows anything else about this Miss Ellis? She's ily and soft as silk, I'll warrant—widders allers is, child—but who'd a thought the squire'd gone to fallin' in love with her?" and the old lady laid her old, wrinkled hand on the girl's thin, delicate one. "La, child! you ain't very well, are you? How cold your hands be! You've been tending Mis. Bond's sick children too much—and now you're almost down sick yourself. There, lay down on this lounge, and don't try to sew this afternoon, while I'll set here and knit. Maybe you get asleep, so I won't talk much—but deary me, child! who'd a thought Squire William would a dreamed o' gettin' married? It's my 'pinion his mother allers thought William'd be a batchelder. Mis. Homan—she was a nice old lady—I recollect as though 'twas only yisterday when William come home from college, and fust opened his office—you was a leetle gal then, Miriam—a leetle pindling creetur"—and straightway, adhering to her resolution of "not talking much," the old lady launched forth into her knitting, and a dissertation on the squire's family and the talked-of courtship.

And Miriam, poor Miriam! lay there with her thin hand shading her aching eyes—would it might also thus shield her aching heart!

Her aching heart—for, of late, within the past two or three weeks, during which reports had reached her often from others, while he was only strangely silent, had plain, shy Miriam Graves

awakened to the fact that a woman may love more deeply, fervently, in her prime than when the flush of youth is hers—and may suffer, too, oh, how much more intensely!

It was a cold December Sabbath evening when Squire Holman walked buoyantly and cheerily toward Deacon Towers' house. Certainly his thoughts ran in the most pleasing vein, for they were of the fascinating widow, in whose society he had passed nearly every evening since that eventful one when we saw him first her victim. And he had resolved on this evening to ask her the momentous question which should seal his fate—for, like men who fall in love when late in years, his wooing was likely to prove a speedy one.

As he reached the gate leading to Deacon Towers' house, the church bells began to ring for evening service, and he encountered the church-going deacon just setting forth.

"Ah, good evening, squire! Walk right in! Glad you called to-night; for Mrs. Ellis has just been talking of leaving us to-morrow, and you must help my wife persuade her to the contrary. Walk right into the parlor while I speak to them; and you'll excuse me, as I had started for the meeting. Sit down, squire; the ladies'll be with you in a minute!" and his host left him to summon them.

Now it so chanced that, instead of remaining in the dining-room where the deacon had left them, the two ladies—engaged in an earnest conversation—had entered an adjoining bedroom, in the rear of the parlor also, where Mrs. Deacon Towers was occupying herself with the double duty of putting the youngest Towers to bed for the night, and continuing an animated dialogue with her fair cousin.

"Yes, I tell you," she went on in a slightly raised voice, which drowned sundry cries of the sleepy, nestling child, "he'll be here to-night fast enough, Maria, and then for the proposal! Just throw out that you're going to leave to-morrow—I'll warrant Samuel will tell him so if he gets a chance—and it'll hurry him up a little. Why, it's all over town, Maria! Dr. Ames' wife pulled my sleeve as we were coming out of meeting this afternoon—hush! go to sleep, child!—and says she, 'I hear strange stories about Squire Holman!' Yes, it's town talk already, Maria—these country people spread news fast—and to-night, I suppose, the crisis will come. That black silk is very becoming to you, Maria. We can't get dressmakers here to fit a basque like that. The deacon says the squire's dead in love, and we shall have you settled over the Holman place before the winter's out. You haven't

seen Miriam Graves yet—she ain't been in here since you came—been sick with a cold, the squire says—but she won't stand in the way, for she's a queer, prim, old maid. I wish you joy of your visit to Dentford, Maria!"

"Oh, nonsense, Sarah!" replied a voice, in which the listener (for the squire could but hear) had no difficulty in recognizing the dulcet tones of his syren, "my visit hasn't ended yet; and, as uncle Jack would say, 'don't crow till you're out of the woods.' I wish you could have heard him give me my parting charge, Sarah. 'Don't show your head here again, Maria, till you bring a husband. Pick up some rich old codger up there—some clever, easy soul, who'll let you hold the purse strings.' Uncle Jack is getting terribly miserly, Sarah; and, to tell the truth, I'd marry almost any man for a home of my own. How much is this good-natured old-fogy squire worth, Sarah?"

"Oh, about forty or fifty thousand, the deacon says—hark! didn't you hear the front door shut? Now, Sarah Ann, what do you want? This is the sixth or seventh time you've put your head into the door while we've been talking!"

"Father said as how somebody—somebody's a waitin' this ever so long in the parlor, mother!" stammered out the youthful Sarah Ann addressed, who had been vainly striving to direct her maternal parent's attention from the conversation and the baby during the last few minutes.

"Goodness! Maria! you don't think anybody's overheard?—that he——" whispered Mrs. Deacon Towers, turning pale, while "Maria" darted hastily by the rear passage to her chamber. But when the deacon's wife resolved to put on a bold front upon it, and trust to the thickness of her walls for protection, entered her parlor, and when the fascinatingly arrayed and handsome widow came rustling down to finish her conquest, the parlor was deserted.

"Goodness gracious! Maria, it was he went out when I heard the front door slam so!"

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was no candle burning when Squire Holman re-entered his sitting-room, after a somewhat hasty walk, during which several epithets, neither choice nor classical—neither found on the pages of Coke or Blackstone, nor consistent with the dignity of an elderly member of the legal profession, were cast upon the keen air of that December evening; but the fire on the hearth burned brightly enough to reveal the slender form of Miriam Graves, reclining in her rocking-chair near the grate.

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Very pale and thin she looked, and her whole face had an expression of suffering about it; but a faint blush overspread her cheek, as she rose, saying,

"What? back so soon? I had thought—I was not expecting you—that is, I thought——"

"Thought what, Miriam? That I was over to Deacon Towers?" asked the squire, abruptly, almost sternly, flinging himself into the arm-chair.

"Yes, William," answered Miriam, somewhat hesitatingly, and dropping her eyes beneath his gaze.

"And why should you have thought that?" he asked, in his strange, quick tone—a tone which Squire Holman had never used before, and which caused poor, gentle, quiet Miriam's heart to proudly resist and rebel against him.

"Why did I think that, William Holman!" she replied, with spirit, raising her eyes, and looking him full in the face. "Do you ask me that question when all Dentford knows why you spend your evenings there? I'm sure I don't know why you have been so cold and distant to me in this matter, squire, unless you felt that it would be unpleasant for me to give up the management here, which I have tried to do faithfully since her death," and here her voice softened, "but you needn't have thought so!" she added again, proudly. "You know that you have the right to do as you please—this house is yours, and if you are to be any happier, William, with this woman whom you are to bring here, I, for one, shall rejoice as much as anybody. I will resign to-morrow—any time you please; I will go away—take a room somewhere—live anywhere by myself, if it only makes you any happier; only don't treat me like a stranger, squire—William!"

"Miriam, what have these confounded gossiping people told you?" asked the squire, abruptly.

"What have they told me? Why, what, but that you're going to bring your wife here—that Mrs. Ellis—William! Don't all Dentford know this?" answered Miriam, with spirit.

"All Dentford lies then!—yes, it lies!" burst forth the squire, with darkening brow, and curling lip, "and I am glad it does lie, for, Miriam, I tell you here what, an hour ago, I never thought to tell any human being; Miriam, I have been a fool for three weeks past—yes, a poor fool!—give me your hand now, my good girl—and here, before heaven, hear me now—that I never will bring a woman here to put coldness and estrangement between us—you and I, Miriam, who all these years have lived so happy together."

There was a long pause there before the fire.

only broken by the ceaseless tick of the old clock, and the crackling of the hickory logs in the old fire-place; but Miriam's hand was still clasped in the squire's, and when she looked up to catch his gaze, there were tears in her eyes. And she looked almost handsome in the red fire-light, with the pink glow on her cheeks that came and went rapidly.

Perhaps there was something in the unconscious clinging of her hand, and in those grateful eyes, that set the squire to thinking; perhaps, in that brow, a sense of her life-long devotion to his mother, and her unceasing attention to his own comfort, flashed over him; and, perchance, like a lightning revelation, came the thought, that happiness might not yet be beyond his reach, for, in another moment, after suddenly putting Miriam away from him, and earnestly reading her grateful, blushing face, he drew her head to his shoulder, and said, "Yes, Miriam, I see it now. I have been a blind fool—walking in the dark, overlooking the tenderest devotion, the best and purest heart that ever beat in woman's breast. I am not the first who has gone astray to seek for pearls when they lay beside my very hearthstone, (the squire was getting poetical, wasn't he, reader?) and now, can you forgive me, Miriam? And, as we two have all our lives enjoyed a large measure of happiness in each other's affection, let us now love one another dearer, tenderer, yet. This ought

to have been years ago, I feel it now, Miriam, and till this hour I did not know how necessary you are to me, and how inferior are all other women to you, my gentle, patient girl. You know what I would ask, Miriam?"

Whether Miriam, sitting there in the fire-shine, with such a sense of new-born joy as had never before knocked for admittance at her lonely heart, now flooding her whole being, comprehended Squire Holman's appeal or not, can only be inferred from the fact, that the squire wore a very sunny face all the remainder of that evening, (and, for that matter, all the remainder of his life, too,) and actually smiled when he learned next day, that Deacon Towers' wife's cousin had received an unexpected letter, whose contents suddenly recalled her to the city, (?) and farther, that, before the winter's snows had begun to dissolve in the genial breath of spring, Squire Holman and Miriam Graves no longer led lonely, divided lives, but learned in the new relation upon which they had entered, the fullness of that happiness which is tasted in "the conjunction of lives and the noblest of friendships."

"Queer, pussy, wasn't it, that after all I should have married quiet, shy, little Miriam?" said the squire one night, stroking the grey cat, as he sat by his blazing fire.

And queer, reader, wasn't it, that "Squire Holman's wooing" should have turned out such a humdrum, common-place affair, after all?

STELLA.—A SERENADE.

BY MISS MARY A. LATHBURY.

BEAUTIFUL one, awake! awake!
The bright-browed moon begins to break
Through the rippling cloudlets over the hill;
And the moonlit lake
Is bright and still—
Calm and still is the moonlit lake.

Bright lies the dew on the violets, sweet,
And waiteth the brush of thy flitting feet;
Hie thee away, oh, fairest flower!
With a footstep fleet,
From thy jessamine bower,
From thy jessamine bower with a heart more fleet.

Stella, my "star," my love, my own,
Beautiful queen of my heart's high throne,
Gleams there a light in thine eager eye
At my lute's low tone?
Doth my Stella sigh—
A half-hushed sigh at its plaintive tone?

Starry eyes, have thy glories flown?
Are the flowers of sleep on thine eyelids strown?
Beautiful head, art thou bending low,
To catch the tone
That thou lovest so?
So fraught with love is the tender tone.

Beteth the lashes, long and bright,
O'er rounded cheeks of rosy white?
Or, sleepest thou not? Do thy wondering eyes
Fill with the light
Of a glad surprise?
With a sweet surprise are thy brown eyes light?

Hush! oh, wind of the twilight hours,
Wooing the buds of the jessamine flowers.
Hush! oh, whispering—murmuring leaves
Of the wild-rose bowers;
For a lover weaves
A crown of song from the myrtle bowers,
For my Stella's brow, of blue myrtle flowers.

MATTHEW GWYN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

We lived at the homestead with aunt Prudence, my cousin Amy and I. She had taken us one after the other, a pair of homeless orphans, the only children of her two brothers, and cared for us as tenderly as our own parents could have done.

My first recollections are of that quiet old farm-house, which stood back from the road nestled in among the fruit trees, and overgrown with vines till it looked like a mammoth bird's-nest. From my earliest remembrance, aunt Prudence had always appeared the same, her grey hair folded smoothly back under her muslin cap border, and that inexpressible something in her manner peculiar to the race of spinsters. Stiff and angular she might have been, a little given to scolding likewise, but to me she was invariably kind, even affectionate in her undemonstrative way, and I loved her with that depth of affection which only a solitary child can feel.

When I was ten years old, Amy Minturn came to live with us. I shall never forget how sad aunt Prudence was when the news reached us that her only surviving brother had died in a foreign land, and that his child was on her way to her native country a poor orphan. After a little, I forgot my sympathetic grief in the delight of expecting a playmate, and when a few days after, aunt Prudence relapsed into the calm which had grown habitual to her, I overwhelmed her with questions concerning my little cousin, the greater number of which, as she had never seen the child, the good lady found it difficult to answer. But I learned at least that she was one year younger than I, and very beautiful, bits of information which delighted my heart, first, because being the elder, it would be my duty to protect and take care of the stranger, and still more, because I had a childish love for beauty that overpowered almost every other feeling in my nature.

The weeks which elapsed before her arrival appeared endless; at last aunt Prudence told me that Amy had landed in New York, and would come on to our home the next day, in charge of a neighbor whom business had taken to the city.

How I counted the hours, and how interminable they seemed! I went to bed before sundown in order to shorten the time, but excitement kept

me awake later than I had ever been before in my life, and the next morning I was up as soon as I heard a sound. Long before the forenoon was over, I had fallen into disgrace by setting the kitchen clock forward two full hours, in order to make myself believe that it was nearly time for the stranger to arrive, and grew so restless that aunt Prudence became quite alarmed, and was half inclined to believe me ill; indeed it was only on condition of my sitting quietly down in my little rocking-chair, that I escaped being dosed with pennyroyal tea.

I had carefully arranged my slender stock of playthings to the best advantage, and had already appropriated my new tea-service and best doll to my cousin, philosophically deciding that I could do very well with the old rag baby, though its face was dirty.

As the sunset came on I sat down on the door step, growing quiet from expectation, and watching every carriage with a nervous anxiety which I was too young to understand. At length Farmer Haviland's buggy appeared in sight, and I caught a glance of a little form upon the back seat. All my anticipated joy gave place to a feeling which was almost terror; I ran up stairs and hid myself in the front chamber, and it was not until I heard aunt Prudence call me impatiently that I ventured to descend.

When I went into the kitchen, the stranger was seated by the window in my little chair, rocking herself to and fro, and looking rather drearily round the apartment, while aunt Prudence stood looking sorrowfully by the window, as if her presence aroused painful memories.

"Amy," she said, "this is your cousin Ruth—kiss her Ruth—and little children, love each other well."

I went forward and embraced my cousin, while her eyes wandered searchingly over my form, and settled upon my checked apron with a look of disapproval.

"Must I wear one like that?" she asked, abruptly.

"Yes," replied aunt Prudence, "every little girl wears them here."

"It isn't a bit pretty," said Amy, quickly, "I don't think I shall like it at all."

How I wondered to hear her address aunt

Prudence in that manner, but the old lady made no reply, and Amy relapsed in utter silence, while I remained looking at her.

She seemed to me the loveliest creature on earth, with her fair complexion and long curls like floss silk falling over her shoulders, and I was half inclined to believe her a fairy, or some unsubstantial being of like nature. When she had eaten her supper and resumed her seat in my chair, she astonished us by a sudden burst of tears, which quite alarmed aunt Prudence.

"I want to go back," she said, "it's very odd here, I don't think I can stay."

Aunt Prudence explained to her that the farm was henceforth to be her home, and when she grew quiet again, we were both sent to bed with an injunction to wake up bright and early in the morning. My cousin hardly spoke to me that night, and I fell asleep full of wonderment that anybody could be otherwise than delighted with our old home.

It took several weeks to accustom Amy to her new life, then she grew to like it, and became, as she must have done anywhere, the pet of the household. I was never jealous, and loved her too deeply for that, but I sometimes wished that I had been beautiful like her, and once I spoke of it to aunt Prudence: after that she was careful that I was not neglected on the new comer's account.

Amy returned my affection as fully as she was capable of doing, but she was a spoiled little thing, and I always yielded to her. The largest cakes and the brightest flowers always fell to her share—indeed she took them quite as a matter of course, never appearing, even for an instant, to think that any one's pleasure but her own should be consulted.

After awhile we went to school in the old, red school-house at the foot of the hill, and there Amy acquired the same ascendancy over teacher and pupils. No one could bear to oppose her, and she soon became perfectly conscious of her power, as every petted child is sure to do.

So the months passed on into years, quiet and full of peace to our childish hearts. Amy had been living with us two years, and I was now over twelve. Nobody ever told me that I was a pretty child, but sometimes aunt Prudence would smooth the hair back from my forehead and look sadly into my eyes, saying,

"You have your father's face, child."

To me those words were sweeter than any praise, and were enough to make me happy for a whole day. I know now that my aunt must have loved me very fondly; she perhaps petted Amy more, for she was so spoiled and so exacting

that it was impossible to avoid it, but for me she had a deep, earnest affection, for my father was her younger brother, and had been her idol.

When the summer vacations came, Amy and I were wont to spend the long, bright days in the woods upon the hill beyond our house. We carried our dolls there and made a playhouse in a shadowy nook, where even at noonday the sun scarcely penetrated, lying in flecks upon the leaves like golden butterflies, or dancing capriciously over the moss carpet at our feet.

The hours thus spent are among my pleasantest recollections. Amy was always good-natured in those days, for there was no one to witness our sports, and consequently she felt no desire to tyrannize over me, as she often did when in the midst of our companions.

One bright sunny morning we set out for the woods, and were loitering along the hill, when we heard the sound of a horse coming rapidly down the descent. A boyish voice called out gayly,

"Stand from under, little ones," and we had only time to step aside, when a youth, two or three years older than I, dashed past upon a spirited black pony. He checked his horse as quickly as he could, and returned to the spot where I was picking up the contents of a basket that I had let fall in my fright.

"Did I make you do that?" he asked. "I am very sorry I was so careless—any way I'll help you. Stand still, Flash!"

He sprang off the horse, and getting down upon his knees, began collecting the scattered sewing implements, while I looked away in confusion, and Amy sat on the bank a little distance off gazing coolly in his face, and evidently deciding in her own mind whether the stranger were worthy of her notice, for she was very aristocratic in her feelings, and treated the neighbors' boys with the utmost scorn.

"I don't need any help," I said, at last, but the youth paid no attention, laughing gayly as he chased any bits of calico which were intended for block work bed-quilt to and fro.

"There," he exclaimed, as he came up heated and red, to place the last bits in the basket; "it's all right now—you aren't cross with me, are you?"

I ventured then to look in his face, and mentally wondered how such a thing would be possible. He was not a handsome boy, but looked so manly, his smile was so pleasant, his eyes so bright and sincere, that it was much better than mere beauty of features.

"No," I replied, "I am not cross, 'it was not your fault.'"

"No, indeed, it was all owing to Flash—he never will be held in! Bad animal, Flash! don't you feel ashamed?"

But Flash tossed his spirited head, evidently caring very little about the matter, and signifying his desire to go on by a low, restless neigh.

"Do you live near here?" the boy asked.

"Yes; we live just at the foot of the hill, in that brown house there."

"Is that your sister?" he asked, seeming to notice Amy for the first time.

"No, it is my cousin," I said, and as Amy at that moment condescended to rise and come forward, I stepped a little back, accustomed to yield her precedence everywhere.

"Would you like a ride on my horse?" he asked.

"If he's gentle," she said, smiling graciously, evidently mollified by his stylish dress and appearance.

"If you will tell me your names, you shall both have one."

"Oh, my name is Amy Minturn," she replied, eagerly, "and her's Ruth, but she is afraid of a horse, so you can give me first as long a ride as you like."

I thought Amy very unkind, but was too timid for expostulation, and he helped her on to the horse, looking at me with a little boyish contempt. I sat down by the roadside and watched him lead the horse up and down the road, while Amy sat the picture of dignified delight. Finally they began to laugh and talk gayly, and before they returned to the place where I was sitting, had become the best friends imaginable.

"What is your name?" I heard Amy ask.

"Matthew Gwyn."

"Oh, I know; your father has bought that place over there by the village."

"Yes, and we are going to live there every summer."

"Will you come and play with me?"

"If you will, both of you, let me," he said, looking toward me.

"Oh, Ruth is so queer," replied Amy, composedly, "she hardly ever plays anyhow—everybody always comes to see me."

"Oh, I guess you like to play, don't you?" he said, coming up to me.

"If anybody likes to play with me," I answered, looking down to hide the tears that would come.

"Well, I shall like to, for you have eyes just like my mother's when I last remember her!"

From that moment my heart turned toward Matthew Gwyn, with a depth of affection of

which many would deem a child incapable. Amy was a little inclined to pout, but he promised her another ride soon, and mounting his pony galloped off, telling us that he should return the next day.

The next morning he came as he had promised, going first to the house and obtaining aunt Prudence's permission to play with us. We were very happy all that day, though Amy insisted on monopolizing Matthew's attention, and it seemed to me that he occasionally wanted to talk with me. I had just reached the reading age, and he was familiar with the books which were my favorites, but when we began to talk about them, Amy declared that books were stupid things, and insisted upon his going down to the brook with her to look for peppermint.

All that summer Matthew Gwyn came two or three times a week to play with us, and it seemed to me that from that time I ceased to be a child. The games in which Amy found so much delight no longer pleased me, I liked books better than dolls, and read eagerly the romances and volumes of poetry which Matthew supplied. Very often too he would leave Amy and sit down by my side, but that always made her angry, and after awhile I begged him not to annoy her by doing it; it was—though I did not say this—happiness enough for me to know that he desired to be near me.

When fall came he returned to the city, and our life fell back into its usual routine. Amy cried loudly at parting, but I never shed a tear, though when I laid my head on the pillow that night I wept bitter, passionate drops, such as my years ought not to have known. Once or twice that winter he wrote to us, and at Christmas sent each of us beautiful presents, though Amy remarked a little spitefully that she thought I might thank her for my gifts—a bit of confidence which quite destroyed all the pleasure I had felt on receiving them.

The next summer he was with us again, and the next; then we did not meet for several years, for Matthew was at college, and found no opportunity of visiting his father's house. When I was eighteen, aunt Prudence decided that we should both be sent away a year to boarding-school, in which time she deemed that, by close application, we ought to acquire a thorough knowledge of all that was necessary for our quiet station in life.

The twelve months thus passed were very pleasant to me, and to Amy likewise, though she was not very fond of study, and paid more attention to embroidery and a few other trifling accomplishments, than to things which were of abso-

lute importance. When one year was ended we returned, but the quiet was very irksome to Amy, and she pleaded to be allowed to return to school. Aunt Prudence would gladly have gratified her, but in truth she could not afford it, for though the farm yielded us a comfortable living, there was not much ready money to be had. Amy fretted and moaned until she made herself really ill, and the rest of us very unhappy. At length I could endure it no longer, and one night after she had cried herself to sleep, I went down to consult with aunt Prudence about the possibility of Amy's going back.

It was settled at last that she should return, though aunt Prudence was forced to sell one of her best cows, and I took in sewing from the village. But we did not tell Amy, it was of no use to pain her, and though we worked hard it was a very happy year to us. Amy did not write to us as often as we thought she should have done, but she had always some good excuse, and when a letter did arrive, we were so overjoyed that somehow we never could help crying over it, though our darling was overflowing with health and gayety, and never once longed to be at home with us.

I was eighteen that summer, old enough to take a good deal of care off aunt Prudence's hands, so that with my household duties and the sewing I was obliged to do, I could not find much time to devote to books, though I used sometimes to sit up at night and allow myself an hour of enjoyment, though I knew I must suffer for it the next morning.

Toward fall Amy came home even more lovely than when she left us, and graceful and light-hearted as a fairy. Work she could not endure, and indeed her reluctant ways fretted aunt Prudence beyond endurance, and I soon took her duties off her hands, till at last we never called upon her to do anything, and she spent as much time over her guitar and her embroidery as she felt disposed. I did not think that Amy meant to be really selfish, it was her nature, and she could no more help it than aunt Prudence could resist carrying everybody's burthen upon her shoulders in addition to our own.

One evening, not many weeks after Amy's return, we were all three sitting in a little room which Amy had fitted up for her own special apartment. Aunt Prudence was busy knitting as usual, and I sat on a stool at her feet with my head lying in her lap, a little tired from the day's duties, and listening to Amy as she sang a pleasant melody. There was no lamp in the room, but the paper curtain was rolled up, and the full moon poured in its rays till it was almost

as light as day, and lent an added softness to Amy's lovely face.

Suddenly there was a step upon the old porch—a tread I had not heard for four years, but I knew whose it was, and a strange thrill ran through my whole being, which left me weak and powerless as an infant. Amy ceased playing, but before we could any of us move, a tall form stood in the doorway and looked down upon us. Those years had changed the boy into a noble man, but I knew him still—there was the same pleasant light in the eyes—the same cordial smile about the mouth, which was sweet almost as a woman's.

"Has everybody forgotten me?" said a voice that made me tremble anew, low and soft as of yore were the tones, with deeper feeling in its melody that found an echo in the depths of my being.

"If it isn't Matthew Gwyn!" exclaimed aunt Prudence, rising to her feet and going toward him. "How do you do?—who'd a thought of seeing you here to-night? Why, girls, come here—get a light, Ruthy."

I slipped out of the room for a candle, and it was several moments before I returned. When I entered the room again Matthew was seated on the lounge by Amy, looking down into her face with the same dear smile, while she prattled on in a childish way she had which was inexpressibly charming. When he saw me he rose immediately, and taking my hand in his held it for several moments, while he asked me a thousand questions which I had no breath to answer. Once as we stood thus I thought his hand trembled, but I knew afterward it was only one of my foolish fancies, and blamed myself for indulging in it, for when Amy spoke to him a moment after, he moved hastily from me and returned to her side.

They had the conversation almost wholly to themselves, for aunt Prudence soon dropped into a doze, and somehow I could not talk much, there was an oppression at my heart for which I could not account, and which was harder to bear than the fatigue I had endured a little while before. Until that evening I never realized how lovely Amy was; there was a bloom on her cheek like the color in the heart of a moss-rose, her blue eyes were soft with a misty light I had never seen there before, and with every movement of her head those long, fair curls reflected the lamp light till they looked like a mass of waving gold.

No wonder Matthew Gwyn was charmed—what man could have resisted the spell? Yet he did come once and sit down by me, but I was

quiet and dull, and Amy soon called him back to her again; so after awhile I stole out and left them together, I seemed too much like a shadow upon their enjoyment. Before he went, however, Matthew called for me and drew me out into the porch—I thought he wanted to speak to me, but I knew in a moment that it was only another of my delusions, for when Amy followed us out he had only eyes and ears for her. I wondered what ailed me that night! Long after Amy was sleeping quietly by my side I lay with my eyes wide open, looking out into the night with a restlessness to which I could assign no cause, and the clock had begun to strike the morning hours before a tranquil slumber came over me.

The next day Matthew Gwyn came again to the house, but I was occupied in the kitchen and did not see him until tea was on the table. All that afternoon I worked I could hear the murmur of their voices through the open doors, Amy's merry laugh blending with Matthew's deep, earnest voice, and the two jarring upon my excited nerves. I was irritated and disturbed, but I did not ask myself wherefore, and for almost the first time I fell to wondering how it happened that the sunny, holiday side of life should have fallen to Amy's share, and I forced to accept the harsh realities of existence which had been forced upon me. But I soon remembered how sinful such thoughts were, and put them resolutely away, and when I had put on a clean collar, seen the tea nicely prepared, and aunt Prudence called me her "good child," my spirits grew lighter, and I was astonished at the bitterness which had been in my heart only a little while before.

As I bent over my sewing that evening rather silent and still, Matthew suddenly asked me if I never talked.

"She never will talk to you," broke in Amy, before I had time to answer; "there is only one gentleman who finds her at all conversable."

"And who may that be, pray?"

"Shall I tell, Ruth?"

I had a foolish habit of coloring without any cause, and now I felt my cheeks growing crimson, though I tried to smile and pass over Amy's jest.

"Oh, I am serious!" exclaimed Amy. "When Dr. Grovner comes here she can talk fast enough, I assure you."

I made no reply at all; Amy's laugh seemed a little ill-natured, and I should have burst into tears had I attempted to speak. I did not see how Matthew looked at the time, but whenever I glanced toward him during the rest of the evening, he turned from me with an expression

of cool displeasure, and fell to laughing again with Amy.

So the days passed, the pleasant sunny days of early autumn. Matthew Gwyn visited us daily, but I was so constantly occupied that very often I did not see him at all. Several times I heard him inquire for me, and Amy would reply,

"Oh, she never likes to see anybody—such an odd girl."

After those words I could not bear to go in, and Matthew inquired for me less and less often. One day he came for us to drive, but aunt Prudence was from home, and there was work to do, so I was forced to refuse, and Matthew was very angry.

"I told you so," said Amy, triumphantly; "if the doctor had asked her she would have gone at once."

Matthew led her out to the carriage without a word, passing me with a cold bow. I watched them till they were out of sight, and went back into the kitchen my eyes blinded with tears, but there was ironing to do, and Amy's fine laces to get up requiring clear eye sight, so I forced the scalding drops back till they fell on my heart like molten lead.

After that Matthew and Amy drove out almost every day, and when he found that she was fond of horseback riding, he offered to take her and me too, but Amy told me that she should be afraid if there was anything to distract his attention from her horse, so, as usual, I staid at home.

At length the truth forced itself upon my mind—Amy and Matthew Gwyn loved one another; but there came also a more painful revelation—I too loved Matthew!

May God keep all young hearts from agony such as mine, when the new light rushed in upon my soul—coming like the first flash that precedes a thunder tempest, scathing and blighting, leaving darkness and desolation behind.

There had been an increased coldness for several days between Matthew and me; he had made me several requests, and I had been forced to refuse them all, nor could I give any reason, for to have said that I had work to do would have been casting blame upon Amy. So he grew like ice to me, and I began to avoid his presence—I could not intrude upon him when he treated me with such chilling dignity—he who used in our childish days to smooth my hair and call me his Ruth! But that night as I stood by the window I saw them come up the path from a moonlight walk; they stopped by a tall rose-bush—one that Matthew had given me years before—he began plucking off blossoms—

their hands met—and then, after a gesture of sadness which I could not comprehend, Matthew Gwyn strained her to his heart and rained kisses down upon her mouth.

Oh, if I had been stricken blind an hour before! Everything seemed turning round and round before my sight, and the murmur of those happy voices cut like a dagger through my heart.

How I found my way to my chamber I cannot tell, but when I came to myself I was lying upon the floor cold and weak, with that terrible pain which for months after seemed searing into my heart's core. There I lay reviewing my past life; how cold and barren it appeared; how few crumbs of comfort had fallen to my share! In childhood I had yielded everything to Amy, ever since we had been together the sunshine and tenderness had been for her, and now she had claimed all that could make existence endurable. Life stretched out before me barren and dark—no pleasant spring whereat to drink—no sympathy—no love! It was long before I could rouse myself from that weak, wicked state, and all the while I lay upon the cold floor in the prostration of helplessness, those whispered voices were borne upon the night wind, and rung in my ear like a mockery of my pain. At length I undressed and went to bed, but it was some time before Amy came up stairs, and when she did, her face flashed out so bright and joyous in the lamp light that I moaned in anguish.

"Are you ill?" she asked, quickly.

"Only a headache—do not mind me."

"But I wanted to talk to you—you are always sick when I particularly want you to hear me."

"I can listen," I said, "only put out the light, for it hurts my eyes."

So she extinguished the lamp, and creeping into bed twined her arms about me and told me—she loved, and was beloved! I listened without moving a muscle, only when she kissed me and asked me if I was not glad, I pushed her arms away—I could have endured a serpent's coil better than her kiss at that moment.

"Do you know, Ruthy," she said, gayly, "I was almost jealous of you at one time—Matthew talked so much about you."

"But that is all over now?"

"Oh, yes, how silly it was! You shall never get married, but just live a nice old maid like aunt Prudence and take care of my house, for you like such things, and I don't."

Soon after she fell asleep, and I raised myself on my arm to look at her. She was smiling in her slumber like a happy child; pleasure gave a singularly youthful look to her face, and she was

prettier than any picture as she lay there. All my bitterness gave way to a resigned melancholy—it seemed right, nothing so fair and frail as she was ever meant to struggle with life, she was to be cherished and guarded, to float down toward the ocean of eternity in a flower-crowned barque, while my course lay over leaden billows lying dead and stagnant, over hidden rocks which the storm never reached, and the sunshine could not penetrate, nor was there any to inform me of the heaven beyond, or pilot my boat into sunny streams where it might find a harbor of rest and peace.

The next morning Matthew Gwyn came early to see aunt Prudence, and had a long conference with her. When he went away she told me that he wanted to marry Amy—whether she noticed my appearance I cannot tell, but she made no remark then nor afterward, though she grew still more gentle, and took me closer and closer to her heart.

A month from that day they were married. It would be a useless task to attempt any description of my own feelings. I was flung helpless into the desolate night—no aid—no sunlight beyond, from which my heart might drink in new life. Every hope was crushed, every joy withered, and no after morning could warm them into blossoming again.

Outwardly I was calm; taking upon myself all the necessary preparations, allowing myself no time for rest or thought, secluding myself as much as possible in my little chamber, for the sight of Amy's happy face was an added pain.

All was over at length! I stood at the window one bright October morning and watched them depart. I had gone through the whole with a sort of gladiator firmness for which I could not account; stood calmly and heard the vows pronounced which bound those two hearts together for life, and now all was over. Even then I did not give way; I was neither romantic nor sentimental; I looked boldly at what fate had offered me, and did not shrink from the bitter cup.

When the house was quiet again, I went up to my chamber and lay down. For several days I was unable to rise from my bed, although I was not ill. There was a sharp, nervous pain in my temples, and a heavy throbbing at my heart, which rendered the slightest movement torture. Aunt Prudence left me much alone—the best medicine I could have had—and at the end of the week I went down stairs again and resumed my usual duties. We did not see Matthew or Amy again that winter, they were spending the season in New York, and it was not till late the next summer that they came out.

One pleasant day a carriage drove up to the door—it contained Matthew and Amy—they had reached their home the night before. That year had changed both somewhat; Amy had grown proud and imperious, and there was a haughty look about her face which dimmed its beauty. Matthew looked sad—the lines about his mouth had settled into a languid melancholy which was painful, and his eyes had lost the frank earnestness of his boyish days. Still the young couple seemed very fond of one another, though before the day passed I could see that their married life had not been all sunshine, and that shadows had crept in between them which might one day blacken to a tempest. Amy was exacting and restless, but Matthew bore it all with a sweet patience, which would have restrained any woman less thoughtless and capricious than she.

Amy was mistress now of the old mansion, for Matthew's father had presented him the house, and it had been newly fitted up in beautiful style. I went up to see them, and spent a good deal of time there, though it was rather sad, for Amy and I had grown less companions than ever. She complained bitterly of the quiet, and blamed Matthew for remaining there. The adulation she had received during the past winter had completely spoiled her, and added to her other faults. She seemed jealous of everything and everybody that pleased Matthew. He was not allowed to quit her side, and yet she scarcely spoke except to chide. Still he bore it all, for her health was not good, and the doctor said that she must be humored in every whim.

When they had been home about a fortnight, they urged me to go and spend several weeks with them; as aunt Prudence wished it also, I went, though I knew the visit could afford me little happiness.

Amy used to lie in bed all the morning, and, as Matthew and I both rose early, he got a habit of coming into the library where I sat, and reading to me. We never conversed much, there seemed a sort of barrier between us which neither could pass, though his manner was very kind, and he appeared less sad when we were together.

One morning, as we were sitting there, Amy came suddenly into the room, full an hour earlier than her custom, and passing both of us without a word, threw herself into an arm-chair.

"Do you feel unwell?" Matthew asked.

"I am sure you would not care if I did," she replied, violently; "you pay no more attention to me than if I were a dog."

"Amy, Amy!" he said, gently.

"Don't speak to me, don't look at me! Pro-

bably I interrupt you—I had better go back to my own room."

"For shame, Amy!" I said, "How can you be so childish?"

She gave way at once to a burst of passion, which was absolutely startling in one so young. "How dare you speak to me like that?" she exclaimed, "I wonder you are not ashamed to open your lips. But, at least, do not venture to lecture me—I will have none of your airs, nor your false piety, remember that!"

"Stop!" said Matthew, more sternly than I had ever heard him speak; "you must not address Ruth in that tone; I may bear it, myself, but you shall not insult her!"

Amy burst into a fit of hysterical passion, wringing her hands and fairly shrieking.

"It is you who insult me!" she cried, "you two! Do you think me blind although I have been silent! But I will speak now, things shall go on in this way no longer."

"What do you mean?" Matthew asked.

"You and Ruth are together all the time, and I am left to get along the best I can. It's a disgrace for two people to go on as you do—a stranger would think she was your wife, not I."

"You are mad!"

"No, I am not, Matthew Gwyn, though you would be glad to have me so! You may take Ruth and go away with her—she always loved you, and loves you yet—wicked, deceitful thing, and I believe you are no better, Matthew Gwyn!"

She rushed out of the room with a new burst of sobs, leaving us paralyzed by her words. I could not even weep; it seemed to me that I should choke with anguish and shame. After a little Matthew came toward me, very pale and shaking from head to foot.

"You will not mind her," he said. "Oh, Ruth, Ruth, I did not know—I did not dream!"

I broke from him, and rushed from the room without speaking. My bonnet lay on a table in the hall, and, catching it up, I fled out of the house, never once pausing till I found myself at home.

Aunt Prudence was out, and I sat down by the window, striving to think, but in vain; only one idea presented itself to my mind; I must never see Matthew again. I might forgive Amy the cruel words she had spoken, but I never wished to meet either of those two while I lived. She had torn the veil from my heart, and cast me back into the unutterable wretchedness from which I had begun to escape.

While I sat there, a thunder storm came up, grand and terrible. The city grew almost like

night, the thunder pealed and rolled till the very foundation of the earth seemed to shake, and the light blazed out in great sheets that were blinding.

Amid the rush of the tempest, I heard the sound of a horse's feet, and saw Matthew Gwyn galloping frantically toward the house. He turned a corner shortly—the horse reared—a fiercer flash had startled him, and breaking from all control, he shied, and plunging, flung his rider heavily against a fence.

I ran out into the storm, there he lay senseless—the blood streaming from a deep wound upon his temple. How I dragged him into the house I cannot tell; but it was accomplished, and I threw myself beside, calling vainly upon his name.

Suddenly there was a lull in the storm, and recollection came back. I went out to the barn and sent one of the men for help, while another went with me into the house, and we laid the wounded man upon a bed.

At length Matthew opened his eyes with a groan, and his name broke wildly through my hushed sobs.

"Matthew! Matthew!"

He smiled faintly, and his white lips murmured,

"Ruth—it is Ruth! I am dying, Ruth; do not shrink from me now, for this is death! Bend down there—answer me one thing."

I bent my face to his, and he went on in a painful whisper,

"I never dreamed of what Amy said. I thought you did not care for me. If I had but known—oh, if I had but known it, Ruth!"

"There is a hereafter, Matthew," I said, through my tears.

"Yes, and we shall meet there! Take care of Amy. Pray for me, Ruth—pray for me—pray——"

When the doctor reached the house with aunt Prudence and Amy, Matthew Gwyn was stiff and cold. The wretched young widow threw herself upon the body with passionate outcries, but neither tears nor remorse could rouse him from that dreamless rest.

As for me I could not weep. That night, I watched alone by the corpse; but I was very calm, and when they lowered the coffin into the grave a thanksgiving rose to my lips—he was spared forever from trouble and pain, from sorrow and woe. He was no longer Amy Minturn's husband."

All these things happened long since. I live still in the old homestead, and aunt Prudence dwells with me, an aged, venerable saint.

After her husband's funeral, Amy left us. She went back to her new city friends, and, only a year after, married an English colonel. Since then we never seen her, and she seldom writes to us.

I have grown content, if not happy; the restlessness of youth is past, and I have found a source of lasting comfort in that fount which never faileth. I know that it is well to suffer, and I look calmly forth through the mists of time to the haven of rest, where the realization of my dreams awaits me. I know that I shall find Matthew there, and in that higher life there will be no clouds to separate our souls from one another.

FLING IDLE FANCIES TO THE WINDS.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

FLING idle fancies to the winds,
And idle dreams more useless still,
They only clog the soaring will
From its grand element confined.

Up, coward soul! and win from fate
The glorious boon thou most dost prize;
But a bold hand 'tis thou requirest,
And lo! success shall on thee wait.

These vain regrets and baby tears
But fill befit thy whitening hair
And face, where many a line of care
Is traced by the sure pen of years.

Oh, sunny youth, I leave you now,
By my dead childhood lay you down,
My temples feel a harsher crown
Than the fair flowers that decked my brow.

The bracing wind that o'er me blows
Is not from childhood's uplands blown,
No Summer sounds are in its tone,
No music that the young heart knows.

Ah! witching dreams, so dear and bright,
Must I resign you evermore?
Close 'gainst your angels' forms the door
Of my soul's shrine ye filled with light!

Oh! youth and I for aye must part,
Old friend, you've brought me many a joy,
And if there ningle sad alloy
I can forgive you from my heart.

Oh! Thou who see'st the fittest path,
Strengthen my feet to walk therein,
Till I the perfect rest shall win
Which only he, the Conqueror, hath.

THE TRIALS OF A FASCINATING MAN.

BY MISS CARRIE E. FAIRFIELD.

I AM not a handsome man. I never made any pretensions to beauty, my features are not regular, my nose is decidedly ugly, and my moustache anything but elegant, being about the color of a well-baked pumpkin pie; yet spite of all these advantages, disadvantages I mean, the girls will have it that I am a perfect lady-killer. I believe I have been regularly through all the ordinary inflections which accompany such a reputation, besides some extraordinary ones. I have received scores of anonymous love letters, and no end of nick-nacks and trinkets embroidered with "remember me," and "dinna forget," and "forget-me-not," and occasionally "souvenir," and "*pensez a moi*." I have been sonnetized all over, from my hair (which is coarse, and in color first cousin to my moustache,) through all the regular gradations of "brow," "eyes," "lips," and "whiskers," down to my very "feet," which one young lady, very poetically inclined, described as

"Made to inspire through Terpsichore's art,
Strange thrilling music in each maiden's heart!"

I registered a vow against dancing the very day I received that sonnet. Valentine's day has come to be a perfect bore to me. My post-office box is always filled to overflowing; little tinted-perfumed *billets-doux* are stuck under the street door, and rained mysteriously down the area steps. Last year some half a dozen were miraculously placed on my dressing-table, and one I found nestled safely under my pillow. These are all ordinary enough annoyances. Any handsome man (but I am not handsome, that is the dogs of it) can count up scores of such petty grievances as these, but I have been martyred in a few ways which I don't think fall to the lot even of all the Adonis' of society. I appeal to you, gentlemen, what man amongst you was ever obliged to shave off a most beautiful and luxuriant crop of whiskers, just because ladies would persist in teasing in the most bewitching way in the world, for "just one little curl, it would never be missed from such a superabundance to keep as a memento." How would you feel if you should go into a friend's house to look at his three months' hair and congratulate his lady, to have her sit down very close by your side on

the sofa, and put the little darling in your arms, and tell you, in the presence of her husband, and in the tenderest manner in the world, that she has named the sweet little cherub for you, "for the sake of old memories," lifting up a blue eye that almost sparkles with a tear, so bewitchingly to your face? Would it be delightful, do you think, to be stopped on the street by an unknown man, a jealous husband, confronted with your own daguerreotype—a very handsomely finished one designed for your sister, but mysteriously purloined from your bureau-drawer—and inquired of if you are the original of that picture, which he had found pressed to his wife's cheek, after she had wept herself to sleep, and threatened with a public cowhiding if you did not cease your machinations against his domestic peace; when all the time you were as innocent of any knowledge of him or his wife as a babe unborn? All this have I endured, and more.

For the sake of the charitable, if there are any among the softer sex, which from the depths of my martyrdom I almost begin to doubt, I make the following sketch of some of my dilemmas; hoping that they, more reasonable and more merciful than I have found the majority of the sex to be, will hereafter pause, before they allow their indiscretion to bring such a series of misfortunes upon any of the brotherhood.

"Alphonse," said my sister Julia, one evening after we had been talking over the above desperate state of affairs, "it is very evident that you are a dangerous man to be lying around loose in a community of young ladies like this; why the havoc you are making is perfectly terrific, and some means must be devised of putting an end to it; there are no two ways about it, my dear brother, you must get married."

"Now, Julia, it is useless talking," I replied. "I am willing to do anything reasonable in the case, but the fact is, I have always entertained some old-fashioned notions about love as requisite for matrimony, and I really don't fancy being hurried into anything desperate, either through charity to the female population about me, or from that stronger instinct of self-preservation; though, to tell the truth, the bore is getting rather intolerable."

"But why, Alphonse, amongst the scores of

young ladies with whom you are acquainted, cannot you select one whom you can really love? I am sure you are not unreasonable in your demands for a wife."

"No, I don't think I am, but I confess I have a desire to marry a rational woman, and I never yet saw one whom the first thrill of love didn't seem to possess with some strange infatuation, not to say insanity. Besides, though I am a constitutionally indolent man, yet I have always had an idea of doing my own courting, and most of my young lady acquaintances, certainly all those whom I might otherwise have fancied, have left me little room for the exercise for my powers in that direction."

"Well, the truth of the matter is, Alphonse, you are so good-natured and so obliging, that young ladies are apt to forget themselves when under the influence of your fascinations, and to repose such confidence in you as no wearer of the bifurcated garments was ever made to receive. But I am going to put a stop to all this. My friend Araminta Douglass is coming here next week, I have known her long and intimately, and if you do not find her an exception to all your previously formed ideas of femininity, and moreover a woman capable of inspiring a genuine affection, I shall be very much disappointed."

"Very well," said I, "if the young lady can really win me, I have no objection to sacrificing myself."

"She will not win you," replied Julia, emphatically, "but I hope you may be so fortunate as to win her."

The appointed day arrived, and with it Miss Araminta Douglass. She was a tall, queenly woman, with the air of a Juno; and her flashing eye and imperious carriage, gave one the idea of a creature formed to command rather than to win the admiration of all beholders. Besides, I knew her to be thoroughly educated and accomplished, and, if the truth must be told, for the first day or two I stood a good deal in awe of her, and being naturally a modest man, I felt a slight degree of trepidation about making any positive advances toward her; but Julia, who has all the tact of her sex, contrived that we should be left much alone together, so that at the end of the first week of Miss Douglass' visit, I began to feel more at ease in her presence. She was a splendid woman; the stately grace and dignity of all her movements charmed me; the elegance of her manners and her wonderful conversational powers awoke my highest admiration; and her amiability completely won my heart. My courtship was not without its trials,

but of these I do not purpose to speak. Suffice it, that after various embarrassing delays, and periods of the most torturing suspense, I at last acknowledged the passion which her charms had inspired, and received, if not a positive acceptance, yet sufficient encouragement to make me the happiest of men.

This latter event occurred during a visit at Beech Lawn, the aristocratic country residence of Miss Douglass' parents. Of course, I could not think of returning to town without carrying with me the miniature of my idol; and in compliance with my request, Araminta presented me with a lovely daguerreotype, which she had had taken while in town, on the conditions of an exchange. Now I had no miniature of myself, but in my fuit-case was a most exquisite medallion locket, elegantly enameled and set with gems; and as there was a very good artist in the village, I concluded to have a picture taken and set in the locket.

The artist succeeded admirably, and the picture was sent home on the afternoon previous to my departure. I intended to present it to Araminta that evening, but before I had an opportunity of doing so, one of these little incidents which have been the bane of my life, must needs occur.

There happened to be at that time a seamstress employed in the family, a pale-faced, light-haired young lady, of whom Araminta had always spoken with respect, as the daughter of an honest and well-to-do farmer in the vicinity. I am an early riser, and often in my morning promenades up and down the lawn I had met this young lady, and not unfrequently she had joined me in my walk, and pointed out to me the various beauties of the scene. By some chance, I found that she was quite poetical in her tastes, and having from long experience acquired a secret horror of all sentimental young ladies, I thereafter quietly avoided her.

On that unfortunate evening, however, as I was walking in the garden awaiting Araminta's return from a shopping expedition to the village, I happened to spy, in passing a little summer-house, Miss Barlow, sitting within in an attitude of despondency, and sobbing violently. My sympathies were instantly aroused, but fearing to be intrusive, I was about to withdraw from the vicinity, when she raised her head and seeing me, exclaimed,

"Oh! Mr. Hathaway, I am overwhelmed with shame at being discovered in such a state as this; but indeed, sir, my heart is breaking."

I apologized for my intrusion, assured her it was entirely accidental, but suggested that as

Providence had led me to the spot, perhaps it was intended that I should in some way comfort her in her distress.

"Oh! it is hopeless; it is impossible," she cried, at the same time moving along to give me room to seat myself beside her.

In spite of an intuitive feeling that I might be getting myself into a scrape, I accepted the offered privilege, and—what man with a human heart in his bosom could have done less?—stole an arm gently around her waist.

"Tell me, my dear Miss Barlow," I said, "is there no way in which I can be instrumental in alleviating your distress? I assure you it would give me a great deal of pleasure to serve you."

Still she sobbed, in such an agony of sorrow, that my heart really bled for the poor thing. "Have you heard unpleasant tidings from home?" I ventured to inquire.

"Oh! no, sir," was the reply, "my distress is all here," laying her hand pathetically upon her heart. I felt the cold chills starting through my veins. I could not speak.

"Oh! Mr. Hathaway," she exclaimed, laying her head upon my shoulder, and bursting into a fresh flood of tears. "Is it possible that you have never, till this moment, suspected the terrible secret which is hurrying me to the grave?"

I fairly trembled in my boots; fortunately, however, I heard the roll of carriage wheels, and knew that Araminta had returned; as she would pass directly by the summer-house, on her way up the lawn, it was necessary to terminate this interesting scene. Therefore hastily pressing the hand which had in some way, for which I was not responsible, found its way into mine, I said something about my sympathy for her, and my sincere hope that she might yet be happy, and withdrew as quickly as possible; not, however, until Araminta had discovered my presence in the summer-house, and Miss Barlow's tears. She was a woman of sense, however, and said nothing.

Tea was waiting for us, and when we had arose from the table, callers were in the parlor, so that it was nearly nine o'clock before I was left alone with Araminta. Then I excused myself from the room, and went to my own apartment in search of the locket which I had left lying on my dressing-bureau. What was my astonishment to find it missing! I searched long and vainly, and at last concluded that some of the servants must have taken it. But what was I to do? I had promised Araminta to leave my daguerreotype with her, and I disliked exceedingly to mention my loss to her, knowing the disagreeable suspicions which would be likely

to follow. A moment's thought decided me. The artist at the village, thinking my picture a good one for exhibition, had reserved one for his own use. This I would have set in as handsome a case as I could find in his assortment, and present it to Araminta in the morning. Banishing my vexation, therefore, as best might, I returned to the parlor, and informed Miss Douglass that I had sat for a picture for her, but it would not be finished until morning, when I hoped for the pleasure of presenting it to her.

The best case which I could procure at the village, proved to be a very common one, but I consoled myself with thinking that as soon as I returned to town I would replace it with something exceedingly elegant and *recherche*.

Araminta accepted the daguerreotype very graciously, and I left in the best possible spirits. Judge of my surprise, therefore, when on the following week I received a note couched in these terms, and accompanied by my letters and miniature.

"MR. HATHAWAY—SIR—Previous to my acquaintance with you, I had been informed of your character as an experienced and most unprincipled flirt. My high respect for your sister, and I may add the frankness and apparent sincerity of your own manners, served, however, to dissipate, in a great measure, the prejudices thereby inspired; though, as you very well know, it was long before I could feel sufficient confidence in your integrity to accept your addresses. Recent developments, however, have not only confirmed my old suspicions, but laid open to my view a blacker phase of your character than any I had ever pictured. Your own conscience will doubtless suggest the circumstances to which I have referred. Sir, I am no longer blinded by your insidious wiles, and this opportunity of expressing to you the scorn and execration in which I hold a man of your character, affords me the highest pleasure. With unfeigned thankfulness I return to you your letters and daguerreotype, and demand my own. Do not have the baseness to undertake one word of defence for your infamous conduct, as it will avail you nothing, but rather sink you in a still deeper pit of infamy.

"In the utmost indignation, I am, sir, your undecieved victim, ARAMINTA DOUGLASS."

Now wasn't that an edifying letter to be received by a man not only entirely innocent of every charge therein contained, but also entirely ignorant of these terrible "circumstances," to which such pointed allusion was made? At first

I stamped with rage, but swearing and all other exhibitions of temper were utterly useless. Any effort at an explanation by letter would evidently be equally futile; there were only two methods of procedure left me. I could either abandon the whole thing, and suffer the case to go by default; or I could confront the irate Juno in person, (that is, if I could gain access to her indignant presence,) and demand the proof of her allegations. This latter a due regard for my reputation as an honest man decided me to do.

I left town by the first train, *en route* for Beech Lawn. Arrived, sent up my card, and was refused an audience, just as I had anticipated. It was time to be resolute, so I wrote on the back of the card.

"Miss Douglass, I am as innocent of the charges you have preferred against me as any man living, and you have no right to deny me the opportunity of exculpating myself. Therefore, allow me to inform you that the letters and daguerreotype in my possession will never be given up until I have justice at your hands. If you do not wish to see me yourself, you can refer me to your father, but I do not choose to apply to him till I am certain of being treated as a gentleman should be. A. H."

This message, after a little delay, brought me an invitation to enter the library, where I found Judge Douglass. I stated my errand at once, and, after a patient hearing, he conceded my right to an explanation. It seemed that Miss Douglass had acted entirely upon impulse, and without consulting her parents; and the judge, therefore, summoned her at once to his presence, and required the proof of the charges which she had preferred.

Araminta was still undaunted. Looking at me with a fixed, indignant gaze, she asked,

"Does Mr. Hathaway pretend to deny that, during his late visit here, he met frequently by stealth, once at least in the arbor at the foot of the garden walk, where I myself saw him in conversation with her, Miss Susan Barlow, my seamstress? That he succeeded in winning her youthful affections, and presented to her on that very occasion his miniature set in an elegant locket? He dare not deny it, for the locket I have myself seen."

Had a mine exploded beneath my feet, I could not have been more astonished. Quickly regaining my self-possession, however, I rehearsed as delicately as possible the circumstances of my acquaintance with Miss Barlow, and the loss of the locket. Araminta was still skeptical, however, and I was obliged to suggest that Miss Barlow be summoned to deny, if she could, the

truth of my statements. She was engaged in an upper room sewing, and the judge instantly sent a message to her. She came down covered with blushes and trepidation, and a few moments' cross-questioning completely sustained me. I was sorry for the pain which I was obliged to inflict upon the poor girl—but what could I do? Araminta, however, evidently could not forget that the poor, self-immolated victim was one of her own sex, and I think it would have gone hard with me still, but for the ludicrous scene which terminated the examination, and in which I certainly bore the least enviable part.

The only point left was to gain possession of the locket, and upon this I was determined. Upon demanding it of Miss Barlow, however, she burst into tears and declared it was no longer in her possession.

"Have you lost it?" I asked.

"It was taken from me, sir."

"Do you know by whom?"

"Yes, sir. Rose has it."

"Who was Rose?" I asked.

"Do you mean the cook?" asked Miss Douglass, indignantly.

"Yes, ma'am. Rose in the kitchen; I showed it to her one day, and she said Mr. Hathaway was the nicest young man she ever saw, and that the woman that got him for a husband would be happier than a queen. She didn't seem to like it because I had his picture, and the next day she got it away from me, and she won't give it up."

It was too much; even the gravity of the judge was not proof against this last development; he roared with laughter. Araminta was more vexed than amused.

"Send for Rose," said the judge. "Let's have it all out while we are about it."

The bell was rung, and Rose called.

"Well, Rose," said the judge, with as much gravity as he could command. "It appears that you have been stealing. Miss Barlow here charges you with having taken from her a valuable gold locket set with stones. Are you aware that the offence is criminal, and would send you to the 'lock-up'?"

"I didn't go for to steal it, Massa Douglass," said Rose, penitently, "fore my heavenly Master I didn't; but it had a handsome picter in it that I liked to look at," looking out from under her eyebrows at me, "and I jest kep it a few days. Miss Barlow, she say she goin' to have him for allurs, and I think she might let poor Rose have his picture, little while."

Fancy my feelings!

"Well," said the judge, "the locket does not

belong to either of you, and must be instantly restored to its proper owner. Rose, produce it at once."

Rose looked sheepish for a moment, and then commenced fumbling among the folds of her dress, and soon produced the locket from her bosom, and stood with it in her hands waiting for some one to take it.

"You can lay it on the table," said I.

The judge roared, Araminta blushed, and the two girls looked defiance at each other from under lowering brows. My state of mind as a modest man in the midst of such a scene, is more easily imagined than described.

As soon as the judge could command himself

sufficiently he dismissed the girls, and I retired from the field on which I had won such questionable laurels. I took my dinner at the hotel, and returned post haste to town. The next week I received a letter from Araminta of rather a different temper from her last, which I answered in person. The judge could not refrain from sundry sly hints about "daguerreotypes," "dangerous fascinations," &c., but further than this there was no allusion made to my last visit.

One month ago I became a Benedict, and if there is another poor, persecuted son of Adam, whose experiences have been any way similar to mine, I advise him to go and do likewise, for it is the only remedy of which the race allows.

WEARY.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

THE gates of every earthly hope
Seem barred against my entering tread,
And gloomily my way I grope
Through untried paths of care and dread.

Frozen are Affection's soft, warm showers,
That make life beautiful and gay;
And all the wayside buds and flowers
From my bleak path have died away.

No twilight lingers in the West,
Where Pleasure's golden sun went down;
But winds wail out their wild unrest,
And starless skies in anger frown.

Alone I walk the dangerous way,
Trembling and faint with doubt and fear;
The night grows cold—the shadows grey,
There is no rest nor shelter near.

From many a happy home the light
Slants through the rain across my track,
But to reveal the heavy night,
And make the darkness still more black.

Oh! I am tired, and sick, and faint,
My heart, most heavily oppressed,
Moans forth its own unvarying plaint,
"All-pitying Father! let me rest!"

Father! hast Thou forgotten me,
And left me in this stormy wild?
Thine eyes each falling sparrow see,
Have they overlooked thy fainting child?

Father! life's wayside blossoms bright
Give, or withhold! Thou knowest best!
I do not importune for light,
But Father! Father! let me rest!

THE GRAVE IN THE HEART.

BY LENA LYLE.

THERE is a grave within my heart,
A new-made grave,
And over it fond memory weeps,
And lone thoughts wave!
It is where buried friendship lies,
A friendship broken,
And this is all that's left to me,
This lonely token.

An angel bends above this grave,
Where Love is sleeping,
And o'er the precious dust beneath
Is sadly weeping;
Whilst at her bidding come and go
Each sad, sweet vision;
The memories of other days
Like dreams Elysian.

That grave I must forever close,
That angel leave me;
Those ashes silent must repose,
But oh! 'twill grieve me!
Above them, oh! for many a year
A lonely pleasure,
'Twill be to drop, in secret, tears,
O'er my dead treasure.

Without the storm is beating wild—
What's that to me?
Within my heart's the only storm
That I can see!
The roaring thunder can but be
An echo dim
Of my wailing o'er that lonely grave,
Its fun'ral hymn.

A THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY A. L. OTIS.

My mother was a widow, and I her only daughter, Agnes Brown. She was very beautiful, and quite young, only sixteen years older than myself. My father had left us poor; but she had not been a widow long before she had several suitors, and when I was about fourteen years of age she married Mr. R——, a gentleman of wealth, with four children. They were: Edward, who was in California; Charles, Letitia, and Jack. Jack, the youngest, was about my age.

For one year we all lived happily together, and then my step-father died, leaving his children and myself with equal portions. My mother followed him in a few months, and we were left in the guardianship of a young lawyer, who did not pretend to take any interest in us beyond his legal duties. The old house-keeper managed the domestic concerns, and we all attended school, except Edward, who was still in San Francisco.

I soon began to feel that I was in an uncomfortable position. Letitia would have loved me, and was never intentionally unkind, but her brother let me know that they considered me an intruder, an alien in their home, who had taken a daughter's portion. Daily slights, unkind hints, a contemptuous coldness, and a complete exclusion from all the family consultations, or confidential intercourse, left me cruelly alive to their state of feeling toward me.

I was a very timid girl, without strength to bear up, either against others, or my own self-distrust. I knew myself unwelcome, yet dared not go away. I was fearful of leaving shelter, even so bleak as this, for the wide, wide world.

I tried to make them love me; but I found that the gentleness and patience I struggled for, were called abjectness; my good will, officiousness; and my silence, sullenness. I was not one who could compel affection, I found, to my sorrow.

I endured a whole year of this misery, and then Edward came home. He was welcomed with joy by all but myself. I had never seen him, and therefore feared him. I felt that if he were my enemy too, I must become desperate enough to leave them, though I had no relatives to go to.

The evening of Edward's return was spent in question and answer, among the children of the same father. I sat apart. Edward had spoken kindly to me when he first came, calling me sister Agnes; and several times he tried to give me a chance to enter into the general conversation, as any polite gentleman would. But I was too uncertain of my hearers to talk, so I became a listener only. I judged, from what I heard and saw, that Edward was a quick-tempered, open-hearted man, a gentleman in feeling, yet used to roughing it in a new country.

The next evening, my new brother asked me to give him some music. My hands trembled, and grew so cold, that I continually made mistakes, I endeavored to remedy them, and so grew confused. At last I tried a lively, easy waltz, in hopes of recovering myself, Jack began to beat time. It distracted me.

"You never can keep time with Agnes," he said, "she always breaks down."

Edward was standing by me; I could see by the mirror before me, that he turned quickly, and gave Jack an angry look. It only confused me the more, and I bungled again.

"There—I told you so!" cried Jack. "Hear that!"

"And how dare you beat time at all, you uncivil little monkey?" Edward burst out. "Let me hear any more of your impertinence, and I will put you out of the room!"

I was too frightened to go on, and left the parlor. My room was directly overhead. I heard Edward's voice, in deep tones, talking very earnestly. As they came up stairs to retire, I heard him say to Lettie, as they passed my door,

"She is in a confoundedly uncomfortable situation, any how, and if those boys make it as intolerable for her as they have done since I have been here, I shall see what to have done with them!"

He then kissed her for good night. I laid a happy head on my pillow—I had a friend.

The next day, I went to the library for a book. Edward was there, very busy writing. Jack was getting down some volumes, and as the one I wanted was beyond my reach, I ventured to ask him to get it for me. It was under his hand the moment I spoke. He came down the steps

without it, and stood directly before me, staring into my face:

"Pray who was your last waiter?" he said. "It is an honor I decline."

Edward strode forward, seized him by the collar, and shook him until his teeth rattled.

"Now, you monkey," he said, "climb those steps this instant, and down with the book! Or no—Agnes may not like to take it from such unmannerly hands—I will get it for her myself."

He gave it to me with a kind bow, and a glance of apology towards Jack, who stood before him white with rage. I escaped from the room quite afraid of my fierce defender.

It was Charles' turn to meet with reproof next. He was asking Letitia what had become of his coat. I happened to know, and she did not. I replied,

"The tailor has taken it to alter. He wished to know if you wanted the sleeve-cuffs velvet-lined. Do you, Charles?"

He deigned me no reply. I cared much more for him than for Jack. I felt myself flush painfully as I said,

"I only asked because he is coming again, and desired word to be left about it."

As usual, I fled to my room to conceal my tears. But I was afraid I might be missed if I stayed too long, and thus excite Edward's dangerous compassion. I washed my eyes, and hastened down to find the brothers in loud and high dispute, which hushed as I entered. I knew by the look of hate which Charles bestowed upon me, that I was the subject of it. I saw too plainly that Edward's championship was doing me no good, and that I was sowing dissension in the family. I must go away. This state of misery was killing me. I had become so weakly nervous, that anything sudden or unexpected, made me scream out, or faint away. I could not bear this much longer, and live, even though Edward's kindness had filled my whole heart with boundless gratitude and love for him. While I was trying to summon courage to consult him on the subject of my future residence, he was suddenly called away from home for some weeks. The time of his absence was a time of bitterest trial to me.

One of his friends, a Dr. E——, often visited at the house, and entering into Edward's feeling of pity for my forlorn state, (which he perceived as clearly as if he had been told it in words,) he often showed me little polite attentions. They soon became to me the sunbeams in my wintry weather. After Edward left home, his friend still came. I felt conscious, and joyful; but alas! it was not long before I saw a change in

his manner to me. He grew cold and distant. I often saw him regarding me curiously, with a regretful expression, as if the suspicion of my unworthiness were beginning to take root. This grieved me past telling.

He had a bunch of pretty wild flowers in his hand one day when he came—the last blossoms of autumn. He had always brought them for me, before; but now, when I expected them, and was so foolish as to look glad when I saw them, thinking that, after all, he was not turning from me, he gave them to Letitia with an air that seemed to say, "You need not suppose they are for you!"

I was so weak, and so overwhelmed with shame and grief, that for a moment I felt faint. I sank down upon the sofa, and Lettie fanned me. Just then Charles came in.

"That actress is at her interesting tricks again!" he sneered. "Don't waste your time and sympathy on her. She will come to quick enough, if you retire, and leave no one by to admire her airs!"

"I do think she is ill, Charles," said Lettie, "see her poor white lips."

"Perhaps—but if Dr. E—— had not been here as witness, she would not have fainted."

I sprang up—my nerves stung to spasmodic effort—and ran for the door. Charles' low laugh sounded in my ears. I reached my room, but fell again upon the floor, where I quietly lay until I felt stronger.

I knew what comments would be made upon my sudden recovery. They would say the sickness was all a pretence. Dr. E——, I hoped, would think so; yes, I hoped it, for if my fainting was not "a counterfeit," what interpretation must he put upon it? Unsought love? That is the crime woman fears most of all!

My shame and misery were more than I could bear. I did not leave my room again for a week, being quite feverish and ill. But I determined to be down on Thanksgiving Day, when Edward was expected home; and when the day arrived, with all its bustle of preparation for guests, and their reception, I was so much better that I dressed to be present at dinner. When word was sent to my room that dinner was served, I hastened down, wondering that Edward should have arrived without my knowing it, since I had spent most of the morning listening for him on the stairs. I did not think they would have dinner without him, and I had to try hard to keep my joy, at the idea of seeing him again, within bounds. As I quietly entered the dining-room, I thought I saw him standing before a picture, looking at it, and awaiting the gathering

of the family. I was the only one there beside himself. I ventured to lay my hand upon his shoulder, and say, rather tremulously, "Welcome home, my only friend!" It was the first time I had ever alluded to my troubles to any one. He turned. I started at least three paces from him. It was Dr. E——! His height, and black hair, or my own preconceived fancy had misled me. I was too much startled and confused to observe his manner when thus addressed, but I remember that my hand was detained, and that he was about to speak when the family and guests came flocking in from the parlor.

When all were seated, Charles, who sat in Edward's place, said,

"Edward should have been here; but as the time of arrival of the cars has past, I suppose we shall not see him until to-morrow."

Great regret at his absence was expressed by the others; but I think no one felt it as I did.

As the waiter was removing the soup-plates, a messenger, on urgent business to Charles, was announced, and he was obliged to leave the table. He came back, looking very pale and troubled. He leaned on his chair, and paused a moment, while we all looked at him in breathless anxiety. After a time, he stammered, that there had been a fearful accident on the railroad, and Edward was—lost!

It seemed like a death to me. For hours I was alternately insensible, and conscious of cruel misery.

I was entirely unaware of what was taking place around me. At last I grew more tranquil. The first words I heard were from old Dr. Goodenough, who stood at my bedside. I comprehended that there was a medical consultation.

"This nervous prostration could not be brought about suddenly, even by such a shock. I have long observed this poor girl's unhappiness. It has worn her down to the grave. Between us, I do not think she is treated over-kindly. She ought to have a happy home to make her expand well. She is like my beautiful, delicate, pink oxalises. They never open, sir, unless the sun shines upon them—the full sun, sir, without it they are only twisted up, ugly little wisps."

The answering voice made me tremble. It was Dr. E——'s:

"Have you known her well, doctor? I mean her disposition?"

"Certainly, sir! certainly! Ever since she was a child."

"They say she is deceitful, and an actress, and that occasions their coldness to her. I don't wish to defend them, heaven knows! I would

be most happy—I am quite miserable not to believe her all I once thought her. But the whole family, except Edward, who is a stranger to her, seem to think her not trustful."

"Then harsh treatment has made her so; but I don't believe it, for I never saw a more open child. She was always a timid little thing, ready to shrink, wanting encouragement. No doubt, if repelled, she would conceal her warmer feelings; but the truth, never!"

"But even the gentle Letitia——"

"Fal-de-ral—a little blind mole! Those boys are at the bottom of it. With equal fortune, and superior personal attractions, Agnes has raised their jealous fear of her cutting their sister out in society. That is it, my dear fellow. I see through it."

I had tried many times to interrupt this conversation, but I found my senses acute, while my will was powerless. It was laudanum which so benumbed me, and I soon fell into a short sleep, full of horrible visions, laudanum fancies.

I was awaked again by a nervous tremor. Dr. Goodenough was still talking:

"Very likely, very likely. He is a handsome fellow, and he is no more real relation to her than you are, or than I am."

I turned, and moaned in an effort to speak.

"Agnes! Agnes!" said Dr. Goodenough, arousing me. "Look at old daddy Goodenough, there's a darling. Do you know me?"

"Yes, yes!" I said. "Pat me to sleep again, dear doctor. Please do, and let me forget all about it."

"No, no," he said, "look at your old doctor and nurse, who had you in his arms when you were but a small morsel! Can you listen to your old friend? Be a good child, and try to be strong as a lion. I have got something to tell you, which you must brace yourself to hear."

I sprang up in nervous horror. "Oh, don't! don't!" I said, "don't tell me that again!"

"No, no, pet. She shall not hear *that* again, for certain. Calm yourself now. Look at me to see if I have bad news to tell. How do I look? All pale and grieved? No, no, my gills are rosy, ain't they? Now smile a bit, for I have good news."

At this moment there came a quick knock at the door, and without an instant's pause, it flew open. Edward entered, crying, in no subdued voice, to some detaining person outside,

"She'll be all right the moment she sees I'm safe, and not all smashed up yet."

I reached out my arms, and was instantly clasped in his, gently, affectionately. When I sank back upon my pillow again, my eyes caught

one glance of Dr. E——'s pale, watchful face, but they shrank from him, and encountered Dr. Goodenough's angry dignity. He was looking daggers at the rash intruder:

"I hope you have done no harm, sir," he said to Edward. "You know little of woman's delicate, nervous structure, or you would not have risked that shock of joy!"

"Have I harmed you, poor Agnes, by my impetuosity? Poor girl, do you meet unkindness even from me? I would not cause you pain for the world!"

He was bending fondly over me, often kissing my cheek. Dr. E—— left the room.

Edward then apologized to Dr. Goodenough, and soon made friends with him. He gave him an account of his escape, his delay in order to help others, and his arrival at home ten minutes after that unlucky messenger had caused such consternation.

After some hours' rest, the doctor said I might rise. Edward carried me out to the little verandah, overlooking our own, and a long row of neighbors' gardens. It was a very warm autumn day. We had had frosts; but branches of the climbing roses still hung about the light iron-work arch, with buds half-expanded.

I was in such a deep reverie of happiness that I did not observe Edward's absenting himself, and leaving me alone. Nor did I know that the person who came and stood behind my chair in silence, was Dr. E——. I felt that the moment had come when I could consult Edward about my future plans. I wanted his approval of them, before I thought them all out. So I said, plunging at once to the bottom,

"Edward, I must go away. You know I cannot stay here to create discord. You see I must go—you feel with me, don't you?"

"I feel," began Dr. E——, "that if I cannot win you to go with me, the world is a waste to me."

His tone was so deep and impassioned that I was spell-bound.

"If you will not forgive me my cruelty, I am a wretched man, Agnes, my poor lamb!"

His emotion, perhaps partly pity at seeing me so weak, smothered further words, and he turned away to subdue it. I was only surprised at the vehemence and strength of his feelings—not their nature, for I had read the full meaning of his look when Edward returned, and I was well-coming him.

After half an hour of happiness, Dr. E—— said he must not selfishly forget my welfare in his joy, so he led me in and Edward carried me up stairs.

"Well, Agnes," he said to me, very kindly, "I hope your troubles are all over?"

"This is indeed Thanksgiving Day to me," I answered.

"And do you know I have barely escaped with my life twice to-day, for my old friend, Dr. E——, was ready to bowie-knife me, I believe, for a rival? I had to remind him that I was your brother."

"He will never forget it again, if I am of any consequence to him, for he will see every day how my dear brother Edward dwells in my grateful heart."

When I was married, it was Dr. E——'s wish as well as mine, that the child's portion my step-father had left me, should be returned to the estate. It was done. The boys were candid enough to see that it was justice done, not unwillingly, and we have been on good terms ever since. They all assemble at my husband's house on every anniversary of that happy Thanksgiving Day.

COME HOME.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

Come home!

The hours pass so wearisome!
The stars shone with a gentle glow,
And June walked o'er the world below,
When last we parted by the moaning sea;
And blushing June again is here;
Though but an absence of a year,
It seems like many, many more to me!

Come home!

It is so sad to be alone!
I call thee in my restless sleep—
I very often sit and weep

Tears briny as the waters of the sea!

I know my heart can never learn
To wait with patience thy return,
For thou art more than all the world to me!

Come home!

Each wildly throbbing pulse says, Come!
To kiss me once again, my love!
To call me thine again, my love!
I weary waiting by the moaning sea!
I know that it is very wrong,
But still my heart will sometimes long
At rest within the voiceless grave to be!

KING PHILIP'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER VI.

THEY sat down together, the old man and the strange woman; she with a calm look of preparation; he stern and pale, but hesitating how to begin. Her dignity and the grave attention with which she waited took away all his self-possession.

"You would speak with me," Barbara said, at length; "you look agitated. Surely nothing has gone amiss since I left the house!"

The old man's face changed, and his voice trembled as he spoke.

"Lady, I too saved you from the deep. I surrendered to you the sacred wine after it had touched the lips of the man who stands highest in our land. I have given you shelter in my dwelling, and placed you at the same table with my daughter and my niece; yet, so far as your worldly life is concerned, I know you not, neither your ingoing nor your outcoming. What could I answer to the Lord, were he to say to me, 'Samuel Parris, who is the woman with whom you have broken bread, and shared the same roof?' I could but reply, 'Lord, I know not—for good or for evil she was cast upon my care, like a drift of sea-weed from the great deep—without a history—without a friend!'"

"And in so much your answer would prove correct. Be satisfied, my kind friend, that you have done a christian duty, for which the poor woman you saved will not prove ungrateful."

The old man shook his head, muttering to himself,

"The arch enemy is most potent when he speaks in a sweet voice, and takes on himself the meekness of an angel."

Barbara only heard a word or two of this low speech, but she saw that the old man was troubled, and a mournful smile came to her lips.

"You are weary of me, I have become a burden in your house; do not fear to say this."

"Not a burden, lady; but a mystery—not an unwelcome guest; but one around whom tears and discord centre, like storm clouds over the moon; lady, in the name of God, I ask, who are

you, and for what purpose do you sojourn among us?"

Barbara Stafford arose, pressed both hands to her eyes for a moment, and answered—oh! so sadly—

"I am nothing but a lone, lone woman, Samuel Parris, a sorrowful woman whose way of life lies through the ashes of dead hopes. I am a woman to whom love is a forbidden blessing. This is your first answer; as for my object in coming among you, it is not accomplished, but dead. A few weeks and I shall pass away. The sea which would not mercifully overwhelm me, spreads its waters between us and the land where my grave will be dug. Let me rest in peace, old man, till a ship sails for your parts, then I will trouble no one longer."

"Then she will trouble no one longer," muttered Parris, writing with his stick upon the ground. "God teach me how to deal with this beautiful demon, if such she is, her words disturb my soul with compassion against its will."

He was tempted to go away and leave the gentle lady in peace, with her basket of roots, and the fragrant flowers with which she had interspersed them. The task of questioning her was too much for his kind nature, while influenced by the sweetness of her voice, and under the magnetism of her presence, he felt humbled and gentle as a child. His daughter was quite forgotten; but, as he stood irresolute, a cry came out from the distance, and looking toward his house, he saw Elizabeth coming swiftly toward them, her golden hair all afloat in the sunshine, her blue eyes bright as diamonds, her lips apart and tremulous with the cries that came sobbing through them.

"My child! my child!" cried the old man, stretching forth his arms as the young girl drew near. "Woman, behold your evil works!"

Barbara was bewildered. Her eyes turned from the old man to the girl, who came up swiftly, her face all flushed with fever, her eyes burning, and her lips filling the air with broken words.

"Father! father! Come away! There is witchcraft in her eyes, they have beguiled him

and now turn upon you. Come away, or she will lure you upon the sands, and sing you into the coral caves, which are built by her sisters, the sea witches."

"Alas! the poor child is ill. This is the delirium of fever!" cried Barbara, going toward the frantic young creature, who flung herself back, and with her hand motioned the woman away.

"Avaunt! get you behind me!" she cried, with the voice and air of a priestess in full inspiration, "sister of her of Endor. I denounce you, demon, whom the waves have hurled forth to our destruction. Let the old man alone. He shall not taste your roots, or be poisoned with a touch of your hand. Lo, it is in my veins, it burns in my eyes, and aches on my forehead—body and soul, your evil power possesses me; but remember, he is a servant of the Most High. His heart is full of prayers, his brain armed with holy thoughts. The fiends you serve shall not prevail against the holy man!"

Barbara was struck with astonishment. She turned deathly white as these words were hurled against her, but she had great knowledge of diseases and instantly saw the truth.

"Poor child!" she said, approaching Elizabeth, "this is the delirium of brain fever. She is very ill!"

Elizabeth flung out her arms, staggered back, and fell to the earth, moaning with pain.

"Stand back," said the old man, planting himself before the prostrate form of his child, "your sorcery has done its work; a demon possesses her. Woman, before the most holy God, I denounce you as a Witch!"

Barbara Stafford staggered back, stunned and white, the horrible magnitude of this charge paralyzed her.

"What can this mean? Who denounces me?" she cried at last, rising to her full majestic height, and casting a look of sorrowful indignation at her accuser. "I am a stranger, and helpless!"

The old man was bending over his child. Her flushed face was turned upward to the sun, her eyes wandered to and fro, dazzled and bright with pain. She had ceased to mutter now, and lay motionless.

Barbara would have helped the old man, but he put her aside, and in a stern voice bade her depart.

The unhappy woman looked wildly abroad, upon the ocean and the land, it all seemed a dreary wilderness then. Why should she remain where all men hated her? Why did she wish to escape the awful danger that threatened in the

old man's words? Fleeing, as much from the minister's evident abhorrence as from fear of its consequences, the woman turned and walked slowly toward the woods.

When Samuel Parris arose, lifting his child from the earth, Barbara Stafford had disappeared. Unheard and unseen she had vanished from his presence; and this was remembered as another proof against her.

While the scene had been in progress, a boat grated on the sands of the beach, and two persons stepped out, going different ways: the young man bent his steps toward the forest, the maiden came softly up to the place where Samuel Parris stood staggering under the weight of his child.

"What is this, uncle? Has Elizabeth hurt herself that she cannot keep her feet?" said Abigail Williams, in her cold, still way that had marked her of late.

"She is possessed—God have mercy upon us!—the child is possessed!"

Abigail looked on her cousin's face, and a spasm of pain crept over her own features.

"She is indeed very ill—something terrible is upon her. Let us go to the house, the hot sun makes her worse."

The old man gathered Elizabeth closer to his bosom and turned to obey this suggestion. In moving, his foot struck the little basket which Barbara had carried, scattering some of the roots and flowers on the ground.

"Bring that also!" he said, glancing earthward, "bring that also!"

Abigail took up the basket, replaced the scattered roots, and followed the minister home.

Meantime Barbara Stafford found herself in the deep shadows of the wilderness, walking slowly and steadily on till the gloom lay heavy around her—heavy and dark, like the terror that settled on her soul.

Barbara was a woman, strong to suffer, to endure, and to act; but a woman still, timid like a woman, shrinking from pain, and afraid of violence, as true womanhood is. Though full of that gentle courage which is so beautiful when blended with softer qualities, she was sensitive to blame and easily wounded in her personal dignity. This abrupt charge of witchcraft shocked her to the soul. Was she to give up everything, to suffer a martyrdom of affection, and go down to her grave branded as a demon? Barbara knew well the importance of a charge like that denounced against her by the lips of Samuel Parris. There did not exist a person in the colonies whose power of character would give more crushing force to an accusation of this

character, both in the courts and in the congregation. She felt that the good old man was convinced of her evil power against his own wishes—that added to his natural fanaticism a solemn belief in witchcraft, which had spread from the old country into the colonies, had seized upon his quick imagination, and he would pursue her to death from an honest sense of duty.

She felt the danger to be imminent, but where could she fly?—to whom appeal?—a stranger, without history, with a name utterly unknown in the colonies, with no ostensible motive for leaving her own land, or remaining an hour in this, who would step forward in her defence? Norman Lovel—alas! he was young and utterly dependent on Gov. Phipps, tried and bosom friend of Samuel Parris. What hope could lie in that direction?

There was no shelter—no help. A feeling of strange desolation crept over her. She had thought herself lonely, and life dreary before, but her heart was full of gentle sympathies that would put forth their fibres and search for something to cling to, even in her worst hours. Now she was literally driven forth to the wilderness, branded by a horrible accusation which must turn all compassion into hate wherever she approached. She had gold about her person, but even that all potent metal was valueless here. Who would touch coin which came from a delated witch? Who would believe in its validity, or dare to receive money which might turn to some poisonous drug in the handling?

In her distress, Barbara bethought herself of the broken tribes of Indians that lived in the wilderness, shorn of their savage grandeur, but maintaining something like independence as they retreated back from the settlements. But how could she hope to find their hiding-places in a wilderness so deep and without a guide?

The night was drawing on, dark and heavy. Storm clouds gathered over the sun at his setting, turning all its gold to lead, and filling the woods with pall-like shadows. Then came sounds of low thunder, mingled with a sigh of the winds as they swept in from the distant ocean. The loneliness grew, terrible. She fell upon her knees and prayed to God, the only being to whom she could appeal, in heaven or on earth.

As she prayed the rain began to fall. It came pattering among the leaves, breaking up the foliage with opposing dreariness. When the foliage was all saturated and dripping, the drops began to fall heavily around her, but she had no shelter—no friend. The elements seemed driving her from an approach to heaven. She arose heart sick, and seating herself on a frag-

ment of rock, buried her face in her folded arms and wept.

A hand laid upon her shoulder broke the deadness of her grief. She looked up and saw the young Indian who had once before encountered her in the forest.

"Lady, why are you here alone, so far from home, and a storm brewing?" he said.

She looked in his face with a glow of touching gratitude. It was something to feel that human life was near—that she need not shiver in the rain, and be left to starve in the deep woods.

"They pursue me—the white men of my race—they charge me with grave crimes that have driven me into the woods," she answered, with touching mournfulness.

The young Indian drew himself up, and clutched the gun which he held with a passionate grip.

"Again," he said, bitterly, "are they at their old work? Must another bright head stoop beneath their blows? Come with me. I have nothing but savage fare and savage protection to give, but with us you will be safe. When we strike a woman, it is upon the forehead, not the heart. We torture with fire, not with words."

Barbara arose, thankful for his kindness, but her limbs trembled. She had walked many miles, and now that protection came her strength fled.

"Where would you take me?" she inquired. "Is it very far?"

He saw how helpless she was, and his brow fell. The encampment was distant over the broken hills.

"Wait a little," he said, "gather strength and courage. Not far from this are a few of my people, who follow me always when I approach the settlements. We can soon reach them."

Barbara made a brave effort and followed him through the gathering darkness. He did not pause to help her through the undergrowth, though the ground was broken and difficult of ascent. It seemed as if her lonely condition and helplessness had silenced all the fiery devotion that had marked the young man on their last meeting. He touched her hand with reverence when she extended it for help once or twice, but never looked upon her face, nor uttered a word of the passionate homage that had burned on his lips then.

At last they reached a basin in the hills, locked in by a chain of ledges, crowned with trees and covered with creeping ferns and mosses. A fire was burning in this little hollow; the rain beat upon it through the branches, but still it flamed up, giving glow and warmth

to the night. Around this fire a group of Indians sat in patient waiting for their chief. He came up softly and spoke a few gentle words. The Indians stood up and gazed at Barbara in respectful wonder, and she in her turn looked upon their stately forms and worn habiliments with a strange feeling of compassion.

They wore no paint; their robes of dressed deer-skin were faded and without ornament. Nothing about them seemed worthy of care, except the guns that they leaned upon, and the pouches in which they kept powder and lead.

The young chief spoke with his followers in their own language. He told them more of Barbara Stafford's history than any person in America knew except himself. "How she was the daughter of a proud, old chief in the mother country, who owned lands broad almost as the wilderness they stood in, with a vast dwelling which rose from the earth like a mountain peak; that she had come with her father to Bermuda in a great ship, and found him, the son of King Philip, of Mount Hope, a slave, toiling under the lash to which the white men on the coast had sold him.

"This lady, so gentle and so good, now their guest, so far as God's wilderness could afford hospitality, had taken compassion on his captivity and his ignorance. With gold she had bought him of his task-masters, and taken him to foreign countries, where she and her father traveled together in sad companionship, for both were unhappy, and found his affection a solace.

"With gold the lady had unlocked his thoughts, and given him free opportunity for study. She had in her beautiful kindness redeemed his soul from ignorance, as she had purchased his body from the slave driver's lash. After this she and her proud father had taken him to their home in England—that grand home in which they were held as chiefs and princes—and here the old chief died, leaving his daughter alone in his stately home."

Here the young man paused, his eyes fell, and his haughty lip began to tremble. He spoke in the Indian tongue, which Barbara could not understand, but the swarthy blood burned on his forehead as her eye turned upon him, and for a moment he shrunk from telling the whole truth—but his brave nature gained the mastery and he went on, yet with humility in his voice, and shame flashing around his downcast eyes.

"My children, I had loved the lady from the hour her hand unlocked my chains, but the secret lay buried deep in my heart, and no one guessed how it burned there. When her father was dead, and I saw her alone, with no one but

me to counsel or comfort her, this love broke from its covert and frightened her almost into hating me. She did not mock me with scorn, but——"

Here the Indians broke into a tumult, and signs of proud anger passed between them. At last one spoke,

"Why should the lady treat you with scorn? If she was the child of a great chief—Philip, your father, was the king of a mighty tribe—your mother was fair as the boxwood in flower, and proud as the hemlock on a cliff. What woman dare receive the love of a king's son, save with her forehead in the dust?"

"Not with scorn, my braves. I said she was terrified, not angry, my wild passion was its own enemy. She commanded me from her presence, told me of the years she had lived before I was born, and with cruel gentleness sent me away.

"But I would not go. Like a disgraced hound I hung upon her track, unseen, unthought of it may be, till she left her home and came down to the sea-shore, where a ship lay ready to sail. I followed her, and buried myself deep in the hold of the vessel, not caring—may the Great Spirit forgive me!—where the ship went, nor how long she might plough the ocean. We were sheltered by the same timbers once more, and that was enough. We entered the harbor of Boston, and I knew that the Great Spirit had been leading me, through my wild love, back to my father's people—back among my father's enemies.

"The lady left our vessel when we neared the land. She descended into a frail boat, and was launched forth into the harbor, which was lashed and angry with storms. I dared not offer to go with her, but looked on sick at heart till the tempest swept her away. She was hurled among the breakers, buried in the sea; but an old man, the persecutor of our people, the minister of Salem, dragged her forth, and with him a youth."

The chief paused abruptly, and his reproachful eyes turned upon the lady.

"He was younger than I am, and a stranger, yet she did not drive him from her presence."

He spoke these words in English, but Barbara did not comprehend their meaning or connection. She only knew that his eyes were full of sad reproach, and, smiling softly, drew close to his side, murmuring,

"I am driven into captivity now, and it is from you I seek shelter."

"I have told my braves whom it is they will defend. While they live you are safe in the wilderness which was my father's kingdom, as you were in old England; but as for me, have compassion and let me go hence."

A flush reddened Barbara Stafford's forehead as she bent it with a gentle sign of acquiescence. The chief gave some orders in their own tongue, and the Indians instantly fell to work cutting away wet branches from the hemlocks and pines, tearing green bark from the giant elms, and cutting down young saplings which they planted in the earth, and curved downward in the form of a tent. Over these they laid the bark, and covered the whole with green boughs, till a bower was formed worthy of a wood nymph. Two of the Indians brought great fleeces of moss down from the ledges and carpeted the bower with them, and over all a noble white pine spread its mossy branches, through which the full moon sent a thousand gleams of silver, as if laughing at the bank of storm clouds from which it had just escaped.

Upon the couch of moss which his people had heaped in this bower, the young chief spread a robe of skins, and laid his blanket, which he unwound from his own shoulders. Then, with the air of a prince offering the hospitality of a royal palace, he approached Barbara Stafford where she sat by the fire, and led her to the shelter they had provided.

Barbara was greatly moved, and with an impulse of thankfulness, she bent down and kissed the young chief's hand as he was about to withdraw it from hers; but it trembled like a wounded bird beneath her touch, and his magnificent eyes filled with tears—the shame of an Indian's soul.

Mad with his weakness, the young man turned from her and dashed away into the woods. All night he hovered around her bower of rest, but in the morning disappeared.

When Barbara awoke in the morning, for fatigue made her sleep heavy, she inquired for the young man with anxiety. The Indians answered that he had gone deeper into the wilderness, where the main body of his tribe lay, and when a cabin was prepared for her reception, he would come back again; till then the five warriors whom he had left behind would protect her with their lives.

CHAPTER VII.

SAMUEL PARRIS bore his daughter home and laid her on her own white bed, where she lay and writhed like a wounded fawn in the snow. Her face was rosy with flushes, that came and went like gleams of light on marble; her lips were in constant motion; she muttered continually about Barbara Stafford and Norman Lovel. Sometimes she called aloud for her mother, and declared with child-like earnestness, that she saw her gliding through the room with

her golden hair smoothed under a close cap, and a white dress sweeping around her like the wings of an angel.

The old minister listened to all this in stern sorrow. His ewe lamb was smitten down before his eyes: God had suffered his idolatrous love to find a terrible punishment. What could he do?—how act to save that beautiful one from perdition?

Norman Lovel had come in from the woods to find Barbara Stafford gone like a myth, as she had disappeared once before, and Elizabeth, from whom he had parted in anger, writhing on a bed of pain, muttering her wild fancies and crying aloud for help.

Abigail Williams moved about coldly and in breathless silence. The curse of witchcraft was upon the house, hatred and death clung around it like cerecloths to a coffin: what if she too were possessed—the story of old Tituba, a device of the Evil One, and the young chief so wildly beautiful, who claimed relationship with her, the arch fiend himself? The very foundations of her reason seemed shaken by these thoughts, and as the moans and cries of Elizabeth reached her ear from time to time, she would pause in her work and stand motionless like a block of marble, till some new sound startled her into life again.

All night Samuel Parris sat by the bedside of his child, pallid and thoughtful. Over and again he questioned her in the midst of her wild speeches, as a judge sifts the words of a doubtful witness. Sometimes he fell into audible prayer, and again sat in dull silence pondering gloomily.

When the morning came he went forth, and, mounting his horse, rode to the nearest magistrate, who was a deacon in his own church, and a man of iron domination. Samuel Parris knew well that after his appeal to this man, there could be little free will left to him.

No wonder then that he walked heavily, and paused long upon the door-step before entering upon a pursuit for the life of a fellow creature, from which there was no chance of retreat.

He went in at last, and the door closed heavily after him. The sound of a muffled drum could not have followed his footsteps more solemnly.

After an hour, the old man came forth again, and moved with a slow tread down the village street toward his own dwelling. As he passed the doors of his parishioners, men and women came out and questioned him in low tones, and with looks of awe, regarding the condition of his child. He answered them all patiently, but with a sad weariness of manner that overcame curiosity by compassion.

At his own threshold he met three men, members of his own congregation, who greeted him in silence, as neighbors salute the chief mourners at a funeral. Then the four passed in, and mounted to the chamber where Elizabeth lay with her wild eyes lifted to the ceiling, and her hands waving about in the air.

These four good men—for after the manner of the times they were good—sat down in silence, and each gathered from the lips of the delirious girl the evidence which was to imperil a human life. When they had listened an hour keenly and conscientiously, each according to his light, they arose and went forth, shaking Samuel Parris by the hand with touching solemnity.

The old minister saw his friends file away from the house, and bend their course toward that of the magistrate, and then he felt with a pang of unutterable sorrow that the fate of Barbara Stafford had passed out of his hands.

That day a posse of men, headed by a constable, armed with a warrant to arrest Barbara Stafford for witchcraft, passed through the village and into the forest, taking the track which the unhappy woman had pursued. The moss and forest sward was moist yet, and with the keen eyes of men accustomed to pursue an Indian trail, they found traces of her progress—now a faint foot-print—then a broken twig or a fragment of her garments. Thus step by step they pursued her, till at last the whole group stood upon a swell of land that overlooked the hollow in which the Indians had built that sylvan lodge, which met their search yet green and fresh. At the entrance a red shawl had been stretched, which was now folded back to let the daylight through, and in the warm shadow beyond they saw the object of their search sitting in dreary thought.

A single Indian lay upon the turf a little way off, guarding the lodge with a vigilance, the more watchful because his companions had gone forth in search of food.

The posse of men held a whispered consultation. They understood the condition of things, and resolved to act promptly before help came.

In the savage warfare which had ended almost in the extermination of the kingly tribes, Indian life was held scarcely more sacred than that of the wild deer and panthers that infested the hills. When the constable saw that noble savage lying upon the turf, with his broad chest exposed like that of a bronze statue, he drew the gun which he carried to his shoulder with a grim smile, called on God to bless the murder, and touched the ponderous lock with his finger. A sharp click, a loud report, a fierce cry, and the savage

leaped into the air, fell upon his face, all his limbs quivering, and with a single spasm, lay dead across the entrance of Barbara Stafford's hiding-place.

She came forth white and trembling, saw the dead body at her feet, and looked fearfully around for the murderers. A group of men and a wreath of pale smoke curling out upon the air revealed all her danger. She did not retreat, but fell upon her knees and lifted the head of the Indian up from the ground. Drops of crimson stole down the bronze chest and fell slowly to the turf. The bullet had pierced him through the heart.

Barbara did not attempt to escape, though she saw at a glance that the savage was dead; the sight of so much life and strength smitten down in one instant paralyzed her. She had never witnessed a violent death before, and the shock bereft her alike of hope and fear.

The constable understood, and whispering his men to follow, crept toward her. She saw him without realizing the danger, and shaking her head mournfully as he came up, said,

"Unhappy man, you have killed him."

The constable stooped down, dragged the body from her feet, and cast it headlong down the slope of earth on which she stood; then, without a word, he seized Barbara by both her wrists, and grasped them together with a firm grip of one hand, while he searched in his pocket for a thong of deer-skin which he had prepared for the occasion. Putting one end of the thong between his teeth, he wound the other tightly over her hands—so tightly that they grew purple to the finger ends, and finished with a double knot tightened with both hands and teeth.

Barbara lifted her eyes to his face with a frightened look as he performed this brutal act, but she neither protested nor struggled; once she observed gently that he hurt her hands, but when no heed was taken, she allowed them to proceed with their cruel work without further remonstrance.

When her hands were bound, the constable tore down her shawl from the entrance of the lodge and placed it on her shoulders, crossing it on her bosom and knotting it behind, thus forming a double thralldom for her arms.

She bore it all patiently and in silence; once she cast an earnest look into the depths of the forest, perhaps with a hope that her savage friends might come to the rescue, but she only met the gleaming eyes of a wild-cat, swinging lazily on a bough to which human approach had driven him. Her glance was answered by a low growl and a gleam of savage teeth. The wild

beasts were defying her in one direction, and human cruelty dragging her to death in another.

Thus, helpless and unresisting, she was forced away, accepting her fate with touching resignation.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN the constable and his followers came into the town of Salem, with Barbara Stafford in their midst, a wild commotion seized upon the inhabitants; every door and window was crowded with human heads; the public streets were swarming like a bee-hive, and a look of solemn consternation greeted her at every point. Pale and still Barbara passed before them. The subdued feeling, the majesty and grandeur of her carriage, impressed many with awe, and a few with gleams of compassion; but the law of witchcraft was upon her, and no one ventured to step forth for her defence or comfort. She was not insulted: among the whole crowd there was not a man or child who was cruel enough to assail her; little boys who had gathered up stones and handfuls of turf to hurl at the witch, felt those missiles dropping from their grasp when those great, mournful eyes turned upon them. Some little girls, in their tenderness and their youth, began to cry when they saw how her hands were bound; but one or two old women called out, and with jeers bade her to prove her descent from the devil by breaking her own bonds, exactly as like revilers had mocked at our Saviour more than sixteen hundred years before; but some supernatural power seemed to bind the voices of these women, and the words they would have uttered died out in low groans—the gentle power of her presence silenced even the spite of unredeemed old age.

The constable and his men bent their way to the house of Samuel Parris, where the accused was to be confronted by her victim. The inhabitants of the town followed the cortege, and gathered in groups upon the stretch of sward that lay between the minister's dwelling and the church; while the functionaries of the church and officials of the government entered the house.

Elizabeth Parris still kept her room, but in her delirium she had insisted on wearing her usual apparel, and when her father came up, with distress in his face, to prepare her for the approach of her strange visitors, the young girl was resolute to descend to the rooms below where she would entertain her father's guests with due state.

Possessed of the idea that there was some great entertainment at which she was to preside, the beautiful lunatic—for such fever and intense

excitement had made her for the time—began to rummage in her chest of drawers for the pretty ornaments with which she had adorned herself while a guest of Lady Phipps. The old minister dared not resist her; with him these vagaries were solemn evidences of witchcraft with which it was sacrilege to interfere.

Thus, in a little time after, Barbara Stafford was led into the house. Elizabeth Parris appeared on the staircase, crowned with artificial roses that glowed crimson in her golden hair, and gathering the white muslin robe to her bosom with one pale hand, as if the inspiration of some old master, when he searched his soul for the purest type of a Madonna, had fallen upon her. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes shone like stars, and the gliding motion with which she descended the stairs, made her presence spiritual as that of an angel. Abigail Williams came after, serious, and with a look of terrible pain upon her forehead; her eyes, dusky with trouble, watched the movements of her cousin, seeming a dark shadow following the spirit.

Then came Samuel Parris; how white his hair had become! how old and locked those thin features! He moved like one who felt the curse of God heavy upon him and his whole house. Desolation was in every movement.

Old Tituba crept after, quick and vigilant as a fox. She traced back all this trouble to her own story of the martyred Hutchinsons. From the day of her confidence to Abby Williams the curse had entered her master's house. She was the evil spirit that the people sought. She had con-cocted the roots into the drinks with which Elizabeth had quenched her fever thirst, as the disease crept over her. True, Barbara Stafford had told her they were cooling and wholesome; but what right had she to take the word of a strange woman like that? Was not her darling witch-stricken, soul and body, by the very decoctions with which she had hoped to cure her? Had not the words of her own tongue changed Abigail Williams from a calm, gentle maiden, full of thoughtful affections, to a stern prophetess, such as her people evoked when they thirsted for vengeance?

Tituba had pondered these things over and over in her mind till she almost believed herself a witch and a demon, and this was the frame of mind in which the poor old creature followed the stricken family into the presence of the magistrates.

When Elizabeth Parris had entered the room that had once been the favorite retreat of her mother, she bent her slight figure with a gentle recognition of her father's friends, and moving

toward the old oaken chair—which had been, time out of mind, in the family—sat down, or rather dropped into it, for her strength was giving way. But, feeling that something was expected of her, she looked around, making mournful efforts at a smile, till her eyes fell on Barbara Stafford, who sat near the window watching her movements with a look of gentle compassion.

All at once, her eyes dilated and shot fire, her brow began to throb heavily under the roses that wound it, and she uplifted herself from the chair, pointing with her finger, and reeling to and fro, as we remember Rachel when she sung the *Marseillaise* upon the brink of her grave,

"Take her away! take her away! I cannot breathe while she sits yonder, with her soft, calm eyes! That look has poison in it!"

She began to shudder, and fell back into the chair, crying piteously.

The old man approached Barbara Stafford, and clasping his withered hands, began to plead with her.

"Behold," he said, stooping meekly toward her, "behold your evil work! When you came here, only a few days ago, she was bright and fair as the rose when it opens. Everything made her happy. If she went out, joy followed her; when she came back, the sound of her footsteps was like an answered prayer. Till you came, the Lord dwelt in our household, and blessed it. We loved each other and helped each other, as christians should. Woman, what had we done that you should drive out our household angels and fill their places with fiends of darkness? I saved your life, and lo, my child, my only child, is accursed before God and man!"

The minister lifted his hands as he ceased speaking, and covering his face, called aloud.

"Alas!" said Barbara Stafford, and her voice was full of unshed tears, "I have done you no wrong, kind old man. The life you saved was of little worth, but such as it is, I would gladly lay it down to bring peace under this roof once more. Do believe me, not for my sake, but your own, Elizabeth Parris is ill from natural causes, not from any power, evil or good, that rests in me. Sudden excitement—a cold perhaps taken in the night air—anxiety to which her girlish nature is unused—all these may have conspired to disturb her brain."

Barbara would have said more, but at the sound of her voice, Elizabeth began to writhe and moan in her chair, till the sound of her anguish drove the old man wild.

"Oh, my God! my God! why hast thou forsaken this household?" he cried, while his quivering hands dropped apart and fell down-

ward, and his deploring eyes turned upon his child,

"Oh, woman, are you not potent to redeem as well as to indict? Is your power all evil?"

"I have no power save that which belongs to a weak woman," replied Barbara; "but if you can unbind my hands, I will strive to soothe the poor child."

"Unbind her hands," said the magistrate, who had not spoken till then. "Let the spirit within have full sway. Heaven forbid that we judge without sure evidence. Constable, set her limbs free!"

The constable unknotted the red shawl from Barbara's shoulders, and loosened the thongs that tied her wrists together; a purple mark was left on her delicate skin, and her fair hands were swollen with pain. She drew a deep breath, for the sense of relief was pleasant; and moving gently across the floor, laid her two hands on Elizabeth's forehead.

Up to this moment the girl had moaned and writhed as with overwhelming pain, but as the hands of Barbara Stafford fell upon her forehead the tension left her nerves, and with a sigh she sunk back in the chair. Barbara smiled, passing her hands softly down the now pale cheek, till they rested for a moment on the muslin that covered Elizabeth's bosom. She again lifted them to the forehead, and so to the bosom again, leaving quiet with each gentle touch.

At last Elizabeth Parris turned her head drowsily, and the lids fell over her eyes like white rose-leaves folding themselves to sleep, and with what seemed a blissful shudder, she resigned herself to perfect rest. Then Barbara looked at her accusers with a sad smile, and took her seat by the window, little dreaming that the holy impulses of pity that had just soothed the pain of a fellow creature, would be the most fatal evidence offered at her trial.

"Take her away—take the woman hence!" cried the magistrate, rising up, hardened in all his iron nature. "The devil, her master, has for once betrayed her into what might seem an angel's work, but it proves more than an angel's power—away with her!"

And in his ignorance, this magistrate of the seventeenth century followed the example of the rabble that hunted our Saviour to death from darkness and ignorance also. Surely the world had progressed but slowly where the soul was concerned.

While Elizabeth Parris lay sleeping sweetly in her chair—and it was the first slumber she had known in three days—Barbara Stafford was bound again with those ignominious thongs and

taken from the room. Samuel Parris watched the movements with a thrill of compassion, grateful for the rest that had been given to his child. He could not see those white hands bound so rudely without a thrill of pity.

But the people without had obtained intelligence of what had been passing, and the words sacrilegious and blasphemy ran from lip to lip. "What," said one, "does the Witch mock the holy miracles of our Saviour, and attempt to heal with the laying on of hands, in the very presence of our most worshipful magistrate, and that grey-haired Christian, Samuel Parris? Why should we wait for a trial?—is not this evidence enough? Let us take her down to the sea and cast her into the deep."

"Let us hang her at the town post," cried another. "The sea has vomited her up once, it is no use trying that."

Then other voices set in, and the tumult became general. The throng gathered closer and closer around the minister's house; the women most eager, and crying loudest for the wretch to be given up to them.

The magistrate was, so far as he allowed his own nature freedom, a just man, and fully believed himself right in giving Barbara up to the law, but he would have guarded her with his life from the howling rage of the mob. But it is doubtful if even his steady courage could have saved her, so intense was the excitement; but just as he appeared on the door-step standing in front of the prisoner, a group of soldiers, wearing the colonial uniform, came galloping up the forest road with Norman Lovel, Gov. Phipps' private secretary, at their head.

The crowd fell back tumultuously as he came forward, for he dashed on with little regard to life or limb, till he drew up in front of the house.

"Worshipful sir," he said, addressing the magistrate, "I have come to relieve you of a painful duty. Here is Gov. Phipps' requisition. This lady being a stranger, will be tried where his excellency can himself have cognizance of the proceedings. I am authorized to convey your prisoner to Boston."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

FOUR IN HEAVEN.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

WHEN the moon in tender beauty,
And the stars are peering bright—
When the brook is calmly flowing,
In the stillness of the night;

When the dew of Heaven is falling,
And all Nature seems to weep!
When is heard nought of commotion,
And a world is drown'd in sleep:

Then I sit beneath my terrace,
Gazing on the realms above—
Where do dwell my cherub darlings,
Four in Heaven that I love!

And I seem to hear their voices
Breathing comfort to my heart—
"Mother, dearest, be not troubled,
We shall meet 'no more to part.'"

Then my soul seems wrapt in gladness
By the soft and tender tone;
Tears of pure affection rouse me
But to find myself alone!

Who can feel a mother's anguish?
Who can paint the inward pain?
Who can tear from Sorrow's bosom,
All the links of Sorrow's chain?

Away with vague philosophy!
Cold as earth, as black and drear:
To the soul, like oil from Heaven,
Is a mother's holy tear!

Oh, my heart! I loved my darlings,
Blossoms sweet and pure were they;
Born—ah, but to be transplanted
In a garden far away!

Yes, they sprung in palely beauty,
Like the lily, into birth;
Ere my lips had time to press them,
One by one they fled from earth.

In the Spring, how oft they wandered
Through the floral grove where grew
Daisies white, and sweet primroses,
And the violets so blue.

Oh, how oft amid their gambols,
Seeking for the prettiest—
Light and gentle would they hasten
To adorn their mother's breast.

Where are now those Eden flowers
Once so lovely, bright and gay?
Where are now the hopes I cherished?
Wither'd, blighted, swept away!

Oh! 'tis sad to 'muse and reckon—
Oh! 'tis vain, 'tis vain to weep!
Tears of mine can never wake them
From their cold and silent sleep.

Sleep! ah, no, they do not slumber
'Neath the cold and clammy sod;
Spirits, in the land of glory,
They are dwelling with their God.

Robed in everlasting beauty,
Far removed from sin and pain;
Guardian angels of the living,
Shall I see them once again?

Yes, I hear them fondly whisper,
In the stillness of the night,

"Mother, place thy trust in Heaven,
God is mercy, God is light!"

And I need no other token—
'Tis a message from above;
To their care I now resign me,
Four in Heaven that I love.

SHADOW SEEKING.

BY MRS. M. C. WILSON.

There was just enough of the sunset glow
In that classic room, with its pictured walls,
And its busts of Parian white as snow,
To give it the look of a peopled hall.
The artist reclined in his easy-chair,
Languidly dreaming the hours away;
Unheeding the glances bent on him there,
His own creations for many a day.
Dark and frowningly some looked down,
Others looked happy, and sweetly smiled,
But neither the smiles nor the gloomy frowns
Could win his thoughts from their visions wild;
Visions of Beauty, and visions of Light,
Dreams of grandeur, and glory, and Love;
Dreams if embodied, would prove his right
To enter Fame's temple, the World above.

There trembled a shadow along the floor,
And a young man stood in the artist's view,
With a mournful smile on his parted lips,
And a mournful glance in his eyes of blue.
"What wouldst thou here?" were the painter's words,
His fancies dissolving in empty air,
The youth replied sadly, "Hast thou not heard
Of the grief which would drive me to despair?
Thou art of the world, of the selfish world,
Which little kens of my hidden woe;
What shouldst thou care though my brain doth whirl
With a madness of Sorrow none may know?
I am seeking a shadow, a look, a smile,
Of one who has gone to a Home of Light;
Of one who gladdened my heart erewhile,
It now sits brooding in shades of night.
"Seeking for something I never may find,
Over the country, and over the towns,

Nothing she left of herself behind,
Nothing so lovely ever was found.
Portraits by masters almost divine,
Ancient, and modern, I've looked them through;
Not a shadowy semblance of her, not a line,
So hopeless and weary I come to you.
If artists have visions of beauty and grace,
Why have they not pictured Mary Odell?
Beauty was never, if not in her face,
Do none like her on the broad earth dwell?
Then hath the world lost a treasure indeed;
Lovely and loving—in beauty alone;
Can no one supply me, in this my great need,
Something to cherish of her that is gone?
Only the love-look that beamed from her eyes,
Only the glory of one of her smiles;
These, only these, would my lone heart suffice,
And sorrow of much of its anguish beguile."

The artist replied, while the gathering dews
Of sympathy rose to his star-beaming eyes,
"The favor you seek I would not refuse;
But call us neither unskilled nor unwise,
That we, few, compared with the sons of the Earth,
Whom God makes to differ, as star from star,
Should not copy all, or in fancy give birth
To each beauty, each glory, Heaven may spare.
Hast thou not remembrance within thy breast?
Hast thou not a bright hope beyond the sky?
Far brighter than shadows of earth, at best,
It will show thee a blissful eternity.
Rest thee, oh! soul-troubled wayfarer, rest,
Dwell in the sunlight, and not in the shade;
Look to the future, and not in the past,
Though angels may claim her, thou shalt be repaid."

TREASURES FALSE AND TRUE.

BY MISS ELIZABETH MILLER.

With blooming laurels once I beamed
In graceful wreaths my brow,
They faded, fell; in them I found
No joys that charm me now.
The leaves were fair, the flowers were bright,
The wreath was sweet to see;
The hours passed on, and brought a blight,
Dead leaves remained to me.

Across the pleasant fields of life
A painted fly there flew,
I needs must leave all sterner strife,
This gaudy thing pursue.

O'er hill, through vale, and o'er the plain
My eager steps it led;
My first rude grasp made all in vain,
With that its beauty fled.

And then I thought, "'Tis often so
With wiser ones than I,
They seek the crowns of fame that glow
Awhile, then fade and die.
Their gain is evermore but loss;
Soon fadeth earth's renown;
Who scorneth here to bear the Cross
May never wear the Crown."

USEFUL NOVELTIES FOR THE MONTH.

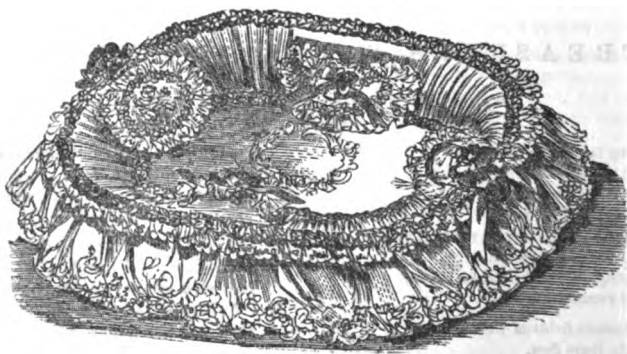
BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

We take great pleasure in presenting to our readers this novel and beautiful article, furnished from Genin's Bazaar, 513 Broadway, New York. The material is fine linen, arranged in the form of a close sacque; four small gores give the necessary fullness at the bottom. The upper portion resembles an elaborately embroidered chemise made quite low in the neck. The front is enriched by eight narrow puffings of linen cambric, separated by bands of rich needlework, and closed by a row of lace buttons. A wide band of needlework and edging forms a finish to the neck. The short sleeve is adorned by a single puffing of cambric, bordered with a band of needlework and edging like the neck.

Young mothers will find these baskets the greatest of all treasures in their nurseries; it is made of fine white chintz, which lines the inside, and falls in a deep ruffle down the sides. Each in like fashion. These neat baskets may be had either furnished or unfurnished, at a comparatively low price.



THE CORSET COVER.

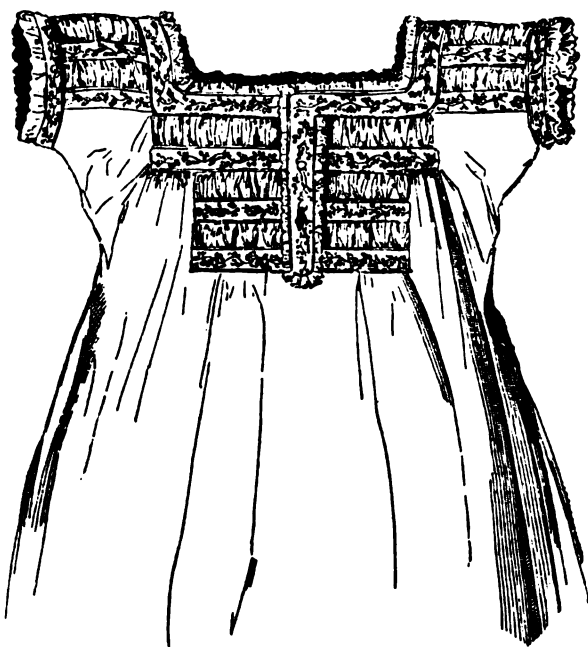


INFANT'S BASKET.

Among the rich variety of under-linen to be found at Genin's Bazaar, we have selected two chemises, of fine linen. The neck of the first is gathered into an embroidered band, edged with a narrow ruffle of Valenciennes lace. The bosom is formed of three graduated bands of needlework, separated by inch wide puffings of cambric, these puffings run crosswise, and are separated in the centre by a band of insertion rounded at the end, and edged on either side by a ruffle of Valenciennes. The sleeves are composed of puffings of linen cambric, alternated with bands of needlework. The edge has a band of insertion edged with a ruffle of Valenciennes.

Another chemise of fine linen is gathered into a straight band, enriched by a delicate vine of embroidery. A narrow border of Valenciennes lace surrounds the edge. The bosom consists

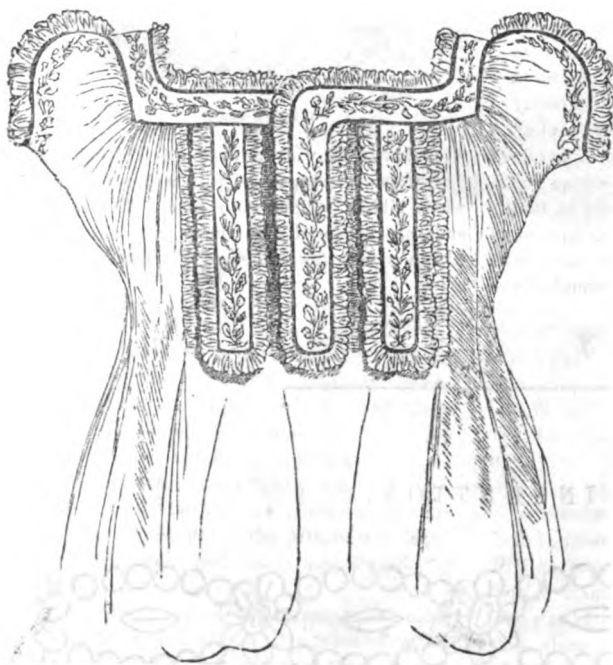
of three embroidered bands, separated by narrow puffings of linen cambric, edged with a double row of stitching. The sleeves are made



CHEMISE.

of embroidery with a ruffle of Valenciennes lace, forms a finish to the edge.

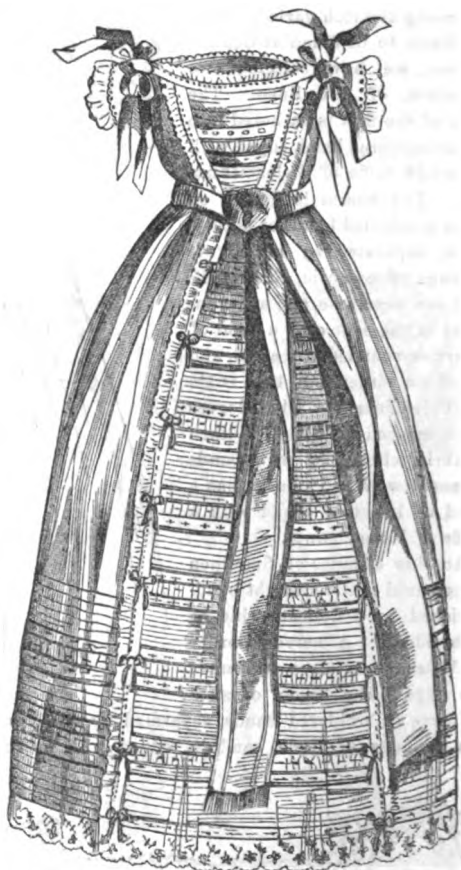
Genin has also furnished us with an illustration of a Morning Robe, appropriate to the season, which we give in the front of this number. The material is rose-colored French merino, arranged in the usual form. The back is made slightly full, and gathered in by three fine shires; the skirt is full and flowing. The sacque fronts are enriched by a double border of embroidery of white silk; the outer border consists of light, wavy scallops, intermingled with sprays and clusters of fine polka spots; while the inner border forms one continuous wreath of roses, buds, and leaves, mingled with grape tendrils and small white flowers, which extend the full length of the fronts, completing a trimming of unequalled richness and beauty; drop buttons set closely together



MORNING ROBE.

form a pretty finish to the edge. The pockets are formed of a straight piece of merino, adorned with a profusion of embroidery, and finished at each corner by a single drop button. A small, round collar, edged with embroidery, forms a finish to the neck. The flowing sleeves are edged with a double border of embroidery to correspond with the fronts. A broad ribbon of the same color forms a fastening at the waist. The cambric under skirt is enriched with a profusion of embroidery.

From Genin's Bazaar we have an illustration of an Infant's Robe, composed of fine *nansouk* muslin. The skirt is rather more than a yard in length, and is decorated to within a few inches of the waist by a series of fine tucks arranged in graduated groups. Between each group is inserted a double band of richly wrought insertions an inch wide, separated by an insertion of Valenciennes lace half the width. A wide border of needlework surrounds the bottom of the skirt; a piece of graduated trimming ornaments the front: it commences five inches wide on the bottom, and graduates to about half the width at the waist; it is composed, like the skirt, of groups of fine tucks, separated by insertions of embroidery and Valenciennes. A border of needlework, edged with a narrow ruffle of Valenciennes, surrounds the outer edge of this piece, and is continued up the front of the waist in the form of *bretelles*. On either edge of this trimming are placed at intervals of a few inches, bows of delicately shaded blue and white ribbon. The front of the waist is formed of a succession of bands of needlework, separated by Valenciennes insertions, enriched by sprigs of flowers in muslin applique. The short sleeves are composed of upright bands of insertions, alternated with Valenciennes, and terminated by a simple Swiss



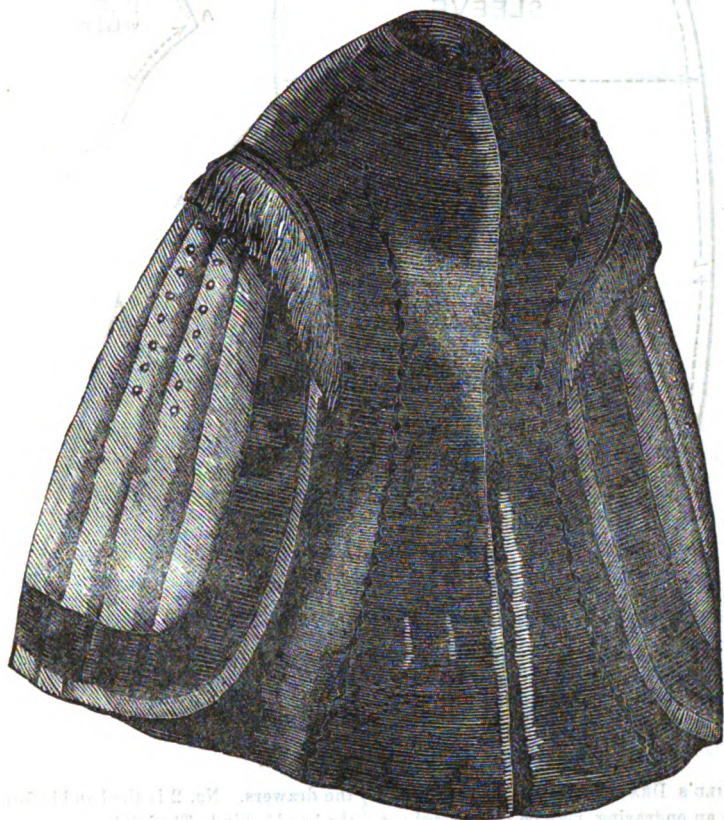
INFANT'S ROBE.

edge bordered with a ruffle of Valenciennes. The waist is surrounded with a broad sash of white ribbon striped with blue. The flowing ends are bordered with fringe, and descend to within a very few inches of the bottom of the skirt.

 INSERTION.


WINTER MANTLE: CHILD'S DRAWERS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



WINTER MANTLE.

For our department "How to Make One's Own Dresses," we give, this month, a fashionable Winter Mantle, and a pattern for Child's Drawers. THE WINTER MANTLE, which the annexed engraving represents, is unusually elegant. The body is made of velvet of any color, to suit the taste of the wearer; but black, or rich deep claret, are the most general, although we have seen some of a bright green, and a few of a rich deep violet. In whatever color it is made, the sleeves, which the pattern will show, are extremely wide, and nearly meet together at the back.

They are made of cloth of a corresponding color with the body, and with a deep piece of velvet laid on all round, with three or four rows of buttons or small tassels coming from the upper part. The sleeve has also a piece of velvet of a different shade, but very narrow, running down the front and also over the shoulder, over where the shaping takes place, with a row of buttons or small tassels. There are likewise three rows over the shoulders, from which a rich deep fringe falls. This Mantle is tied to the figure at the back, and, from its shape, sits both easily and gracefully.

FIG. 1. SLEEVE.

FIG. 2. FRONT VELVET.

FIG. 3. BACK VELVET.

The size of each of these pieces is marked, in inches, along the sides, so that they can be reproduced in a full sized paper pattern.

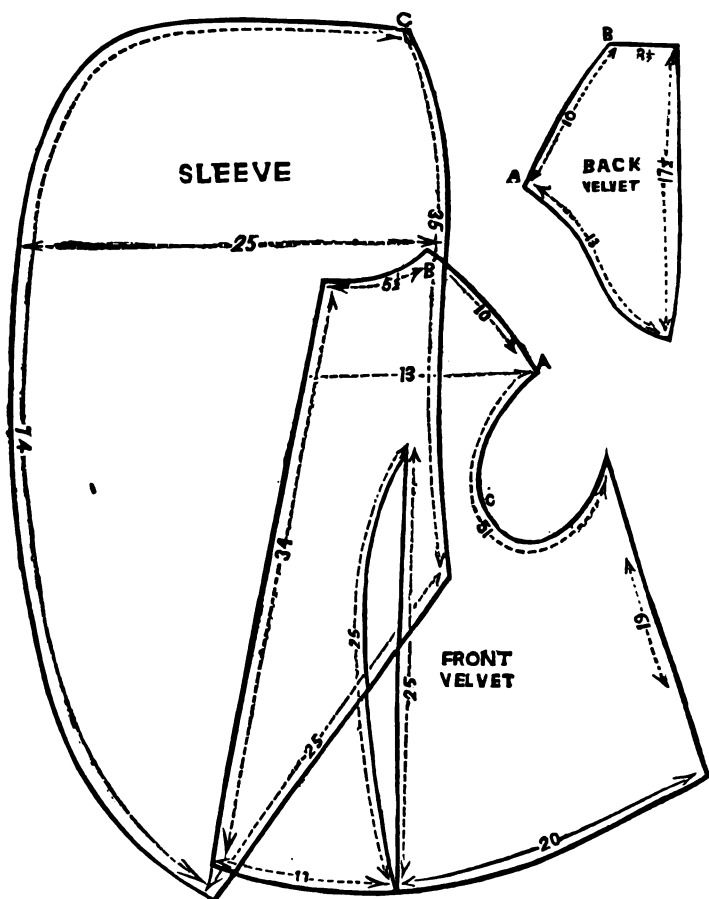
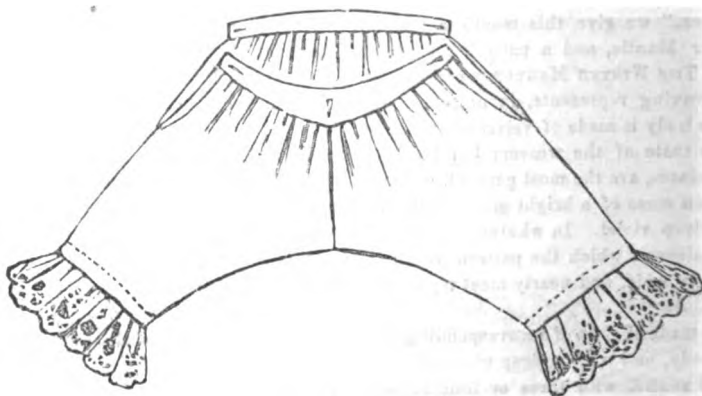


DIAGRAM OF WINTER MANTLE.

THE CHILD'S DRAWERS, of which the accompanying is an engraving, may be readily cut out, from the diagram on the next page. No. 1 is the drawers. No. 2 is the band before. No. 3 is the band behind. The left hand side of the pattern goes before; the right hand side goes behind.



CHILD'S PRAYERS

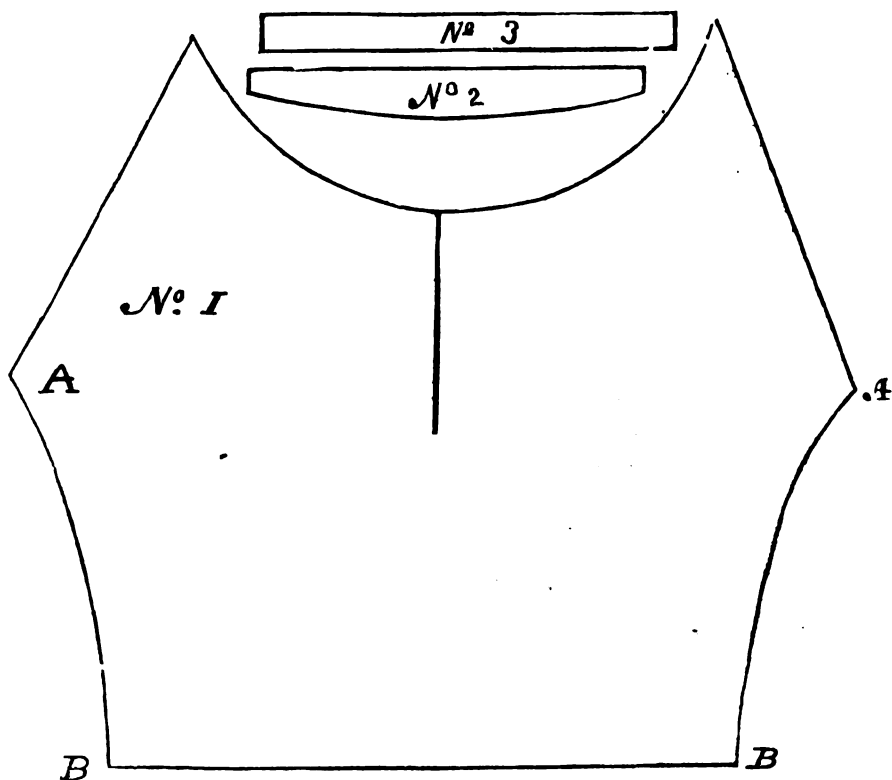
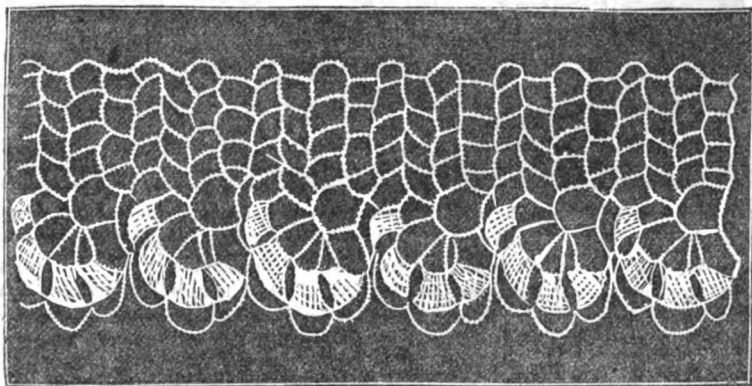


DIAGRAM OF CHILD'S DRAWERS.

CROCHET EDGE, WORKED THE SHORT WAY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



No. 20 cotton. No. 4 Penelope Hooks. { 1 long into 4th loop for four times: 5 chain; 1
 Make a chain of 20 stitches; 1 long, 3 chain; } long into last loop

(This row is to be omitted after this time.)

1st Row.—Turn back 8 chain, 1 long under 5 chain; * 5 chain, 1 long under the same 5 chain; repeat from * twice more, 3 chain, 1 long under every 3 chain.

2nd Row.—Turn back 7 chain, 1 long under 1st 3 chain; 3 chain, 1 long under every 3 chain; * 3 chain, dc under 5 chain, 4 long under same chain; repeat from * 8 times more. (Always in working this row again, in making the next

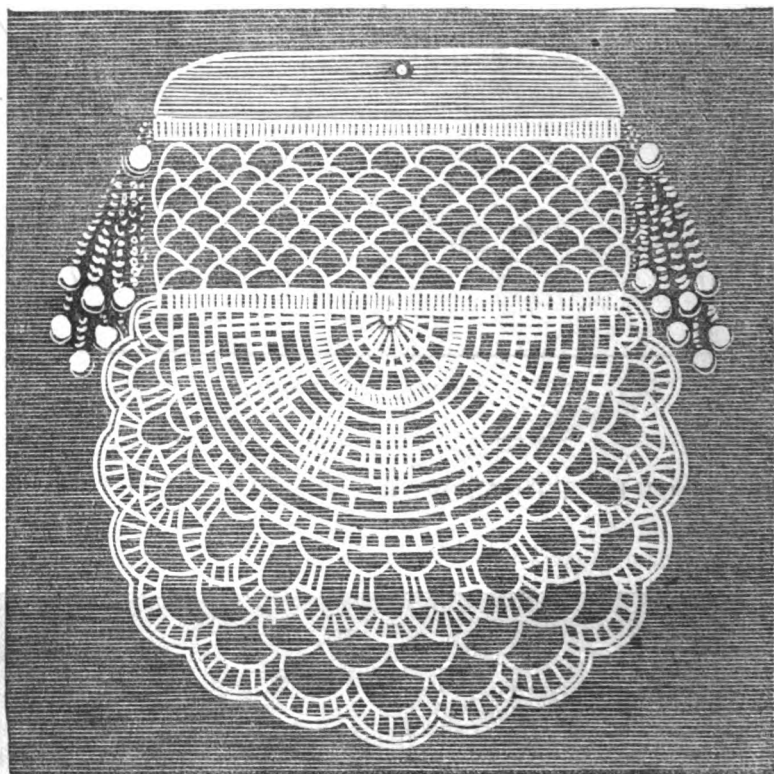
scalloped, after the last *, dc into dc of previous scallop.)

3rd Row.—Turn back 7 chain; dc under 3 chain for four times; 3 chain; 1 long under 3 chain for four times.

4th Row.—7 chain, 1 long under 1st 3 chain; 3 chain, 1 long under every 3 chain; 5 chain, one long under seven chain; now repeat again as at 1st row. The pattern consists of four rows only.

SHORT PURSE IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



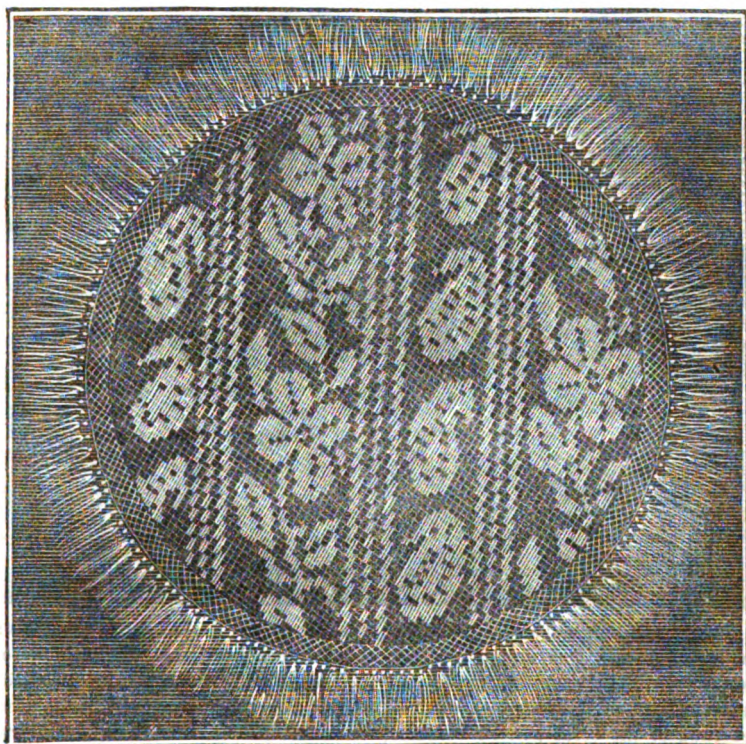
TASTE and elegance in purses have lately been superseded by durability. Leather has been substituted for silk netting and beads, but has been found too heavy for general use—not but what the power of daily becoming lighter lies in the nature of all purses. We might almost assert it as a fact that the empty purse is the heaviest that can be carried. Notwithstanding this peculiar principle in the article, the silk purse is decidedly prettier than the leather one, and being

an especially feminine manufacture, and one which, when completed, is so essentially necessary to the happiness of most ladies, and the use of which is so well understood by them, that it certainly belongs to this corner of our Work-Table Department. The design we have given is in very simple crochet in one color, but the effect is very pretty, and it forms a very strong purse. Colors are always a matter of taste; crimson, dark green, bright blue, or brown, are

most generally chosen. It should be commenced by making a chain the required length for the round of the top, on which must be worked the two half stars, according to the pattern, the top part being finished afterward. The last row must be worked on the two halves, to close them together all round. When the top is made a sufficient depth, it is fastened on to a pretty steel or gilt clasp, with two tassels to correspond, and forms a very useful and pretty article, either for a present or for personal use.

ROUND NETTED ANTI-MACASSAR.

BY MRS JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Crochet cotton, No. 4, for the netting, and knitting cotton, of the same size, for darning. A round, wooden mesh, No. 6, will be used.

To produce a piece of round netting, begin with twenty-five stitches, and increase by doing two in one at the end of every row for fifty rows. Do the same number of rows without either increasing or diminishing, and then the like number decreasing, by netting two together at the termination of every row. You will finish with the same number that you commenced with. This makes the nearest approach to a round that can be obtained in netting. To complete it do four or five rounds of netting, and knot a

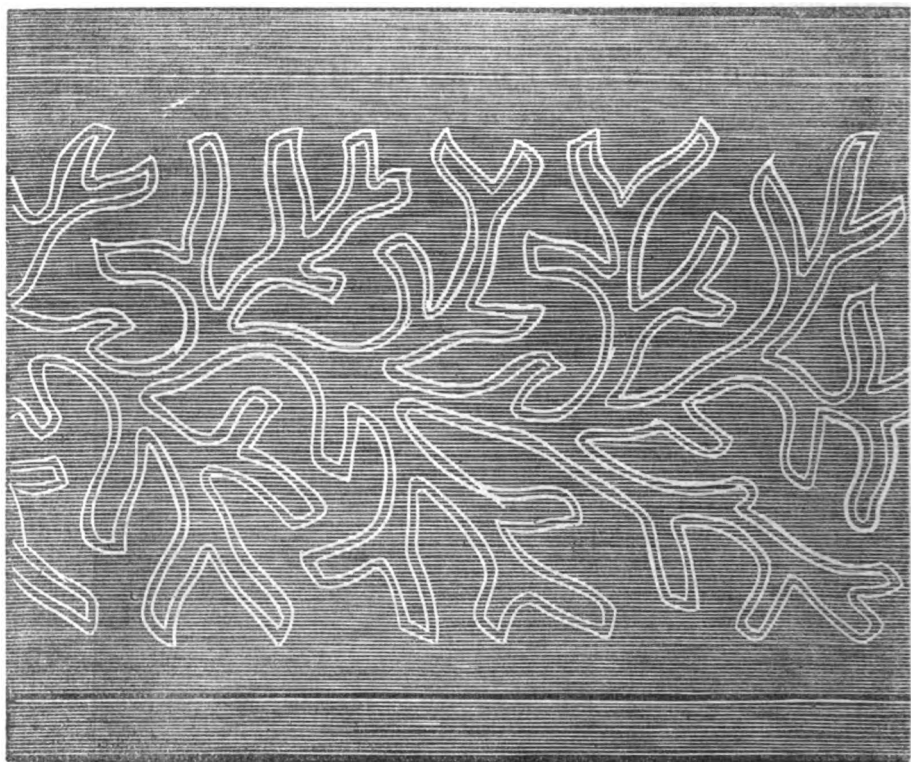
heavy fringe, four inches deep, in every stitch of the last round.

Nothing can be easier than this fringe-knotting. Take a card of the width the fringe is required, and wind the cotton round it any given number of times (twelve will make a thick fringe.) Slip it off the card, and with a coarse crochet hook draw the mass sufficiently far through a stitch to allow the other end to pass through it. Draw this tightly, and when all are done, cut the strands of cotton.

Wash, slightly stiffen, and dry the anti-macassar, before darning it. This must be done from the engraving. The thick cotton gives it a rich effect, with very little trouble.

CORAL PATTERN FOR EVENING DRESS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



DOUBLE SKIRTS are now much worn, and are elegant in a ball-room. Our design may be worked on the edge of each, over a broad hem. A single skirt may be preferred, which will require three rows of the coral pattern between three sets of tucks. This would form a very handsome skirt, as the tucks are again coming into fashion, and likely to be very prevalent. At the edge of flounces it would also look very handsome. If the contrast should be too violent to suit the taste of the worker, it would look extremely pretty worked in white cotton. We should recommend that it should be executed in chain-stitch, as the length of the stitches, if worked in satin-stitch, would be too great. The outline should be first done, and afterward all the interior parts should be filled in with a sufficient number of rows to render it solid in appearance. This work would be found very durable, and would have a very good effect for this purpose, as well as being quickly executed. The muslin ought to be fine and clear.

PEARL PINCUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a beautiful design for a Pearl Pincushion: to be worked in pearls and blue silk. The opening in its centre is for the reception of flowers; but when

the season of the year will not admit that these should be freely replenished, then the handsome cut-class scent-bottle is to supply their place. The ornamental design upon the cushion is divided into four parts. One of these quarters we have given separately, (also in the front of the number) from which the whole are to be worked. The beads are imitation pearls, and the braided part is in small silver coral. The four quarters are divided by a larger silver cord, which, being tightly drawn, serves to raise the

different compartments. Round the edge, a rich silk fringe is carried, which is the more elegant, when headed by a string of pearls. This same pattern, if worked in white satin, makes a beautiful BRIDAL PINCUSHION. A mat may be worked, as a separate article, the cushion to be placed upon its centre. The materials are precisely the same, namely, blue or white satin, worked with the pearl beads and the silver thread. This is stitched over a round of cardboard, and finished with white fringe.

SOFA CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—A large square of blue or black cloth, two pieces of gold-colored Albert braid, a piece of Groseille ditto, and a piece of suitable French soutache. Cord and four tassels.

This consists of a rich centre pattern, and a Greek border, in which handsome scrolls are worked. The Greek pattern should be worked in gold-colored Albert braid; or on a blue ground, a black braid may be used. Those who do not regard expense may make a very handsome cushion by the application of black velvet on the cloth, for the Greek pattern. Velvet ribbon may be laid on for this purpose; or the design may be cut out of a square of any gold German velvet. In that case, the edges must be finished with black Albert or Russian braid; and a line of black glass beads, No. 1, may be laid along the centre of the velvet. The scrolls within the border are to be braided with a handsome soutache, or with Albert braid. The soutache should be selected with reference to the other colors of the cushion—a remark which applies equally to the braid. Black velvet and braid, with blue in the centre, on a claret ground, would be very rich. On a green ground, two shades of violet braid, with black velvet, might be used.

HEAD-DRESSES YOU CAN MAKE.

BY OUR "FASHION EDITOR."

We give here (Fig. 1) a very pretty ornament for the hair, which any lady can make at her own work-table with trifling trouble and expense. Two sizes of the pearl beads are necessary, some small and delicate, with a few of the larger dimensions. The first are to be strung on bead wire, introducing a large one in the centre of each bow, and simply twisting the ends of the wire together, so as to make it secure. Five of those being thus prepared are to be put together, and, being well secured, are to be fastened on a bow of black velvet, which is in its turn to be attached to a good hair-pin. The centre is formed with a bead of the larger size. These ornaments for the hair are worn over the forehead a little toward the left, and three behind.

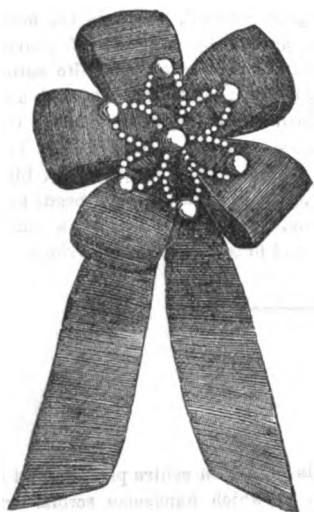


FIG. I.—ORNAMENT FOR HAIR.

They are very elegant, the pearl beads contrasting so extremely well with the velvet.

We also give (Fig. 2) a head-dress, which is easily made, but has a striking air of style when worn. The front is a plait of three in cerise-colored ribbon. Before commencing to plait the ribbon, each piece should be folded down the centre, and a narrow strip of stiff net laid within.



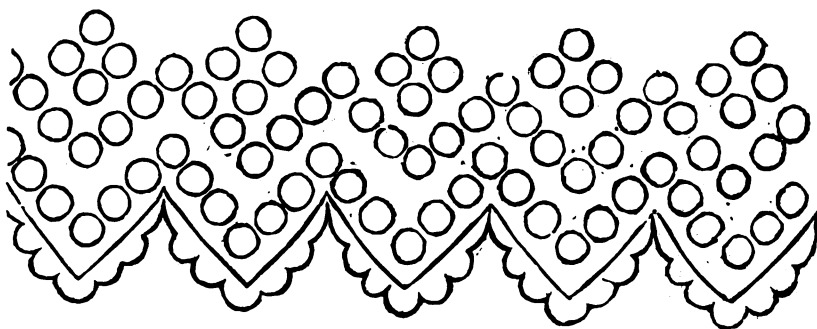
FIG. II.—HEAD-DRESS.

This gives the necessary firmness to the bandeau. The back is formed of three rows of ribbon, quilled at one edge, two of the quilled rows being turned upward and one down; under this last a large bow with long ends is fastened, hanging down from the centre of the hair behind. We strongly recommend this head-dress to the notice of our lady readers.

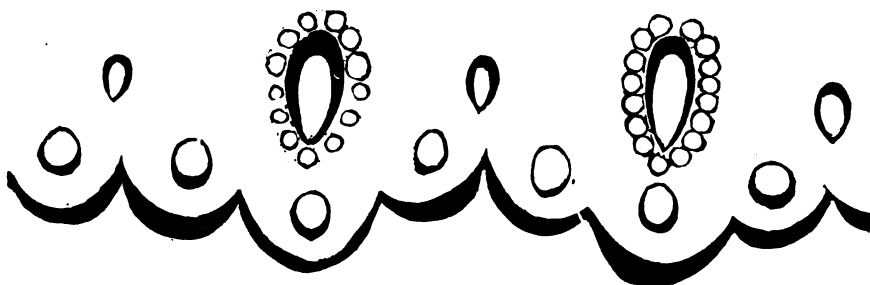
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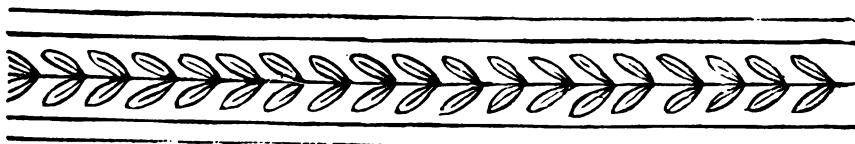
VARIETIES FOR THE MONTH.



TRIMMING FOR DRAWERS.



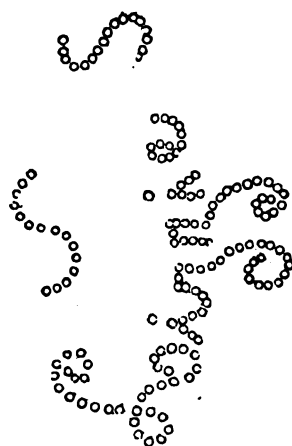
FOR BOTTOM OF SKIRT.



INSERTION.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



NAME FOR MARKING.
869

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1859.—UNRIVALED LITERARY ATTRACTIONS.—We intend, as is stated in our Prospectus, to increase, in every way, the attractions of this Magazine for 1859. The three novelets to be given, are in addition to the usual quantity of shorter stories: and *none of these writers will contribute to any other magazine.* The literary department of "Peterson" has long enjoyed the reputation of excelling that of any other ladies' periodical; but since the union of "Mrs. Stephens' New Monthly" with "Peterson," and the addition of its contributors, this superiority has been greatly increased. By careful winnowing, we have got together a list of writers such as would make the fortunes of any two ordinary magazines. Alice Cary, V. F. Townsend, Frank Lee Benedict, E. L. C. Moulton, Ella Rodman, F. L. Mace, Sarah Hamilton, Anna Bache, Hetty Holyoke, A. L. Otis, E. W. Dewees, M. A. Denison, Carry Stanley, E. J. Cate, T. S. Arthur, Clara Moreton, Clara Augusta, Martha Russell, Mary W. Janvrin, and others familiar to our readers, are *all first-class magazine writers.* It is through their valuable aid, that we are able to make "Peterson" what it is. Whenever a new writer appears, who is worthy of "Peterson," we shall lose no time in engaging him or her.

We wish it to be distinctly understood, that the three original novelets will not interfere, in any way, with the quantity or variety of our shorter tales. Each number will contain, as in 1858, from six to ten stories, complete in themselves. The increase in our reading matter, which we contemplate, will enable us to keep up this variety, yet give portions of two of these novelets each month. "Jillian" and "Helen Græme," we think, are the *very best* novels Mrs. Stephens or Mr. Benedict has ever written: and we believe the public will come to the same conclusion. Both of these writers are engaged exclusively for "Peterson."

The "New Cook-Book," which is spoken of in the advertisement, can hardly be described as belonging to the literary department; but the ladies will thank us for assuring them, that *every one of the receipts* has been tested in the kitchen of the author, or that of some of her friends, and that many of the receipts are old family ones. We are told, by those who have examined the work, that it is, beyond question, the best ever compiled. As it will be copy-righted, the only way to obtain it, will be to subscribe for "Peterson" for 1859.

WHAT IS A BACHELOR?—He pretends to think himself a happy fellow. But is he? Not at all, and he knows it. He knows he has cut himself off from a great blessing for fear of a trifling annoyance. He rivals the wisecrack who secured himself against corns by having his legs amputated. In his selfish anxiety to live unencumbered, he only subjects himself to a heavier burthen; for the passions, that apportion to every individual the load he is to bear through life, generally say to the calculating bachelor, "As you are a single man, you shall carry double."

HOW TO GET GOOD HUSBANDS.—Two charming young ladies—we know they are charming, though we have never seen them, because they write such pleasant letters—have asked us, if the right way for a gentleman to get a good wife is to send "Peterson" to his lady-love, what is the best way for a lady to get a good husband? We answer, find out which of the gentlemen, whom you know, subscribes to "Peterson" for his sisters. That one, our word for it, will make a good husband.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.—It is a vain endeavor to seek to preserve personal loveliness by the aid of cosmetics. A once celebrated beauty has said that temperance, exercise and cleanliness are worth all the rouge and pearl-powder ever manufactured. A young beauty, were she as fair as Hebe, would soon lose her charms, if she ate and drank inordinately, and kept late hours; and by inordinate eating we do not mean gluttony, but merely that excess of which half the world is guilty. Hot bread and strong coffee for breakfast, with peppered soups and highly spiced dishes for dinner, and late hours at night, soon tell on the complexion. Exercise is another thing indispensable to health and beauty. Many a rich lady would give thousands of dollars for the rounded arm, blooming cheek and elastic step of the farmer's daughter: well, let her live simply, work for a part of the day, and go to bed by ten o'clock, and she will have all these things! The beauty to whom we have already alluded, has said:—"Cleanliness is the last receipt which I shall give for the preservation of beauty. It is an indispensable thing. It maintains the limbs in their pliancy, the skin in its softness, the complexion in its lustre, and the whole frame in its fairest light. The frequent use of the tepid bath is not more grateful to the senses, than it is salutary to health and beauty. It is by such ablutions that accidental corporeal impurities are thrown off, cutaneous obstructions removed, and while the surface of the body is preserved in its original brightness, many threatening and beauty-destroying disorders are prevented. The bath should be as indispensable as the looking-glass."

MORALITY AND VIRTUE.—It is pleasant to realize that our efforts to give a pure literature to the daughters of this fortunate land, are appreciated. "Peterson's Magazine for October," says the Connellsville (Pa.) Enterprise, "has been received. As usual, it is profusely adorned with the neatest fashion plates and beautiful engravings. It does not rely merely on these, but contains a large amount of most excellent literary matter. No mother should be without it, as their daughters can be trusted with it without apprehensions that any sense of truth or modesty will be shocked. To all of our readers we would say, subscribe for Peterson." We have hundreds of private letters also of the same purport. It is cheering to find our efforts thus appreciated.

VANITY IN WOMAN.—A vain woman, though she may have flatterers, admirers, *lovers*, as they are called, can have no friends. Her heart is too much engrossed with self, for her to feel either love or friendship. In the true sense of those strangely misused words. Individuals of her own sex she regards only in the light of rivals, consequently enemies; and her own pretensions are so obtrusive that she cannot but receive in return an equal portion of aversion from females educated in the same school, and with the same views as herself.

MORE READING FOR THE MONEY.—It should not be forgot, that "Peterson" gives more reading matter, in proportion to the price, than any ladies' magazine. The largest of the three dollar ones, for example, give but twelve hundred pages. This would make the proportion of a two dollar one eight hundred pages. We propose, however, in 1859, to give nearly a thousand. As we shall rival the three dollar magazines in the number of our embellishments, it follows that "Peterson," beyond all comparison, is the cheapest. If you wish the most for your money, subscribe for this Magazine.

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.—The old, old story, which forms the theme of the following poem, has been often told in verse, but rarely more beautifully.

High on the hills Lord Heron he dwells;
Rosalind sings on the moors below.
Watching the bees in the heather bells,
Merrily swinging to and fro.

Young Lord Heron hath left his state,
Donned a doublet of hoddeng-grey,
Stolen out of the postern gate,
A silly shepherd to wander away.

Rosalind keeps the heart of a child.
Gentle and tender and pure is she;
Colin, the shepherd, is comely and mild,
Tending his flock by valley or lea.

Never a swain has whispered before
What she hears at the close of day:
"Rose of roses, I love thee more,
More than the sweetest words can say!"

Though I seem but a shepherd lad,
Down from a stately race I came;
In silks and jewels I'll have thee clad,
And Lady of Heron shall be thy name."

Rosalind blushed a rosy red,
Turned as white as the hawthorn's blow,
Folded her kirtle over her head,
And sped away like a startled doe.

"Rose of roses, come back to me!
Leave me never!" Lord Heron cried,
"Never!" echoed from hill and lea;
"Never!" the lonely cliffs replied.

Loud he mourned a year and a day,
But Lady Alice was fair to see,
The bright sun blesses their bridal day,
And the castle bells ring merrily.

Over the moors like a rolling knell
Rosalind hears them slowly peal.
Low she murmurs, "I loved him well,
Better I loved his mortal weal."

"Rest, Lord Heron, in Alice's arms!
She is a lady of high degree;
Rosalind had but her peasant charms;
Ye had rued the day ye wedded me!"

Lord Heron he dwells in the castle high,
Rosalind sleeps on the moor below;
He loved to live, and she loved to die;
Which loved truest the angels know.

THE SOCIETY OF WOMEN.—D'Israeli, speaking of the advantages to be derived from the society of women, says:—"It is an acquaintance which, when habitual, exercises a great influence over the tone of the mind, even if it does not produce any more violent effects. It refines the taste, quickens the perception, and gives, as it were, a grace and flexibility to the intellect." Somewhere else the same writer remarks that, "Men are as much stimulated to mental effort by the sympathy of the gentler sex, as by the desire of power and fame. Women are more disposed to appreciate worth and intellectual superiority than men, or at least, they are as often captivated by the noble manifestations of genius, as by the fascinations of manners and the charms of person." And Sydney Smith says:—"Among men of sense and liberal politeness, a woman who has successfully cultivated her mind, without diminishing the gentleness and propriety of her manners, is always sure to meet with a respect and attention bordering upon enthusiasm." Again, another writer observes that, "Of all other views a man may, in time, grow tired, but in the countenance of women there is a variety which sets weariness at defiance. 'The divine right of beauty,' says Junius, 'is the only divine right a man can acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorized to resist.'" Mothers, who have sons growing up to be young men, treasure these facts in your mind, and do all you can to make them like the society of woman.

IF LOUIS NAPOLEON AND QUEEN VICTORIA were each intent with inspiring, upon the mind of the other, an idea of their naval strength, at Cherbourg, as some of the newspapers aver, the ladies of the different courts were no less anxious to vie with each other in elegant and tasteful costume. We may here describe a few dresses worn during the fetes of ladies of distinguished rank: One was composed of a dress made of figured moire, of a canary-colored tint. The skirt was quite plain, and the body trimmed with a bertha of the richest honiton lace. The sleeves were very short and also trimmed with honiton. The head-dress to accompany this toilet was a black velvet resille, with a torsade and tassels of fine gold. Another dress was made of sea-green silk: it had two skirts, the first of which had three narrow fluted flounces; the second, in the tunic style, was trimmed with white tulle puffings, profusely studded with primroses and mignonette. The sleeves and body were similarly trimmed, and the head-dress, to complete the toilet, was a triple diadem of primroses and mignonette. Another toilet was made of white tarlatane and puffed all over. Another was a dress of pink silk, the second skirt of which was covered with puffings of white tulle, and wreaths of daisies; with this was worn a garland of daisies.

A much admired dress consisted of a white chine taffety, with three flounces, each edged with a cordon of parma violettes. The corsage, half high, was covered by a fichu of white tulle, trimmed with Venetian point. With this dress was worn a shawl of white lace, and a French chip bonnet, trimmed with bouquets of Parma violets. An evening dress worn by one of the *Empresses Dames du Palais* was remarkable for originality of style. It consisted of very rich silk, of a brilliant tone of cerulean blue, and covered with small stars embroidered in white silk. The dress was made with a double skirt, and each of the silk skirts had the appearance of being worn over a skirt of white muslin, edged with broad Valenciennes lace. This effect, was, however, produced merely by bands of muslin and lace attached to the silk skirts. The low corsage was trimmed with bands of silk, (the same as that of which the robe was composed,) and these bands were edged with valenciennes and narrow ruches of white taffety. The sleeves were trimmed in corresponding style.

One of the dresses of the Duchess of Sutherland has attracted much attention. The robe was of rich pink lampas, embroidered with silk, so exquisitely lustrous, that it presented the effect of silver. The robe was open in front, and worn over a skirt of white taffety, also embroidered with white silk, and trimmed with two flounces of rich Alencon lace. The pink robe was edged with festoons of lace, fastened by rosettes of pink silk, and in the centre of each rosette there was an agrafe of pearls. The trimming of the corsage and sleeves correspond with that of the skirt, and in the centre of the corsage was a row of pearl agrafes.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Legends and Lyrics. A Book of Verses. By Adelaide Anne Procter. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—It is not often that the child of a poet is a poet also. Miss Procter is an exception to this rule. She is the daughter of Procter, the lyricist, who is better known as Barry Cornwall, and whose own fame, though well assured, may yet be eclipsed by her own. For there has been no young writer of her sex, we do not hesitate to say, who has, within the present generation, made so decided a mark in literature.

The volume before us is full of poems of real merit, many indeed being first-rate, and none sinking to common-place. "The Angel's Story," with which the collection opens, is beautifully told; and will touch every feeling heart. "Echoes" is musical with the sentiment it designs to express. "A Woman's Question," "The Voice of the Wind," "A Tomb in Ghent," "The Wayside Inn," "God's Gifts," "A Legend of Brezgnz," "The Sailor Boy," "The Golden Gate," "Hush," and "Home at Last," are among others of the poems that have especially pleased us. We commend the volume to all true lovers of poetry, but especially to those of Miss Procter's own sex. If these effusions are to be received as indications of what the author can do, when time and experience shall have fully ripened her powers, she will undoubtedly take rank with the most eminent female poets of the language. Mrs. Hemans' laurels are, even now, in peril. The Appletons have republished the volume in a very elegant style.

Courtship and Matrimony: with other Sketches from Scenes and Experiences in Social Life. Particularly adapted for every day reading. By Robert Morris. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The author of this volume has long enjoyed an enviable reputation as a writer. His essays, contributed to the "Pennsylvania Inquirer," exhibited a rare combination of sound sense and fine imagination, and were clothed in a pure, forcible style. It is a portion of these essays, now first collected, which we have in the book before us. The volume is dedicated to John Grigg, Esq., long known as an eminent bookseller and publisher in this city, through whom Mr. Morris was first induced to collect his essays; that gentleman having, very truly, characterized them as eminently calculated "to promote the welfare and happiness of mankind," a verdict in which we cordially agree. The volume, indeed, may be described as philosophy brought down to common life. The essays are on all subjects, and though written to the level of the most ordinary mind, are pregnant with wisdom, and show a long and sagacious observation of life in every phase. We most sincerely wish that a copy of this book could be in every family. The publishers have issued it in excellent style, embellishing it with a capital portrait of Mr. Morris.

From New York to Delhi. By way of Rio de Janeiro, Australia and China. By Robert B. Minturn, Jr. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is really a work of merit, and not a catch-penny publication, got up to take advantage of a temporary excitement. Mr. Minturn visited India just before the mutiny broke out; was a close and accurate observer; and has described the impressions produced upon him, in a graphic and entertaining manner. He seems to think the rebellion will soon be put down. Mr. M. also visited China, and tells some facts about that country, which run counter to the popular impression. The volume is very neatly printed.

Davenport Dunn. A Man of our Day. By Charles Lever. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is the first half of Lever's last novel, said, by many competent judges, and among them Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, to be his best. The remaining portion will be published as soon as it appears in England. The volume is printed in double column octavo, and is sold at the low price of fifty cents. The author of "Charles O'Malley" never writes indifferently, and in his best mood, as in this novel, is unrivalled, in his line, in the language.

Life of Lord Timothy Dexter. By Samuel L. Knapp. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—The subject of this memoir was a well known eccentric, living at Newburyport, Mass., where he built a characteristic mansion, an engraving of which is prefixed to this volume. The book includes sketches of the eccentric characters, who composed his associates, and also copies of some of his writings, "Dexter's pickle for the knowing ones" among others. The work is a curiosity.

India and the Indian Mutiny. By Henry Frederic Malm. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: G. G. Beans & Co.—This work comprises a history of Hindoetan, so far as known, from the earliest times to the present day, with full particulars of the recent mutiny in India. At the present juncture, such a book is opportune. Several engravings on wood illustrate the text.

The Laying of the Telegraph Cable: with all its incidents and anecdotes. By John Mullaly. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This volume is authorized by Messrs. Field and Everett, and Capt. Hudson, and may be considered, not only a reliable and accurate, but an official account also of the expedition.

Agnes. By the author of "Ida May." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—Among a large class of readers, this author enjoys a high reputation. The present work is not inferior, that we see, to either of her former ones, and will be found a pleasant companion for after dinner hours.

The Age: A Colloquial Satire. By Philip James Bailey. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—We really cannot see the merit of this book. In fact, if we except "Festus," Bailey has written very little which is worth preserving.

Electron; or, The Pranks of the Modern Puck: A Telegraphic Epic for the Times. By William C. Richards. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A volume of eighty-four pages, very prettily got up; but on a subject which has long since been worn thread-bare.

Mormontad. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: A Williams & Co.—This is a semi-political, semi-social, semi-religious satire, not without some good passages, but destitute of polish, and occasionally even violating good taste. The publishers have printed it quite neatly.

The Public and Private History of Napoleon the Third. By Samuel M. Smucker. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: G. G. Evans & Co.—A hasty collection of unreliable anecdotes, and full of mistakes which might easily have been prevented.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

CENTO VERSES.—That is, verses made up of lines taken from various quarters, as they occur to the memory; the lines must, however, contain the proper number of feet, and terminate so as to rhyme with those which they follow. If I say, for instance—

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,"

You must be ready with—

"It was the sweetest flower that ever grew."

Or it may be a four-line verse, where the rhymes are in alternate lines, as thus—

"'Twas Greece, but living Greece no more;

Memorial frail of youthful years;

He sat beside the cottage door;

His was a grief too deep for tears."

In this way there may be woven a cento, or cloak made of patches, which is the primary signification of the word. Great and celebrated persons have thought this game worthy of occupying their time and attention; and although it is scarcely ever used now, except as a pastime for young people, yet is there much in it that is commendable as an agreeable and instructive mental recreation. It is pleasant in this way to collect and string together the lines of poetry which have grown into proverbs and "household words" amongst us, and much ingenuity may often be exhibited in placing these so that one line shall illustrate, or enforce the sentiment expressed in the foregoing line; or, perhaps, in some ludicrous way travestie, or flatly contradict it; giving, thus, occasion for merriment: and even where this is not attempted, the jumble of familiar lines and phrases cannot fail to excite a laugh in the circle of hearers.

ORIGINAL CAKE RECEIPTS.

Good Cake.—One pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, two eggs, a small piece of butter, half a handful of currants, a wineglassful of rose-water, mix with cream or milk until it has acquired the consistency of pound-cake, add a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and not quite a teaspoonful of tartaric acid. Bake immediately in tin pans. Rub the butter and flour together, and then put in the sugar. Make a hole in the middle of the dough, and put in the eggs, &c. Put in the acid first, and then try half the quantity of soda, and if any sour taste remains add the entire quantity of soda.

Lytle Cake.—One pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, four eggs, one pound of flour, and three wineglassfuls of milk; while hot, stir in the sugar, then sift your flour twice, and beat your eggs—stir them in cold; add half a pound of currants, half a pound of raisins, and some brandy, nutmeg, or mace; before baking, add one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one teaspoonful of tartaric acid, or three teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar dissolved in half a wineglassful of milk. You need not use fruit, but the cake is better with it.

Mt. Pleasant Cake.—Four cups of flour, two of sugar, one of butter, one of cream, one of eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar—mix the latter with the flour, beat them well all together, spice to your taste, and bake in a moderate oven.

Washington Cake.—One pound and three quarters of a pound of flour, one pound and a half of sugar, one pound of butter, one pint of new milk or cream, seven eggs, two and a half pounds of fruit, one wineglassful of brandy, a dessert-spoonful of pearl-ash, four nutmegs or other spices. Bake this quantity in two pans for two hours.

Soft Gingerbread.—Five cupfuls of flour, three cupfuls of molasses, three tablespoonfuls of shortening, one tablespoonful of ginger, and one teaspoonful of saleratus. A small portion of sour cream improves this cake, and also a few raisins.

Gingerbread.—Three pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter and lard mixed, three tea-cupfuls of ginger, one tablespoonful of allspice, half a tablespoonful of cloves, a little orange-peel, and enough molasses to mix it.

Crunners.—Three cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of milk, three eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, a teaspoonful of pearl-ash, and sufficient flour to form a soft dough.

Rhode Island Cake.—Nine cupfuls of flour, four cupfuls of brown sugar, two cupfuls of butter, three eggs, four tablespoonfuls of carrawayseed, and a teaspoonful of pearl-ash.

One-and-a-half-three-four Cake.—One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, three cupfuls of flour, four eggs, one cupful of milk, half a nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of pearl-ash.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR COMPANY DISHES.

Terrapins.—Put the terrapins, alive, into boiling water; let them boil until they become tender; then lay them on a dish and take off the shell, skin, and toe-nails, taking care that none of the fat is lost. Carefully remove the sand bags which are fastened to the upper shell, and divide the flesh into small pieces, being careful to take out the gall without breaking it, from the middle of the liver. Lay the entrails on one side and chop them fine. Mash two-thirds of the liver, cutting the rest in pieces. The dressing necessary for one dozen small terrapins, may consist of the yolks of four eggs poached hard, as much butter as the quantity of eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, same of mustard, cayenne pepper to taste, and a large tablespoonful of flour. Mix all the dressing well together with a little water. Pour the terrapins, with all their fat, into a kettle with hot water sufficient nearly to cover them; lay the dressing on top, and cover with a plate, stirring frequently; the fire must not be too

hot; when well mixed, and boiling hot, add two or three wineglassfuls of madeira or sherry wine, more if necessary. The quantity of butter, eggs and seasoning may be increased, if thought necessary.

Charlotte Russe.—Beat one quart of sweet, rich cream, until it becomes very light; beat the yolks of four eggs very light, and add them to half a pint of milk; flavor two cupfuls of loaf sugar very highly with vanilla; put your milk and egg on the fire, and stir until they come to a scald; when cool, add half an ounce of isinglass, dissolved, and boiled in a small quantity of water, about four teaspoonfuls; add the isinglass to the custard when it is about blood-warm; pour the mixture slowly into the whipped cream, beating the cream constantly. Let it cool fifteen minutes, in order to congeal it before adding it to the cake. Make a nice sponge-cake, and bake it very thin; cut a piece as a cover for the top. A tin pan of whatever size you prefer may be used, put the cake around the sides, and cover the bottom of the pan with it, fill it with the charlotte russe, cover it, and ice it if you please.

ORIGINAL KITCHEN RECEIPTS.

Sweet Bread, Liver, &c.—A very good way to cook sweet bread, is to fry a few slices of ham, then take them up, put in the sweet bread, and fry it over a moderate fire. After it is sufficiently cooked, take out the sweet bread, mix about two tablespoonfuls of flour with a little water, stir it into the fat, let it boil, and then pour it over the sweet bread. Another way to dress them is to parboil them, and let them get cold, then cut them in pieces about an inch thick, sprinkle salt, pepper, and sage over them—dip them in the yolk of an egg, then into fine bread crumbs, and fry them a light brown. Make a gravy after you have taken them up, by stirring a little smooth mixed flour and water into the fat, and add spice and wine if you like. The liver and heart are nice, cooked in the same manner, or boiled.

A Ragout of Old Veal.—Cut slices of boiled or roasted veal, and flour and fry them in butter till they are of a light brown color; then take them out the pan, and pour into it a little hot water, and stir into the gravy some flour and water—mixed together—with some salt, pepper, catsup, (if you choose) and lemon juice. Put the meat into the pan again, and stew it until it becomes very hot, adding two or three onions, if you like them.

Cream Fritters.—Mix a pint and a half of wheat flour with a pint of milk—beat six eggs to a froth, and stir them into the flour—grate in half a nutmeg, and then add a pint of cream, and a couple of teaspoonfuls of salt. Stir the whole just long enough to mix the cream well in, and then fry the batter in small cakes.

Cream Pudding.—Beat six eggs to a froth, then mix with them three tablespoonfuls of powdered white sugar, and the grated rind of a lemon. Mix a pint of milk with a pint of flour, and two tablespoonfuls of salt, and then add the eggs and sugar. Just before you bake the pudding, stir in a pint of thick cream. Bake it either in buttered cups, or a dish.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR PRESERVES.

Preserving Plums.—Take equal weight of sugar and fruit. Prick your plums well all over with a fork. Allow half a teaspoonful of water to each pound of sugar. Make the syrup, and when it is clarified, throw in enough plums to cover the surface of your kettle; let them boil gently about five minutes. Cook all of your plums in this way, and as they are done lay them on large dinner dishes, cover them with syrup, and set them in the sun, placing glass sashes over them. If the weather is good, they will require to remain thus from two to three days. At first there will be more syrup than the dish will hold, but after one day in the sun,

the remainder can be added. The fruit will be solid, and the syrup a nice jelly. Sometimes the syrup needs five or ten minutes boiling after the fruit is taken out, as some fruit is juicy.

Apple Jelly.—Pare some pippin apples, and core and seed them; over a half gallon of them, pour a quarter of a gallon of cold water, and stew and boil them until they appear soft enough to run a straw through them; then strain them immediately through a linen or flannel bag. To each pint of juice add one pound of loaf sugar: boil it fast for twenty minutes. After the jelly has been off the fire for ten or fifteen minutes, add a tablespoonful of essence of lemon to each quart of jelly.

Blackberry Jam.—To five pounds of blackberries take four pounds of sugar. Mash the fruit and boil it well; then pour off some of the juice, and dissolve the sugar in it, then add all together and boil it again, observing to mash the fruit well, as in the first place. This improves the jam in respect to smoothness, and also improves the flavor. You may take three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, and not add any water, but dissolve the sugar with the juice of the berries.

Orange Marmalade.—Pare some oranges, and take out the seeds. Soak one half of the parings in salt water, and then boil them until you can run a straw through them. Cut them up, and add them to the juice and pulp, to one pint of which take one pound of sugar, and boil until it appears to be sufficiently cooked.

PRESERVES, &C.

Pumpkin.—Pare your pumpkin, and cut it into thin slices, of any form you please. Weigh it, and lay it in lemon juice all night; three lemons to a pound of pumpkin. Make your syrup of pound for pound of Havana sugar, and boil the slices of pumpkin in it until they begin to look clear; then drain, and put them into the syrup again, until they become quite clear. The rind of a sweet orange, scalded, and added in, is an improvement.

Peaches.—Put your peaches in boiling water, and scald, but do not boil them. Take them out, and put them in cold water; dry them in a sieve, and put them in long, wide-mouthed bottles. To half a dozen peaches take a quarter of a pound of sugar; clarify it, pour it over the peaches, and fill the bottles with brandy. Cork the bottles close, and keep them in a dry place.

To Preserve Grapes in Bunches.—Beat up a small quantity of gum arabic water with the whites of some eggs, and dip the grapes in this mixture. Let them dry a little, and then roll them in finely powdered sugar; put them on a stove to dry, turn them, and add sugar until they are perfectly dried.

Citron.—To nine pounds of citron take four pounds of sugar, two lemons, half an ounce of oil of lemon, three teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. You can add the last named article, or not, as you please. Put the sugar on over night.

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FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—HOUSE DRESS OF BLACK SILK, with three flounces. Each flounce is trimmed with pyramids of ruffles made of mallow-colored silk. The body is high without a basque, and has a berthe put on in the Raphael style. The sleeves are of the pagoda shape, with one large, full puff at the top. Corsage and sleeves trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Lace under-sleeves, collar and head-dress.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF FOREST GREEN SILK, with Bayader stripes of black velvet. Skirt plain. Body high, cut low down on the hips, before and behind in deep points, and trimmed with green and black fringe. Sleeves wide, opening on the top of the arm over very full under-sleeves, and confined at short distances by bands of black velvet. Bonnet of white satin, trimmed with blonde and flowers.

FIG. III.—THE CABLE CLOAK.—Bulfinch, 415 Broadway, New York, has favored us with an illustration of a beautiful winter garment, to which he has given the name of "The Cable Cloak." The material is fine black beaver cloth, and is very ample and graceful in form. The wide, flowing sleeves are a great addition to this garment, the back of the sleeve extends from the neck to the bottom of the cloak, the seam being concealed by a row of rich scalloped galloon with an edge tufted with plush, the front rounds gracefully over the arm, and is finished with a simple edging of galloon. A rich braided trimming formed of black silk cord ornaments the top of the sleeve, and terminates in two superb tassels of silk mingled with chenille. The body of the garment resembles a Raglan in form, the edge is finished with a simple braiding of galloon, and above is placed a rich fringe of chenille. The neck is ornamented by a similar trimming, so arranged as to resemble a pointed hood finished with a heavy tassel of black silk.

FIGS. IV & V.—LATEST STYLE OF BONNETS.—From Wilcox, 251 Broadway, New York, we have been furnished with illustrations of two of their latest styles of bonnets. The first illustration is composed of white satin and royal purple velvet. The satin is shirred on the foundation, and forms the entire bonnet with the exception of the back of the crown, which is of velvet; a wide fold of velvet is laid across



the crown, and forms a heading to a deep fall of thread lace: two narrow rows surround the brim, and droop over the face trimmings with graceful effect. The left side is adorned by a profusion of purple velvet flounces, intermingled with snow-drops and green leaves. The curtain is of white satin edged with velvet and lace. The inside is adorned with a full cap of blonde interspersed with purple velvet flowers. Broad strings of purple and white ribbon. The second illustration is composed of white satin and sea green fancy velvet. The front is shirred and the crown plain, over the head is laid a deep fold of velvet which extends round the crown and four loops over the curtain; the edge is finished with a piping of white satin and black lace. A narrow fold of velvet surrounds the brim and curtain. The face trimmings consist of a full cap of blonde at the sides, intermingled with crimson moss rose-buds and leaves, connected by a puffing of white satin overlapped with green velvet and lace, which passes over the head. Both of these bonnets were imported, by Mr. Wilde, from Paris.

FIG. VI.—WALKING DRESS OF PLAIN GREY POPLIN.—Zingora Mantilla of black silk with a hood, wadded, and trimmed with fringe and gimp. Bonnet of grey silk, trimmed with black ribbon and lace.

FIG. VII.—CAP OF INSERTION AND BLUE SILK, trimmed with blue ribbon.

FIG. VIII.—HEAD-DRESS OF PLAIRED BLUE VELVET AND WHITE LACE, falling over a bow of blue velvet ribbon.

FIG. IX.—CAPE OF WHITE MUSLIN, with a puffing of *la Raphaël* around the neck, and trimmed with blue ribbon bows.

FIG. X.—WHITE MUSLIN PUFFED SLEEVE, with a band and bow of ribbon.

FIG. XI.—HABIT-SHIRT OF SMALL SPOTTED TULLE, ornamented with two runnings separated by pearl edging, in which there is a narrow velvet or silk ribbon. Round the neck a row of lace which stands up.

FIG. XII.—SLEEVE to accompany the habit-shirt, (Fig. XI.) composed of a puff and a frill, which has at the bottom a puffing between two rows of pearl.

PLAID VELVETS for dresses, both plain and embossed, are likely to enjoy great favor this coming season, and likewise some granite or speckled silks with narrow flounces. Then a variety of silks of a grey or lilac ground chine with brown, of a very quiet aspect and in excellent taste. For the winter they are now making silks of check patterns with very bright colors. For the present greys are in as high vogue as at the beginning of the season.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The skirts of dresses seem to increase rather than to diminish in expansion, and silk dresses are invariably made with either flounces or double skirts. Corsets are very highly trimmed, and those of silk are almost invariably made with small pointed basques. Side-trimmings woven in the dress are less worn than heretofore; but side-trimmings formed of bows and lace, and tablier fronts, are much in favor. A skirt entirely plain is scarcely ever seen. Many dresses are made with low or half-high corsets, to be worn with pelerines or fichus of lace or worked muslin. These pelerines are usually round at the back, and have ends crossed in front. Some are made of black tulle, covered with rows of narrow black velvet ribbon. These have a very pretty effect.

SLEEVES are made in every variety, but the effect is always that of fullness. UNDER-SLEEVES are still worn very full. Among the newest which have appeared there are some composed of one large puff of white muslin fastened on a wristband of needlework; and the puff is gathered in at intervals by small bows and ends of narrow black velvet. We have seen under-sleeves formed of puffs of white muslin. Beneath the puff descends a frill edged with a row of lace, and trimmed with quillings of pink ribbon set on in two rows one above the other; the frill is slit open at the inner

part of the arm, and the trimming of ribbon and lace passes up each side of the opening, at the top of which is fixed a bow and ends of pink ribbon.

POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS for plain morning dress are simply edged with a hem, headed by a row of hem-stitch. The handkerchief suited to demi-toilet is scalloped at the edge, and above the scalloping is a border of flowers in embroidery, or a row of embroidered medallions, surrounded by Valenciennes. The handkerchief for evening full dress is almost wholly composed of lace. The small portion of cambric in the centre is filled up by the initials. The newest mourning pocket-handkerchiefs have exquisitely embroidered borders in black or violet color, with the crest or initials worked at one corner.

BONNETS scarcely vary in shape from those worn for the last few months. At present a mixture of small fruits, with flowers, still continues in bonnet trimmings. Those most in favor are red currants, mingled with flowers or fruit blossoms; but for fancy straw, black currants, small black cherries and grapes, mingled with flowers, are more employed. This style is always accompanied with black lace. These flowers and fruits will be replaced by feathers as the season advances. Wreaths passing over the upper part of the head, are on the decline. A style of under-trimming now considered more *distingue* consists of a single flower, a small bouquet, or a bow of ribbon, placed on one side only, in the quilling of blonde.

MANTLES are in great variety. One of a thin grey cloth, trimmed with plaid velvet, braid, and black fringe, has a pelerine in front, and a hood behind ornamented with three large plaid tassels surmounted by small tufts of black velvet. A plain, warm and convenient garment is the *Orson*, of a brown color, with a round pelerine behind and pointed in front, bordered with braid and a row of pendent buttons.

HEAD-DRESSES at present are in a great variety. Some ladies appear in their hair dressed in ringlets, and displayed in all its luxuriance, without any other ornament than a black or colored velvet ribbon passed twice through the hair, with a star in pearl, or flagree gold on the ribbon just over the forehead. We may cite, amongst the *coiffures* of flowers, round wreaths composed of a mixture of large and small flowers: others composed of one kind of flowers only; some are placed at the back of the head; they mount on the bandeaux at each side, terminating in full tufts. Some ladies wear their hair arranged in a knot at the back of the head, encircled either by foliage or flowers, in brilliant colors. We may recommend, as one of the prettiest *coiffures*, a long lappet of white blonde lace, with small flowers twisted in it in a very tasteful manner, and passed twice round the head; the ends of the lappets float over the shoulders. A simple but very becoming *coiffure* is a small half-square of the most transparent blonde lace, in a very light pattern; it is placed very far back on the head; the ends are concealed on each side under a bouquet of the flowers of the double-blossomed peach. It may also be worn in black blonde lace, with bouquets of damask roses, or fancy hair pins. This *coiffure* is extremely becoming to a blonde.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF WHITE CASHMERE, (see wood cut, Fig. VI.) with two skirts. The lower skirt is trimmed with two bands of blue cashmere, and the upper skirt is edged with blue cashmere. The body is made with a basque laid in full plaits behind, and trimmed down the side seams with white silk buttons. A row of similar buttons ornament the front. Full sleeve set into a cap and trimmed with blue cashmere. Hat of white beaver, trimmed with blue velvet ribbon and flowers.

FIG. II.—PARADESS FOR A BOY OF GREY CLOTH, trim-

med with a band of cloth of a darker shade, with a long hairy nap upon it.

FIG. III.—BACK OF THE PARDESSUS.

FIG. IV.—CHILD'S SACQUE.—Demarest, 375 Broadway, New York, has had his fall opening of patterns containing designs for every imaginable form of dress. His infant's and children's department of patterns is especially well stocked, and exhibits great taste in the arrangement. We have

selected for illustration a child's over dress. The form resembles a sacque, the upper portion is made to fit the form by plaits in front and back, which extend from neck to waist. The skirt is short, and the back forms a polka rounded up at the sides. The neck is finished with a collar which forms a point in the back and on each shoulder, the front forming a lappel extending the full length of the skirt. A plain, flowing sleeve completes this pretty garment.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

"PETERSON" FOR 1859.—On the last page of our cover will be found our Prospectus for 1859. It will be seen that we intend to make great improvements. *The reading matter will be considerably increased, an additional colored plate will be given in every number, and the quantity of patterns for the Work-Table nearly doubled.* No other magazine of any kind will give so much, or of such sterling value, for the money, in 1859. *Now is the time to get up clubs!* Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fairly presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other magazine. *Be, therefore, the first in the field!* A specimen will be sent gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment.*

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.—It is not in a boastful spirit, but to let our subscribers see, that their preference for "Peterson" is shared with the press and public at large, that we publish, from time to time, a few of the newspaper and other notices, of which we receive so many hundreds monthly. Our October number was received, everywhere, with delight. Says the Lewistown (Pa.) True Democrat:—"Of all the two dollar magazines we receive, we unhesitatingly pronounce Peterson's the best, and it is almost as essentially necessary to the well-being and happiness of a family as bodily nourishment itself." The Chattanooga (Tenn.) Advertiser says:—"This is the cheapest Magazine published, only two dollars a year, and it contains as great a variety of choice reading matter, and as fine a selection of valuable patterns, and fashionable plates as any of the three dollar magazines. Peterson gives his readers the full worth of their subscription in reading matter alone. Try him and see." The Mannheim (Pa.) Sentinel says:—"It is a superb number, always well-timed, and fresh as the morning air. The contributions are from the best writers, the embellishments of the 'first water,' the patterns for the ladies are of the latest styles, and the numerous recipes, &c., valuable and in season. It is truly a household book, and should be in every family." The Bluffton (Ind.) People's Press says:—"Emphatically a Magazine for the Ladies, containing everything the heart could wish in the way of plates, illustrations, and entertaining reading matter." The Winchester (Va.) Virginian says:—"For choice and elegant literature, characterized by a high moral tone, peculiarly adapted to the home circles of our land, freshness, originality and cheapness, this Magazine is without a rival. It is surprising that so much excellent reading matter can be furnished for only two dollars." The Weekly (Ill.) Democrat says:—"This excellent and popular Magazine, for October, has come to hand. Its articles are much superior to any magazine published in this country at the same price. No family circle is perfect without Peterson." The Appleton (Wis.) Crescent says:—"The ladies, to judge from what they say, prefer this to any of the monthlies. Its stories are always interesting." The Anthracite (Pa.) Gazette says:—"The cheapest Magazine published in this country." The Abingdon (Ill.) Reporter says:—"It contains more reading matter for less money than any

periodical we receive. It is the favorite of the ladies." The West Liberty (O.) Banner says:—"Peterson's Ladies' National for October is on our table, as much ahead of time as it is ahead of its competitors. If it contained nothing but the 'pictures' we would pronounce it worth the money, but it is also filled with the best literary matter of any magazine of its kind." The People's (Ky.) Press says:—"Its fashion plates are superb, and it is the cheapest of monthlies." The Morgantown (Va.) Star says:—"The ladies should all take the National. Its table of contents for October presents an attractive dish for the reader, and is almost worth the price of one year's subscription." The Columbus (O.) City Fact says:—"The cheapest of the periodicals." The Lancaster (N. H.) Republican says:—"Full of spicy and entertaining matter." We might quote several pages of similar notices.

OUR PREMIUM ALBUM.—Our premium to persons getting up clubs for 1859 will be a lady's album, in beautifully embossed gilt binding, with gilt edges, and with variously colored writing paper. It will also be embellished with several elegant and new steel engravings. Altogether, it will be the most superb affair, we, or any other magazine publisher, has ever offered to the public. It will be sent gratis, post-paid, to every person getting up a club of three, five, or eight; and also to persons getting up larger clubs, if preferred instead of the extra copy of the Magazine. Thus, for a club of twelve, and fifteen dollars, we will send, either the "Album," or a copy of "Peterson" for 1859; and for a club of sixteen, and twenty dollars, we will, if desired, send two "Albums," instead of one "Album" and the extra copy of "Peterson." Look out for this magnificent premium!

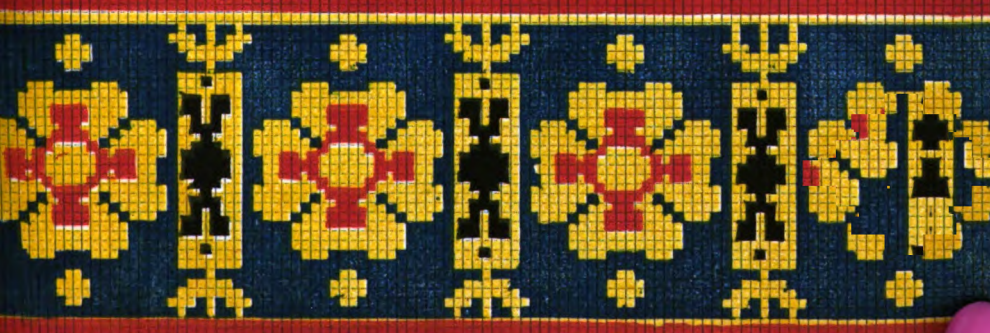
TERMS TO CLUBS.—Persons, getting up clubs for 1859, will please remember, that the terms must be literally complied with, if a premium is expected. Thus, for \$5.00 we will send three copies of the Magazine, and an "Album;" for \$7.50, five copies, and an "Album," &c., &c. Be particular in remembering this!

SAVE A DOLLAR.—"A dollar saved," said Franklin, "is a dollar earned." By subscribing for "Peterson," you get the best ladies Magazine in the world, for a dollar less than others cost. If you doubt this, send for a specimen.

"PETERSON" AND "HARPER."—For \$3.50 we will send a copy of "Peterson" and "Harper's Magazine," for one year. But where part of a remittance is intended for another publisher, we do not take the risk of that part.

POSTAGE ON "PETERSON."—This, when pre-paid quarterly, at the office of delivery, is one and a half cents a number, per month, or four cents and a half for the three months: if not pre-paid it is double this.

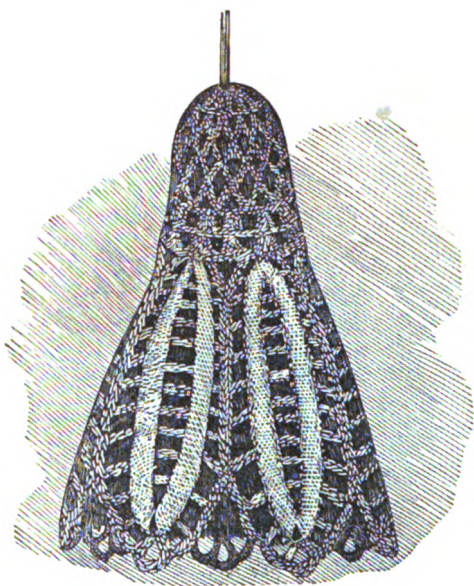
BEGIN AT ONCE.—Lose no time in getting up your clubs for 1859. If you delay a day, you may lose your premium.



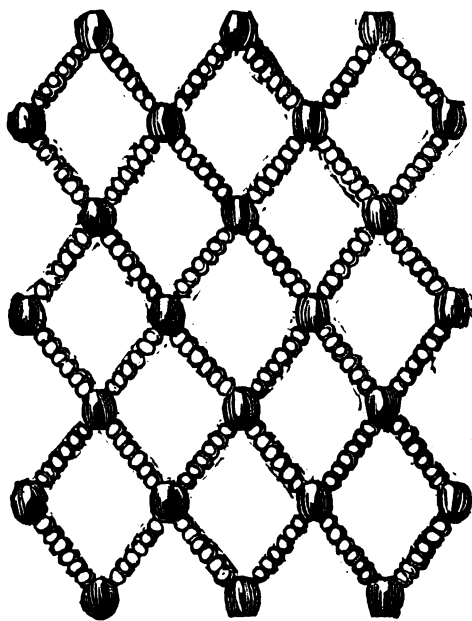




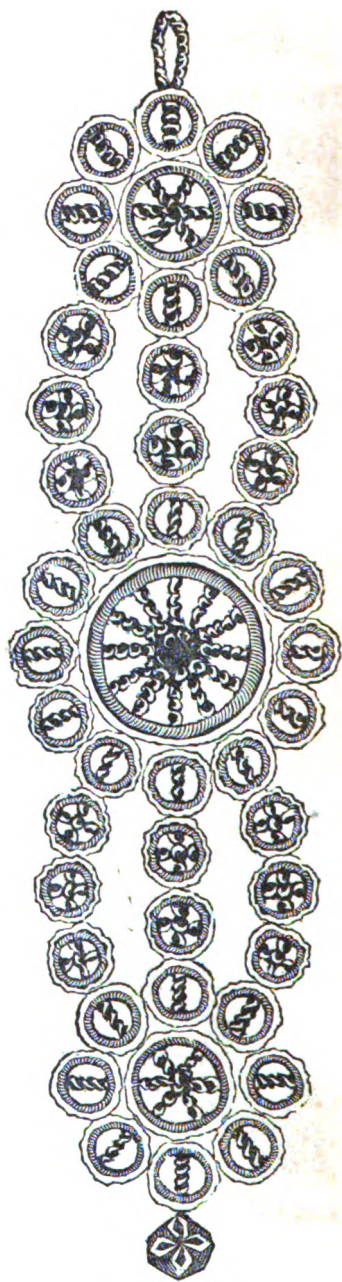
MORNING DRESS.



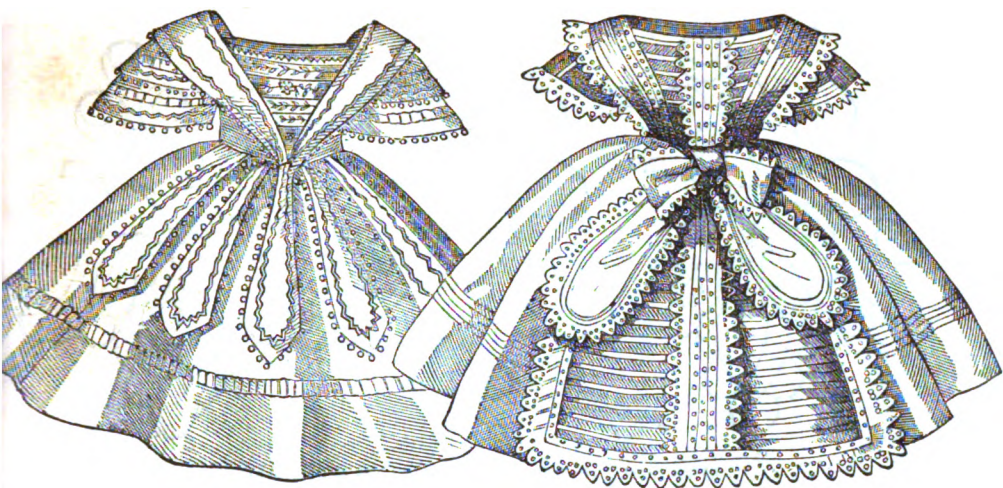
COVER FOR BLIND TASSEL.



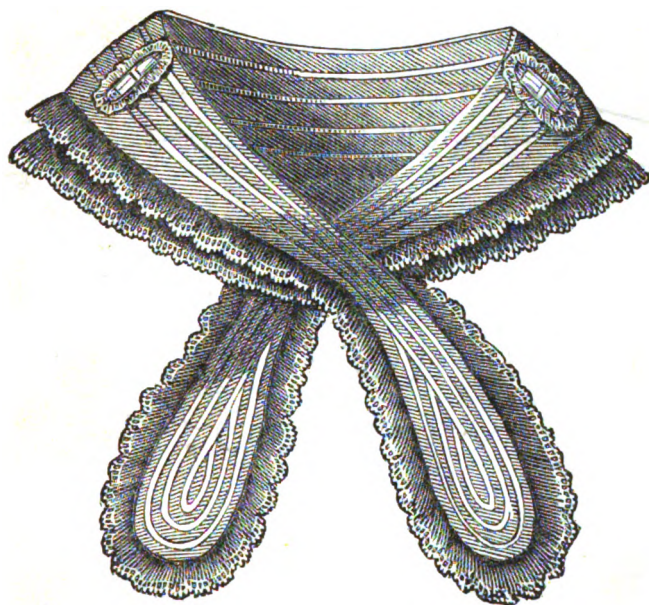
PATTERN FOR BEAD FLOWER STAND.



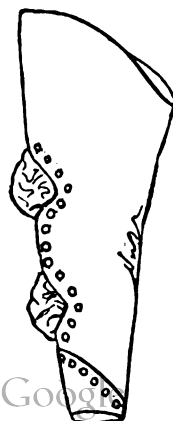
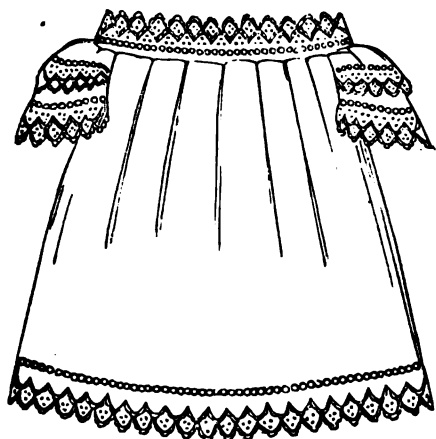
CROCHET BRACELET WITH BUGLES.



DRESSES FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

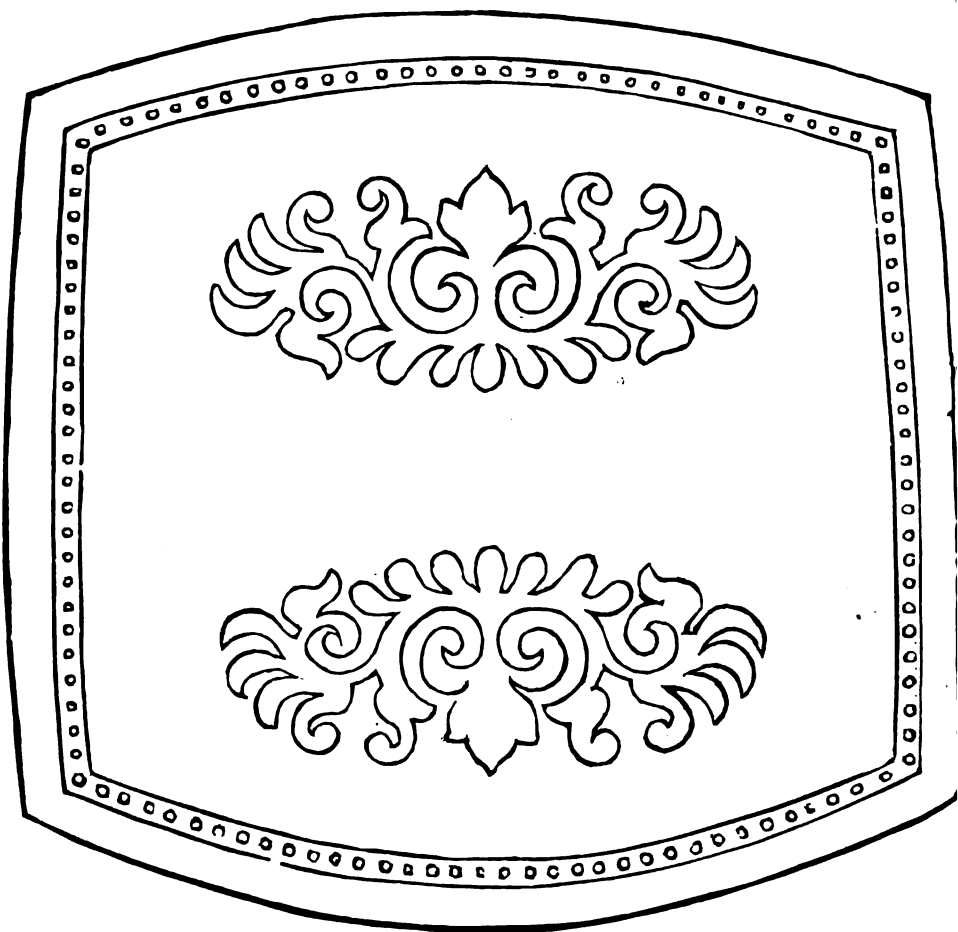


CAPE.

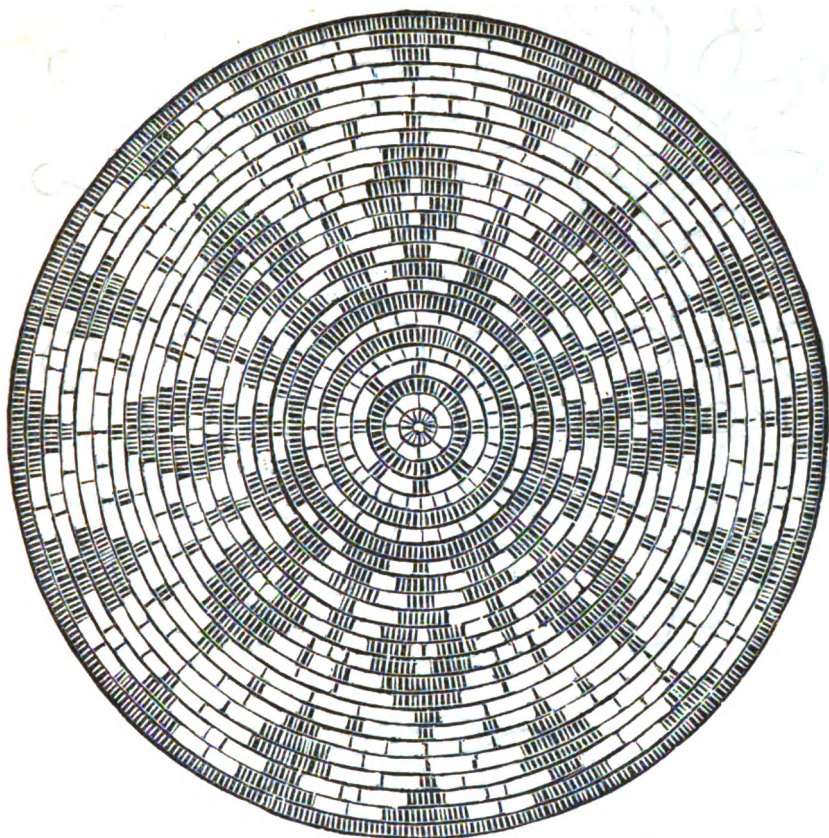




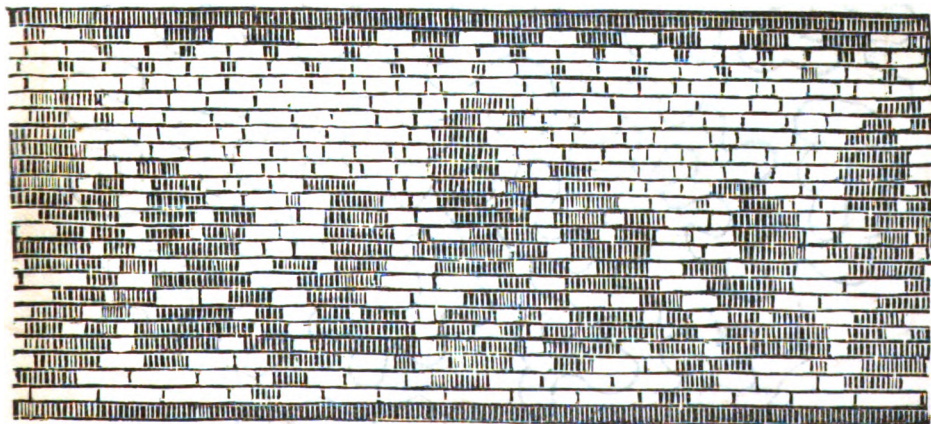
EMBROIDERY IN SILK FOR CAPE OF INFANT'S CLOAK.



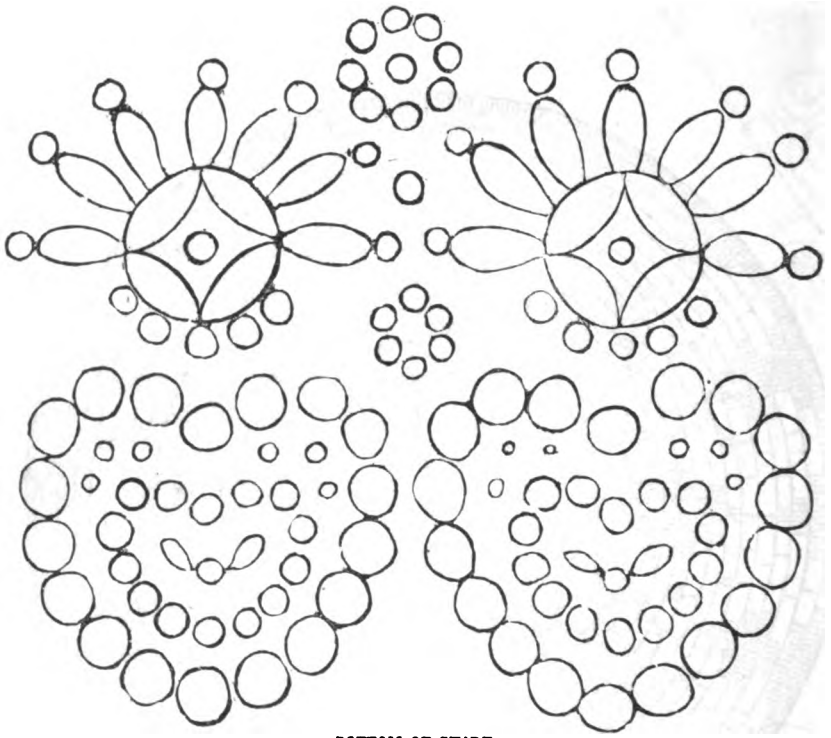
EMBROIDERY FOR TOBACCO POUCH.



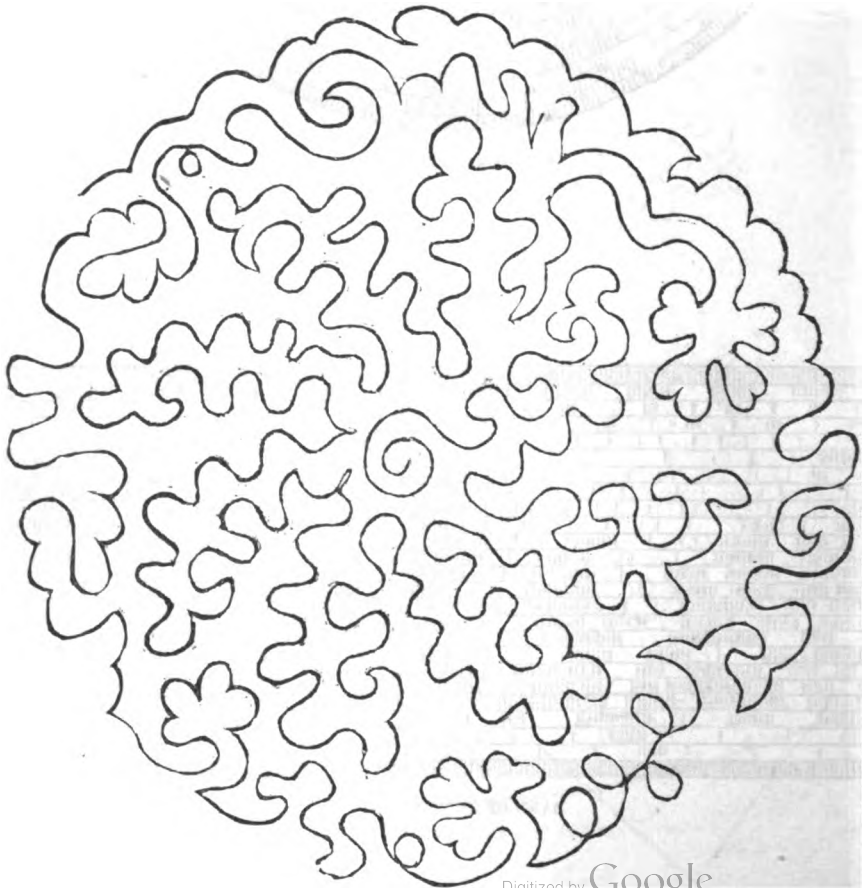
TOP OF SMOKING CAP.



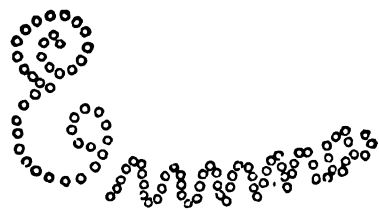
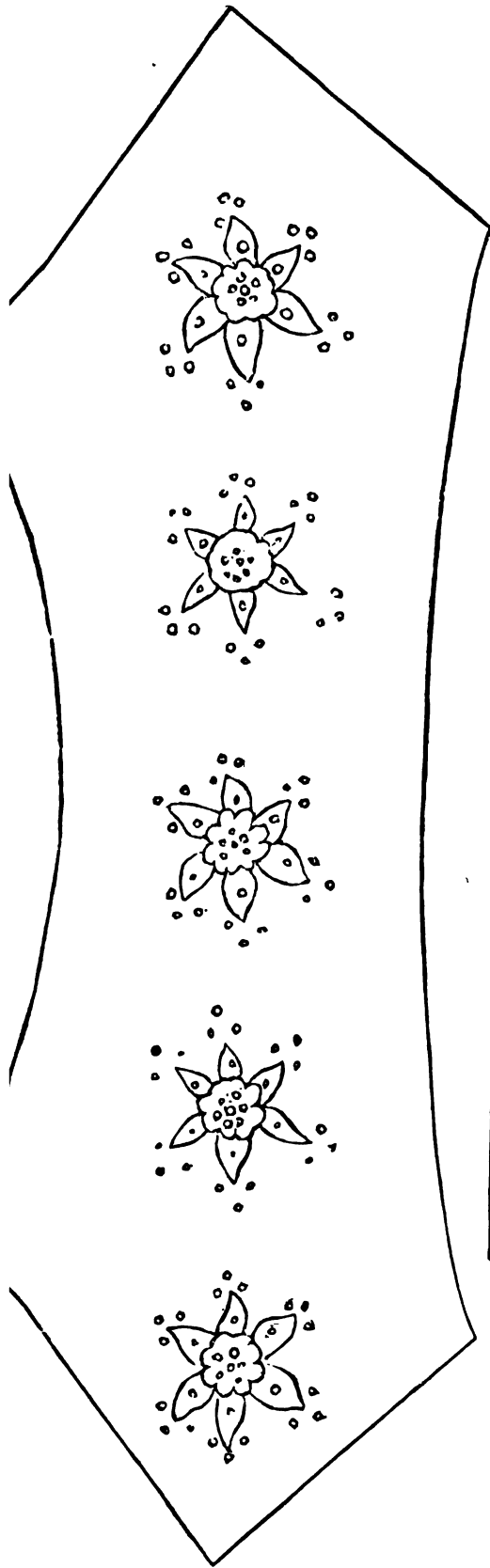
BAND OF SMOKING CAP.



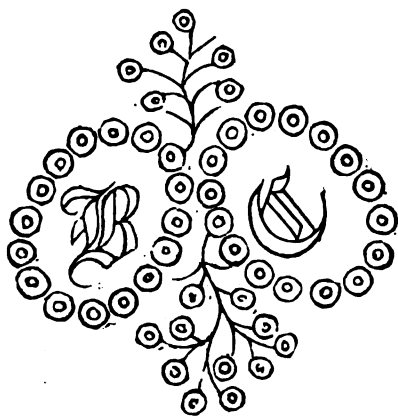
BOTTOM OF SKIRT.



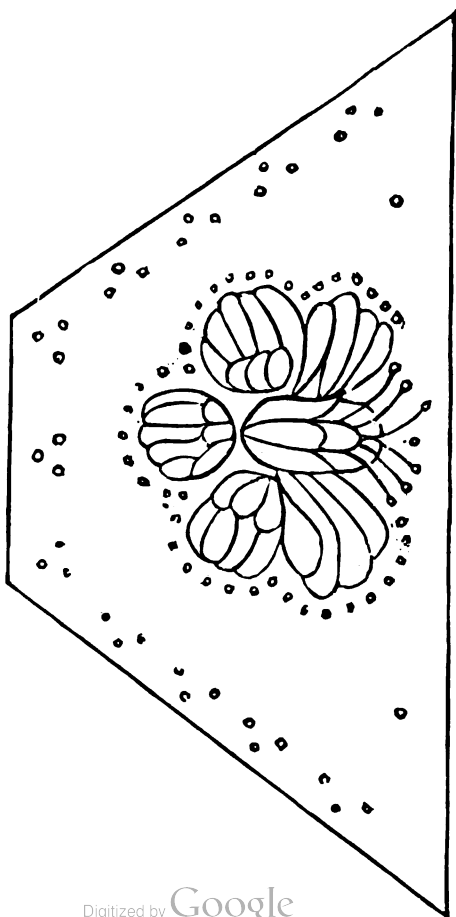
BRAIDING PATTERN.



NAME FOR MARKING.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



THE DAY HAS GONE.

POETRY BY CHARLES MACKAY.

SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY FRANK MORI.

Tenderly and slowly.

Ans.—“Go from my window, Love.”

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "I. Oh! the day has gone, the" and ends with "mournful day! It pass'd with the midnight chime, Like a" and "Like a". The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with "Like a". The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The score is written in G major and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked "Tenderly and slowly." and the dynamics include "p" (piano).

I. Oh! the day has gone, the

mournful day! It pass'd with the midnight chime, Like a

Like a

sob from the heart of Time.
rall.

2. Oh! the day has gone, the wasted day, It brought us both joy and pain, A

rall.

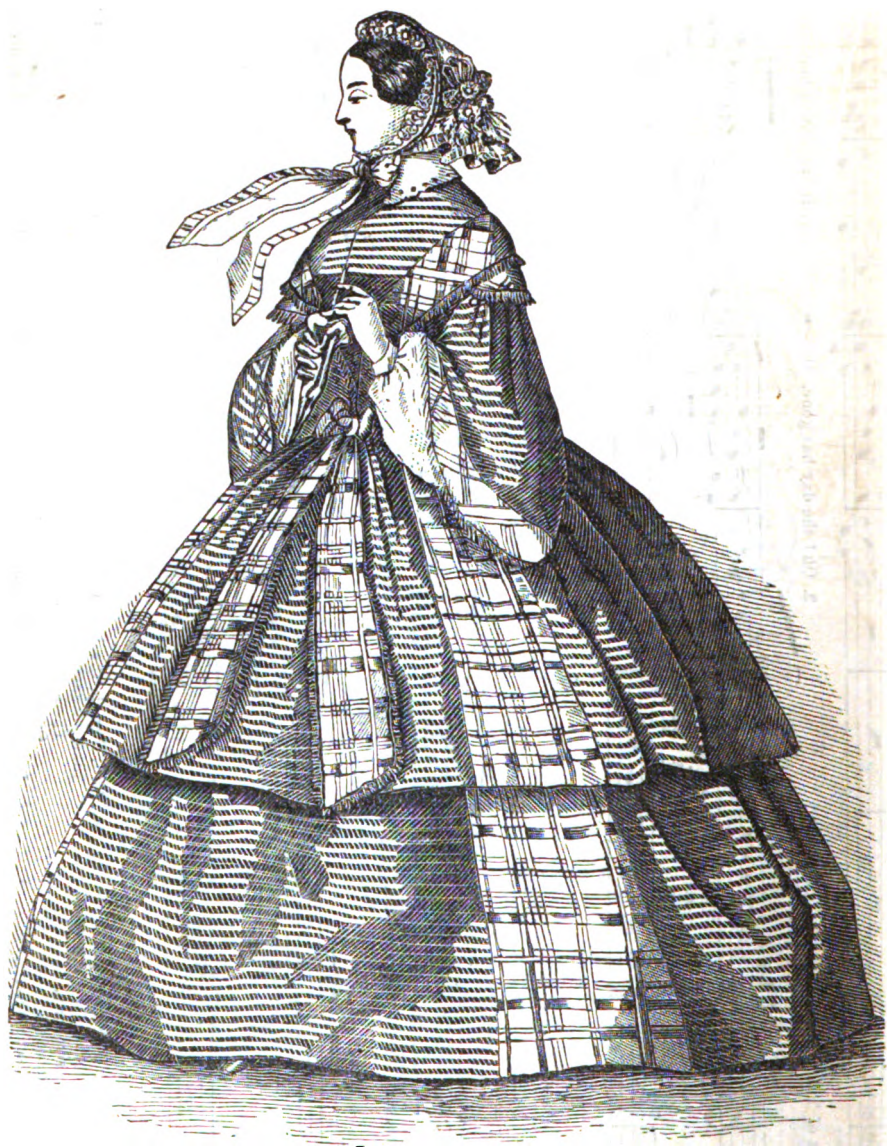
pleasure that has fled, And a sorrow that is dead, They shall never revive again!

tempo.

3. When the day has gone, let Sorrow go!
We bore it without a tear:
It was well inclin'd to stay,
But we reason'd it away,
And we gave it no welcome here.

4. And, though the joys with the griefs are lost,
Like the snow-flakes on the stream,
There are others to be borne
On the sunlight of the morn—
Let us smile in their purple beam!

5. Lo, the Day is dead! Good Night! Good Night!
And the Day is born—good day!
There's a voice upon the blast,
And the sand is falling fast—
Let us sing and rejoice while we may!



WALKING DRESS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1858.

No. 6.

CHRISTMAS AND ITS CUSTOMS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.



CHRISTMAS is the festival of the year. With modern Christian nations it takes precedence of all and every religious celebration. Its blessings are for the old as well as for the young. The magnificent shows, which welcomed it, in the old ba-

ronial times, have, indeed, long been disused. We no longer see the boar's-head borne in, to the sound of violin and harp, to grace the overloaded table. We no longer behold the page, with the wassail bowl, preceded by the mimic trumpeter. We no longer hear the shouting, the music, and the mirth of the jester, as crowds of servitors drag the yule log into the great hall, where the baron and his lady stand, in state, to welcome it. The mimes, the games, the buffoonery, the noisy revels have passed away. But not the less hearty is our modern observance of Christmas. On the contrary, the festival is the more appropriately kept, in whatever it is more sedate than formerly. In thousands of happy homes, the Christmas tree is raised: in thousands of churches prayer and thanksgiving go up. All over the land, the hospitable board, at the old homestead, is spread for children and grandchildren. Once more the parental roof-tree overshadows the reunited family, and sheds down upon them its calm and peaceful blessing. Alienations are

forgotten, jealousies disappear, heart burnings cease to be. The genial atmosphere of Christmas thaws out even selfishness itself. And the angels, who sang "pence and good-will to men," on that still, calm morning, eighteen centuries ago, seem even yet to reverent minds, to usher in this sacred dawn. The last star is paling before the





morning. Hark! do you not hear seraphic voices?

In England many of the old customs still survive. On Christmas Eve, groups of singers rove about, from house to house, singing "Christmas Waits:" and are usually rewarded, after the ancient fashion, with a dole. The church bells are set merrily ringing. Many of the wealthy landed proprietors still keep up the habit of dispensing coals and blankets to the poor, at the door of the castle or the mansion. Children go out into the woods, to cut holly, or look for



mistletoe; and their mirthful laughter makes many a silent dell vocal with gladness. The churches are all decked out with evergreen. As in the United States, gifts are exchanged between husband and wife, parents and children, betrothed lovers, friends, sisters, and old acquaintances. Hampers of game are sent,

from country relatives, to cousins in the city. The poorest indulge, on Christmas day, in a good dinner. Hilarity everywhere prevails.

On this side of the Atlantic, Christmas is less universally observed: indeed, until within a few years, it was hardly kept at all in New England, except by the members of the Episcopal church; and even yet, over large portions of that intelligent section, it is regarded as of secondary importance to Thanksgiving Day. But in the middle states it has always been the chief festival of the year. In Virginia, where so much of the old cavalier spirit survives, Christmas has been kept, from the era of the first settlement at Jamestown, with more unanimity, perhaps, than anywhere else in the United States. As we go further south, we find it the national holiday, if we may use such a phrase, for the Anglo-African races. In Charleston, it is welcomed, by the negroes, with the discharge of Chinese crackers, and all the uproar which distinguishes the Fourth of July at the North. At Havana it



becomes almost a Saturnalia, or, to speak more strictly, an uproarious negro carnival.

Oh! blessings on Christmas! How the little hearts of children throb with delight, as it draws near: and how, week after week, the dear

ones ask, "Isn't Christmas 'most here?" Visions of plum-puddings, turkeys, and other delicacies, float before their imagination: they linger about the kitchen doors, all Christmas morning, if not at church; and when the pudding is triumphantly taken up, they follow it, shouting and dancing, wild with glee. Ah! our mouth fairly waters at the thought: we are a child again; we taste, in fancy, the delicious dish, than which nectar could not be more exquisite. Will we ever again enjoy anything as we enjoyed the Christmas pudding?

But the Christmas tree is the crowning joy for children. With what rapt wonder they gaze on it, when it is revealed to them for the first time in their lives, with its golden fruit, its twinkling tapers, and its loads of tempting toys! As they grow older, they begin to doubt the fable, which they have been told, perhaps, of a certain Kriss-Kringle, who brings gifts for good children and is the omnipresent architect of all Christmas trees. They understand, now, why their parents,

on Christmas Eve, are so pertinacious in shutting them out of the room where the Christmas tree is to appear, all glorious, to-morrow. They peep under doors and listen on the staircase: they even, sometimes, steal in on the busy parents: till, at last, there is nothing left for it, but to put the inquisitive, excited little rebels to bed. So to bed they go, where they lie awake, talking of what they had, on last Christmas, and of what they would like to get, on this: and so gradually fall asleep, to dream of Kriss-Kringle, to wake at daylight, and to be filling the house, with glad uproar, an hour before their parents usually rise. But who would have a house, at Christmas, without children, even though the little mad-caps deafen the ears with their noisy gladness? Alas! alas! for the homes, where, this year, no little feet patter about overhead, on Christmas morning, as they did a twelve-month ago.



OUR CHRISTMAS TREE.

JOHN CLARKE AND HIS FORTUNE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"NEVER mind the house, John, we've got one of our own," whispered John Clarke's wife.

She was a rosy little thing, only twenty summers old. How brightly and bewitchingly she shone—a star amid the sombre company.

"But what in the world has he left me?" muttered John Clarke. "I believe he hated me—I believe they all hate me."

"Hush, dear!"

"I bequeath to John Clarke, my dearly beloved nephew," read the grim attorney, "as a reward for his firmness in resisting temptation the last two years, and his determination to improve in all acceptable things, my one-horse shay, which has stood in my barn over twenty-five years, requesting that he shall repair it, or cause it to be repaired in a suitable manner."

That was all. Some of the people gathered there tittered, all seemed to enjoy the confusion of the poor young man. His eyes flashed fire, he trembled excessively; poor little Jenny fairly cried.

"To think," she said to herself, "how hard he has tried to be good, and that is all he thought of it!"

"Wish you joy," said a red-headed youth, with a grin, as he came out of the room.

John sprang up to collar the fellow, but a little white hand laid on his coat sleeve restrained him.

"Let them triumph, John, it won't hurt you," said Jenny, with her sunny smile; "please don't notice them for my sake."

"Served him right," said Susan Spriggs, the niece of the old man just dead, and to whom he had left all his silver, "served him right for marrying that ignorant goose of a Jenny Brazier. I suppose he calculated a good deal on the old gentleman's generosity." To which she added, in a whisper that only her own heart heard, "He might have married me. He had the chance, and I loved him better than any one else—better than that pretty little fool, Jenny Brazier."

"Now we will see how deep his goodness is," said a maiden aunt, through her nose; "he stopped short in wickedness jest because he expected a fortune from my poor, dear brother. Thanks to massy that he left me five hundred dollars. Now I can git that new carpet; but

we'll see how much of a change there is in John Clarke—he always was an imp of wickedness."

"Well, I guess John Clark'll have to be contented with his little ten feet shanty," said the father of Susan Spriggs to good old Deacon Joe Hemp.

"Well, I reckon he is content—if he ain't he ought to be, with that little jewel of a wife, she's bright enough to make any four walls shine," was the deacon's reply.

"Pshaw! you're all crazy about that gal. Why she ain't to be compared to my Susan. Susan plays on the forty-piano like sixty, and manages a house first-rate."

"Bless you, neighbor Spriggs, I'd rather have that innocent, blooming face to smile at me when I waked up of mornings, than all the forty-piano gals you can scare up 'tween here and the Indies—fact!"

"I'd like to know what you mean!" exclaimed Mr. Spriggs, firing up.

"Jest what I say," replied good old Deacon Joe, coolly.

"Well, that John Clark'll die on the gallows yet, mark my words," said Mr. Spriggs, spitefully.

"That John Clarke will make one of our best citizens, and go to the legislature yet," replied old Deacon Joe, complacently.

"Doubt it!"

"Yes, may be you do, and that's a pretty way to build up a young fellow, isn't it, when he's trying his best. No, John Clarke won't be a good citizen, if you can help it. People that cry 'mad dog' are plaguey willin' to stone the critter while he's a running, I take it; and if he ain't mad they're sure to drive him so. Why don't you step up to him and say, 'John, I'm glad you're going right now, and I've got faith in you, and if you want any help, why come to me and I'll put you through?' That's the way to do the business, Mr. Spriggs."

"Well, I hope you'll do it, that's all," replied Spriggs, sulkily.

"I hope I shall, and I'm bound to, any way, if I have the chance. Fact is, he's got such a smart little wife that he don't really need any help."

"No—it's a pity then that brother Jacob left him that one-horse shay."

"You needn't laugh at that; old Jacob never did nothing without a meaning to it. That old shay may help him to be a great man yet. Fact is, I think myself if Jacob had a left him money it might a been the ruin of him. Less things than a one-horse shay has made a man's fortin."

"Well, I'm glad you think so much of him; I don't."

"No," muttered Deacon Joe, as his neighbor turned away, "but if he had married your raw-boned darter that plays on the forty-piano, he'd a been all right, and no mistake."

"A one-horse shay!" said the minister, laughing; "what a fortune!"

And so it went, from mouth to mouth. None of the relatives—some already rich—had offered the poorest man among them—the owner of the one-horse shay—a dollar of the bequeathment left to him or to her; but they had rather rejoiced in his disappointment.

The truth is, everybody had prophesied that John Clark, a poor, motherless boy, would come to ruin, and they wanted the prophecy to prove a true one. He had, in his youth, been wild and wayward, and somewhat profligate in the early years of manhood; but his old uncle had encouraged him to reform—held out hopes to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and the love of the sweet young Jenny Brazier completed, as it seemed, his reformation.

Jenny never appeared so lovely as she did on that unfortunate day of the reading of the will, after that had returned to the poor little house that was Jenny's own.

"No matter, John," she said, cheerfully, "you will rise in spite of them. I wouldn't let them think I was in the least discouraged, that will only please them too well. We are doing nicely now, and you know if they do cut the railroad through our bit of land, the money will set us up quite comfortably; isn't our home a happy one, if it is small? And oh! John, by and bye!"

An eloquent blush—a glance toward her work-basket, out of which peeped the most delicate needlework, told the story—that ever new story of innocence, beauty and helplessness, that bring cares akin to angels' work.

For once, John Clarke stopped the gossip's mouth. He held his head up manfully—worked steadily at his trade, and every step seemed a sure advance, and an upward one.

Baby was just six months old when the corporation paid into John Clarke's hand the sum of six hundred dollars for the privilege of laying a track through his one little field.

"A handsome baby, a beautiful and industrious wife, and six hundred dollars," thought

John, with an honest exultation, "well, this is living!"

"John," said his wife, rising from her work, "look out."

He did, and saw the old one-horse shay dragged by a stalwart negro.

"Massa says as how the old barn is gwine to be pulled down, so he sent your shay," said the African.

"Thank him for nothing," said John, bitterly, but a glance at his wife removed the evil spirit, and a better one smiled out of his eyes.

"John, you can spare a little money now to have the old shay fixed up, can't you? You ought to, according to the will," said Jenny.

"The old trash?" muttered John.

"But you could at least sell it for what the repairs would cost," said Jenny, in her winning way.

"Yes, I suppose I could."

"Then I'd have it done, and bless me, I'd keep it, too. You've got a good horse, and can have the old shay made quite stylish for baby and me to ride in. Shant' we shine?"

"Well, I'll send it over to Hosmer's, to-morrow, and see what he will do it for."

"Look here! Mr. Hosmer wants you come right over shop!" shouted the carriage-maker's apprentice, at the top of his lungs; "old Deacon Joe's there, an' says he's right down glad—golly, its hundreds, and hundreds, and hundreds, and hun—"

"Stop, boy! what in the world does he mean, Jenny?" cried John Clarke, putting the baby in the cradle face downwards.

"My patience! John, look at that child—precious darling! I'm sure I don't know, John; I'd go right over and see," said Jenny, by snatches righting the baby, "it's his fun, I suppose."

"Tain't any fun, I tell ye," said the boy, while John hurried on his coat and hat; "my gracious! guess you'll say it ain't fun when you come to see them 'ere gold things and the bills."

This added wings to John Clarke's speed, and in a moment he stood breathless in the old coach-maker's shop.

"Wish you joy, my fine feller!" cried Deacon Joe.

"Look here—what'll you take for that old shay? I'll give you four thousand dollars!" cried the coachmaker, in great glee.

"Four thousand?" cried John, aghast.

"Yes, jest look at it! You're a rich man, sir, and by George I'm glad of it; you deserve to be."

The carriage-maker shook his hand heartily.

What do you suppose were the consternation,

delight, gratitude—the wild, wild joy that filled the heart of Clarke, when he found the old shay filled with gold and bank bills? I mean the cushions, the linings, and every place where they could be placed without danger of injury—thieves never would have condescended to the one-horse shay.

Five thousand five hundred dollars in all! Poor John! or rather, rich John! his head was nearly turned. It required all the balance of Jenny's nice equipoise of character to keep his extatic brain from spinning like a humming-top. Now he could build two houses like the one his uncle had bequeathed to his red-headed cousin, who had wished him joy when the will was read—the dear old uncle! What genuine sorrow he felt as he thought of the many times he had heaped reproaches upon his memory!

Imagine, if you can, dear reader, the peculiar feelings of those kind friends who had prophesied that John Clarke would come to grief. At first, Deacon Joe proposed to take the old shay just as it was—linings stripped, bits of cloth hanging—and upon a tin trumpet proclaim the good tidings to the whole town, taking especial pains to stop before the house of Mr. Spriggs, and blowing loud enough to drown all the forty-pianos in the universe; but that was vetoed by John's kind little wife.

"La! they'll know of it soon enough," she said, kissing the baby; "I wouldn't hurt their feelings."

They did know of it, and a few years after, when John Clarke lived in a big house, they all voted for him to go to the "legislater." So much for that old one-horse shay.

THE WINTER'S CHARMS FOR ME.

BY M. W. MERRITT.

Let poets write, and let painters dream,
And let sweet-voiced maidens sing,
Of the Summer's prime, and the Autumn time,
And the balmy hours of Spring.
But if I might choose, it should be my theme
Of the Winter's charms to boast,
When the bright fire glows, and the laughter flows,
At the name of some favorite toast.
Then here's a health to the Winter gay,
When Christmas comes with his bright array;
When loved ones gather around our board,—
A wealth more dear than the miser's hoard.
Oh, these are the scenes that I love to see!
Oh, the Winter's charms are the charms for me!

Oh! the Spring is fair, and the Summer is bright,
And the Autumn times are dear,
For the yellow sheaves, and the falling leaves,
Whisper that winter is near.
But more precious to me, with his mantle of white,
Is the monarch who rules mid the snow:
While icicles shine, like a diamond mine,

On the evergreens twined round his brow.
Then here's a health to the Winter gay,
When Christmas comes with his bright array;
When loved ones gather around our board,—
A wealth more dear than the miser's hoard;
Oh, these are the scenes that I love to see:
Oh, the Winter's charms are the charms for me!

Oh, 'tis charming to watch on a bright Spring morn
The buds of each opening flower,
Or to list to the song of the woodland choir's throng.
In the Summer's ripening hour;
Or delighted to gaze on the golden-tinged corn,
On a stilly Autumn eve;
But as lovely, I trow, are the bright wreaths of snow
The frosts of December weave.
Then here's a health to the winter gay,
When Christmas comes with his bright array,
When loved ones gather around our board,—
A wealth more dear than the miser's hoard;
Oh, these are the scenes that I love to see:
Oh, the Winter's charms are the charms for me!

EXAMPLE—PRECEPT.

BY J. S. M'EWEN.

"To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace."—
LUKE I, 79.

As o'er these dreamy oceans, we
Are sailing swiftly on
To one great mark for one great prize,
And an immortal crown,
Let each for each a beacon be,
Though stormy tides beside the sea,
And e'en destruction's whirlpool opes
To hide our aims and blast our hopes.

Though mountains rise and intervene,
And waves keep dashing high;
Though would-be friends and foes curtail
Our progress to the sky,
Let us for each a beacon be,
That we may pass life's stormy sea,
And land in safety on the shore
Where foes, once reigning, reign no more.



TO THE READER OF THE
CHILDREN'S BOOKS



THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

BY MRS. BEULAH C. HIRST.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 324.

CHAPTER IV.

For some time after the wreck of the Sea Gull, Sarah Clayton wore a sad and troubled aspect. This, however, people attributed to the gloom and moroseness her husband exhibited, which was in direct contrast to his former cheerful demeanor. Sarah no longer mingled freely with her associates, but confined herself to the quiet routine of her domestic duties, and the care of her child, to which she was now more devotedly attached than ever.

A few months after the wreck, Sarah's father and two brothers died, leaving her heiress of all their wealth. Then her sadness increased; for aside from her grief for the loss of them, in her memory was ever the reflection, "Had she but waited a short time, her desire for riches had been granted without resort to crime."

As time progressed, her strong mind gradually recovered its vigor. She urged her husband to leave the desolate beach and seek the distant city, where Alice could enjoy proper advantages. He positively refused. She changed her tactics, and with all her art and eloquence tried to induce him to retire to the mainland.

"Never," said he. "My life is henceforth dedicated to the purpose of assisting those who may be shipwrecked on this part of the coast; and I will not leave my post of duty. God helping me, I may save many precious lives, or, at the sacrifice of my own, testify to my lasting repentance for having shed innocent blood."

"But, George, our child," argued Sarah; "must she pass her young days on this barren spot?"

"Do what is best for her, Sarah," returned George; "I am anxious she should have every advantage of education and association; but as long as it is possible for her to remain with us, let her stay, that all purity and peace may not abandon our fireside."

"Well, if I must stay here, I will at least have a decent house to live in," exclaimed Sarah. "I suppose you will not object to that—will you?"

"I shall not interfere," said the husband; "but while I live I will never leave this beach. So let us have no more talk of change."

"I never saw so obstinate a man," retorted Sarah. "You are not what you once were."

"Truly, I am not," returned he; "I yielded, until I was lost: now, no earthly power shall move me."

Sarah found her influence over her husband had vanished. He, who had been so unstable, was as firm as a rock. Tears, threats, and entreaties, were alike lost on him. A single crime had changed his whole nature. She submitted to what she could not change, and set about embellishing her lonely home.

A new and handsome mansion was erected by her order. Costly furniture was procured from the city, and when the house was completed, it outvied everything of the kind in the county. Sarah had become more reserved and dignified than in earlier years, and with her queenly beauty and rich attire, was a fitting mistress for the fine establishment over which she presided.

People wondered at finding her heritage so much larger than they thought; but her father had always been miserly, save in so far as she was concerned, and they concluded he had amassed greater wealth than his neighbors supposed.

George Clayton took little notice of the changes wrought by his wife. Though surrounded by wealth and luxury, he still followed his humble occupation with industrious zeal, to Sarah's very great annoyance and discontent.

Usually he was quiet and melancholy; but when a storm threatened, his brow lit up, his lips were firmly set, and he went forth to watch for ships in peril, always ready and anxious to assist the suffering.

Day and night in the severest weather he never faltered in his self-imposed duty; and when a vessel struck, he was always first to board her, and last to leave her, while a human being was in danger, without any seeming regard for his own safety.

Where the bravest wreckers hung back, he pressed on; and as his comrades saw him urge his boat into the furious breakers to board a wreck, they predicted that he would never return alive. Several times his boat swamped and

all aboard were lost, except George, whose very fearlessness proved his safeguard. Clinging to the rope, which had been driven by a mortar on board the wreck, he dragged himself, by superhuman strength, safely to land. On several occasions his strength failed, and the sea caught him in its deadly embrace, and flung him on the shore insensible; but as soon as he revived, he was again ready to brave danger and death.

Gradually men came to regard him as one who bore a charmed life, and in hours of peril readily yielded to his command.

The fame of his bravery spread far and wide, and handsome testimonials were presented to him, by the grateful hearts whom he had rescued from death. He received them sadly, without a sign of pride, and placed them in his sleeping apartment, where they were the last things before his vision at night—the first to meet his gaze in the morning.

Alice Clayton grew into girlhood, with the beauty of her childhood increasing with years. Nature had given her an earnest, enthusiastic temperament, wherein her mother's firmness, and her father's affectionate, docile disposition, were strangely mingled.

Her life had been all sunshine, but the melancholy which surrounded her, was reflected in her large, dreamy eyes, which seemed to contain a prophecy of future woe.

In her childhood she had no playmate or companion, except a large Newfoundland dog, who was at once her pet and protector. With him, she roamed far and wide over the beach; now listening to the music of the sea-shell, now gazing with awe upon the mighty element, and anon tossing sea-weed or brush upon the waves, laughing with childish glee, as her brave companion sprang in at her bidding and recovered her missile, ever ready to repeat the sport so long as it pleased the whim of his mistress.

During her early youth, her mother instructed her in the rudiments of education; but as she advanced in years, Sarah sought a more competent tutor for her child. Being unable to procure one, she decided to place her at a boarding-school.

CHAPTER V.

It was the first day of the term at Winfield Institute, and such of the pupils as had returned from their holiday excursion, were busily engaged in chatting over recent enjoyments, and discussing future arrangements.

Some had left at the expiration of the previous term, and strangers had arrived, or were expected, in their stead.

"By the way, Rose Nugent," said one; "you have lost your room-mate. I wonder who will fill her place?"

"A new pupil," replied Rose; "somebody from the sea-coast, Miss Lisle tells me."

"As wild and untutored as her native waters, I'll warrant," returned the first speaker. "Oh, Rose, I pity you!"

"A young beach colt," exclaimed another. "Well, Rose, you will have a nice time in training her into the refinements of life."

"Don't expend too much sympathy on me, girls," returned Rose. "It may be wasted."

"Hope for the best," said Lucy Ellet; "even then, a girl fresh from the desolate wilds of the coast, will probably prove an unpleasant companion for our dainty Rose. I wonder what she looks like?"

"Short, stout, with a red face, sunburnt hair, big, red hands, and enormous feet," exclaimed Eugenia Philips, a snarling, overbearing girl, who prided herself on her truly American delicacy of appearance.

"Such a portrait!" laughed the others, in chorus.

"There is one comfort," continued Eugenia, "Rose's beauty and gracefulness will show to greater advantage by the contrast."

"Beauty and the Beast," cried the chorus.

"Girls," said Rose, "I think it is very unkind in you, to say the least, thus to prejudice a stranger, who, coming among you, will need your sympathy and attention. For my part, if Miss Clayton be pretty, or ugly, rich, or poor, I intend to make her as happy as possible."

"Well done, Rose," returned Eugenia. "Could Miss Lisle hear that speech, you would surely receive a medal."

"She is not poor," remarked Harriet Grant. "I have heard papa speak of Mr. Clayton, her father, and he is rich, and very brave. Girls, don't you remember reading the account of that dreadful shipwreck, last winter, when two hundred passengers were rescued from great peril by the bravery of one man, who, by first boarding the ship at most imminent hazard, induced others to follow his example?"

"Indeed we do," cried the group, eagerly.

"That was her father," returned Harriet; "you remember he took all those poor people to his house, and fed and clothed them, until they recovered from their injuries, and, then, sent them on their way rejoicing. The paper which contained the account, stated that he was a man of wealth and leisure, who resided on the coast for the express purpose of assisting the unfortunate."

"A perfect hero!" exclaimed the group, their sympathies fully aroused.

"He has built an elegant mansion on the most beautiful part of the beach," continued Harriet, "and winter and summer keeps closely to his post of self-imposed duty."

"Let us give him a public welcome if he comes here," said Julia Lee, enthusiastically. "For my part, I should be proud to kiss the hand of such a man."

"His bravery will not make his daughter more lady-like," coldly remarked Eugenia.

"If she proves a modern female Orson, I shall love her for her father's sake," said Rose.

"And I! and I!" echoed the chorus.

Just then a carriage drove up, and the giddy flock flew to the windows, to inspect the new arrivals.

"What a handsome woman!" exclaimed Eugenia, as a lady descended from the vehicle.

"Look, what a fairy foot the young girl has!" cried Harriet, as a second lady alighted.

"And what a face!" added Rose, as the stranger threw back her veil. "A perfect angel of loveliness!"

"If that were only Miss Clayton, Rose would be too happy," said Julia Lee.

"Aye, if it were!" rejoined Eugenia; "but contrast with such a rare creature will crush the poor sea-bird."

The conversation turned on other topics, and the party for awhile forgot the new visitant. Directly a servant appeared and summoned Rose Nugent to Miss Lisle.

"What can Miss Lisle want with Rose?" inquired Harriet.

"It may be that she intends changing her arrangements, to give Rose this fair new-comer for a room-mate," said Eugenia. "You know Rose is quite a pet with Miss Lisle."

"Girls—would you believe?" exclaimed Rose, bounding in soon after, "that is Miss Clayton! Oh, I am so glad."

"What! that lovely creature, Miss Clayton!" cried the astonished group.

"Yes, that is she," returned the delighted Rose; "the young lady whom you pictured as 'short, stout, red-faced, with sunburnt hair, big hands and feet!' Oh, could you see her, girls! She is tall, slender, with a complexion tinted like a sea-shell, magnificent hazel eyes, wavy brown hair, a loveable mouth, teeth like pearls, and a voice like a nightingale. I am so glad she is to be my room-mate; I am in love with her already. Could cousin Frank but see her!"

"Always cousin Frank!" sneered Eugenia. "He seems to be your model of perfection."

"Indeed he is," replied Rose, warmly. "He is the handsomest and best cousin in the world."

"Young ladies," said Miss Lisle, entering, "permit me to present your new companion, Miss Alice Clayton. She is a stranger, but I hope she will not long remain such among you. I am sure you will try to make her as happy here as possible."

"Indeed, we will," replied the group, as they acknowledged Alice's graceful salutation.

"For the sake of her gallant father, as well as her own, she is doubly welcome," said Harriet Grant, coming forward and clasping her hand.

Alice's face lit up with joy, and she flung her arms around the young girl's neck, and kissed her.

"Would he had come with you," said Rose: "we have heard of his bravery, and long to see him."

"He never leaves home," replied Alice, tears springing to her eyes at the thought of his loneliness in her absence.

The school life, so auspiciously begun, proved happy. For the first time Alice found herself among companions of her own age, and she soon became warmly attached to them; while her child-like tenderness, and untutored, impulsive nature, made her the pet of the school.

She was very docile and intelligent; her progress was rapid, and soon placed her equal in rank with her schoolmates, who had enjoyed greater opportunities for improvement.

A warm friendship sprang up between Alice and Rose Nugent. Occupying the same apartment, they were thrown into close contact, and had full opportunity of studying each other's characters. Both were equally intelligent and amiable; but while Rose was gay and sprightly, quick in repartee, and dashing in manners, Alice was sensitive, refined, dignified, and slightly tinged with melancholy. The shadow on her home had tinged her spirit, and the lonely musings of her early years, beside the ever-sounding sea, had imparted a vein of pensiveness to her soul which time could never eradicate.

Their differences in temperament endeared them more closely to each other, and by day and night, asleep, in study, or amusements, they were inseparable.

All those confidences in which young girls so delight, were poured into each other's ears. Alice told of the wild scenes of her native place, of her sea-side reveries, and longings for the beautiful. Rose described her charming city home, with its gay associations; spoke of the dear father and the aunt, who had been a mother to her, in lieu of that parent who had long slept

in the silent "City of the Dead;" and of the charming cousin Frank, who was as a brother to her.

Frank formed an untiring theme for the eulogiums of the affectionate Rose, and Alice soon learned to participate in her friend's feelings, and looked for his welcome letters, almost as eagerly as Rose herself.

Frank received such a glowing description of his cousin's new friend, that he became anxious to see the paragon; and made a flying visit to Winfield Institute, partly, as he confessed to Rose, for that very purpose.

His expectations were more than fulfilled. Alice surpassed all that he had previously seen in girlish loveliness; and from that time his dreams were full of her.

Christmas came, and Alice received permission to spend the short holidays with Rose in the city. There she was as warmly welcomed by Mr. Nugent, and his sister Mrs. Tracy, for Rose's sake, as that ardent young lady could desire; while Frank plead off from his professional studies, and devoted himself exclusively to their service.

Upon their return to school, a definite arrangement was made between the friends, by which Alice was to pass the winter holidays with Rose in the city; while the summer vacation was to be spent together, at the sea-side: and as long as they were at Winfield, the agreement was strictly fulfilled.

George and Sarah Clayton were always glad to receive their daughter's friend, and the presence of the two happy girls, their number often increased by visits from their companions, made the usually quiet mansion resound with life and joy. The shadow grew lighter upon the parents' brow as they saw the happiness of their child.

CHAPTER VI.

Thus passed five happy years. Alice Clayton and Rose Nugent had now arrived at womanhood; and bade a regretful farewell to the institute which had been such a pleasant home to them.

It was early summer, when they left Winfield, and, as usual, Rose accompanied Alice to her country home. Frank Tracy soon followed, and with him came William Herbert, long a suspected lover, now the affianced husband of the joyous Rose.

There, beside the majestic ocean, Frank Tracy told his love; and Alice frankly confessed how long he had filled her heart.

Frank had won his mother's consent to his

marriage with Alice, and her parents made no objection, so the course of "true love ran smoothly" for once.

Alice was unwilling to leave her parents to their loneliness, and her father could not be persuaded to leave the coast; so it was arranged that her home should be in the city, but the summers should be passed with them at the sea-side.

In the autumn, Frank returned to the city to make preparations for the reception of his bride. It was settled that the marriage should take place in the early part of October; but George Clayton became suddenly ill, and for some weeks wavered between life and death. He gradually became convalescent; but his health continued variable: the physician pronounced him suffering from disease of the heart, which, he said, would render any excitement dangerous.

George desired that the marriage should take place, and the preparations were renewed. His health and spirits seemed to improve rapidly, as he observed his daughter's happiness, and before the wedding day arrived his wife declared she had not known him to be so cheerful for many years.

The twentieth of November was fixed for the nuptials, and two days previous Mrs. Tracy, Frank, and William Herbert, who was to act as groomsman, arrived; Rose had remained with Alice, assisting her in the preliminaries.

The morning of the nineteenth dawned with a clouded sky. As the day advanced, it became still more obscured, and before noon, a terrific storm burst forth, which continued, unceasingly, until the afternoon of the next day. Before that time, however, the waves broke their bounds and encroached upon the land, until within a few feet of Clayton's mansion.

Rose Nugent was terrified and oppressed; her apprehension spread among the other members of the party; but when the tempest seemed to have spent itself, their anxiety passed away, and their thoughts were engrossed by the approaching marriage.

Mr. Allen, the minister, who was engaged to perform the marriage ceremony, took advantage of the temporary lull in the storm to come over from the mainland; accounting for his early appearance, by the fear that the tempest had not yet fully ceased.

His supposition was correct; toward night it recommenced with redoubled vigor. The waves roared along the shore like hungry tigers. The wind was up in appalling fury, and all admitted that the storm was without parallel for violence.

George Clayton was greatly affected by the

war of the elements; he retired to his chamber and paced up and down the apartment in great agitation.

"Twelve years ago to-night," exclaimed he—"twelve years! Oh! what a life of misery in that time! Will my torment never end? Is there no release from the memory of crime? And, Alice, my dear child! that they should have set this night—the anniversary of *his* death—for her marriage. It is the hand of Providence; it was delayed from time to time until this fatal period for some dread end. What can it be? What can it be?"

"This storm too," continued he; "there has been none to compare with it since that night. I am oppressed with some great fear. God protect the innocent!"

He went out, unobserved, to note the progress of the storm. To his surprise and alarm, he found the sea had broken a new inlet through the land, entirely separating the lower from the upper part of the beach, cutting them off from all escape by land in case of danger. The new inlet was wide and apparently deep—the waters surging through it with fearful force.

"The water rises fast," said he, glancing at the strand; "but I will not alarm them; that were worse than useless; since there is no way of leaving the beach, but by the boat, and it would be a great hazard to try it."

He drew his surf boat near the house, and fastened it securely; placing in it the oars and boat-hooks, ready for use in case of need.

The hour fixed for the marriage approached, and the bride and guests retired to array themselves for the occasion. Rose soon forgot her fears in adorning herself and her friend; and as her spirits arose, Alice seemed re-animated by them.

"Come, girls, the hour has struck, and Mrs. Tracy is awaiting you," said Mrs. Clayton, as she entered the room.

"Alice is dressed, and I soon will be," exclaimed Rose. "I have been so busy admiring and adorning her, I forgot how time flew. Is she not a charming bride?"

"She is as lovely as she looks," returned Mrs. Clayton, kissing her.

"But, Alice," continued she, as she saw Rose clasping her bracelets, "you wear no jewels. I have a plentiful supply; will you accept them?"

"Thank you, mamma," replied Alice; "but you know papa does not like me to wear costly ornaments."

"For that reason I did not purchase anything of the kind, with your wardrobe," said the mother; "but, on this occasion he will not

object to bracelets. Wait a moment—I will get them."

Just then a servant appeared at the door, and beckoned to Mrs. Clayton.

A whispered conversation ensued, and she quickly dismissed the girl, and returned to Alice, pale and agitated.

"Are you ill? or has some accident occurred?" inquired Alice, tenderly.

"Neither, love," replied Sarah; "Judith is timid, and, at first, alarmed me. I must go down to calm her. Go to my room and select a pair of bracelets, and whatever else you like; I would not have you appear without jewels."

Alice assisted Rose to complete her toilet, and while she drew on her gloves, and took a parting glance at her attire, went into her mother's apartment, and hastily drew a jewel-box from the dressing-case.

She selected a superb bracelet, curiously formed, and richly decorated with diamonds, and clasping it on her right arm, could not help inwardly confessing it displayed the exquisitely moulded and snowy limb to perfection. She looked among the jewels for another to match it; but there was none to compare with it for beauty, and she concluded to wear the single one.

"Come, Alice, darling!" exclaimed Rose, bounding in; "the bridegroom awaiteth his bride."

She placed her arm around Alice, and led her into another apartment, where Tracy and Herbert awaited them.

"Mine at last, love," whispered Tracy, fondly, as he drew her arm within his own.

They passed down stairs into the parlor, where the parents, Mrs. Tracy, and the clergyman were in attendance. The bridal cortege paused before the minister, and he was just about to commence the ceremony, when a terrific gust of wind shook the house to its very foundations, and at the same moment, the sea dashed violently against the walls, and poured in underneath the doors.

"Mercy! mercy! the kitchen is full of water!" cried Judith, running in. "Oh! Mrs. Clayton, I told you the water was forcing its way through!"

The party hastened to the kitchen, which was a little lower than the main portion of the house, and found the door forced open, and the water several inches deep on the floor.

They stood aghast.

"Let us take all we need to the upper rooms!" exclaimed George Clayton; "my surf boat is within reach, but it would be madness to trust to it while any other hope remains. Hasten up,

Alice, dear; go, Rose; Mrs. Tracy; Sarah; go up quickly. The water is rising very fast. We will bring food to last in case it does not recede to-night."

From the bridal feast, which was spread, they caught up such substantial articles as were most convenient, and followed the trembling females.

The lower shutters had been closed early in the evening; but the doors were not secured. Clayton thought of this, and quickly putting down his burthen, hastened down stairs again, followed by the other gentlemen. Just as they reached the deserted parlor, a mighty wave dashed against the door, with such violence, that the latch gave way, and the water rushed in.

"Quick, men, to the other doors!" cried Clayton, as he sprang to close it.

The water had receded, and he closed the door, and had drawn the bolt, when another powerful wave broke against it, causing it to tremble and creak, with symptoms of giving way.

He grasped the piano, and wheeling it rapidly on its castors, brought it near the entrance; then, exerting all his strength, upturned the heavy instrument against it.

He then hastened out to assist in barricading the other doors. That in the kitchen had given way, and the water surged in without restraint. One glance told, labor there would be useless. They barred the door communicating with the main building, and against it, and the others, placed all the heavy objects they could obtain, and then betook themselves to the upper floor.

"The boat!—where is it secured?" asked Tracy.

"The chain is brought through the back window of my bed-room, and securely fastened within," replied Clayton. "The building shields it, and we can avail ourselves of it as a last resource. I hope we will not need it. An hour, I think, must elapse before the water rises to this height, and in that time the storm may lull, or the wind change."

"Pray God, it may!" ejaculated Alice, with ashy lips, as she hid her face in her lover's bosom.

"Amen!" responded the minister, and every one echoed "Amen!"

"A sad bridal night for you, darling," said her father, taking Alice by the hand, "would it were otherwise for your sweet sake."

"Oh, papa!" cried Alice, disengaging herself from Tracy, and throwing her arms around her father's neck, "I fear that death will claim us all before the morrow. And, to die at such a time!"

"Alice, if death must come, let it find us one in name, as we are in heart," said Tracy; "your father says we are safe for an hour. There is plenty of time; let this holy man pronounce the words which bind us together."

Alice assented, and the party were again arranged for the ceremony.

The exhortation was delivered, the charge given as to whether any one knew any impediment to the proposed marriage, and in the pause which followed, they heard the waves dashing with renewed rage against the house. There was a tremor—a jar—a crash—and the sound of water gurgling and rioting in the rooms below.

A smothered groan broke from the females. The bride trembled, and nestled closer to her lover. The minister hesitated, and then continued, until he came to that part of the ceremony wherein the bridegroom, taking the bride by her right hand, said,

"I Francis Tracy, take thee, Alice Clayton, to be my wedded wife——"

"Hold!" cried Mrs. Tracy, springing forward, and grasping Alice by the arm. "Girl!" exclaimed she, fiercely, "that bracelet! Whence came it? Speak! for the love of heaven!" continued she, wildly, as the company drew closer to the bride; who, pale and afrighted, was unable to reply.

"My mother gave it to me," said she, when she regained her power of utterance.

"When?—where?—how did you obtain it?" shrieked the excited woman, turning to Mrs. Clayton.

"Tell me, woman! I charge you by your daughter's happiness, how that gem came into your possession!"

"It was found on a dead body," replied Sarah, at length. "It has never been worn until by some strange mistake Alice has placed it on her arm."

"It is false!" cried Mrs. Tracy. "That bracelet was stolen, and from a murdered man! Look at this," continued she, extending her own arm, bearing a similar jewel, "there is the mate to it. See here!" said she, quickly unclasping the fatal ornament from the arm of the passive Alice, and pressing a secret spring, which threw open the upper part of the bracelet, and displayed the portrait of a child, "do you see that picture? It is his—my son's. And here," touching the bracelet on her own arm, "is my husband's. The second bracelet he had made in Europe, to match the first, and my child's portrait was enclosed; he wrote to me before he sailed, that it was safely secured in a belt around his waist. Woman, this jewel was not found; it

was stolen from my poor, poor husband; who, twelve years ago, was robbed, and foully murdered on this coast. Ah! I remember now what the mate told me: the murderer was young, had a handsome wife, a beautiful child, and lived on a solitary part of the beach. The name had escaped my memory; but now I have it:—George Clayton, thou art the man!"

She stepped from amid the group, as she spoke, and with flashing eye and outstretched arm, pointed to George; who, pale and trembling, cowered before her accusation.

"Thou art the man!" repeated she, with fearful emphasis.

"I am! I am!" exclaimed the wretched man. "Twelve years ago, this very night, the dreadful deed was done. God is my witness—I meant not to kill him; but I did—I did! May God forgive me!"

He reeled and trembled as he spoke; then fell on his face at the feet of his accuser.

"My father! my poor father!" cried Alice, throwing herself beside him, and tenderly raising his head. "Help! help! He is dead! he is dead!"

"The sudden shock has killed him," said the minister. "May God grant his last prayer!"

Alice kissed his brow, and withdrew her arm from beneath his head. Pale, calm as a corpse, she arose, and stood before the astounded group.

"Frank," said she, "you have heard all; my father was a murderer—not wilful, he says, and I believe him; but still, a murderer! and—oh, agony!—thy father's blood was on his head. Forgive him for my sake. Forgive me, that in my ignorance of the fact, I unwittingly won your love. We must part. The children of the murdered and murderer may not wed. Forget me, Frank—forget me if you can!"

"Never!" cried Frank. "It cannot be. So deeply—so truly have I loved thee, Alice, that thy memory can only fade in death. We must part; but I shall always regard thee as one, pure and holy beyond comparison, unhappily far removed from me."

"Alice," exclaimed Mrs. Tracy, "forgive me: I knew not what I said."

"It is for us to plead for pardon," said Alice, calmly.

Rose had stood in silent stupor during the fearful scene. Suddenly she revived.

"Alice, this cannot be," cried she; "you, my friend, my angel; you are not the child of an assassin! There is some dreadful error here. Alice, tell me it is not true—that I am dreaming."

"It is too true," said Alice, sadly. "You heard my father's dying words."

"He was mad; aunt is mad: we are all frightened into insanity," reiterated Rose. "Aunt, tell me that it is not true! Mrs. Clayton, speak! What means this scene?"

Sarah moaned in anguish, but made no reply.

"God help us!" exclaimed the minister. "The water has risen. It is dashing against the window."

They sprang to the window as he spoke, and drew aside the curtain. Without, the waves were rolling in heavy swells, whose crests just touched the panes.

"Not a moment is to be lost," cried the clergyman, "to the boat! to the boat!"

Alice caught Rose in her arms, and kissed her, quickly.

"Think always kindly of me, Rose," said she; and, in a second, disengaged herself from her friend's embrace.

She threw her arms around Tracy's neck, and kissed him repeatedly.

"God guard and guide thee, my beloved! Adieu forever!"

He attempted to detain her; but she eluded his grasp, and sprang to her mother's side.

"Mother," said she, "hasten to the boat, or you will be lost. Quickly, my mother."

"Alice, thou art innocent. Save thine own life," returned Sarah.

At that moment a mighty wave dashed against the casement; it gave way, and a torrent of water rushed into the room.

"To the boat, instantly; delay is death," cried the minister.

He caught Mrs. Tracy, who was nearest him, and led the way. Herbert seized Rose, and followed.

"Come, Frank, come," cried Mrs. Tracy.

"Alice, Frank, come; for my sake, come," added Rose.

Frank placed his arm around Alice; but she clung to her mother.

"I will not leave her," exclaimed she.

"At the risk of my life she shall be saved," said Tracy. Sarah resisted.

"Let me die with my husband," moaned she, rocking to and fro; "I cannot live through such shame and sorrow. Forgive me, Alice, that I have brought this great grief upon thee."

"I freely forgive all, mother," returned Alice. "But if you would have me live, go with us to the boat: I will not enter it without you."

Sarah yielded, and they hastened from the apartment, which was rapidly filling with water.

They reached the boat, which was tossing about among the waves, before the window, just as the others were entering it.

The servants, who sprang to the boat at the first alarm, already occupied it, but were so overcome with fright, as to be unable to render any assistance. Mr. Allen entered the boat to receive the females. Mrs. Tracy and Rose were placed within, where pale and trembling they cowered, clinging to the gunwale.

"The craft will swamp," cried Mr. Allen; "jump in, quickly, Herbert, to receive the women, while I control the boat."

Herbert did as he was commanded, and extended his arms to assist the next comer.

"My mother, first," said Alice, as Frank turned to her.

Sarah was speedily placed within, and Alice was about to enter; but just as Herbert reached out his hands to receive her, the chain became unloosened, and the boat was borne out on the waste of waters.

"Alice! Alice!" cried Sarah, as she sprang toward her.

There was a heavy splash—a piercing scream from those within the boat! and Sarah Clayton was seen no more on earth.

"My son! my son!" exclaimed Mrs. Tracy, springing to her feet; "save him, or let me die."

"Madam, you will upset the boat," cried Herbert, as he pulled her down. "Hold her, Rose, while I take an oar. Be calm, Mrs. Tracy; we will go back. I will never desert my friend."

They urged the boat toward the house, near the window of which, by the light in the room beyond, they saw Alice, in her white bridal robe, with one arm about Tracy's neck, while he encircled her waist, his right hand clasping hers, as when they stood before the minister.

"How calm and happy they seem!" exclaimed Rose. "One would almost think they were rejoiced at the prospect of dying together."

"Look!" cried Mrs. Tracy. "The foundation is giving way—the house trembles—the walls crack—they totter—they fall! My son! my son!"

She sank back insensible, as the house fell, with a fearful sound, into the throbbing waves below.

Rose uttered a piercing scream, and buried her face in her aunt's bosom to shut out the dreadful vision.

"Row to the right," shouted Mr. Allen; "the inlet lies in that direction; unless we gain it we also are lost."

With great exertion they reached the passage, and after hours of ceaseless toil, urging the unwieldy boat through the stormy waters, daylight at last beamed upon them, and they found themselves within reach of land.

They were received with the most sympathizing hospitality by the people of the vicinity, who, when the storm lulled, as it did during the day, ventured to the scene of disaster, hoping to find that Alice and Frank had by some means been preserved. They were disappointed in their hope; but on the marsh between the beach and mainland, their dead bodies were found, with their arms encircling each other. They were not bruised, nor disfigured, but seemed to sleep calmly and happily in death.

The bodies of George and Sarah Clayton were never found, though search was made far and wide along the coast for some trace of them.

In time the waters receded from the beach, and the spot where the house had stood was visible; but no trace or vestige of its presence remained; the very stones of the foundations were swept away.

The bathing in that vicinity is very fine; and neighboring portions of the coast have improved rapidly. In mid-summer, thousands of pleasure seekers throng the strand, and lave in the waters; but the beach where the Sea Gull was wrecked lies desolate—its silence unbroken, save by the monotonous moan of the waters, the cry of the sea-bird, or the report of a sportsman's gun.

Mrs. Tracy was thrown into a brain fever by the dreadful shock she received, and almost entered the "Valley and Shadow of Death." She recovered gradually her health, and in the tender affection of her niece and William Herbert, who soon made the fair Rose his wife, became resigned to the loss she suffered in the destruction of the HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

'TIS TRUE THAT LOVE WITH ALL ITS CHARMS.

'Tis true that love with all its charms
Around thy heart doth twine;
But, oh, thy smiles to me recall
The hour when they were mine;
And now to me they bring despair,
As does the morning sky
Upon the wretch, who knows that he
Ere nightfall has to die.

The heart can hold a memory
Of deep and bitter wrong;
Untold by look—and secret kept
From pleasure's giddy throng;
So bows my own beneath the weight
Of sorrow's tyrant away;
And though I smile—yet have I griefs
Which wear my life away.

J. F.

THE ARSENIC SPRING.

A TALE OF HUNGARY.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

THE good old Baron Heltza lay on his death bed, having been mortally wounded while fighting for his King Maria Theresa, then engaged in deadly strife with her life-long enemy—her dangerous and stubborn foe—Frederic the Great of Prussia.

The old man, on finding that all his physician's skill, and all his daughter's care were going to prove vain, sent a messenger to the empress, to demand as a last favor, in return for a life spent, and a death gained in her service, leave of absence from the army, for a short time, for her brave young officer Count Moritz—stating as reason for the request, that, being at the point of death, he desired to place his motherless daughter under the legal protection of her affianced husband, ere he left the world.

The empress, though greatly pressed at this time both for officers and troops, and though she could ill spare the gallant young count, who was the life of the army, did not belie her ever warm, womanly heart on this occasion; the desired permission was given, with the strictest injunctions, however, to hasten, immediately after the marriage, back to the army, where his absence might cause incalculable disasters.

The wings of love (aided by a magnificent charger) bore the young count in an incredibly short space of time, to the castle of the good baron, and the presence of his lovely betrothed; and it was his reward to see how the cheeks of the young Baroness Ida, though pale with watching, grew rosy red under his gaze, and to note how the languid eyes kindled into soft splendor as he drew nigh.

But this was no time for the exchange of love's joyous endearments; a dying father, a distracted country, a lover returning to the perils of the field—were not these circumstances sufficiently terrible to check the quick flow of the lovers' pulses, were they likely to beat too warmly?

The young couple had been betrothed from infancy; but, as is not often the case under such circumstances, the wishes of those most interested coincided in this case with the views of their parents; a circumstance probably owing to the fact, that events had prevented the children growing up together like brother and sister, as

is usually the case; on the contrary, they saw nothing of each other till both were grown. The natural consequence was, that when the ardent young soldier of twenty-one was introduced to the beautiful young baroness, at the end of his first campaign, he thought her, as she truly was, one of the loveliest and most charming beings the world had ever seen, and fell violently in love with her. At this time, Ida, some years younger than himself, was arrayed in all the charms of opening womanhood; she was tall and graceful, with clear, blue eyes and golden-tinted hair, that waved in rich luxuriance about a face of angelic sweetness, while a faultless complexion of rare delicacy and brilliancy set off every charm. It was no wonder that the young soldier, just escaped from camps and bearded men, fancied that he had met with a veritable angel, and that he should bless the good fortune that had given him a right to approach such an admirable creature.

Quite as natural was it, that Ida's gentle heart should easily surrender to the bold assaults of so handsome, so gallant, so ardent a suitor.

But, in the first early flush of their attachment, the young lovers were called on to part. The count was summoned back to his regiment; and now this was their first reunion; a meeting to be again followed, after a few brief moments of mingled joy and grief, by a long parting.

Immediately on the arrival of the bridegroom, the dying soldier, stern in his views of a soldier's duties, caused the priest to be summoned in all haste, and as soon as the hand of the trembling, tearful bride had been joined in wedlock to that of her husband, the horse already saddled and bridled by the baron's orders, summoned his master by his impatient whinnying not to hesitate between love and duty, and the old man, adding his paternal blessing to that of the priest, bade the bridegroom God speed on his journey. A few broken words and bursting sobs from the young wife—a few deep murmured whispers of comfort and hope from the bridegroom, and the silence of absence fell on the old pile, succeeding drearily to the bustle of the arrival—the wedding and the departure.

That night, after bestowing on his daughter

such tender, anxious words of counsel, as only a dying parent can breathe to the dear orphan he is leaving, the old baron died.

The desolate Ida wandered about the empty castle in loneliness of heart, yearning for the living and the dead. Her situation was too painful for her unstrung frame to endure. Her strength, greatly taxed by long watching over her father, yielded now to the grief she felt at his loss, and her anxiety for the fate of her husband. A dangerous illness brought her to the brink of the grave, and when after many weeks of danger she began slowly to recover, the principal charm of her beauty had vanished. The exquisite bloom of her cheeks was gone. Nor was that all; instead of the shell-tinted purity of complexion which had formerly been so remarkable, the skin had become sallow, stained and blotched.

It certainly was a confirmation of the truth of the old adage that beauty is only skin deep—for the change was marvelous. In spite of her fine figure and regular features, the lovely Ida of a few weeks ago, would with difficulty have been recognized. This one hideous disfigurement obliterated all her charms.

The young baroness was filled with dismay and alarm. Her young husband! how should she meet him, cruelly transformed as she was! How must she shrink from the eye which hitherto it had been her delight to meet! How endure to see that eye change—to see disappointment—horror—disgust take the place of the admiration which she was accustomed to see expressed on that dear face! She felt she could not bear it. Such a change would break her heart—she must die of love, mortification and grief. She pictured to herself with morbid vividness this first recoil of surprise and aversion, and death seemed to her preferable to encountering it.

She sent for her physician, and commanded him, at any risk, or at any sacrifice on her part, to find some remedy for the affection, and offered princely rewards in case of success. The doctor essayed his utmost skill, and numerous and ingenious were his devices; but his efforts were in vain.

Meanwhile letters came from the young husband, announcing that peace was about to be concluded, and that in a month more he should be at home to claim the bride, from whom fate had so cruelly separated him, even on their bridal day.

The baroness and the doctor were in despair. Ida besought him more pressingly than ever to cure her—while the good man was forced in humbleness of heart to own the impotency of his

drugs. At last, one day, after a painful interview with the unhappy lady, who implored him in touching terms to come to her aid, he said reluctantly,

"There is, my dear young lady, a remedy yet untried, but it is of such a dangerous, or rather fatal nature, that I have not dared to name it."

Ida seized his hand in breathless eagerness; such earnest inquiry was expressed in her looks, that he could not choose but answer it.

"There are, as all the world knows, in this country, as well as in Bohemia, certain Arsenic Springs, the effects of whose waters on the skin are of wondrous virtue. Those who quaff them receive, as their certain reward, a complexion of singular purity and delicacy; but the boon is dearly purchased, for the price is death; death, slowly, but surely, claiming the victim as long as the daily draught is continued—death, swift and fearful, as soon as the fatal cup is withdrawn. Such," continued the physician, "is this fearful remedy, which owes its efficacy or wondrous power, to the fact that the water is charged with the deadly poison, arsenic. It is a secret not known to many, that there is on your ladyship's own estate one of these springs, but I pray you have nothing to do with it. No good will come of it."

As he finished speaking Ida rose, and clasping her hands exclaimed, fervently,

"Thank heaven, I am saved! my prayers are answered! Oh, doctor, the conditions are hard, but can I hesitate? I pray you lead me to this spring."

The physician reluctantly obeyed; they crossed the pleasure grounds and entered a deep wood, within whose dim recesses, in a dark, secluded nook, a spring gushed forth mysteriously from a nook and trickled into a rocky basin, which it appeared to have worn for itself in the heart of a huge stone. The water was of a peculiar whitish color, and no living creature was to be seen in the little stream which flowed away—no plant grew very near its margin.

But Ida eagerly filled the goblet she had brought with the water, and was carrying it to her lips, when the physician grasped her arm.

"Rash girl, what are you doing?" he cried; "half what your goblet holds would cause your certain death," and taking the glass from her hands, he poured away three-fourths of its contents, and presenting the remainder to his patient, charged her never to exceed that allowance if she valued her life.

Ida drank. It was her first sip from the fountain of death.

She had her reward; the waters of the Arsenic Spring acted as though by magic. The disfiguring stains and blemishes disappeared from her face, leaving the skin pure and smooth as marble, while a color almost unnaturally brilliant tinted her cheeks and lips. Her beauty was restored in more than its former splendor, and when her enraptured husband clasped her in his arms, she raised her eyes swimming in joyful tears to heaven, and whispered to herself softly, "Surely God will forgive me for what I have done!"

Two years of blissful love flew by. The cessation of hostilities enabled the young couple to taste the joys of domestic life in all their delicious sweetness. The count busied himself with his people, and with the improvement of his own and his wife's estates, which were contiguous, and Ida lived joyous and happy in her husband's devoted affection, only reminded now and then of the dread trial through which she had passed, by the daily draught, which had become as essential to her existence as the air she breathed.

But now suddenly the lucky star of the young count, which had hitherto been in the ascendant, waned. Some officers of the army, having engaged in certain treasonable measures, and being detected, were urged by jealousy and other motives, to falsely accuse him of participation in their plots. Trials, in those days, were summary and partial things; to be accused was almost necessarily to be found guilty, and the count, unable to prove his innocence, was speedily adjudged to death. The empress, however, in consideration of former valuable services, commuted the sentence to one of banishment for life, graciously allowing the criminal a week or two to make the necessary arrangements.

The young count returned home to do so in bitterness of heart, conscious as he was of nothing but chivalric devotion to her who thus believed his cowardly accusers. Ida too began cheerfully to prepare to accompany him, when suddenly a thought of horror struck her. It came back to her memory like a dream, and yet she remembered but too well that the physician had said she would die—die! as soon as she ceased to drink the waters of the Arsenic Spring. She sent for him in alarm, but he only mournfully confirmed his verdict. The young baroness's cheek blanched with terror, as though she heard the dread sentence for the first time. She fancied she had familiarized herself to the thought which she was now required to face—but found herself mistaken. She recoiled with horror from the dread spectre, whose chill breath she already felt on her warm cheek.

"Surely, surely," she cried, "there must be

some remedy—some substitute—some antidote. Ah, doctor, can nothing save me?"

The physician turned away his head—he could give no hope—no chemical combination then discovered could supply the place of this wondrous beverage from nature's own laboratory.

The baroness made one other effort to save herself; it was by using her all powerful influence on her husband, to induce him so far to humble himself to the empress, as to sue for any change in his sentence, no matter what, which would permit his remaining in the country. Ida plead as reason for this reluctance to leave Hungary, her most true conviction that she could not live away from it. But the answer of the empress was stern and brief, "Criminals were not permitted to choose their punishments."

Ida perceived that her last hope was gone. Look which way she would, she saw death awaiting her. Even if fortune had permitted her still to remain near the fatal spring, death was surely claiming her, as many a fearful spasm about her heart had already admonished her. If she forsook it, to follow her husband, the same doom awaited yet more speedily, and, hateful thought! before then, probably, a return of the hideous disfiguration, to be free from which she chose, as she had chosen. She did not even now repent that choice, and she nerved herself now to accept the lot she had deliberately elected. It had come a little sooner than she expected, that was all. The uncertainty was gone, and with it the agitation of hope alternating with despair, which had shaken her being to its centre; a dignified composure was perceptible in her manner, as in her spirit.

She calmly and efficiently assisted her husband in completing his arrangements, packing up with her own hands most of his personal effects, remembering to add those trifles so essential to a man's comfort when away from home, which only thoughtful affection can suggest, and not forgetting many a fond, tender little token, or dear memento, whose meaning was known only to them two. At last all was ready, and the husband and wife sat together alone on the last evening they should ever spend in that beloved home.

Never before had Ida so yielded to the tenderness of her nature—never before had even her husband seen the whole unveiled passionate love of her heart—for it is seldom a modest woman allows this—but for this once he should see without reserve how infinitely dear he was to her; and never, never had he seemed so dear, and never, even as a bride, had he seemed to love her so fondly. Did any dim,

prophetic feeling forewarn him of the approaching doom?

The usual hour for parting came, but as he was leaving her, Ida detained her husband to say playfully,

"You will not fail to take me with you to-morrow!"

"Of course not—a strange thought, my love."

"You promise?"

"Aye, swear it if you——" returned the count, carelessly, as he left the apartment.

As soon as he had gone, the baroness rang for her maid.

"Did you procure the water from the spring as I desired?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," replied the girl, and leaving the room, she speedily returned bringing a goblet on a salver.

"Place it on the table, and—good night—I hall not want you any more, my poor girl!"

The girl withdrew, and Ida proceeded to array herself in the simple white robe in which, at her father's death bed, she had given her hand to him, whose slightest wish, from that time to this, had been dearer to her than her life. Then, placing herself on her couch, she raised the brimming goblet to her lips, and murmuring, "At least I have had two years of perfect joy:" she drained the fatal draught to the bottom.

On the morrow, notwithstanding the bustle and confusion in the castle, occasioned by the preparations for the journey, the baroness slept late, and her maid reported that she could not wake her. The count went to her himself;—what wonder that gazing on all that wealth of beauty, and on those cheeks still dyed with a brilliant red, he could not believe that he looked on death!

But she was dead. The penalty had been paid.

MISSION OF THE FLOWERS.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

BRIEF flowers! ye are a type that's meet,

Man's frailty to portray;

Germinating with morning's sun, so sweet,

Passing at noon away!

In silent eloquence ye say,

"Life's but the journey of a day!"

Sweet flowers! ye weave a holier spell

Than works of human art,

As from the woodland height and dell,

Ye speak unto the heart!

Your mission is a potent spell,

It heralds life—of death doth tell!

Bright flowers! ye deck the charming bride

In youth's ecstatic bloom;

And paint the mournful truth, beside,

Of beauty's fated doom!

Ye strew the path where youth doth roam,
And bloom above the grave's dark home!

Sweet flowers! Oh, may ye ever yield

Smiles to the pilgrim's tread;

"Behold the lilies of the field,"

The great Redeemer said:—

"Kings in their gandy, rich array,
Are not more glorious than they!"

Oh, flowers! uprising from the dust,

Teach mankind every hour

To place their hopes, and only trust,

In God's almighty power:

Oh! in this world of sinful gloom,
Speak of the soul's eternal bloom!

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

FAREWELL, farewell, sweet Summer!

Thy pleasant days are done,

And melancholy Autumn's

Sad, pensive reign begun.

The Summer birds have flitted,

The Summer flowers are dead,

And Summer's verdant beauties

From the green earth have fled.

The harvest time is over,

The Summer breeze no more

Sends waving billows sweeping

The fields and meadows o'er;

No song is in the woodland,

No perfume on the breeze,

And faded leaves are falling

Amid the forest trees.

Farewell glad, glorious Summer!

We sigh to think how brief

Has been thy bright existence,

We mourn thy bird and leaf.

I love the pensive Autumn,

The Sabbath of the year,

But would that thou, fair Summer,

Might longer linger here.

THE TWO FLIRTS.

BY MARY E. CLARK.

"So, Laura, you think Guy Lovering is irresistible?"

"Indeed I do. And Fannie, in spite of your boasted impenetrability, I fear that Cupid will send an arrow from Guy's large, black eyes, straight through your heart. His reputation as a flirt is as great as your own, and his conquests are innumerable. He boasts, however, that his own heart is still untouched. The bell! I must go! Finish your toilet soon, Fan, and join me in the parlor."

Fannie turned to the glass to arrange some flowers in her hair, murmuring,

"Perhaps his heart will not remain always untouched. Cousin Laura seems to fancy that I will rank among his unloved victims. I am much flattered by the implied compliment," and a scornful smile played around the small mouth.

Fannie was tall and graceful, with a symmetrical figure, and a profusion of dark chestnut hair, whose rich curls shaded a face of rare beauty. The perfect features, white, even teeth, and glorious dark eyes, with a clear complexion and bright color, were each and all enhanced by exquisite taste in dress, and many accomplishments. The dress she now wore of black lace, was cut so as to display the snowy neck and arms, while a bracelet and necklace of diamonds were her only jewels. A wreath of brilliant scarlet cypress and geranium was mingled with her curls, making a most dazzling tiara.

We will follow Laura to the parlor. Stretched lazily upon a sofa, she found a gentleman of some twenty-six or seven years of age, handsome as an Apollo, and, at present, fast asleep. Her exclamation of, "Guy!" awoke him, and he started to his feet.

"My fair cousin," he said, kissing her cheek, "I have come, you see, according to promise, but I heard you were dressing, and waited here for you. Where can I beautify before your guests arrive?"

"Have your trunks come?"

"Yes, your father kindly insisted upon a visit of a month, so I have brought my baggage. You write that Miss Fannie Gardiner is to be here. Has she arrived?"

"Two days ago. She is lovelier than ever. Do you know her?"

"No, but her propensity for breaking hearts has made her the subject of many a conversation, so I have heard of her. Candidly, Laura, is she so very beautiful?"

"She is the most beautiful woman I ever saw, plays on the harp and piano to perfection, sings like an angel, and—hush! she is coming! Take care of your heart, Guy, she is dangerous. Come this way, and I will show you to your room."

Fannie entered the parlor at one door, as the cousins left it by another. She looked after them, and her thoughts ran something in this wise.

"H-m. Dusty coat, heavy boots, and, no doubt, dirty face. A traveler! Tall, finely formed, and what an erect, manly carriage. I like to see a man walk as if he spurned the very ground. So, the dandy made his escape to add the charms of an elaborate toilet to his handsome face, before he attacks my poor heart, and reduces me to the necessity of wearing the willow for him."

Laura returned just in time to greet the first of her guests for the evening. It was her birthday, and the young folks of the neighborhood had all assembled to do her homage. The beautiful house on the Hudson, where she resided during the summer months, was brilliantly illuminated, and the garden walks hung with many colored lamps. Her father's only child, and, since the death of her mother, his housekeeper and companion, no expense or pains were spared to make her life a happy one.

Fannie Gardiner was standing in the conservatory, surrounded by a group of gentlemen, when Laura asked her to play for them on the harp. Two of the gentlemen went to get the instrument, while Fannie selected a seat surrounded by green leaves and flowers. She made the centre of a very pretty tableau, as she sat there, with the bright light striking upon her, and the delicate hanging flowers falling in profusion around her. Guy came to the door of the conservatory just as the harp was placed before her.

"She understands the study of effect," he thought, "and really, Laura has not exaggerated her charms. She is beautiful."

The first notes of her clear, rich voice held him spell-bound. They were low, but very sweet

and pure; as the song proceeded they rose, full and strong, till the air seemed flooded with melody. The small, white hands drew notes of tremendous power from the harp, but that young, fresh voice rose clear above them. Fannie sang, as she did nothing else, with her whole heart. Once interested in the music, she forgot all her coquettish ways, and reveled in melody. The last notes were still quivering on the air, as she rose and pushed the instrument from her. At that moment her eyes met Guy's. His look made her heart give one quick bound; it was full of admiration, and she felt a thrill of triumph.

"Fannie, allow me to introduce my cousin Guy. Mr. Lovering, Miss Gardiner," said Laura. The others of the group drew back. Both parties were known in that circle as consummate flirts, and they were left to entertain each other.

"Miss Gardiner," said Guy, bowing low, "my heart has not thrilled for years as it has to-night, to the glorious music you favored us with."

"Going to begin with flattery," thought Fannie. "He shall be paid in his own coin."

"Such an attentive listener as you are," said she, "is an inspiration to any performer. But I will not take too much credit to myself. Who could not sing, and who not listen in such a scene as this? The flowers, the fountain, this lovely view, all make it a place for music. Truly, it seems to-night like a vision of fairy land."

"And the queen of that bright realm is not wanting," said Guy, with a meaning glance. "Oh! my favorite polka! Do not say you are engaged, Miss Gardiner, unless you would see me rush upon your unfortunate partner and annihilate him."

Fannie replied by placing her hand, polka fashion, upon his shoulder, and in another moment they were in the ball-room. Both perfect dancers, their movements seemed the effort of one will. Laura smiled as she watched them, and as their eyes met once or twice in a decidedly dangerous manner, she nodded her head as if very well pleased.

"Wonder how last night's belle will look by daylight," thought Guy, as he came down to breakfast, "these brilliant beauties are generally faded in the morning."

Fannie was not in the breakfast-room, and he stepped out on the porch. His uncle was seated at one end, with Fannie on a low stool at his feet. The white flowing morning-dress, and loose, floating curls, were fully as fascinating as a more elaborate costume, and the tiny hand in its setting of soft lace, was as fair as when diamonds adorned it.

"So, Fannie," said Mr. Lovering, "you have

granted Laura's prayer, and will stay here some weeks. Why did you keep her in suspense so long?"

"I was waiting to hear from Harry," said Fannie, "he spoke of coming to New York this summer, and I wished to be at home if he came. Yesterday my letters said he would not return until fall, so I can stay here."

Guy felt savagely jealous of this unknown Harry. He did not love Miss Gardiner, not he, indeed, but he had no objection to her falling in love with him.

After breakfast was over, Laura, her cousin, and her friend, went into the music room. Fannie soon found that Guy's voice and musical talent were not one whit inferior to her own, and Laura stole away "on household cares intent," leaving the two in the middle of a duet. One after another was tried. Their voices harmonized perfectly, and the store of music was inexhaustible. With discussion on the merits of various operas, trying over favorite airs, sometimes with the opera before them, singing whole scenes from it, time flew by, and the luncheon bell found them still at the piano. Laura affected profound surprise when she opened the door, and saw Fannie playing a brilliant accompaniment, and Guy leaning over her joining his rich tenor voice to her pure soprano.

"Why you must have sung yourselves hoarse," she said, gayly; "have you been here all the morning?"

Fannie blushed guiltily, and then, stealing a glance at Guy from under her long, dark lashes, said,

"Mornings are fearfully long in the country, are they not, Mr. Lovering? Laura, where have you been?"

Guy bit his lip. He fancied he had been particularly fascinating, and having found her so, he had thought the time very short. But on revenge he said,

"Is luncheon ready, Laura? I perceived the odor of broiled chicken some time ago, and I have listened for the bell ever since. Singing makes one so hungry."

The tables were turned with a vengeance, and Fannie took his offered arm to go to luncheon, feeling a decided inclination to pinch him.

A few days later, we find Guy and Fannie in the woods by the side of a pretty little spring. Fannie, lovely in a dark-blue riding-habit, with a most fascinating straw hat and white feathers, and Guy, manly and handsome in a riding-suit of brown.

"Why," said Fannie, looking round, "where are the others? I am very tired," and she sank

down in a graceful attitude upon a low, garden seat, which some benevolent person had placed near the spring. "Pic-nics are a dreadful bore, are they not, Mr. Lovering?"

"Shocking," said Guy, lazily, seating himself at her feet. "Miss Fannie, shall I give you some water? Here is a leaf for a drinking cup. How exquisitely rural."

"Do you like rusticity?" said Fannie, taking the leaf of water. "Country pleasures, I mean, and fine scenery? Climbing high mountains, scratching your hands with briars, and burning your complexion to a tint like old mahogany, to see fine visions? I had so much of it whilst I was in Europe. Now, if anybody wished to annoy me, they have only to propose a walk to see a fine view. I admire what comes before me, but seeking them——" and she finished the speech with a shudder.

Guy raised his eyes languidly, saying, "I detest simple pleasures and natural amusements. It is delightfully cool here after our long walk, Miss Fannie."

"Yes," and the young girl took off her hat to enjoy the air; as she did so, she loosened the comb which confined her curls, and the whole mass fell around her in a profusion of ringlets. Guy took this as a matter of course, and taking one of the curls between his fingers, examined its color and fine texture with an artist's eye.

"See," said he, "how it curls around my finger, just so can your chains bind and confine your victim's heart. It is remorseless. Ah! I cannot disengage it without breaking the hair. Are your chains as firm?"

"You do not understand it," said Fannie, taking his hand in both of hers. "See, by taking it so it unwinds of itself. A little art only is necessary to disengage it."

Their eyes met. Fannie bore his look for a moment, then let her hand stray among the masses of her curls for a moment, and dropped them saying, despairingly,

"I cannot get them in order again, I am certain."

"You need not wish to," said Guy. "No arrangement can be more effective than the one you have chosen."

Fannie looked at him keenly. He seemed innocent for a moment, and then a twinkle in his eyes betrayed him.

"A truce," said she, holding out her hand. "Suppose we try to be natural for an hour or two?"

"Suppose we do," he answered, "just to see how it would seem, you know?"

The day came, at last, for Guy to return to New York. Fannie was to remain longer, as her brother Harry had not yet arrived. The two, Guy and Fannie, were standing in the conservatory. It was time he was on his way to the depot, yet he lingered: he had said good-bye, and received a low farewell from her.

Suddenly he approached her, and said in a low, thrilling voice,

"Fannie!"

She drew herself erect, and her cheek flushed at the unwonted familiarity. He did not move, but cast down his eyes.

"Oh," said she, laughing, "you want to rehearse a tragic parting. Excuse my dullness, I did not understand you. Farewell," she continued, in a tone of mock grief, "farewell!"

He bit his lip, and turning on his heel left the room. Alas, for Guy! he was caught in his own net. Desperately in love with a flirt, who apparently scorned his passion.

Apparently! How was it with Fannie? For a moment she stood where he had left her, and then stooped and took up something from the floor. It was Guy's glove, which he had dropped as he went out. Fannie held it in her hand, and she thought,

"He waited to make a scene, and leave me fainting, or inconsolable at his departure. Thank you, Mr. Lovering, I have no ambition to figure on your list of conquests. His voice is very sweet, and how pretty 'Fannie' sounded when he said it so tenderly. He goes to Europe next month. I shall never see him again perhaps. Well, I don't care. What's this? tears, as I live! Crying. You idiot, you deserve a shaking for your folly. To care for a man who would make a jest of your love."

But the tears fell one after another upon the glove, and more than once said glove was pressed to the ripe, rosy lips. She was standing there still, the glove laid caressingly against her cheek, when an arm stole round her waist, and a low voice said,

"Fannie!" I love you. Will you not say farewell, Guy?"

Guy had missed his glove, returned for it, and—found it.

Fannie only made a faint resistance, and then letting her head lie upon his breast, she said,

"No, I will not say farewell; you will stay with me, Guy."

Need we say any more? Laura was delighted with the result of putting two flirts in a country house for a month, and Guy and Fannie did not quarrel with her for trying the experiment.

THE YOUNG PRIEST.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I WAS spending a summer on the Hudson, in one of the quietest, most secluded spots that were to be found along the river. It is years and years ago, I was a young man then, and perhaps the place has much altered, for I have never visited it since that season; but at the time of which I speak, it seemed as much separated from the rest of the world, as if the belt of trees and mountains had been impassable barriers to all creation beyond.

It was only a small village, very different from the noisy, bustling towns of the present day, which seem miniature cities in their restlessness and unhealthy excitements. The very children that played around the old school-house had a subdued way about them, as if the quiet of the place restrained even the exuberance of their youthful spirits. It was the sort of quaint-like place where one insensibly falls into all sorts of odd ways, till little insanities and peculiarities creep over one as thickly as the mosses on the roofs of the houses.

The old tavern had a set of loungers upon its stoop, who looked like so many Rip Van Winkles in the very middle of a hundred years' sleep, and a carriage stopping before it was one of those extraordinary events, which served to excite village curiosity for a week at least.

I can scarcely recollect a young face in the whole village, and as for the middle-aged people, one could not easily fancy that they had ever been youthful. After the first few weeks, my appearance ceased to attract much attention, and I was left to follow the bent of my own inclination, having repeatedly refused all intercourse, and met any courtesy with a coldness which by no means encouraged a repetition of the politeness.

Probably they set me down as a harmless sort of lunatic, who would not prove a dangerous inhabitant, and so I remained unmolested in my retreat. The quiet of the place—the absolute steepness which seemed upon it—was to me its chief charm. The very bell in the church spire rung as if it had just been awakened from a deep slumber, and was startled by its own clamor. The houses stood back from the street, with their pleasant yards full of shrubs and flowers—the air was soft and hazy—the mountains looked

down in solemn grandeur—and the waters swept murmuring on, sprinkled with sails that shone against the waves like great white birds floating idly down the current. I used to sit and watch them by the hour in that idle way, which one insensibly falls into when left much alone, weaving all sorts of improbable fancies, and forming a life for myself in that solitude, peopling it with beings of my own creation, though at times real forms from the dark past would glide in to cast their shadows over the present, like unpleasant images, disturbing a happy dream.

The house which I occupied stood in the outskirts of the town, and commanded a fine view of the surrounding scenery. It was a quaint, rambling old mansion, with pointed gables and moss-covered roof. A row of great elms stood before it, their branches meeting overhead and making pleasant music through the summer days. Within, there was a broad hall, lofty and dark, many cornered apartments, where the shadows gathered in a mysterious way, and a strange stillness reigned, which was only broken by the sighing of the trees as the wind swept through them, brushing the long branches against the roof with a hoarse sound, that chimed in like a heavy bass accompaniment to the sorrowful melody of the rustling leaves.

The house had been built during, or soon after the Revolution, and several of the rooms still contained the heavy carved furniture, which had been brought from over the sea. I had it arranged in all the rooms which I occupied, for its sombre appearance pleased my fancy—each piece looked as if it had a history to tell.

I was quite alone, with no companions but my books and horse, for a long sojourn in the gayest of all the Continental cities had left me weary and listless, tired of society, and longing for the solitude of the woods and mountains. But it is not of myself that I am to write; I was beguiled into saying thus much by my description of the sequestered haunt where the summer looked in and found me.

For several weeks I confined myself almost wholly to the house and grounds, but at length I began to make long excursions on horseback, to wander among the mountains, or loiter for hours along the river bank.

Many times during my rambles, I met a thin, slight man, whose dress betokened his calling—I knew him for the priest of the little Catholic chapel in the village. We formed no acquaintance—I sought none with any—but after a time we came to bow when we met, and his eyes would rest upon my face with an expression as if he were conscious of my suffering.

There was something about him that interested me strangely! He had one of those faces which sometimes gleam upon you in unexpected places, which give you a sudden thrill, as if you had known them in some dim-remembered life, or if not prone to indulge in such idle fancies, at least the feeling that their history has been wild and eventful. He was pale, the ghastly pallor of illness, yet I always met him in gloom or tempest, for, like myself, he seemed impelled abroad by the spirit which the contention of the elements evoked. Large eyes of unnatural lustre lighted his features—masses of black hair fell about them—the lips were compressed as if habituated to concealing emotion, and the lithe form moved with a quick, uneven tread, as though each footfall crushed some forbidden passion.

That man had suffered—I could see that in every look and movement. Through years of struggle he had gone up to that height, from whence the soul looks calmly down upon the past, and writes on the heart that which the penitent inscribed on the door of her convent cell—"Not happy, but content!"

I hardly know how our acquaintance grew into daily intercourse, but we were friends before either of us were conscious of it.

One dreary Sabbath, when a drizzling rain was falling, and the sky wore its dulllest, most leaden hue, I took the path which led to the little church. It was the sort of storm which irked me beyond endurance! A thunder tempest I loved—a terrible whirlwind would have had something in unison with my own spirit, but that slow rain pattering on the roof I could not bear, it fretted me into a frenzy. I sought the chapel, though I had never entered it; I suppose I was impelled there, for I believe in presentiments, and that visit was the beginning of an intercourse which has left a lasting effect upon my life.

But few worshipers were assembled, and after mass was concluded two or three remained, and glided one by one into the confessional, then after a little passed out, silent and noiseless, shadows among shadows.

At length none remained, the priest left his seat and walked slowly down the aisle. I was standing in the middle—looking neither at him

or elsewhere—gazing inward with the apathy of a settled grief. He remained for some moments silently regarding me, his arms crossed upon his breast, and his form slightly bent in an attitude usual with him.

"I have never seen you here before," he said, after a pause, "can I claim you as one of the followers of the church?"

"I am no Catholic."

He did not appear to heed the abruptness of my response.

"We often meet, and though not given to court the society of strangers, I have many times felt inclined to address you."

Another person I should at that moment have answered rudely, but there was something about him which forbade the thought; a persuasiveness in his voice and language, whose slight accent betrayed the foreigner, which had a peculiar influence upon me.

"I shall be glad to know you better," I replied; "as a minister I say nothing—you could not grant me absolution."

"God only can do that," returned he, solemnly; "trust in Him!"

He linked his arm in mine with a refined courteousness which had nothing of familiarity in it, and we passed out of the shadowy church together. Neither of us spoke as we walked down the street, but when we came near his dwelling, he said kindly,

"Will you not go in and rest? Your great house must be lonely this dreary day—come in, I beg."

I am not over yielding at any time, suffering makes me still less compliant, but there was something in his manner which I could not resist. I went in and spent the rest of the day and the evening in his parlor. We talked much, on many subjects, and I found my companion a man of wonderful knowledge, refined by travel and association with the world. When I addressed him in Italian, his face lit up with the glow of pleasure one feels at hearing his native tongue spoken in a far off country, though a deeper shade of sadness followed the transitory gleam, as if the Tuscan accents had only awakened sorrowful memories.

How I marveled at the chance which could have flung him in that humble spot, so far from the station that his talent and acquirements should have assigned him. He was young, not over thirty-five, yet there was no youth in his face, and when I looked again, I saw not only sorrow, but death! Many times a sharp, dry cough interrupted his speech, and a bright red burned on his wasted cheek. His past history

I could not unravel, but the future of his pilgrimage was easily told, limited to a span! I knew the autumn leaves would cast their gorgeous pall above his grave—he was dying.

After that visit we met daily either in his study or at my house. We walked and rode together, we conversed as few ever do, as I never shall again with any human being. Years have passed since that summer—I have wandered far—suffered more—built new hopes and seen them crumble at my feet—but I feel the influence of that man's presence yet.

Though each day revealed something new in my companion, I felt that even then I did not really know him; but I discovered that his suffering was not buried in the past, it was still with him, strong and undying.

Weeks passed on; the summer deepened and began to wane. The skies purpled to oppressive gorgeousness, then grew pale—the intense heat was over—the hoar frosts pearded the mountain shrubs at early dawn—the forest leaves put on a glowing ripeness—the great change was coming.

Before October was half gone, while the summer seemed struggling to retain her sovereignty, the skies spoke beautiful tales, and the river sang and murmured, I knew that the great change was indeed at hand. I sat during the watches of a silent midnight with the stars looking down on my vigil, pale and cold, as if mocking at human anguish, with the wind dying among the shrubberies and moaning through the forest, but I kept not watch alone—by the Father's couch watched likewise a stern visitant—death was on one side, and I upon the other.

The last sacrament had been given, and at his own request I sat alone with him that night. No one thought the end so near, for he could still walk about, the old, indomitable will supporting him to the end; but he knew his fate, and had that day insisted upon receiving extreme unction, foretelling almost to the hour the time of his departure. He lay upon a low couch, his dressing-gown gathered about him, his hair falling in wavy masses over his damp forehead, and those large eyes telling of the release so pined for. Freely we talked of death, for him it had no terrors! I read to him from the book of devotions which had been his constant companion, and when the hours deepened into midnight, and the wind surged up with a measured wail, mingling strangely with the song of the waters, the dying man told me of himself.

His moist, almost pulseless hand was clasped in mine, his breath came in gushes on my cheek, his speech was broken and low, and his aspect already that of the grave, but I felt nothing like

terror; the grief in my heart forbade such feelings, they were too weak and puerile for an hour like that.

Of his early life I already knew something. His father was an Englishman, but his mother a native of Italy. In that beautiful clime his early years had been passed, then they went for a short time to England, but his father died, and the woman's heart longed for her purple skies again. She went back to Italy with her child, and spent years in educating him, but just as he reached manhood she died. On her death-bed she made him promise that he would enter the church, would devote his wealth to its aggrandizement, and in the agony of the moment he consented. This I knew already, but that alone could not have caused such lasting suffering in a mind so disciplined, and a heart so schooled as his. In that hour I learned all.

"I wish to tell you something of myself, yet even now I scarcely know where to begin. Thoughts rush upon me like the whirl of swollen waters, and in this hour all should be calm. I feel no shame in baring my heart to you, it will soon be searched, leaf by leaf, by a higher judge, and whatever my errors may have been, I feel that my remorse has outweighed the sin.

"I have told you my wayward boyhood, at once petted and tyrannized over by my mother, whose character was full of strange inconsistencies, and I have no time to dwell upon its details.

"I spent my seventeenth summer upon an estate which we owned, not far from Lucca, and I was entirely without society, as my mother was visiting a relative in Genoa. That was the last real summer I have ever known, since then there has been no sun warm enough to rouse the chilled pulses of my heart, no light clear enough to dispel the darkness which had enveloped my soul.

"The estate next ours was owned by a rich widow, with an only daughter, and she had been sent down there with her governess. There we were, two young creatures, thrown into daily intercourse with one another, for our families were friends, and I was permitted to visit at the villa as much as I pleased, for Geneva's governess was an English woman, and paid little attention to the arbitrary rules which restrict the young everywhere upon the continent.

"We used to spend days in the old library, at the back of the house, with its store of old books, or we would take some favorite volume down into the garden, and while the governess sat upon the terrace watching us with her placid smile, read together under the shadow of the orange trees, or walk slowly up and down the broad walks,

repeating passages from passionate poesies, which we understood rather with the heart than the intellect.

"Genevra was two years younger than I, and she had retained a childish simplicity of character longer than is usual with Italian girls. I cannot describe her to you, it was not so much her loveliness which rendered her so irresistible, for she looked too frail and shadowy for healthy beauty, but there was an inexpressible charm in her manner, a spell in her low voice, which had its power over all who approached her.

"What she was to me I did not pause to think, I was too young and too happy to analyze my own feelings. I never spoke of love to her, but my looks and manner must have betrayed the secret which I did not think of concealing, for I was only dimly conscious myself of the reality.

"I had grow up unlike other young men; I had had few companions, knew nothing of the world, while books and solitude had made me a dreamy enthusiast, as they are sure to do the young and imaginative.

"We had been two months in that quiet spot, and in those few weeks centered my whole existence, all that has come since seems only a feverish dream full of pain and unrest.

"I remember so well the last time we sat together in that garden! The sunset was drawing on, and we had seated ourselves upon a rustic bench out of sight of the house and unremarked by the governess, who was deeply engrossed by her book.

"We have only another month to remain here,' Genevra said, softly.

"Only another month!' I repeated. 'I had forgotten that it was not to last forever.'

"But we shall see you again—you will be in Florence this winter?"

"Ah, but it will be like visiting you in a prison—no more liberty, nothing but restraint and ceremony.'

"No, no, you shall come when you like—I will have it so.'

"But you will not care to see me; soon you will go into the world—you will forget me.'

"She picked a handful of the white flowers at our feet and flung them at me in sport, and then we forgot romance in a childish game, throwing the blossoms at each other and laughing like children in our glee

"Suddenly I heard my name called loudly, and in a moment a servant came up with a letter—my mother had reached Florence, and if I wished to see her alive I must depart on the instant.

"What I said I cannot tell; I clasped Genevra

to my heart, and she wept upon my bosom with the freedom of a sister—in another moment I had rushed from her sight and was soon far away, leaving behind me the life which had been so fair.

"I found my mother dying, and in that hour she exacted from me a promise to enter the service of the church. Then I saw my own heart—I loved Genevra! I struggled and prayed, but in vain.

"'Promise,' groaned my mother, 'I cannot die until this is done. I made a solemn vow for you—as you value the peace of my soul, consent.'

"Mad with grief, and unable fully to realize the horrors of my situation, I gave the fatal pledge, even swore it upon the crucifix which the attendant priest was holding to my mother's lips. As the words escaped me the dying woman raised herself—her last breath went out in a blessing upon her child, and she fell dead in my arms.

"When I recovered from the illness which ensued, my mother was in her grave, I was left alone in the world with that promise weighing like iron upon my soul. I dared not break it—I could not—my mother's face haunted me everywhere I turned, and the agony of her dying voice rang in my ear. I could have no peace until I had performed my vow, and resolutely I fulfilled it. I believed that the suffering was all mine—that Genevra loved me only as a brother, and my own misery I could endure. I dared not trust myself to see her again—I sent her no message—I hurried from the sight of all my friends and dwelt alone with my despair.

"I was but eighteen when I entered the college of the Jesuits at Rome. So young, and life had been so sweet to me! I was not naturally of a religious temperament; I loved the world, its pleasures and allurements. Reared in luxury, I had looked forward to a brilliant future, and it was terrible to find it suddenly shut out from my sight. It was terrible thus to shroud the beating pulse of youth beneath the austerities of the cloister. I do not regret it now, I can see from what those vows have preserved me, but oh, heaven! it was hard to bear.

"I will not tell you of the struggles of those early months and years! Often and often it appeared impossible for me to endure longer the trial, and I would have rushed madly back to the life wrested from me, but my mother's form seemed to stand between me and the outer world I so loved, her cold lips repeated the vow I had taken beside her dying bed, and forced me on in the thorny path I found so hard to tread. The nights I have passed in my narrow cell, prostrate

on the cold pavement, while the Roman moon poured its light through my grated window and mocked me with its cold splendor—the long days when each moment seemed an added pang flung in upon my restive spirit! I wonder now that I did not go mad; I must have done so, had not the studies heaped upon me given some refuge from the bewildering chaos of thought which frenzied my soul.

"The time of my novitiate passed at length, and I took upon myself the vows which must fetter me to the grave. I ceased to struggle, a strange quiet came over me, but it was only the weakness that succeeds a painful mental conflict, not the repose which steals over the heart satisfied with its destiny.

"Four years after I was called to Genoa. I had striven and had grown outwardly calm; I hoped that peace was near—ah, I little knew myself!

"I was walking one day in the Via Nuova, when a man, evidently a foreigner, brushed hurriedly against me, then as quickly checked himself—

"'You are a priest,' he said, and when I bowed assent, added hastily, 'a lady, a stranger here, has been hurt by a fall from her horse—we fear that she is dying—come to her, for she desires the consolations of religion.'

"I followed him into the court-yard of a palace near, and passed up the great staircase with an oppression at my heart for which I could not account—I know now that it was one of those strange presentiments sent to forewarn us of events that are to affect a whole life, but to which in our blindness we pay no heed.

"We passed through many chambers, and at length entered a darkened room where a group of frightened attendants were gathered. The circle divided as I appeared; I saw the low couch upon which the sufferer lay, and turned full upon me was the face—it was Geneva's.

"What passed over me I cannot describe; I could neither move nor speak, but stood rooted to the floor. She did not move—the pallid lips were parted—the wild eyes gazed into mine with an eager, frightened stare, but neither spoke nor stirred. Then a loathing and a horror crept over me; it was a designed temptation, and I had been too weak to resist it. I was to look upon her with no common feelings of humanity—such dreams belonged to a past existence; they could have no part in my present life, into which I had brought only the remembrance of past joys that haunted me like ghosts—a crushed and broken heart unworthy to be cast upon the shrine where they had forced me to offer it.

"There I stood like one blinded by a sudden excess of light; at length broken words strove to frame themselves upon my lips, but even in my ear they sounded unfamiliar and strange, like the echo of some language only half understood. Still Geneva did not speak nor move; those burning eyes never once wandered from my face, and in their depths there was a terrible anguish akin to the suffering in my own soul. There was no one in the apartment familiar with my appearance, and possibly the attendant did not remark my emotion, or deemed it only the effect produced by that suffering face.

"They went out and left us together, but even then the spell did not leave my senses. Geneva passed her hand before her eyes as if her sight was bewildered, and a flush dyed the pallor of her face. Words of such wild insanity rushed to my lips, that I grew faint from the effort I made to control myself. I could not endure it, the frenzy in my soul was bearing away all power of reflection. I caught that cold hand in mine—my face was bending over hers—my eyes frightened her glance from me.

"'Geneva! Geneva!' I groaned.

"The words seemed to rouse her; she half rose upon the pillows; my name died upon her lips.

"'No, no,' she moaned, 'I cannot—I cannot! Leave me—go—go!'

"'Geneva!' I repeated; 'Geneva!'

"I uttered the name with a violence which terrified her—something in her white face restored me to myself. I dashed aside the hand which I had taken—shrouded my eyes to shut out those features, and rushed from the apartment in guilty anguish.

"What I said to the attendants without I do not know; when thought and reason came back, I was far away from that old palace where this sudden light from my past life had deepened the gloom and horror of the present."

His voice, which had grown strong from excitement, suddenly broke, and he sank again upon the couch so weak and changed that I thought the terrible moment had arrived. I wiped the moisture from his forehead, and held an invigorating draught to his lips. My face must have expressed the suffering that I endured, for he turned toward me with a smile of patient resignation, which was more painful than any complaint. I strove to check him when he would have proceeded, fearful that the agitation would only shorten the hours left, but there was a power upon his soul which he could not resist; when the passing weakness which followed that spasm of pain had passed, he raised himself upon the pillows and went on with his history.

"Another year dragged by, and I was in a city of France. How those twelve months passed I do not know, it was one struggle against the bondage of my vows. I think I was mad for a season, or I could not lie so calmly here! That name, Geneva, rang in my ear as if unseen lips took delight in repeating it; turn where I might that face haunted me. At mass or prayer, in my lonely room and in the crowded street, those features rose before me and blotted out all consciousness of the reality. I could find no relief, I dared not seek confession, for I knew that I could find no absolution for a sin like mine.

"At length I was taken ill, but with no physical malady; incessant struggles had worn out all strength, and I lay upon my bed consumed with a fever which had no name, but which seemed burning my very heart to ashes. Death was near me, but he brought neither healing nor resignation; I prayed madly for release, any torture would have been preferable to that which I had so long endured. But youth and suffering were too strong for death; once more I rose from my couch and went forth to the solemn duties which it was mockery for me to perform, and which I loathed and abhorred because they made me a slave.

"I told you that I was in a French city. I had been sent thither to decide some ecclesiastical difficulty, for, hypocrite that I was, they believed me a faithful son of the holy church, and I was fast going on toward a lofty station among its chosen disciples.

"One evening a priest of the chapel connected with the monastery at which I was visiting, requested me to take his place in the confessional, being called thence by business connected with his profession. I consented—it was not in my power to refuse—but how I shrunk from myself and the sacrilege I was committing! How could I grant absolution to the poor sinner, I, who was sunk in a depth of guilt, from which the most hardened would have recoiled with terror!

"I took my seat in the confessional, which was separated from the church by a wide, gloomy corridor. It was already sunset, and the room was dim with the shadows of the coming night. At intervals broken strains from the organ broke in from the church, mournful and faint as a funeral hymn, dying away among the arches with a quiver of pain and anguish like that of a human voice.

"One after another, came sin-laden penitents, kneeling in their humility to receive consolation and benedictions from me. How I shuddered at the contrast between the petty failings, for which they sought to make reparation, and the great

sin which lay like a cloud upon my soul. Each in his turn went away relieved and quieted, leaving me in the gloom of the chamber.

"Suddenly a step drew near—it thrilled along every nerve as if it had fallen upon my heart. With the first sound of that face I knew the speaker—oh, God! forgive the thrill of guilty pleasure—it was Geneva! The words of her confession fell distinctly on my ear, and have never since left my memory. I could repeat them, but even now I dare not trust myself. She told of her sufferings, her remorse, she loved where love was forbidden, and I, I was the object! I heard it, from her own lips, I heard the avowal which proved her mine. Oh, I was mad, help me to believe it! I uttered a cry; at the sound of my voice I heard a moan, a heavy fall, and I knew that she had fainted.

"I burst open the door and saw Geneva lying motionless upon the ground, overpowered by anguish and surprise. I caught her in my arms in the frenzy of the moment, clasped her to my heart, uttering her name in wild entreaty. She revived, she knew me! Her head sank upon my bosom, my kisses fell hot and fevered upon her lips. Madly I spoke, revealing all, and she listened, silenced and entranced by my voice. Whither passion's whirl might have hurried me I will not think, but God's angels saved us both! Even as I clasped her in a closer embrace a peal of thunder shook the building to its very foundations, and a sudden storm beat in its fury against the casement. The lightning streamed in, illuminating the apartment with its lurid flame, and seeming to encircle us with its fiery tongue. That fearful scene brought reason back; Geneva pushed me from her, for the most hardened heart would have trembled amid that strange strife of the elements, and there we stood humbled, wretched, but penitent.

"Each fled, anxious only to escape from the sight of the other! I am thirty-five now, and since that time we have never met. I am dying, but that love will outlive life, it will go with me into eternity; but through suffering and repentance it has become purified and holy.

"Once, since I came to America, only a year ago I saw a man connected with Geneva's family, so I know that she is near. My spirit will seek hers, for I feel that she is still living; at least I may watch and guard her, and hereafter we shall learn why we have been thus sorely tried."

He fell back on the bed faint, dying, as if strength had only been given to finish that mournful tale. His breath came in quick, painful struggles.

"Pray, pray," he murmured, "I go!"

I seized the book of devotions, and by the night lamp began to read. The dawn was struggling up faint and grey, it peered in through the curtains, and fell round that wasted form like the folds of a shroud.

Suddenly there was a step in the hall; the sufferer raised himself, light came to his eye, color to his cheek.

"Her step—heaven is merciful!"

A woman entered softly as a shadow, and sank upon her knees by the bed.

"I knew it," she cried, "I was bid to come by a power I had no strength to resist; and I am here. Speak to me—only once—it is all I ask!"

His eyes were fixed on hers—that voice might have roused the dead! He threw up his arms with a motion her heart was quick to understand. She laid his head upon her breast and pressed a kiss upon his forehead.

"Genevra," he murmured; "Genevra."

"I knew that in this hour I might see you! Speak to me, Giulio, tell me that I have not come too late."

"Too late! No, no, for now I may look upon you—listen to your voice—there can be no sin now."

He struggled for strength, and a strange power came back to his frame, it seemed as if merciful angels had taken pity upon those long-suffering ones and prolonged that meeting.

"I can bear all now," the woman said, tearless and calm; "I knew heaven would not be so cruel—you could not die till I had seen you."

She bent over him and whispered tender, soothing words—then their voices joined in a prayer. Once more his lips repeated her name,

"Genevra—heaven!"

There was a faint struggle, a heavy breath, then he laid his head back upon her bosom and died there.

When the morning broke still and bright, neither moved—I was powerless. The woman rose at length, laid the head down, smoothed back the glossy hair, then with a whispered prayer and a lingering look passed out of the chamber of death.

SUMMER'S FLIGHT.

BY MISS HELEN A. BROWNE.

You have passed away, glad Summer,
You have left these haunts of ours,
Stealing out without a murmur
With your sunshine and your flow'rs.
You have sung your farewell vespers,
In the woods and on the hill—
Where the red, field clover whispers,
Where the woodman's ax is still.

Fairest flowers have long since faded,
Bursting rose and dewy cup—
In the woodlands cool and shaded
They have shut their petals up.
Brightest birds that used to cheer us,
With their songs in vernal hours
Flitting on the branches near us,
Too, have vanished with the flowers.

We have watched you growing slimmer
In your sunshine day by day,
Through the moonlight's gleam and glimmer
We have seen you fade away.
Now, the woods are turning yellow—
Now, the winds have hoarser grown,
In the sunshine still and mellow
Crimson leaves are floating down.

We have tracked you thro' the meadows,
We have tracked you on the plain,
In the forests filled with shadows,
We have found you young again.
But you've passed away, glad Summer,
With your sunshine and your flowers,
Stealing out without a murmur
From these pleasant haunts of ours.

THE SUMMER'S GONE!

BY MRS. HARRIET B. BARBER.

The Summer's gone with its leaves and flowers,
With its sunny skies, and its melting showers—
With its light and shade, with its music air,
With its butterfly things, and its rainbows fair—
With its floating clouds, and its gambolling breeze,
That so playfully danced 'mid the forest trees—
With its gardens bright, and whispering grove,
That from morn till night told tales of love—
With its humdrum air and its noisy song—
The Summer's gone! Oh! the Summer's gone!

The Summer's gone, with its poet dreams—
With its brightest hopes, and its fairest scenes,
And with its pure spirits of light and love
Have winged their way to the climes above,
Yet I know there are flowers forever in bloom
In their homes of glory beyond the tomb—
And one blissful season eternally reigns—
And all that is bright forever remains—
But ours transiently pass, like blossom half blown,
The Summer's gone! Oh! the Summer's gone!

"CAN'T AFFORD IT."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"I WANT you to subscribe for 'Peterson's Magazine,' for next year," said Helen Stanhope to Mrs. Lacy. "There is but one more name needed to complete the club."

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Lacy, hesitatingly.

"You took it this year. Don't you like it?"

"Like it? To be sure I do; but—but I can't afford it."

This was said a year ago, when everybody was talking about "hard times;" and Mrs. Lacy, like a good wife, thought that if she could economize, it might make her husband less anxious-looking.

"Can't afford it?" was Helen's reply. "You should say you can't afford to do without it."

"It is cheap, I know," was the sad reply. "I have taken several magazines, but never got as much before for my money. But I really think I must try and do without it next year." And she sighed.

"I respect your motives," answered her visitor, stoutly; "but, I believe, that instead of saving money by not subscribing, you will actually lose. I say nothing of the stories and novelets which are promised, or of the beautiful mezzotints and other engravings; for if the magazine contained nothing else, it might, perhaps, be properly cut off, when people are economizing. But 'Peterson,' my dear Mrs. Lacy, is something more than a luxury: it is a necessity. Up here, in the country, we should know nothing about the fashions, if it wasn't for 'Peterson;' and a milliner, or store-keeper, might put off on us styles that were quite out of date. You have children, too; how do you expect to make up their clothes, if you don't take 'Peterson?' for one of the merits of my favorite magazine is its variety of patterns for children's dresses, which are often, also, accompanied by diagrams to cut them by. Then, consider the crochet, embroidery, and other designs for the work-table. I have calculated that I have made, during the last year, at odd hours, articles from these patterns, which, otherwise, would have had to lay, enough to pay for the magazine five times over. And Mary Ornell has made even more: that beautiful muslin dress, which you admired so much, and asked me where I bought it, was em-

broidered from a design in 'Peterson,' two years ago, before you joined the club."

"I hadn't thought of all this. I do believe you are right, and that, if I don't join the club, I shall lose more than I'll save. But here comes Mr. Lacy, I'll leave it to him."

"I am willing to leave it to Mr. Lacy. He is a sensible man, and I know he'll decide for 'Peterson,' if the case is fairly laid before him."

Mr. Lacy verified Miss Stanhope's words. When the conversation had been rehearsed, he said,

"I believe Miss Stanhope is right, my dear. But you can soon determine it. Suppose you keep an account, during next year, of the children's dresses you make at home, from patterns in 'Peterson,' and of the other things you can get up, at odd hours, from designs from the same source, counting everything that you would not have to buy, and this time next fall, when Miss Stanhope comes around again with her clubs, show her and me the result. Mind, I put it on this ground, not because I wouldn't make you a present of 'Peterson,' even if it was less useful, but to satisfy your kind heart that there is no saving in giving up your pet magazine. Why, my dear, I'd take 'Peterson,' even if you didn't, to see how happy you are, every month, when I bring it home from the post-office."

A year passed. Last month, Miss Stanhope, who always begins in time to get up clubs, called, in her annual round, on Mrs. Lacy. The husband happened to be in, and divining the cause of their visitor's appearance, he called out gleefully,

"Just in time, Miss Stanhope. Mrs. Lacy and I were talking about 'Peterson,' only last night, and recalling our conversation of a year ago. Mrs. Lacy has kept the account she promised. Tell her what it is, my dear."

"I'm fifteen dollars better off, I make it, than if I hadn't taken the magazine," said Mrs. Lacy, looking kindly at her husband, and with a little embarrassment at Miss Stanhope.

"To say nothing of the excellent humor the reading and engravings have kept her in," put in the husband, cheerily, "nor of the half a dozen, or more, of first-rate puddings, real new

dishes, which she compounded for me from the original receipts. I've made up my mind, Miss Stanhope, not only to have Mrs. Lacy subscribe, but to take a copy, in my own name, and send it to my good old mother: she'd thank me in her heart to quite ten times the worth of the magazine, for that cook-book, alone, which it is to contain next year."

Every story has a moral. That of this "cure true tale," cannot be mistaken.

IN THE CROWD.

BY ANNE L. MUZZEY.

THROUGH the wild rush, and beat
Of human hearts, I heard
A thrilling voice, whose sweet,
Despairing accents stirred
My soul to prayer and tears!
Poor heart!
Alas! I know its fears;
For in this changing life
Are times, when all the air
Seems dark with evil wings;
And woe, and shame, and strife,
And all unholy things
Shadow us everywhere;
Weak heart!
Tossing upon the tide,
The rushing, restless tide
Of destiny,
Like a frail, helpless barque,
Wailing through the still dark,
Mournfully, mournfully!

I shall grow wild—wild;
Father in Heaven,
Pity thy erring child!
Cold, sullen, and grey,
Floweth life's river,
Away, away,
Into death's solemn sea,
God's "forever,"
Oh! ah me!
I'm reeling madly on
Through clouds, and storm, and night,
On, on, on;

When will the morning dawn?
When will the skies be light?
It is so dark and cold;
Your white wings over me
Tenderly, tenderly—
Pity me! Plead for me!

Oh! I am wild—wild;
God of the weary hearted
Come to thy child.

What do I hear?
Is it the voice of Him
Who maketh clear
Things that are strange and dim?
On, on, on,
Through mist, and gloom, to light;
Through hate, to love; through strife,
To peace; through wrong to right;
Through death to endless life!
On, on, on.
Heart! oh, faint not so,
Courage, courage, hands;
Teardrops do not flow,
God commands!

There is a port of peace—
There is a country where
The Summers never cease!—
Tempest entereth there,
Never, never!
Anchored upon that shore,
Our souls shall strive no more,
Forever, forever!

NIGHT-FALL.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

WHEN the whispering dews of evening
Lay their pearls upon the flowers,
And the shadows gather darkly
O'er this glowing world of ours,
And day's earnest toil has ended,
Every care hath fled away;
Then the thought of thee comes blended
With the still, departing day.
Then I know that peace has folded
Her soft wings around my heart,
Hushing all its restless longings,
Bidding every foe depart.
And thine image, like the moonlight,
Stealing through the shady grove,

Comes to light the inner darkness
With its whisperings of love;
And altho' I know, beloved,
That thy dream of life is o'er,
That thy feet will walk with angels,
And will walk with me no more;
Yet forever in the night-fall
I can feel thy presence near,
And a voice—thine own—e'er whispers
That I still am very dear.
Never till the shroud is folded
On the heart that beats for thee,
Will the night-fall on the flowers
Come without thy memory.

KING PHILIP'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 356.

CHAPTER IX.

THE trees were leafless, and snow lay thick on the ground, when Barbara Stafford was brought from the prison where she had been kept in close captivity, and presented for trial in the North Church. A court, for the trial for witchcraft, was considered somewhat in the light of an ecclesiastical tribunal, and thus the sacred edifices of Boston and Salem were frequently used in such cases. But this was the first legal assemblage that had ever entered the North Church, for the governor's attendance and membership there gave it a prestige over all other places of worship. Besides, it had of late been, as it were, doubly consecrated, by the baptism of the chief magistrate in the very plenitude of his power; and for common witches, such as had been tried, hung and drowned, by dozens during the year, the place would have been considered far too holy.

But Barbara Stafford was no common offender. She had been a guest in Gov. Phipps' mansion. The people of Boston had seen her seated, side by side, with Lady Phipps in the state carriage, with servitors and halberts right and left; and it was known far and wide that she had come to the country in a strange ship, heaved up, as it were, from the depths of a raging storm, that the elements had battled against her and overwhelmed her in the deep, wrecking the boat in which she strove to reach the shore, and swallowing her in whirlpools, lashed into fury on the brink of the deep.

From all this peril, it was known that the arms of Samuel Parris, the minister of Salem, had received her—the studious, holy man of books and prayer, who had saved her life, was now ready to stand forward as her chief accuser.

Many remembered that her garments had been of a texture more rich than those of the governor's lady, while those who had been present at the baptism of Sir William Phipps, were impressed by the grandeur of her countenance, and the almost unearthly stateliness with which she had glided through the throng of worshippers.

All these things made a great impression on

the people, the more because of the profound silence which had reigned regarding her, since the first week after she was placed in the prison at Boston. It was said, that, during the first three days of her incarceration, she had been visited by Gov. Phipps, who, urged by the solicitations of his young secretary, had consented to see her. But the interview had been brief and unsatisfactory. When apprised of his coming, the lady had protested, and by every means in her power sought to avoid the visit; but young Lovel hoped to gain her a powerful friend by persistence, and overcome by his persuasion she submitted.

Her dungeon was badly lighted, and Barbara sat in the darkest corner, with her face bowed and her form muffled in a large shawl. She lifted her eyes as the governor approached, and he felt their glance coming out from the darkness without really meeting it with his eyes. The thrill, that ran through his form, warned him of the diabolical power, which the woman was said to possess, and it was with a solemn reserve that he drew near her.

She neither spoke nor moved, but her form shrunk together, and her garments began to tremble, as if she were suffering from cold. He spoke to her, but she did not answer. He stooped down to address her, and the shivering fit came on again. His stern heart was filled with compassion, and yet she had not spoken a word. A gush of strange tenderness swelled his breast, and he turned away, with dew in his eyes—such dew as had not sparkled there in twenty years.

He went back and bent over her; the velvet of his cloak swept her lap, his breath almost stirred her hair.

She gave him one wild look, and dropped her head again, while, with her two hands, she grasped a fold of her cloak, and pressed it to her lips. The hands fell to her knees, the cloak swayed back to its natural folds, and he was all unconscious of the movement; for in his earnestness, and compelled by a power that endowed him with momentary eloquence, he was pleading with her to give her true name and history, in

order that he and those who wished her well, might find some means of defence when she should be brought to trial.

She heard him, like one in a dream—a sweet, wild dream—for her lips parted with a heavenly smile, and she held her breath, as if it had been a delicious perfume, which she would not permit to escape her lips. A shiver still ran through her frame, but no longer as an expression of pain: it was like the exquisite tremor which the south wind gives to a thicket of roses.

She could not have spoken, had the whole world depended on her voice; so his pleading was all in vain. Had she uttered a sound, it would have been a cry of wild thanksgiving. Had she moved, it would have been to throw herself at his feet. She did move, and half rose from the wooden bench on which she was seated, saw young Lovel at the door and fell back again, shrouding her face in the shawl and murmuring prayers of entreaty and gratitude, that she had escaped some great peril. The shawl muffled her voice, but the governor saw that she was praying, and retreated toward the door.

"Tell her to think of what I have said—to send me any information—I will not ask it to be a confession—on which she may found a defence before the judges," he said, addressing young Lovel, "she is frightened by my presence and has no power to speak; persuade her to confide in you, Norman. Surely, as the Lord liveth, this woman has some great power, but not of evil. Those who visited Peter in his prison, must have felt as I do now."

"Hear how she sobs!" said the young man, deeply moved, "oh! your excellency, go back; her heart is softened; she may speak to you now; I never saw her weep so passionately before."

"No," said the governor, gently, "I will not force myself upon her grief. Give her time for thought, and opportunities for prayer. The devil had power over the holy one forty days and forty nights. It may be that this poor lady is going through a like probation, and she may come forth with the radiance of an angel, at last."

"She is an angel," answered Lovel, with tender enthusiasm. "Oh! if she could but be brought to confide in you."

"We can at least delay the trial, and give her time," said the governor. "Perhaps this scourge of the Evil One may pass away without reaching her, if she is protected till the power has reached its climax."

The governor went away, after saying this, a thoughtful and saddened man. His intellect was too clear, and his strength of character too

powerful, for that profound faith in witchcraft, which influenced many of the clergy and judges of this land; men, who should have stood between the superstition of ignorance, but rather gave it the force of their superior intelligence and such dignity as sprang from position. The commotion, which this subject had created in his government; the solemn trials held upon helpless old men and women; the blood and terror that had followed, had already filled his mind with misgiving; and though, for a season, he was borne forward by the public clamor, and had in his own experience no strong proof against the phenomena produced in confirmation of witchcraft, he had never entered heartily into the persecutions of the courts. Nor had he risen up against them, because in his own soul there was doubt and misgiving. Barbara Stafford had not spoken a word in his presence, yet her silence and the very atmosphere of truth that surrounded her, had affected him deeply; and he began to doubt more than ever if this great excitement of the day might not merge in persecutions; if the pure and the good might not possibly suffer with those given over to the prince of darkness. But when Sir William returned home, he found Samuel Parris, his old patron and early preceptor, waiting for him. The good man had taken his staff and walked all the way from Salem, to seek counsel and consolation of his powerful friend.

Between these two men was a tie, which no one could fathom—a tie stronger than that which could have bound master and pupil, or benefactor and protegee. Phipps had sprung from a poor, apprentice boy, to be the richest and most powerful man in New England. He had won a title and wealth from the mother government, by his indomitable energies, while Samuel Parris had dreamed his life away, under the roof where the embryo great man had taken his first charity lesson. But though one was a man of thought, and the other of progress, no distance of time nor station could separate them. So, full of his terrible sorrow, the old minister came to his friend's house, asking for sympathy and craving help. Gov. Phipps was in the prime of life, a man of noble presence, strong in intellect and in power. Parris was old and bowed to the earth with trouble; the white locks floated thinly over his temples, his black eyes were sharp and wild with protracted anguish. But the two met kindly, as they had done years before. The strong man forgot his successful ambition, and the state to which it had led. With the feeble old minister he was an apprentice boy again.

They sat down together, and the old man told

his sorrow, with the simple truth so natural to his character. When he described the condition of his child, and asserted his solemn conviction that it was the work of sorcery, and that Barbara Stafford, the woman who had seemed at first like an angel of light, had wrought this fiend's work in his household, Phipps began to look upon his feelings toward the prisoner as a snare of Satan, from which he must free himself only with fasting and penitence. For how could he doubt the word of that good old man, or feel anything but holy indignation against the person who had, by satanic power, disturbed the beautiful character of his favorite Elizabeth Parris?

From that time, he began to look upon the interest which young Lovel manifested in the prisoner, as a proof of her pernicious influence, and rebuked the young man sternly when he sought to arouse kindly feelings in her behalf once more.

Thus weeks and months went by, leaving Barbara Stafford in miserable solitude, till the frost crept over the forest, and the white snow fell like a winding sheet, then they brought her forth for trial.

CHAPTER X.

THE trial was one which filled the community with a certain sense of awe. It was no old woman, brought up in their midst, whose very ignorance was beset and urged in judgment against her; but a brave, beautiful lady, full of life, and bright with intellect, whose very presence as she walked up those aisles, with a forest of halberts bristling around her, made the proudest of her judges hold his breath. She sat down upon a bench placed near the pulpit, within sight of the communion-table which was surrounded by her judges, for whom a platform had been built, lifting them in sight of the people. She was very pale, and her eyes had a weary look inexpressibly touching, but there was neither timidity, nor unconcern in her appearance; she seemed quiet as a lamb, but weary too, like one who had been driven a long way, and through rough places, to be slaughtered at last.

The meeting-house was crowded. The square pews, the galleries and staircases, were groaning under a weight of human life. Men crowded upon each other, like hounds on the scent, only to obtain a glimpse of the beautiful witch, or to catch a tone of her voice, like sportsmen who had brought down a splendid bird in the search after common game, the rabble gloried in the queenliness and grace of its victim. It had become tired of hanging withered old crones on the witch gallows, and wanted exactly a creature

like that, to bring the terrible hunt after human life into repute again.

Inside and out, the meeting-house was beset with a breathless throng. The windows were open, though the air was sharp and full of frost, that the curious crowd, which trampled down the snow without, might get a glimpse of that pale face like the rest. The forest, out of whose bosom the city of Boston had been cut, swept down close to the building, and the crowd extended into its margin. It was observed that a few Indians mingled with the people in this direction, and that others were occasionally seen moving among the naked trees farther up the woods, where a hemlock hollow broke off the view.

When the trial commenced, and the prosecuting attorney was about opening his case, drawing all eyes to the meeting-house, and the proceedings within, a train of savages came gliding out of these hemlock shadows, and mingling imperceptibly with the crowd, through which they moved, like a brook stirring the long grass of a meadow. It was a common thing for friendly Indians to mix in such crowds, and no one observed that a sort of military precision marked their movements, even while penetrating the multitude, and that they dropped into line, after entering the meeting-house, forming aordon from the platform, on which the judges sat, to the front entrance doors. Had these savages been in full costume, their number might have seemed formidable enough to excite some anxiety; but they had no war-paint, and came after the fashion of a friendly nation, with blankets to keep them from the cold, and a movement so quiet that their very presence was unobserved.

At their head, and walking so far in advance, that no one but a keen observer would have guessed him of the party, came a young man, handsomely garbed after the fashion of the times, as a person of condition might be, and with a certain air of self-centred ease, that would have distinguished him in any place but that, where the general attention was fixed on one point.

He was a young man of wonderful presence, dark like a Spaniard, with quick, brilliant eyes, and features finely chiseled, but bold in the outline, manly, and yet delicate. His mouth had a beautiful power of expression, and his forehead was like dusky marble, cut when the artist was thinking of war and tempest. This man had made his way close up to the platform, where the judges were seated, and listened with keen attention to the proceedings.

When the prosecuting counsel had opened his

case, and was about to call witnesses for the crown, Samuel Parris stood forth. The old man was agitated, but firm in his sense of right. It was seldom that a witness of so much dignity appeared upon a trial like that, for usually the accusers, like their victims, were persons of low position and small attainments. The wisdom and pity of the crowd rose up in array against one helpless woman.

Samuel Parris required no questioning. He told his story with brief earnestness, unconsciously drawing conclusions from the facts he related, fatal to the prisoner, but with a solemn conviction of their truth.

"Did he recognize the prisoner at the bar?" he was asked. "Yes! he had known her some months; it had seemed to him from the first that she must have been familiar to him years ago; that was doubtless one of her delusions; but this feeling had led him to think of her more, and extend hospitalities which had conducted him and his family into a deadly snare."

"Where had he seen her first?"

"In the midst of a terrible storm, which the inhabitants of Boston might well remember; when the shores were lashed and trampled down by the tempest, where the waves rioted and tore against each other like mad animals, and toward the sea all was one turmoil of wind and waters and black, angry clouds.

"That woman's influence must have been infernal in its power, for in the midst of this storm he had been impelled forth to the heights—he, a feeble old man, urged forward by a premonition, that, in the black turmoil of the tempest, he would find something waited for all his life. He went with his garments in the wind, and the cold rain beating against his temples—went, and saw, in the midst of the storm, a great ship heaving shoreward, with the vast clouds falling around her, lurid and luminous with a red sunset, in the midst of which stood that woman—the prisoner. As he watched, a young man stood by his side, even Norman Lovel, the youth who was but now whispering to the woman; and the young man confessed there, in the whirl of the wind, that he too had been impelled to seek the heights, and look for some great good, which was to come to him up from the stormy sea.

"They saw the ship in company. The woman upon its deck, the billows and looming clouds fringed for a moment by the sunset. They saw the woman come down the side of the vessel, where it rocked and plunged like a desert horse in the lasso; saw her put off in a small boat, amid the boiling waves; saw the boat leap and reel toward the land; rushed down together to

the base of the hills, and into the waves. They saw the boat strike, saw it crushed into atoms, and saw the woman weltering in a whirlpool of waters. The two, he and the young man, rushed into the waves, breasted them, battled with them like lions. A wild strength came to his arms, a supernatural power, that neither belonged to his feeble organization, nor his age. From that time, no doubt, the Evil One possessed him. How he tore the woman from the waves, that had engulfed her, he never knew; for the youth was hurled upon the shore, cold and dead, grasping the woman's garments.

"The youth was dead, he could solemnly testify to that, for he felt his pulse, and kept one hand long over his heart to feel for life, but there was neither breath nor pulse, Lazarus, in his tomb, was not more lifeless when the Saviour looked upon him. The youth was dead. But when the woman arose from the sand, with her hair dropping salt rain, and her lips purple with cold, she saw him lying there, prone at her side, and gathered him to her bosom with a strange gleam of the face; gathered him to her bosom, and pressed those quivering lips down upon his forehead and his marble mouth—those kisses, the unearthly warmth of her eyes, brought him to life. She had purchased immortality of the Evil One, and gave part of it to him. This was the one great act of sorcery that he had witnessed, and to which he now bore testimony before the most high God after that, the woman had obtained an unbounded power over the youth; he had manifested an uncontrollable desire for her company—had neglected his old friends and the most binding attachments—body and soul he had become the serf of her diabolical power."

Here Samuel Parris paused. The perspiration rose in great drops to his forehead, his hands shook as he wiped the moisture away.

"And is this all you have to say?" demanded the judge, while the vast audience broke the silence, by hoarse murmurs, that stole through the windows, and grew louder as the people outside took them up. "Is this all?"

"No," said the old man, and the white hair rose slowly from his temples, while shadows gathered about his mouth, "I, too, was in the hands of this woman of Endor. I, the servant of the Lord, who have broken the holy bread to God's people for more than fifty years. Here, in this consecrated building, while I stood with the sacred wine in my hands, after that just man, William Phipps, had drank of it in baptism, this woman appeared to me, standing in the very spot where he had stood, appeared to me as an angel of light, for her eyes shone like stars, and

a smile full of tender humility beamed on her face—with those eyes, with that smile, and with a voice that might have dropped from the golden harps to which cherubs sing. She won me into a great sacrilege."

Again the minister wiped his brow; the judge grew pale, and leaned forward breathlessly. The audience was still as death; you could hear the shivering of the naked tree boughs afar off in the forest, but nothing nearer.

Amid this appalling hush, Barbara Stafford lifted her face to the witness, and a faint, pitying smile lay like a shadow on her lips. She seemed about to speak, but the judge lifted his hand,

"A great sacrilege, brother Parris!"

The minister cast a pleading look upon the judges at the bar and his brethren of the ministry, as if beseeching forbearance.

"Yes! a great sacrilege, for, as I stood, with the unleavened bread before me and the sacred wine in my hand—stood alone in this holy building, for all else had departed—this person, Barbara Stafford, by those sweet wiles which I speak of, won me to give the wine to her, that she might taste it; and so beguiled of the devil, I broke with her of the bread, which is a symbol of the body of Christ. This, brethren, was my sin—I was beset of the dark one and fell!"

A groan broke from the divines that heard the confession. The judge bent his forehead to the palm of his hand, shading the pallor of his features. The foreman of the jury muttered a low prayer, and the jury whispered a solemn amen.

Even the face of young Lovel took an expression of affright. The stillness that reigned in the body of the house was appalling.

The old minister sat down, shading his face with both hands, then, in his place stood Elizabeth, pale, thin, wild. The shadow of her former beauty seemed hanging around her like a shroud.

When she saw her lover standing close to Barbara Stafford, a faint glow stole over her cheek, as if a peach blossom had blown across it, leaving its reflection behind.

The judge lifted his head and looked kindly upon her. The jury whispered together, and cast pitying glances that way; and through all that vast crowd a thrill of sympathy ran, like the wind in a forest.

Poor girl! she was sincere as a child, earnest as a woman. She told the power of love and hate which Barbara Stafford had attained over her; how, in her absence, the most bitter dislike filled her bosom, but when Barbara's eyes were upon her, or her voice in her ear, a sweet revul-

sion followed, and she was like a babe, or a slave, in the woman's presence. She spoke of the time when Barbara came to the parsonage at Salem, of the strange effect it had upon Abby Williams, and the more terrible results on herself. Then she said the presence of this woman became a torture. When she spoke, a knife pierced her heart; when she smiled, lurid fire seemed creeping over her brain. At last, her entire being was given up to the sorceress, whose power filled her room with strange shapes, that tormented the sleep from her eyes, and all peace from her heart. She was better now. The prayers of her christian father had emancipated her; but the judges might see by her pale face, and thin hands, how fatally the curse had fastened on her life.

This was the evidence of Elizabeth Parris. She laid all the pains of her jealous heart open to the judges, and in the natural agony of disturbed love, they read only the power of witchcraft. Kept in silence by the exquisite delicacy which made her susceptible to so much suffering, she did not mention Norman Lovel in her evidence; thus, all clue to the origin of her suffering was concealed.

When her evidence was complete, Elizabeth fainted, and was borne to the court in the arms of Norman Lovel, who, touched by her gentleness and her innocent confession, sprang forward to save her from falling.

Now Governor Phipps came forward; and it was remarked, that for the first time that day, Barbara Stafford became greatly agitated; her lips, hitherto serenely closed, began to quiver; her eyes dilated, and the blue tints deepened under them. When he spoke, her hands clasped and unclasped themselves, nervously, under her shawl. Once she rose and looked around, as if tempted to fly into the open air.

But the constable laid his heavy hand on her, reminding her that she was a prisoner. She looked in his face with a bewildered stare, remembered what she was, and sat down with a dreary smile about her mouth.

Sir William Phipps was also greatly agitated. He had been summoned by the court, and with proud humility obeyed its behests.

"To the best of his remembrance," he said, "he had never met the prisoner but three times in his life—once at his own door, when, by mistake, he for a moment thought her to be Lady Phipps."

Here a low moan broke from the neighborhood of the prisoner; but, if it came from her, the anguish to which it gave voice was instantly suppressed.

Barbara was looking at the witness. The light fell on his face, but hers was in shadow, still and white like that of a marble statue.

"Yes, for a moment," he resumed, "he had mistaken the prisoner for Lady Phipps, and, in the darkness, had held her to his bosom; it was but an instant, and during that brief time, a strange swell heaved at his heart, with a fullness that took away his breath; it subsided into a heavy pain at last, which hung about him for days, though the woman had departed before he could look upon her face, and he had not heard the sound of her voice. This pain had seized him once before, while he stood in that very sacred building, with the sacramental wine at his lips; and he was informed afterward, that she had entered the house, just as he took the goblet in his hand. Again her supernatural influence—for he could account for these sensations no other way—had been exerted on him, as he entered her place of confinement, for such was the compassion she inspired, had it rested with him, his own hands would have been impelled to open her prison doors and set her free. Such was her silent power over him."

As the governor uttered these words, Barbara Stafford's eyes filled with tears, and a glow of tenderness softened her face. She drew a deep breath, and then the tears began to drop, large and fast, as if her very heart were broken up.

Unimportant as the governor's evidence might seem in these days, it had a powerful effect upon the court. He was known, among the people, as a stern, proud man, cold as steel, but just beyond question, even to the sacrificing of his own life, had it been forfeited to the law. That he should be influenced to such tenderness of compassion, against his reason, and in spite of himself, was to the people, who listened, deeper proofs of witchcraft than the parts to which Samuel Parris had sworn. He was known as a tender-hearted, visionary old man, half poet, half philosopher, by all the country round. But the governor—whoever supposed that sentiment or imagination could cloud his clear judgment? Thus, though the governor was guarded in his evidence, which to men less influenced by superstition would have been nothing, it bore heavily against Barbara Stafford. But those who looked in her face, as Sir William left the stand, might have thought, from the glow which broke through her cheek and eyes, that his evidence had been her salvation. For the moment her face was radiant.

After this, Norman Lovel was brought to the stand, sorely against his will, for, though in the depths of his soul, he was satisfied that the

influence which the noble woman possessed was only such as God always lends to true greatness, he could not, after those who had gone before, urge his convictions on the court, and alas! the facts he had no power to contradict: they were even such as Samuel Parris had sworn to.

When Barbara Stafford saw his troubled look, she beckoned him toward her, and before the constable could interfere, bade him be of good courage and speak the truth, trusting her with the Lord.

It could not have been otherwise. He did speak the truth, and his very efforts to explain and soften the facts, which Samuel Parris had stated, only served to prejudice the jury more deeply; for they bent their heads and whispered together, that it was easy to see the influence of the beautiful witch was strong upon him, yet, therefore, his words must be weighed with grave caution, as coming directly from the father of lies.

Then Abigail Williams came forward, but her evidence was clearly in favor of the prisoner. She disclaimed all impressions of evil obtained from that source; admitted that she had been influenced against her friends, and had suffered greatly by day and by night, but Barbara Stafford was not the cause; of her she only knew what was feminine and good. When questioned regarding the sources of her knowledge, and of her estrangement, she refused to speak. So the judges, after consulting together, drew a proof of Barbara's power from her perverse silence. How was it to be expected that the witness could speak while the glance of the prisoner was upon her?

At last old Tituba took the stand. Her withered face seemed small, and more shriveled up than ever; but her eyes, usually sharp and piercing as those of a rattlesnake, were now hard as steel. Instead of glancing round the court with her usual vigilance, she kept her gaze fixed on the leading judge, as if all her duty lay with him. The prosecutor expected much from this witness. She had been with Abigail Williams and Elizabeth Parris from their infancy, and must know better than any other person the effect which Barbara Stafford had produced upon them. She had helped to decoct the herbs and roots which Barbara loved to gather, and had herself drank of this devil's broth, as those pleasant, wholesome drinks were now denominated. It was these drinks, no doubt, that had shrunk up her own features, and made her eyes so blood-shot.

But when Tituba spoke, her first words flung the court into consternation. When called upon

to look at the prisoner, she turned her head resolutely another way, calling out,

"No, no! What has old Tituba to do with the stranger? It was I, old Tituba, who made the drinks, and it was I who went out in the night for herbs. Poor old Tituba meant right; but if witches walked by her side, unseen, and put strange plants into her apron, how was she to know? She had heard the mandrakes cry out when she tore up their roots: and once she had found a plant, from which the blood dropped red when her knife cut it, and whispers ran through the forest as she carried it away. These roots she had been tempted to put into the household beer just before Elizabeth was taken ill."

"Had Barbara Stafford tempted her?" This was a question put by the judge. "Had she been near when the mandrake shrieked?"

"No, old Tituba was alone, it was her work altogether. She was the witch—she had yielded herself to the Evil One in her old age, it was her lips which had given forth the poison that ran through the whole household. Beguiled by unseen devils, she had told strange, wicked things to Abigail Williams, and turned her to stone. The witch poison had spread from cousin to cousin—from father to child—from parlor to kitchen, till the minister's household was utterly accursed, and she, old Tituba, the Indian woman—she, the witch of witches, had done it all."

When Tituba had done, she cast one imploring look toward the dusky young stranger, that still kept his place near the judges. And when she saw by his look that he seemed satisfied with what she had done, the fire came back to her eyes, and coming down quickly from the stand she passed him, saying in a low voice,

"Has Tituba done well?" And before the judges could consult together she glided through the crowd; an Indian, who stood near the door, withdrew the blanket from his shoulders and cast it over her head. Thus disguised after the fashion of her tribe, she found her way into the forest, thinking, poor, old soul, that in confessing herself a witch, and taking the household curse on herself, she had saved the beautiful, strange lady from death.

Alas, it was all in vain! The judges looked upon old Tituba as an accomplice, not as a principal, and thus, in their minds, Barbara's guilt was confirmed. At last a judge, more compassionate than his brethren, asked the prisoner if she had no counsel.

Barbara looked up at this question, smiled faintly, and shook her head.

"Wherefore should I seek counsel?" she said. "I have no friends, and those who bear witness

of my innocence injure me most. What could any man do in behalf of a creature so forsaken?"

"No, not forsaken—do not say that. One friend is ready to stand by you," whispered a voice in her ear, and looking suddenly around she saw Norman Lovel, with all the fire of a generous nature in his face, ready to die at her feet, or in her defence despite his patron—despite all the judges on earth.

A beautiful joy broke over Barbara Stafford's face, the loneliness of desolation was no longer around her. But other eyes were bent on Norman Lovel, and when Barbara smiled, the frown upon that dark forehead gloomed like midnight.

"The prisoner has no counsel," said the judge. "Let the trial proceed."

"Not so," cried a clear voice, that rang over the crowd with singular distinctness. "The lady has counsel, I, an advocate in the English courts, as these credentials testify, stand here in her defence."

Barbara Stafford started at the sound of that voice. It was the son of King Philip, who had flung himself in the midst of his most deadly enemies to rescue her from death. Norman Lovel started forward and took his place by the young man, whom he saw, for the first time, and toward whom his heart leaped in quick sympathy.

The judges consulted together. The case was a singular one, and they were not altogether certain about admitting a stranger into the provincial courts without due question. But the credentials which the young man submitted were genuine, and after a little he was received with considerable show of dignity to a place before the judges. Though armed with the impulses of a giant, and a kind of eloquence that might have kindled enthusiasm in any heart not locked close by superstition, which is the romance of bigotry, he might as well have argued with the rocks on the hills, as attempted that woman's defence before that iron-faced jury, and those iron-hearted judges. What argument could he use which would not wound the self-love of those solemn men?—how could he arouse sympathies which they repudiated as a sin, or appeal to the judgment which was bound down by prejudices, which they revered as solemn allegations?

At first his voice was husky, and his speech faint, the very might of his sympathy for the woman who sat gazing on him so piteously paralyzed his powers; but indignation at last broke the trammels from his heart, and with a loud, clear utterance he entered upon her defence.

But that the judges and the jury were blind with bigotry and solemn self-conceit, his first argument must have enforced her acquittal. With the might of a powerful intellect he unraveled the tissue of evidence, and exhibited the case as it would appear this day. "The evil," he said, "lay not in the gentle lady arraigned before them, but in the disturbed minds of the witnesses: Samuel Parris was a man of books, of meditation and thought—a poet, diseased by the unwritten music in his soul which had no power to express itself in long sermons, and to whom all these gentle avenues to sympathy were closed up. It was this that had drawn him into the storm, and had sent him to battling the waves face to face with death on the coast. It was this that made love for his child idolatry, from which he was compelled by a sensitive conscience to fast and pray, as from a grievous sin. Samuel Parris, the principal witness, was neither insincere nor insane, but a man born in advance of the age, to whom endowments, that would have been greatness if understood even by himself, were turned into a torment and a curse. This quick imagination, this sensitive love, had seized upon the old man's reason, and thus rendered him the most dangerous of witnesses—a thousand times more dangerous than falsehood or malice could have been, because of his honesty." The other witnesses he touched on lightly and with gentleness, but when he left them and threw his fiery soul into a protest and appeal for the prisoner, the passion of his eloquence was enough to stir even that crowd of prejudging accusers.

Why had Barbara Stafford done these strange things? How, except from the Prince of Darkness, had she attained the power of winning every soul that came in contact with hers into subjection? Why was she possessed of a beauty which died with the first growth of most women, a fresh, proud beauty to which years only gave grandeur, except that she had made a compact with the Evil One, and given her soul in exchange for the marvelous beauty in which her diabolical power principally lay? How could he, or any man, answer charges like these—charges based on imagination only, and yet, for which a fellow creature was in jeopardy of her life?

How should he answer? Let the judge and the jury look upon the woman where she sat, with halberts bristling around her, and a tribunal of death that moment waiting to hurl her into eternity; for, guard the dignity of that court as they might, such was its object. See how gently she watches these proceedings—see how brave she is. Though a woman upon the brink

of eternity, rich in beauty, and strong with life, she is not afraid to die. Was that the attitude of a fiend? Was that troubled smile, so full of forgiveness and pity, the smile of a fiend or an angel? Let the jury look upon that face, and answer to the most high God if they refused to profit by the evidence beaming therein!

Here the men of the jury looked at Barbara Stafford with a single accord, as if they had no power to resist the direction of the young advocate's eye, and it seemed impossible to turn from the gaze, so mournful was the gloom of those large eyes, so brave was the attitude with which she met their scrutiny.

But here one of the judges arose, and warned the jury, that such was the most dangerous fascination which Satan gave to his witch elected, and besought them to look straight toward the bench, thus saving their souls from jeopardy.

Then the wonderful eloquence of the young man was aroused, his magnificent eyes shot fire, his lip curved, and his thin nostrils dilated, all the strength and fervor of his being was flung into the scathing denunciation which he hurled against the court, and against the people whom the tribunal represented. It was the wild eloquence of despair, for he knew when the jury turned to look upon Winthrop, the chief judge, whose rebuke had crushed the rising pity which might have saved Barbara Stafford, that her doom was sealed. Thus, with the terrible conviction that he was avenging the fate of a doomed woman rather than pleading with a hope, he poured out a wild outburst of feeling—now appeal—now denunciation—now a wailing lament, that made the jury tremble, and the judges turn white in the face, as if an avenging angel had descended to protect the woman they were about to adjudge to death.

The eloquence, native to the Indian, overbore the restraint of education, and as the wild torrent of feeling rushed over the multitude, it fired the superstition, brooding then into a terrible conviction. A word only was wanting, like a lighted match, to ignite these lurid apprehensions. It came from a far off corner of the meeting-house.

"The beautiful witch has brought Lucifer himself to plead her cause; see the fire in his eyes, the breath from his nostrils; see the bronze on his forehead, the proud curve on his mouth!"

At these words there rose a tumult in the house. Women shrieked, and pressed forward to the doors; men broke into wild murmurs, or whispered together in low voices; while the judges stood up, pale as a group of statues; and

the jury huddled together, looking into each other's faces aghast.

In the midst of this turmoil, Barbara Stafford felt a breath on her cheek, and looking suddenly up, met the glance of those eyes, which, a moment before, had frightened the people with their brilliancy, now full of burning determination.

"Have no fear," he whispered, "the tribe of King Philip is not all dead. If I go, it is to accomplish elsewhere, what is impossible here."

Barbara Stafford answered him with a look only, for, in an instant, the rush of the crowd carried the noble youth from her sight, and when the court, recovering from its panic, looked around for this emissary of the Dark One, who had denounced its proceedings face to face with the august judges, the strange advocate was gone. Then, while the crowd was hushed with unconquerable awe, and the very heaven was hung with the blackness of a gathering storm, the verdict of the jury ran in a low whisper from lip to lip, till it reached the savages brooding in the forest, and was mingled with the deep, deep curses of the white man—

"Guilty! guilty!"

While the storm burst over them, shaking the window-panes, like angry fiends uphurling great trees in the woods, and plowing up the virgin soil in its fury, sentence was pronounced. On the second day from that Barbara Stafford was doomed to suffer as a witch, and the sentence must be carried out.

Governor Phipps, doubting the tenderness in his own heart to be a suggestion of the devil, refused to interfere, though Norman Lovel, it is said, went on his knees to the stern man, and Lady Phipps, gentle and magnanimous, always joined her entreaties to his, but in vain. There was something at his own heart which the governor feared more than the pleadings of his favorite or his wife, something that made him tremble and grow child-like till he shuddered at his own weakness; for even his strong mind was perverted by the terrible superstitions of the age, and he believed these relents to be a direct instigation of the devil.

No, Barbara Stafford must die, but not without the consolations of religion, not without the means of confession.

In this, the last night given her by the law, the gallows was built, the executioner was ready, and no hope came to Barbara Stafford. Sir William Phipps had given his irrevocable decision. She must die. Those who saw her face when this was announced to her, never forgot it

till their dying day, it was that of a grieved angel, sad, but forgiving.

It was the night before her day of doom when she received this decision. Norman Lovel came himself with the terrible tidings, hoping to soften her fate by words of soothing and consolation. Never to his dying day did he forget the expression of that face when he told Barbara how hopeless his suit had been. It was like that of a grieved angel, calm and mournful, but holy with resignation. It seemed as if her soul was repeating the words of our Saviour, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

Barbara strove to calm the anguish of her young friend, and her voice was like that of a troubled angel as she attempted to persuade the noble youth from the terrible anguish into which her fate had plunged him; but it was all in vain, he refused to be comforted.

While they were talking, and as Barbara was about to inquire after Elizabeth Parris—for, in the greatest peril, she did not forget that the young girl, her innocent enemy, had been borne from the court insensible—the turnkey opened her dungeon door, and looked in with a wistful, inquiring look, and over his shoulders appeared a thin face, sharp, and greyish pale, whose black eyes wandered over the dungeon with a sort of timid eagerness, as if he searched, and yet shrunk from some object.

Barbara Stafford saw the face, and stood up with a mournful smile on her lip, and thus she remained, waiting, till Samuel Parris came in and paused before her, like the ghost of some pale friar that had wandered from its substance.

"Samuel Parris, my kind host, my stern accuser," said Barbara Stafford, quietly, "alas! old man, you seem more dreary than I; no wonder—my troubles will be over to-morrow; but yours—oh! God forgive you, Samuel Parris! May the God of heaven help you to forgive yourself!"

Samuel Parris sat down upon a stool, and looked around him with a wild expression of trouble in his eyes. He had come to persuade Barbara Stafford to save herself by confession, for her coming death troubled him sorely; but when he saw her standing there, so calm and pale like a queen—no, like that grander thing, a brave, delicate woman, who knows how to die for the truth like a woman—he had no voice wherewith to tempt her weakness, or win on her conscience; but sat down, with trouble in his eyes, gazing on her in silence.

"Old man," said Barbara, smiling, oh! how mournfully, "if you came to encourage me to

support my weakness through the dark scene of to-morrow, I thank you."

"Nay," said the old man, "I came to exhort you to confession."

Barbara made a repulsive movement with her hand.

"Without that," continued the minister, "there is no hope. Governor Phipps has locked the door against us, that his heart may be no longer wrung with our importunities, for I, even I, and Elizabeth my daughter, and even the wife of his bosom, have been on our knees before him to no avail; for, now that death treads so closely on our words, we, who have been your honest accusers, would fain see you sent safely beyond seas, rather than this fearful sentence should be fulfilled."

Barbara Stafford bent her face, shrouding it with both hands, while a flood of soft, sweet tears rained from her eyes. It was sweet to know, that even these, her bitter enemies, had relented a little.

As she stood thus, bowed forward, with both hands up, her hair broke partially loose, and fell in waves down her shoulder. There was something in this attitude, something in the very depth of her sobs that struck the old man with a sort of terror; he stood up, and, with his withered hands attempted to put back the hair from her face, as if she had been a little girl whose grief he pitied. She dropped her hands with a quick motion as she felt his touch, and their eyes met in mutual recognition—the attitude and the disposal of her hair had betrayed her.

Samuel Parris stood dumb and pale gazing at her. She met his look with terror in her eyes, and a moan on her lips. Young Lovel looked on, mute with surprise.

Simultaneously Barbara and the minister motioned the youth to depart, and leave them alone. He went, and yet neither of the two spoke. They looked in each other's eyes afraid. At last the minister found voice,

"Alive!" he said, "alive! and here? Oh! my God, my God, what has thy servant done that he should see this day?"

"You know me then, Samuel Parris? You know me then?"

"Alas! alas!" The old man wrung his hands in anguish.

"And now you understand my presence here, my anguish and my silence?"

"Oh! God forgive us!—God forgive us!" moaned the old man.

"When my father died, and set me free from a solemn promise, I came in search of him, the husband of my youth, the father of my child!"

"Of your child, lady? Alas! he never knew that a child was born of that unfortunate marriage, but received tidings of your death years ago—tidings which could not be doubted, for they came in your father's own handwriting. I saw them myself on the very night of his marriage with the poor lady who holds your place."

"And you performed that ceremony also?"

"Yes, truly, but not till such proofs had been given of your death, that no one could have doubted."

"Nay, I was worse than dead; for months and years after the birth of my son I was confined in a mad-house—a private mad-house—from which nothing could release me, but a solemn pledge not to seek after, or even speak of my husband while the earl lived. Of my child I had no knowledge; they told me it was dead, and I believed them. At last I was released from this terrible imprisonment and carried into foreign lands, where we traveled five years, carrying with us outward grandeur and inward pain. We went to Bermuda, to Europe, Asia, and Africa, everywhere save to the land where my husband dwelt—of him I heard nothing, and dared ask nothing. When I left the asylum, my father told me that William Phipps was dead, and I dared not question his truth. Still in my heart of hearts I felt that he was not dead. At last the earl, my father, whose pride had widowed me while yet scarcely more than a child, was laid with the cold and proud of his ancestors, dust with their dust, and I, the inheritor of his estates, the lady of a proud line, thought nothing of these things, but urged by one wild wish, and free of my promise, took the first ship and came to America, searching for the husband of my youth—searching even for the child that had blessed me for an hour and disappeared, but whose tomb I had never seen.

"I came upon this coast amid storms, and buffeted by the elements that seemed striving to force me back from my fate. You know the rest: it was your hand that dragged me from the breakers, yours and his. I awoke in sight of the spot where we had first met in hearing of the waves that had borne us, twenty years before, a happy, happy pair across the ocean. All the dear, old memories came back to me then—the night when we rode through the forest to your dwelling, and were sacredly wedded under its roof—the secrecy, the doubt, the happiness, and the love unutterable which bound me, the daughter of a proud earldom, to the fate of a being rendered greater still by the energies and strength which make the nobility of manhood. Full of these thoughts, rich in the holy love that

when it is real, runs like a golden thread from time into eternity, I waited for the hour when I could tell my husband all that I had suffered—all that I had hoped since the pride of my father forced us asunder. It seemed as if the hour that restored me to him would, in some way, bring my child to life: I could not think of the two apart. But while I was waiting in the sweet hush of a new hope, with the sound of the far off waters reaching me like a perpetual promise, content with the dear certainty that he was close at hand, and I relieved of all bondage, with a new life before me, and sweet hopes surging at my heart, a lady came to my presence, a fair woman, whose smiles made my heart ache under the sweet welcome. She came with offers of hospitality and cordial good-will—came in the plenitude of her rich happiness to invite the storm-tossed stranger to share the luxuries of her home—to share the society and protection of her husband—her husband, Sir William Phipps, governor of Massachusetts! I fainted at the lady's feet, but kept my secret safe. She left me bewildered, smitten to the soul with a great blow, one for which I was utterly unprepared. Old man, you would pity me could you guess at the anguish, the terrible, terrible desolation that followed this interview with my husband's second wife!"

"Oh! me," said Samuel Parris, dropping the hands that had covered his face—"oh, me! I do pity you. And it was I that married you both, you so noble, so grand of character, she so bright and good—God have mercy upon us!"

"At last," continued Barbara, "my decision was made. I would return to my native land, and tread the ashen desert of life which must yet be mine, for I was strong, and could not die, utterly, utterly wretched, with a penance of life before me which must be endured. But I could not bring myself to this all at once. There arose moments when my soul rose up in arms for its rights, and the love of my youth grew mighty in its own behalf: but it is easier to suffer than inflict suffering, better to endure than avenge. I resolved to see my husband, and after that to decide. I went to the North Church, where he stood by its altar in the pride of his state and the humility of his faith, and was baptized for another life. Then it was, Samuel Parris, that a resolve of perfect self-abnegation possessed me—then it was I almost wrested the consecrated wine from your hands, and made a vow which I have kept even unto death—a vow to remain as dead to the man who had been my husband, to leave him forever, and go away into utter loneliness.

"But I could not remain dumb within reach of his presence—I could not see him in domestic converse with another without such anguish as makes the breath we draw a torture. You heard his oath on that awful trial. For one instant he—mistaking me for her—held me to his heart, and after that I fled—fled through the wilderness to your dwelling; and there—oh! my God, help to do away the evil—there the misery spread from my own heart through your household—you had seen without recognizing me, and I supposed myself safe till a ship should come. But the instincts of memory filled you with unrest, and you mistook them for supernatural influences; your child mistook the affection which springs from the heart of a son to his mother, and grew wild with wounded love. So my suffering bore poisonous fruits, and was tortured into proofs of witchcraft, and for that I am to die!"

Samuel Parris started to his feet, his eyes were wild—his face haggard.

"Die, die!—and is self-sacrifice like this rewarded by murder? Unhappy lady, sweet martyr, no. I will follow the governor, he must learn the truth, you shall not die. In this case magnanimity is suicide."

Barbara Stafford laid her hand on his arm.

"Nay," she said, "I forbid you to interfere in this. I am content to suffer the penalty awarded by the court. Others, innocent as I, have suffered death, and to me sleep will be sweet, even in the grave."

But Samuel Parris would not be persuaded: he put her hands away. Now Barbara Stafford stood up with a gesture of command.

"Old man, you are a minister of the Most High, tell me if a vow taken with the sacred wine, and strengthened by the breaking of holy bread, can be put aside because death stands in the way? This vow I have taken never to reveal myself to William Phipps, never to claim him or recognize him, and to this vow you, with your own hands, administered. In the name of the Most High God who heard us both, I charge silence upon you now and forever!"

The old man groaned aloud.

"But there is one thing still undone which will make my last hours free of pain, and this I entreat you to aid me in."

The old man looked up eagerly.

"The boy Norman Lovel! Since I have been in this prison, a ship has arrived bringing letters, which he has conveyed to me safely here in my confinement. They come from my father's solicitor, and bring proof, ample proof, that this youth, this noble, noble youth, is the son I had mourned, and yet could not believe dead. The

son of Sir William Phipps, he was educated as an orphan, and placed by the solicitor in the household of his own father. The letters, which I have, recall him to England, that he may take possession of his inheritance. Samuel Parris, before I suffer, let the youth be wedded to your daughter. My blessing will remove all sorcery from her young life."

"But Sir William?"

"When I am dead, he will thank you for giving me this one gleam of happiness. But Norman, when he knows that it was his mother who blessed him—and he will learn this hereafter—will look on his young wife with double tenderness."

"And must it be kept secret from him?"

"Even so, or to-morrow would break his heart."

The old man arose. Elizabeth had come with him to the jail, afraid to be separated from him for a moment, and hoping, poor child, to obtain forgiveness for the honest evidence she had borne against the unhappy prisoner before the death hour. She that moment sat shivering in the jailer's room, waiting to be summoned into Barbara's dungeon, and refused to be comforted even by the voice of her lover, who would not leave her till the minister came.

The old man entered the room where they sat, and solemnly as if he had been summoning them to a funeral, bade them follow. When they came forth from Barbara Stafford's dungeon, Elizabeth was Norman Lovel's wife. When the old man reached the open street, his mind resumed its vigor, and flinging away all other considerations, he resolved to tell the whole truth to Gov. Phipps, and thus save that unhappy lady from death. But when he reached the gubernatorial mansion, it was to learn that, in order to escape the terrible scene which must take place in the morning, Sir William had left town.

A public green, and a high, wooden gallows in the centre, a man standing on the platform, with a coil of rope in his hand, a female arrayed in black, her face pale as snow, and her bound hands lifted to her bosom, standing a little in front of him, ready to die; a concourse of people, men, women and children, all crowding and jostling each other, surging up to the foot of the gallows, and forced back again by the soldiery. The sunshine shining pleasantly on all, and the dark forests dreaming in the distance.

This was the picture revealed by that winter's sun, snow upon the earth, sunshine in the skies, brightness and death—a funeral and a mockery.

All at once a tumult arose in the crowd, and just as the executioner uncoiled his rope, a rush

was made upon the soldiers; quick as lightning the muskets were wrenched from their hands, and a tribe of disguised savages rushed over them, around and upon the scaffold. The executioner was seized and cast headlong into the crowd. A path was made through the multitude leading to the shore, from which a distant ship might be seen with her sails set, and her anchor raised.

Before a gun could be fired the scaffold was empty, and Barbara Stafford, with an Indian blanket cast over her raiment, was carried through a cordon of braves down to the sea-shore. A strong arm girded her form, a deep, passionate voice whispered in her ear, "Be content, it is I," and she knew that the son of King Philip had rescued her from death.

Abigail Williams stood upon the beach waiting. Just below, rocking in the water, lay a boat manned by savages, who were ready to obey the lifting of her finger. She saw the crowd rushing shoreward. From the distance came shouts of rage and scattering shots. The soldiers had recovered from the first shock, and wresting back their weapons, down toward the coast they came, with their bayonets flashing back the sunshine like tongues of flame. But in advance, and coming swifter than any civilized foot could leap, rushed forward that band of savages, and foremost of all the young chief, bearing Barbara Stafford in his arms.

He came bounding forward like a hunted deer. He reached the sanded shore, leaped into the water, and placed his precious burden in the boat. With a shout that rang over the waters like a trumpet, he bade the oarsmen pull for their lives, and flinging up his arms, called upon his chiefs to bear Abigail Williams, the daughter of their king, back to the forest, where he would join them, never to leave the woods again till they were a free people.

As he spoke, a shot rang out from a clump of alders near by. A shriek, wild and terrible, rang up from the boat, for with a bound that sent him high up into the sunshine, and a shout of defiance that filled his mouth with blood, the son of King Philip fulfilled the destiny of his race.

When that fatal shot came the boat was under-way. For one moment, while he made that death leap far into the water, the oars in those savage hands trembled; but the next they flashed down to the water, and Barbara Stafford was borne from the shores of America, while the body of her defender floated slowly toward the shore, where his enemies howled out their joy at his death.

Cold as stone, and white as a corpse, Abigail

Williams stood upon the shore, heedless of her danger—heedless of everything. Right in the pathway of the bullets leveled at the boat, she stood. They flew over her head—they fell like rain in the water; and at last, one more merciful than the rest, pierced her through the heart. She fell without a moan, and when the savages carried the body of their young chief to its forest burial at Mount Hope, she slept at his side, the last of a kingly race.

Two years after these events, Sir William Phipps lay at the point of death in a public house of London. Samuel Parris, worn to the grave by the secret confided to him, had on his death-bed revealed to his friend the secret of Barbara Stafford's existence; and on the very next day, without even waiting for the burial of the minister, the strong man set forth on his voyage, determined to ascertain the entire facts of the case, and then act as God and his own soul should decide.

But the struggle of feelings that followed was too much even for his strong nature. When he landed in England, it was, with a consuming fever, eating away his life. But his iron will found power to act, and he sent a messenger to

the mansion, where Barbara Stafford would be found, if still alive, entreating her presence. She came at once, not the Barbara Stafford we have seen, but with a new beauty of age upon her. If she had been sweet and beautiful in her youth, when traveling with her lordly father in a new land, she gave herself, secretly, to be the bride of a working man; how much more grandly did her soul mate with his, when grey hairs lay thickly among the gold of her tresses, and the holy colour of self-abnegation loomed like a blessing on her face!

It was not a painful meeting. In life there was no hope for them, for neither of those noble souls would have sought happiness at the expense of the gentle lady, whose life had been so useful and so pleasant under the shelter of his affection. But in death there was happiness—in heaven a holy reunion. Barbara Stafford knew well that the love that had slept in that strong heart for a time was now immortal, and when he died, with his head upon her bosom and his hand in hers, she gathered his last breath with her lips, and from that day forward no human kiss touched that mouth again.

THE END.

SLEEP.

BY CLARENCE MELVIN.

A SEMPLANCE of that dreamless rest
That knows no sorrow, deep
Is the pale shroud that wraps the soul—
The mystic breath of sleep.

Its curtain shuts the swelling tide
That marks the rush of life,
And bars from memory's golden gate
The record of its strife.

Its soothing visions blind the soul,
For hope and love are there;
And in its world of mystery
The spirit soars in air.

The senses sink amid its joys
Till fancy spreads her wings;
And in the depths of golden flowers
Imagination sings.

Dear spirit of the sunny smile
Still clasp my weary form,
Till, in the depths of thy embrace,
The heart of life grows warm.

Still guide, till love shall gain the joy
Which visions only show,
And hope shall meet its golden wish
Denied it here below.

NOT ALL A DREAM.

BY J. A. TURNER.

LAST night, while I was dreaming,
There came a fairy, seeming
With memory's wand to touch my heart,
And cause its slumbering chords to start.

I woke, and said I was but dreaming,
And thought the matter all a seeming;
But yet to-day I feel the thrill
Which wakening hath no power to still.

And now, I know, 'twas Dora's fingers
Which swept my bosom, for yet lingers
The pulsing beat that made my heart
Into a fitful fever start.

I know 'twas Dora's spirit fingers
Which swept my bosom, for yet lingers
The thrilling which my dream inspired,
When memory's spark my vision fired.

RALPH CLIFFORD'S FLIRTATIONS.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

RALPH CLIFFORD was a flirt in pinafores, and the way in which little boys *do* flirt, all we women know of old. He was never near a little Miss of his acquaintance in sash and pantalettes that he was not teasing for a kiss. The embryo coquette invariably knew how common these marks of attention were; and sometimes with a rose-bud mouth pouting out with cake; and sometimes with small, white, glowing teeth, making the mouth more tempting; and dancing curls and dimpling cheeks, the saucy beauty had dared the audacious boy to kiss her if he could—when a hot chase would follow, and the little panting Atlanta has yielded with kicks and scratches, which have sometimes made the ravisher think the kiss dearly bought.

Ralph was five years older than myself, and my mother says handled me in my babyhood about as respectfully as he did his sister's doll. He even then called me an ugly, red little thing, and was no more complaisant when I grew older. For many years I escaped the infliction under which my companions suffered; I was so exceedingly homely there was no temptation for Ralph. But when I was nine years old, and a slight color came to my cheeks, and my second growth of teeth had appeared, young Clifford thought that even I might do to kiss.

I was sitting in the piazza at his father's house one summer day, deep in the fairy tale of the "pearls and vipers," when Ralph suddenly threw down his book and exclaimed,

"Kate, you *are* ugly, but I suppose it is my duty to kiss you, so here goes," and he made a dive at me as if he thought I would escape.

I only lowered my book and said, "Be quick then, for I'm in a hurry to go on reading."

His breath was on my cheek as I spoke, but he drew back in surprise.

"Well, you're a cool one," was his first exclamation; then recovering his self-possession he added, "I never saw a girl so anxious to be kissed in my life. You don't get them often, I guess?"

"Sometimes," I replied, raising my book again, "but if I have to be punished I like it to be over with soon."

The season had nearly passed before Ralph made another attempt.

There was to be a large fruit party at a neighbor's, to which Master Ralph and myself had *not* been invited with the rest of the family. But as a compensation, good Mrs. Clifford had promised us the first watermelon of the season. Ralph himself superintended the plucking of it, and had it brought to the piazza and laid triumphantly at my feet. We together admired the dark-green rind, and held a long consultation as to the propriety of "plugging" it. Ralph's knuckles and my finger-tips were both sore sounding it. At last he drew out his jack-knife and made a geometrical incision; how our mouths watered as he dove deep into the core, and drew up a glistening, rose-colored piece of the heart. It was carefully reinserted, however, and we both went down to the spring-house to superintend the cooling of it.

A dozen times through the hot sun that day did Ralph visit it, and come back to inform me that it would be "splendid and cool" by afternoon.

The gravity of the occasion seemed to me to demand a certain degree of respect, so when at five o'clock I put on my clean pink gingham dress, I also added a new black silk apron.

Ralph and I were both to a certain extent poetical. The melon could be eaten no where, but under the grand old oak tree at the foot of the lawn. I garnished it with a wreath of summer flowers, and Ralph danced around it, as Nancy bore it, on a huge tray, to the place of sacrifice.

But here my companion's evil genius seemed to possess him.

"It's a splendid fellow, Kate," he exclaimed, "and you shall have the largest slice right out of the middle, if you will give me a kiss."

My dress and apron were becoming. *They* had settled the destiny of the melon.

"I shall *not* kiss you, and I *shall* have some melon," I answered, resolutely, "your mother gave it to me as well as you," and I laid my hand on it.

"Might makes right," replied Ralph, sententiously.

I could have cried from disappointment and vexation. My companion rapped the fruit with his fingers, and then extracted the plug to show me how ripe it was.

"Come, Kate," said he, lifting a plate to look for a knife, "you had better let me kiss you quietly, it's too hot to have a fuss to-day. In fact, if you do not hurry, I shall insist upon *you kissing me* before you can have any. I shall count three and expect you to lay down arms. Now buttercup!" and he approached me, "one, two, three—fire!"

I struggled bravely, and at last succeeded in wrenching myself from his grasp. As I stood smoothing my rumpled hair, Ralph approached the table, saying, "Well, there'll be more for me. What a stupid thing Nancy is, she hasn't brought a knife. You'll have to kiss me now, so make up your mind by the time I come back. I'm going to get a knife."

My anger knew no bounds. I would not kiss Ralph, and I *would* have some of the melon. I was naturally resolute, so I never for a moment thought of calling one of the servants to help me assert my rights. At last a mode of triumph and revenge suggested itself. It was such as could only have been conceived in a female brain. I lifted the green melon from the tray, and with all my fiery strength dashed it on the green-sward. It cracked in a dozen pieces. I stooped down and ate as much of the red heart of it as I could, and was destroying the rest when I saw Ralph come running down the slope of the lawn, and heard him exclaim, "Come, rose-bud, lay down arms and be sensible."

What a coward I became then! Ralph was too brave a boy to attempt corporal punishment on a girl, but I did not know what other shape his revenge might take. I stood for a moment looking wildly first at Ralph, then at the melon, then I started off as if I had been pursued by the Evil One. I heard my companion calling after me, but I never stopped till I had locked myself up in my own room.

The next morning I entered the breakfast-room with downcast eyes, determined to tell Ralph how sorry I was at the first opportunity, but he never looked at me, nor by any sign gave notice that he was aware of my existence. My visit terminated in a few days, but during it we never spoke again, even a farewell.

Ten years had elapsed. Ralph Clifford had gone through college, had traveled over Europe, had become a beau, and some said a flirt, but I had not seen him.

One morning, as I was lounging over the breakfast-table, a letter was handed me which ran thus:—

"DEAR KATE—This is Monday, and this day week I expect you at Rosenearth. Pack up your

most becoming dresses, and bring your last new bonnet. Come with all the weapons with which female vanity in general, and your own coquetish brain in particular can furnish you, for I can assure you that you will need them. My cousin, Ralph Clifford, has just returned from Europe, and is going to make us a visit. I've invited a half dozen of the prettiest girls I know to play Houris to this grand Turk, and I've a fancy for your being Sultana of the set. You've not seen him for many years, have you? Well, he's a splendid fellow, a little spoiled, perhaps, by the women, but you're just the one to cure him. If you don't, my sister-in-law Lou Pemberton will, but I'd rather it should be done by you, it will be more effectual. Be sure to come, for I shall send to the depot for you.

Yours in terrible haste,

MINNIE PEMBERTON.

Rosenearth, September 20th."

I slowly closed the letter, as I thought over my last parting with Ralph. A smile for my childish passion, a sigh for the boy's stern anger; a consultation with my mirror and wardrobe, and I accepted the invitation. Not, I said to myself, to meet Ralph Clifford, but to spend a few gay weeks with a young party at my friend, Mrs. Pemberton's.

But I was a couple of days later in getting to Rosenearth than I had intended, and as I drove up the pine avenue, wearied and dusty from several hours ride in the cars, I shrunk into one corner of the carriage as I saw a gay equestrian party cantering down the road, the dark skirts and long plumes of the ladies waving in the breeze, whilst joyous voices rang out clear and sweet on the autumn air.

Two or three couples had passed me, and the sound of their voices and the metallic ringing of their horses' hoofs had died away, and still I did not see Ralph among them. The foolish thought that perhaps he had not joined the party, because he knew that I was expected that morning, sent a smile to my lips, which was soon dissipated by seeing another couple coming rapidly down the avenue. It was Ralph Clifford and Lou Pemberton. What perfect step the horses kept; with what easy grace did the fair girl manage the proud animal she rode! How tenderly the gentleman by her side leaned toward her as he addressed her! There was something in his manner that made me think of "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere."

"As fast she fled through sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her played,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid:
She looked so lovely as she swayed

The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."

As I passed the couple, the gentleman gave a careless look into the carriage, but no show of recognition, and, with a scornful appellation, addressed to myself, for my vanity of a few moments before, I arrived at Roseneath.

I was assailed with a volume of reproaches by my friend Mrs. Pemberton.

"Why didn't you come on Monday, Kate? It's too bad. Here you've lost two days, and Ralph is already half in love with Lou. He rides with her, and dances with her, and sings with her. Of course I like Lou well enough, because she's Will's sister; but then, she's a flirt and a goose; she doesn't care a pin for Ralph, but if she makes him believe so it's all the same. He's just ruined by the women; a flat up and down contradiction would astonish him as much as an earthquake would. I'm glad, though, that he isn't here now, for you *do* look forlorn, poor child, and first impressions are great things. Go to your room and rest, and come down stairs at dinner-time, prepared to fascinate."

I was sitting behind one of the curtains of the bow window, in the deserted parlor, just before dinner, when I heard a step in the hall, and some one whistling the air from Zampa, "Like the bee I gaily rove," and it was too characteristic for me not to recognize Ralph Clifford. He sauntered into the room, and up to the window where I sat awaiting his appearance with some curiosity. He nearly stumbled over me before he saw me: then he drew back, with a bow and a "beg your pardon;" but evidently he did not know me.

"Will you speak to me now, Mr. Clifford, or haven't you forgiven the broken melon yet?" I said, extending my hand.

"Kate!—Miss Mitchell! It isn't possible! Why, how you're grown, Kate!"

"A little, in ten years, Mr. Clifford," I replied.

"Pshaw! I wish you hadn't, though," was the answer, in a half sentimental tone.

"Thank you, I've no desire to be a second edition of 'Miss Moucher.'"

"I hope your manners have improved, Kate," he said, gravely; "but I fear you are just the same intractable little vixen you used to be."

"Just the same, Mr. Clifford. You couldn't bribe me now with a melon, easier than you could ten years ago."

The foolish words had no sooner left my lips than I regretted them; I did not mean it as a

challenge, but my companion evidently thought so, for he stooped still lower over the chair in which I was sitting, and said,

"But you would grant a kiss for 'auld lang syne's sake, when you would not for a bribe, Kate."

Had Ralph kissed me in the excitement of a first meeting, I should have thought nothing of it, from our former intimacy; but during our conversation there was something in his manner which made me remember Mrs. Pemberton's words, "he's a terrible flirt, spoiled by the women," and I was determined that I would not be one to minister to his vanity, so I coldly drew myself up, as I answered,

"Our old acquaintance ended when you so totally ignored my existence years ago, and a new one begins now."

A bow, which said "as you please," was the only answer, for just then Lou Pemberton entered the room. I think we both measured lances at the first glance. We were acquaintances and rivals of old. I could not compete with her faultless beauty, but I had a cooler head and a stronger will, and in our tournaments of wit or vanity, was as frequently victor as she was. A keen observer of human nature might have discovered an antagonism in five minutes, we were so decorously polite to each other.

She seemed to comprehend the state of affairs instantly. A satisfied smile wreathed her red lips for a moment, as she said,

"I'm delighted to see you, Kate, we only wanted you, to make our party perfect, didn't we, Mr. Clifford?"

"I considered the party as perfect as it could be, before," was the reply, with a bow to Louise, "but I've no doubt Miss Mitchell will add greatly to our pleasure," and there was another bow to myself.

But before the evening was over I began to fear that my "kingdom had departed." Lou was a splendid performer on the piano, whilst I could scarcely play a decent accompaniment to my own singing. She had "done" Europe, too, in the customary style of fashionable people, and, running her slender fingers over the ivory keys, she would turn on the piano-stool and ask,

"Do you remember that, Mr. Clifford? You heard that opera, of course, when you were in Milan;" or, "Did you hear Piccolomini sing this when you were in London?" Then going to the window she would breathe forth a soft sigh, and ask, "Were you ever on Lake Como at sunset?" or, "Can you *ever* forget that divine moonlight on the Bay of Naples, Mr. Clifford?"

I had no such pleasing associations in common

with Ralph Clifford. Between us there was nothing more sentimental than childish strolls through the fields in spring-time for butter-cups and violets; the gathering of white pond-lilies on the cool waters in summer time, much to the detriment of our clothes; the hunting for chestnuts and acorns in the autumn; or the glorious ride on Ralph's sled down steep hills in winter.

My propensity for saying or doing saucy things was never long dormant, so, by way of a counter-blast to her last inquiry, "Can you ever forget that divine moonlight on the Bay of Naples?" without giving Ralph time to answer, I asked, in an enthusiastic tone.

"Can you ever forget those juicy turn-over cherry pies which Nancy used to make us, Mr. Clifford?" and "Do they wear such funny red woolen comforters in St. Petersburg, as you used to do, when you went sledding?"

Ralph looked at me curiously for a moment, then burst into such a laugh as I suppose Miss Pemberton had never heard before. I had broken Louisa's spell for that evening at least, but I cannot say that I was quite satisfied with myself after all. I felt that there was something undignified and unwomanly in the open warfare which Miss Pemberton and myself were carrying on, this "pulling caps" for a man, as Bridget would have termed it, like any two chambermaids. And over the crackling wood fire in my bedroom, that night, I determined that if Lou could win she might, for I would not sacrifice my self-respect for even such a man as Ralph Clifford.

A week of my stay had passed, and I had carried out my resolve. In all our driving, riding, or walking parties, I quietly attached myself to Minnie, one of her brothers, or some of the young ladies of the company. No arts of coquetry could have been so successful as this; if we walked, Ralph frequently waited to hold open a wicket, or help me over loose stones; if we rode, he was frequently at my bridle-rein discussing the merits of our animals, or complimenting me upon my horsemanship; if I sang, he would turn over the leaves of the music; if I read, crocheted, talked, or sat still, and I accidentally looked up, I frequently caught his eyes fixed upon me. So I quietly folded my hands, and allowed destiny to weave the warp as she would.

But Louise struggled like the true woman that she was, for her departing power. Never had she looked so beautifully; never had her toilet been so faultless nor so becoming; never had the ivory keys of the piano before breathed out such music as she elicited from them. Sometimes so gay and light-headed, sometimes so pensive and

poetical. If I had been a man I think I should have worshipped her, but being a woman, I saw through her coquette's wiles, with a coquette's lynx eyes.

And what a place Roseneath was for flirtations, too, with its curtained bay windows, and its charming little balconies; with its unexpected crooks and corners, where you fell into people's arms whom you thought any distance off; with its bright, morning view looking down the fair valley, and across to blue hills; with its tall trees casting dancing shadows in the golden sunshine on the lawn; with its shaded walks, and narrow paths, and little bits of fence to spring over that would make an assisting hand so necessary; with its quiet, nun-like beauty under the moonlight, that subdued laughing voices to whispers, that made one's eyes, as they looked on the moon, by some mysterious influence, meet those of a companion as they returned to earth; the moonlight, that seemed so cold, and pure and holy, and yet warmed incipient love into passion such as no noonday sun could have done! Heigho! one couldn't help falling in love at Roseneath!

At last there came a rainy day. A rainy day in a country house, with a party of young people ripe for anything. Think of it! We all cuddled around the wood fire, in the long, low-ceiling parlor. Some of the young girls netted, some had soft hanks of zephyr and brought the hands of admiring young gentlemen into requisition to wind them. Louise thrummed on the piano, lounged from one group to another, and was generally restless. At last, Ralph gave her a couple of pairs of his gloves to mend, "in order to keep her still," he said, "and that she might not disturb the quiet of the meeting," while he went on designing patterns for Minnie's embroidery.

As for myself, I had taken a seat in one of the low windows, with a book, but looking now at the yellow leaves circling slowly down, or at the grey mist down the valley; and now watching the party assembled in the parlor. I had a fashion, when my hands were otherwise unemployed, of putting my rings off and on in an absent manner. Among them was one of peculiar workmanship, set with hair. It had been given to me by a school friend, years before, and was always worn. At our parting—she for her home in the South, and I to enter the world, "finished"—she had put it on my finger, in a mock solemn way, saying, (to hide the tears which she was afraid would come, I think,) "Kate, with this ring I thee bless; but beware of losing it, for it will be an omen of evil." I had no faith in the prophecy, but I had great

love for my friend, and always wore her little keep-sake carefully. But this morning, in my usual fashion, as I sat and dreamed, I suppose I pulled off the ring, and it must have rolled on the floor. Presently a proposition was made to practice the "lancers." Minnie went to the piano to play for us. Mr. Clifford engaged Louise, and the rest of us laughingly snatched the partner who happened to be nearest to us. I had never seen anything so graceful, and yet so stately as *Les Lanciers*, as danced by Ralph and Lou; and this morning, it seemed to me that he lingered longer than was necessary as he bowed over her hand, and I knew that the sudden lifting and then drooping of her eyelids, a certain shy glance, as she swept him a graceful courtesy, must have fascinated a man of stone. Somehow I did not finish the quadrille with as light a beat as I begun it. Miss Pemberton sunk into a large chair, when it was over, and gazed into the fire as if in a pleasant dream. I went back to my unopened book, in the bay window, and thought how mournful the falling leaves, and drenched flowers, and dreary rain all seemed. Mr. Clifford joined me, and stood for some time looking out of the window in silence.

"How I love a rainy day!" he said, at last, "one feels such an intense pleasure in being comfortable in spite of the elements."

To this I made no answer. I loved a rainy day, too, but I was not disposed to say so just then.

"Oh, ho! The cat has got your tongue, has it?" was his next remark.

The speech was so childishly absurd, so like the teasing Ralph Clifford of years ago, that I laughed in spite of myself.

He drew a chair up, and took a seat before me.

"Come now, Katy-did, don't you like a rainy day?"

"No," I answered, shortly, "I hate a landscape done in water-colors."

The familiar nick-name of "Katy-did" aroused all my suspicions too, for I had discovered that when Mr. Clifford meant to flirt with me, he always begun by appealing to some childish association.

Just then I glanced down and missed my ring. In some consternation I began to look for it, and in answer to Ralph's wondering inquiry, I told him its story. I hunted carefully, with his assistance, but I could not find it. At last the whole parlor was turned up-side down by the party, to search for Miss Mitchell's lost ring, but of no avail.

As we separated to dress for dinner, I saw Mr.

Clifford playfully abstract a white rose-bud from Lou's hair, which she had put there a short time before, and then place it in the button-hole of his coat, with a bow, a laughing glance, and his hand on his heart. I went to my room, feeling that I had been thoroughly foiled. I had been foolish enough to be jealous of Louise that morning, and to show it, or at least to be irritated without seeming cause. I began to hate both Ralph and Miss Pemberton. If I had only had sufficient self-control to laugh and talk and seem perfectly indifferent, I might at least have spared my pride. Arguing thus, I was very gay at the dinner-table, jested with Mr. Clifford about the rose-bud, which he still wore, and much to Lou's satisfaction, let Charley Graves pare my peaches, and select me fine bunches of grapes at dessert.

The rain increased during the afternoon. One by one, the girls strolled away to their rooms with novels in their hands, to cry over the sorrows of favorite heroines, or to doze away the "doleful day," as they termed it. The gentlemen betook themselves to the library for their games of whist and euchre. Knowing the parlor to be deserted, I went in to take another look for my ring. As I was groping on the floor I heard some one behind me say,

"You can't thwart destiny, Miss Mitchell, accept the evil that comes with the omen as well as you can. That's the only philosophy, I assure you."

"I don't care for the omen, but I *do* care a great deal about my ring, Mr. Clifford, I answered, "and you're no knight of dames if you don't find it for me. Imagine a Sir Galahad, or a Sir Launcelot, being foiled by a lost ring."

"I shall expect a guerdon, Katy-did, if I restore it to you," he said.

"You shall have it," was my reply, for I had picked up the rose-bud which had fallen by me, and which he did not miss in the increasing darkness of the afternoon.

"What shall be my reward? I give you warning that I shall demand a great one," he said.

"As if a knight ever made a bargain! Think of Sir Launcelot chaffering about a reward! Why, sir, a smile, my favorite color; or—this, would satisfy most loyal hearts and true," and I twirled the white rose-bud before his eyes.

He looked down hurriedly to his button-hole, and missed the flower.

"I arrest you for petty larceny," he said, endeavoring to seize the bud which I held far above my head.

"My ring is in your pocket, if I'm not mistaken," I replied, as I pinned the flower on my dress, and looked down complacently, asking,

"What will Miss Pemberton say to seeing her favors worn by another? I think a treacherous knight will find no mercy from her."

"Now, sweet Kitty Clover, don't bother me so," he sung, laughingly, "give me the rose-bud; what will she think?"

"Ho, ho! I've drawn the dragon's teeth, have I? You are harmless now, I suspect; and hand me my ring if you please."

"Pshaw! I don't care for the flower! I don't care what Miss Pemberton thinks! I won't relinquish the ring at that price, I assure you!"

"You're unreasonable, sir; but what do you demand?"

"My Kate," he whispered, stooping over me, "I want that—*that* kiss which you've owed me these ten years. And more, Kate, I want——"

But I don't know that it was any of Lou Pemberton's affair, or the affair of any one else, what he wanted in exchange for my ring; still, I may

as well acknowledge that he had the audacity to ask me for my heart and hand, a monstrous recompense, to be sure, but as he threw his own heart in to make the balance more even, I was willing to submit to the conditions.

As I wanted this piece of merchandize kept quiet, I gave Ralph gracious permission to flirt with Lou as much as he liked, but he said I'd taken the heart out of him, that he had none left for that pleasant occupation, and he really behaved, during the rest of my visit, with the greatest propriety. Miss Pemberton suspected the state of things, I think, for, after a few days' ineffectual trial "to win the tassel gentle back again," she turned her lures upon Charley Graves, who came down immediately.

The next spring I assumed a legal right to watch over Mr. Clifford's heart, and I assure my readers, that that visit to Roseneath put an end to RALPH CLIFFORD'S FLIRTATIONS.

THE SOUL'S RELEASE.

BY FRANCES M. CHESBRO.

MINGLING with the airs of evening,
Floating on the twilight breeze,
Rang a note of saddest wailing,
Like the moan of sighing trees;
Soft and plaintively it rose,
Breathing through the night's repose.

A deeper glory vells the night,
A holier rest is on the plain,
A human soul is taking flight,
Bursting bands of earthly pain;
Soft and low the plaints arise,
Float they upward to the skies.

Now the mad breeze stirs the branches,
Wildly sweeping on its way,
Madly rushing—now it dances

Like a sprite at elfin play,
Then uprising, bears its burden
Through the realm of space away.

Who that linger see no vision,
Hear we but the sighing breeze,
Twilight voices, richly laden
With the hum of murmuring bees,
See we but our daylight fading
With the sunset 'mid the trees.

Sets our sun of hope and promise
Shading into gloom away,
But the rising of the morning
Bids us hail the new-born ray,
And the soul that burst its fetters
Sings its freedom song to-day.

GERALDINE.

BY E. SUMMERS DANA.

On! come, my love, though the skies be dark
And the winds wail madly o'er the hills,
Though the sere leaves, trembling downward, mark
The swift decay that so sadly fills
The earth and air with the ceaseless plain,
For the lost that cometh not again.

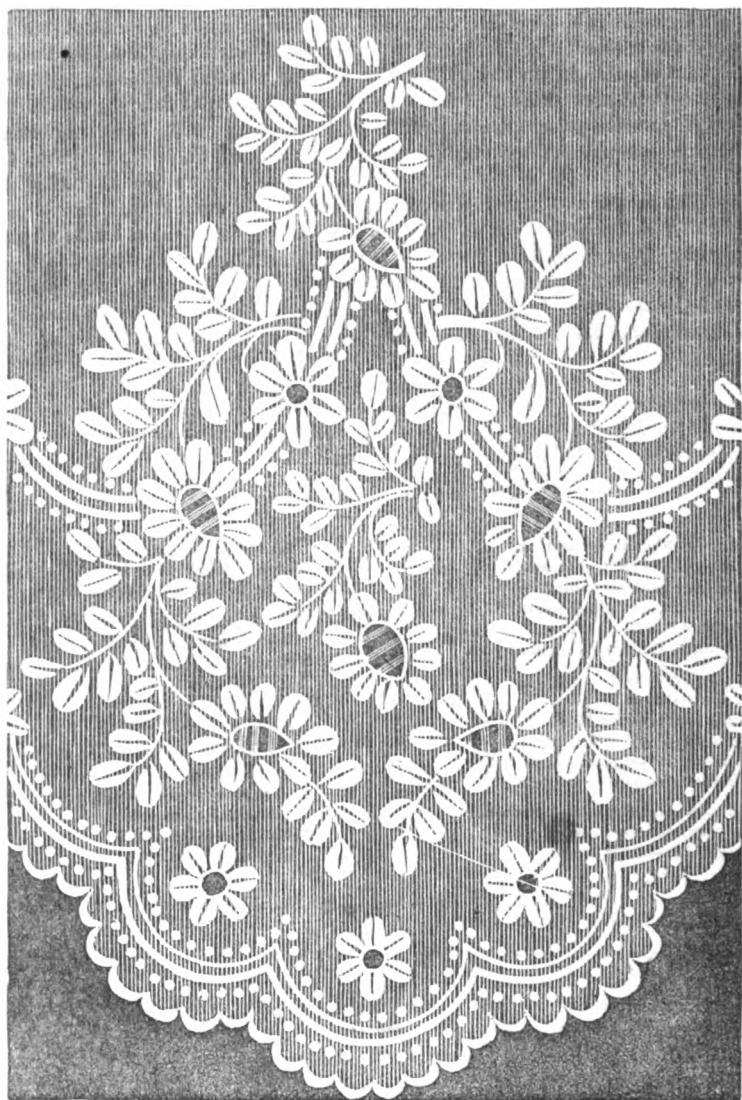
Though the world without be dark and drear,
There is still a glorious warmth within,
A love that shall fill thy heart with cheer,
Which shall ever softly come to win
Thee back from the tears and ills of strife,
To the coming joys of an inner life.

A life that were full of riper fruits,
Dropped down in the piteous lap of bliss,
Of melody sweeter than fairy lutes,
Whose echoes steal like a loved one's kiss,
To lull the soul from its restless sigh,
Like the soothing tones of a lullaby.

Then come, my love, and rest again,
In a circling shelter where no harm
Shall dare to menace with grief or pain,
As you nestle 'neath a fondling arm
So close to a heart that a twin-love fills,
And a tremulous joy so swiftly thrills.

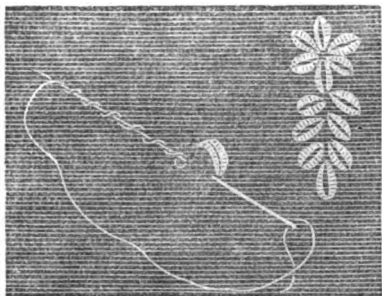
SLEEVE IN "POINT DE LA POSTE."

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is the name of a new and beautiful style of embroidery, which has been introduced on the continent of Europe, and which, though apparently requiring the greatest proficiency, is produced with ease and rapidity, as indeed its name implies. To render our description plain, we give, on the next page, an illustration showing

the manner of passing the thread round the needle. Every double leaf requires the needle to be twice inserted. It is done by putting the needle through the muslin the length of the leaf, and twisting the thread round the point of it about twelve times; before drawing the needle through, place the thumb of the left hand on the



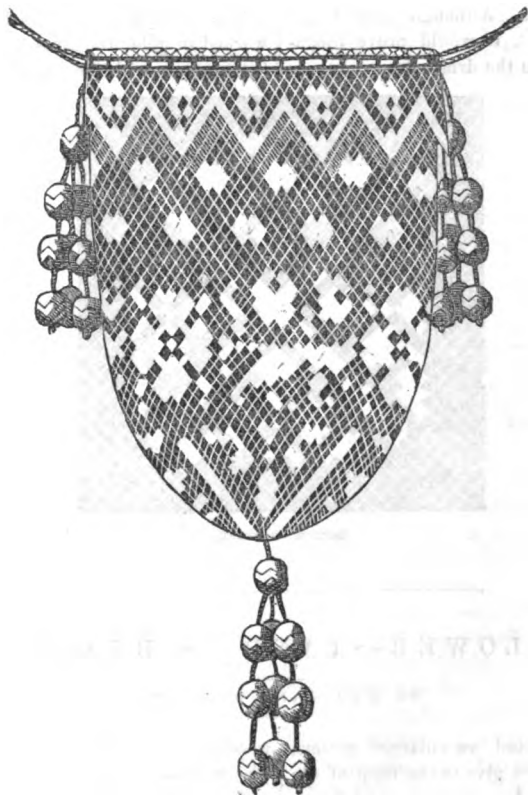
length of the leaf. This forms the half of the double leaf. The needle is again brought out, the same as the first, close to the last stitch, and repeated.

A very few such experiments will render any lady able to acquire the greatest facility in executing this beautiful style of work. We have given a design for a sleeve to be worked on clear muslin. The stems and lines must, of course, be worked in the usual way. It is especially necessary to use a smooth and even cotton. The number must be selected according to the size of the pattern; for the one given, Nos. 20 and 24 will be sufficiently fine and perfectly well suited for its purpose.

needle—this prevents the thread from being drawn up. Draw this twisted thread close up to the muslin, and pass the needle through the

THE CHRISTMAS PURSE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

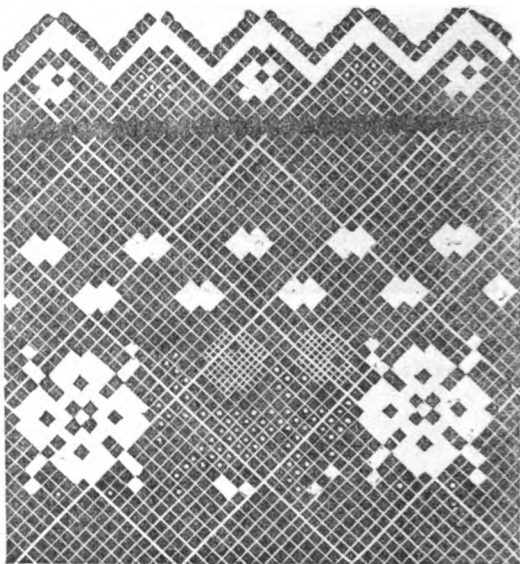


We give, this month, as peculiarly appropriate } which is to be worked upon it; and which we
for the season, a netted purse, the pattern of } call "The Christmas Purse." It will be seen

that there are three engravings. The first is the purse as completed; the second the body of the purse; the third the bottom of the purse. With these to assist, even a beginner may easily work such a purse, at odd hours, in the time left between this and Christmas.

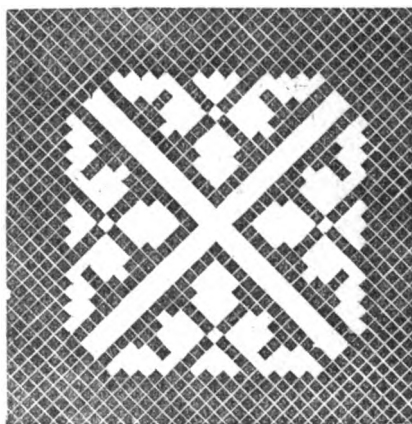
The entire purse is netted of fine silk twist. It is commenced with one stitch, and is continued round after round, with an increase of stitches at the four corners. The design in gold, the red and blue, to be worked with a needle. The trimming is made at the same time with the purse; it is detached, in order to show more distinctly the place where it should hang down.

The string must pass through two meshes of the net, and in order to give it a Chinese style, a little ball may be added at each opening. Some purses have three rows of trimming, ornamented with little balls, two being made separately from the purse. Although these might give it a pretty effect, it would prove inconvenient, by catching in the dress, &c.



BODY OF PURSE.

The white squares (see body of purse) are to be worked in gold; the cross-barred squares in red; the squares, with the dot in the centre, in blue.



BOTTOM OF PURSE.

FLOWER-STAND IN BEADS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS little flower-stand, an enlarged pattern of the side of which we give in the front of the number, may be placed upon a piece of furniture, and may be decorated with artificial, or natural flowers; in the latter case, a vase of tinplate, or zinc may be used. A small, white wooden box, or frame work is also required. The wooden stand must be covered with white satin, ornamented with bead lozenges. Double strands of fine wire must be fastened around the top of the flower-stand, and these must be twice as high as the stand. String six small, and one



large bead in the first bar, then six small and one large bead in the second, and finally six small beads in the third, which must pass through the large bead. These form the lozenges indicated in the pattern, given in front of the number. You see that each bar passes through a large bead with that which is transversely opposite. The work continues thus until completed; the

beads are stopped at the angles of the flower-stand, just as they began at the first. As a finish, the top of the flower-stand must be ornamented by stringing upon fine wire ten small and one large bead, which, in the next row are alternated, taking up the large beads to form a scalloped fringe.

COVER FOR BLIND-TASSEL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE engraving of this useful article will be found in the front of the number. The materials are Nos. 10 and 12 cotton, and No. 3 Penelope Hook.

1st Row.—Make 15 chain, unite, work 15 dc stitches round.

2nd Row.—1 L, 2 chain, 1 L into every dc stitch; after the last 2 chain, unite into the 1st L. (The cotton must now be cut off at the end of every row.)

3rd Row.—5 chain, dc on every L stitch; 15 chains of 5, in this row.

4th Row.—5 chain, dc in centre loop of every 5 chain.

5th Row.—3 chain, dc in centre loop of every 5.

6th Row.—7 chain, dc in centre loop of every 3.

7th Row.—3 chain, dc into centre loop of every 7.

8th Row.—3 L in the centre loop of the 3 chain, 1 chain, repeat.

9th Row.—3 L in the centre L stitch, 2 chain, repeat

There will be 75 stitches in this row.

FOR THE BORDER.—Begin on a L stitch; 37 chain, turn back, 1 L into 9th loop from hook, * 1 L, 2 chain, 1 L into 3rd loop, repeat from * 9 times more (in all, 10 spaces;) this forms the vein of leaf: 1 chain, dc into loop where commenced, 1 chain, turn the work round on the finger, 7 dc up the side of the vein; this will bring to the 3rd L stitch of vein. Then 25 L stitches up to the point in the 26th loop, work 4 L, 3 chain, 4 more L into same loop, then 25 L stitches down, then 7 dc stitches down to the loop where commenced; turn on wrong side, 5 chain, dc into 4th loop up the side of the leaf, 5 chain, dc into 4th loop; then 5 chain, 1 L into 4th loop till the last of the 25 L, then 5 chain, 1 L into centre loop of the 3 chain, 5 chain, 1 more L into same loop; then 5 chain, 1 L on 1st of the 25 L, then 5 chain, 1 L into every 4th loop for 6 times; then 5 chain, dc into 4th loop, 5 chain, dc into 4th loop, 5 chain, dc into loop where commenced. Turn on the right side: 5 dc under

every 5 chain all round; lastly, dc into loop where commenced, then 12 dc into the 12 loops of 9th row.

Now 37 chain, and work another leaf, but

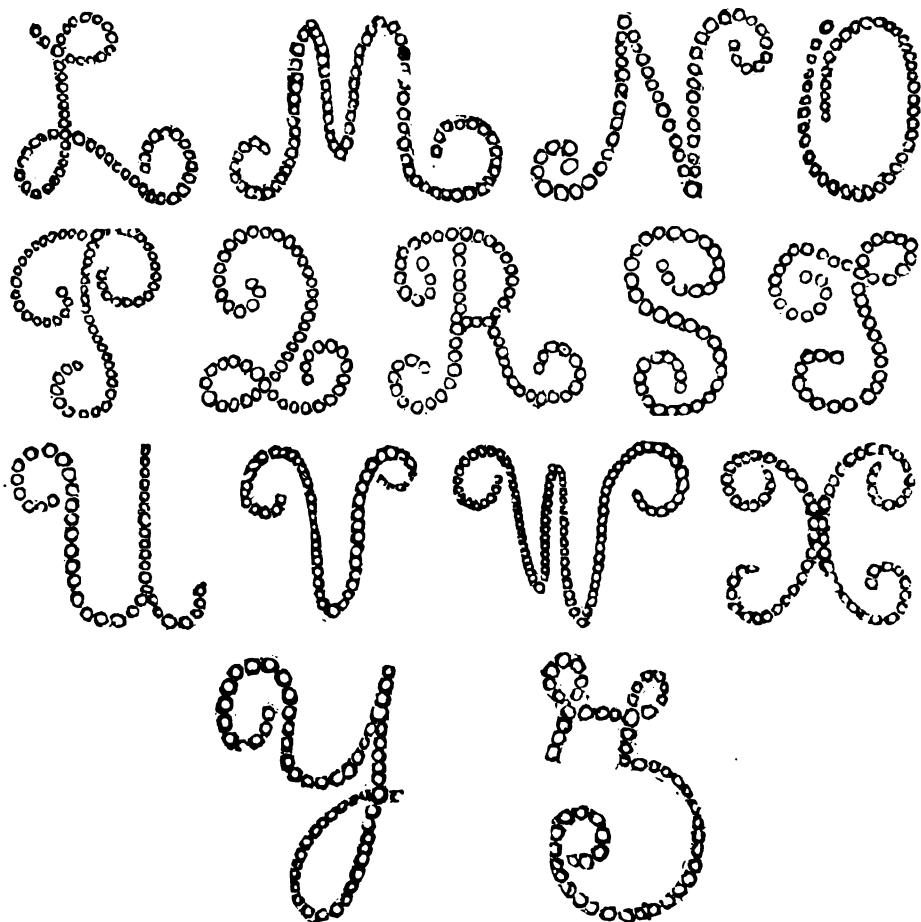
uniting into the 1st leaf for 7 times; that is, after making the first 5 dc stitches, unite into the 5th dc stitch of first leaf; repeat this 6 times more.

CROCHET BRACELET WITH BUGLES.

THE materials to be used are one large curtain ring, two dozen smaller, and forty-four small purse rings. All the rings must be crocheted with black twist; the work is similar to that of round purses with clasps. The large ring which forms the middle rose is surrounded by twelve small rings which may be united with the crochet needle, or with a needle and thread. The other large rings are to be surrounded with only eight small rings, and form the side roses, which are united to the middle rose by three loops formed

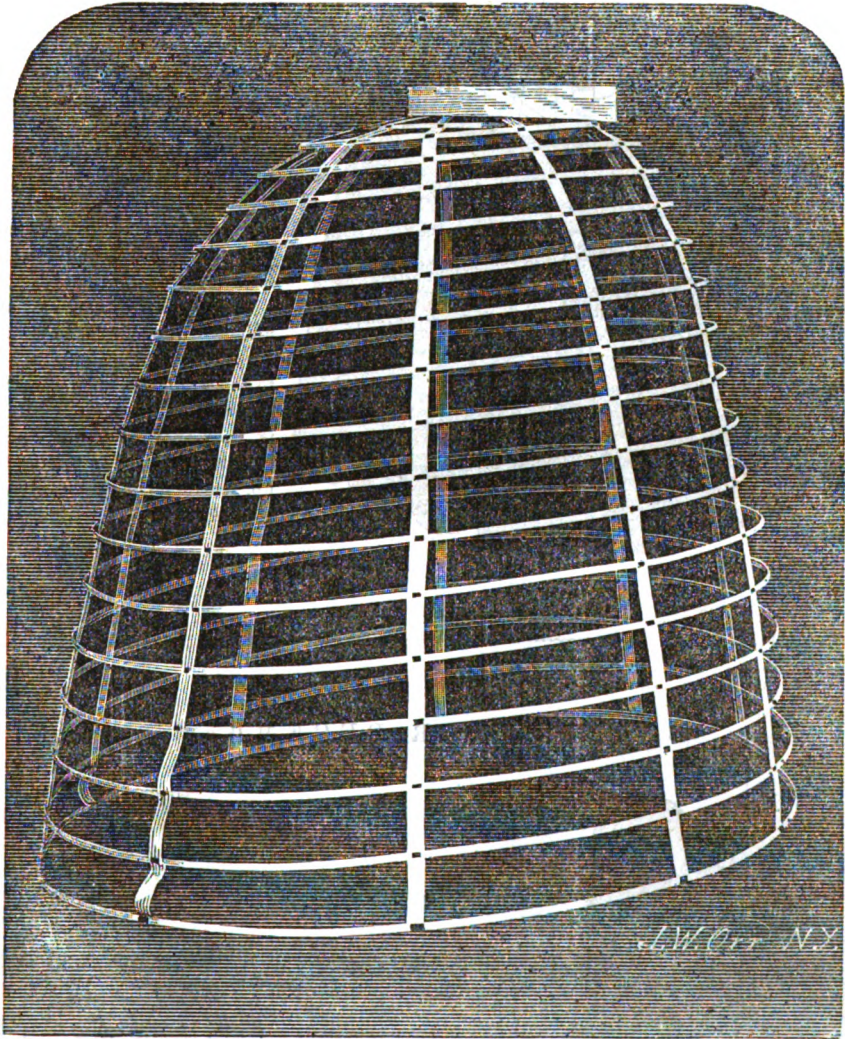
of two small rings for the centre, and three small rings for the sides. When the bracelet is finished, the beads are placed in each ring. In the large one you must string the beads so as to let the twist pass through, and work as in the wheels in embroidery. In the small ones string three or four beads, according to their size. The bracelet is closed by a jet clasp. The pattern, which we give in the front of the number, is full size, and shows plainly the whole work. J. W.

PART OF EMBROIDERED ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



USEFUL NOVELTIES FOR THE MONTH

BY OUR "FASHION EDITOR."

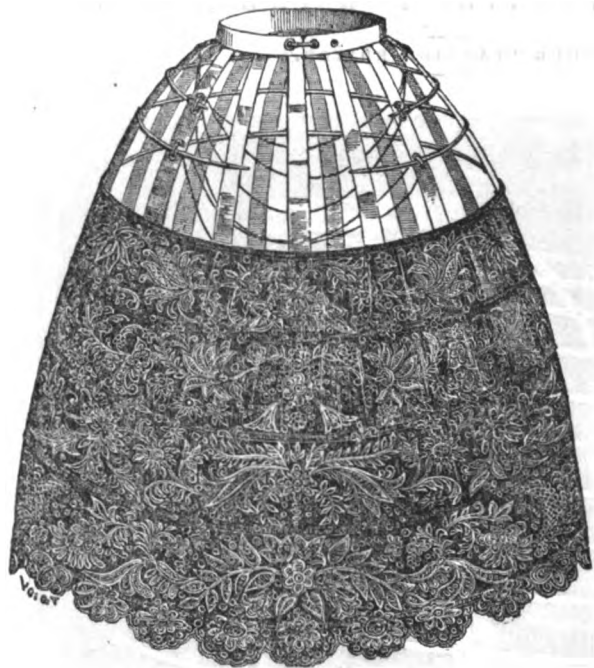


We take pleasure in presenting our readers with this new and useful article. It has, they will observe, many advantages. Among the most prominent of them is the shape, which is full of grace and beauty, a fact acknowledged by thousands of ladies and others, who saw it at the late fair at the Crystal Palace, New York, and elsewhere. Another of these advantages is the manner of making it: the tapes being fastened to the springs by means of a clasp, instead of being sewed; by which ripping is avoided. Moreover, as the skirt is made on a frame, each has the desired shape. In addition to this, the springs are made from the best

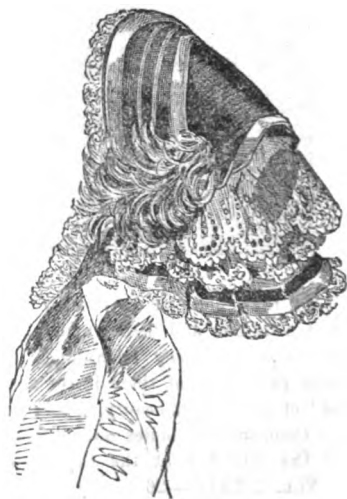
watch-spring steel; are tempered by a new patent process; and are considered to be unequalled for elasticity and durability. This skirt is patented, by Osborn and Vincent, No. 69 Warren street, New York.

We also have another skirt with advantages of its own, "The Honiton Skirt, with the adjustable Bustle," which is patented, made and sold by Douglas & Sherwood, New York. This is a very beautiful article. The corset laces, as will be remarked, go on the back of the person. The size of the bustle may be increased to any extent desired, by drawing the laces tighter. Wherever this skirt has been worn, it has given the greatest satisfaction. None of these skirts are genuine, unless stamped with the trade mark of Douglas & Sherwood.

These two skirts vary so much, and are fitted for such different occasions, that both may be added to the wardrobe, with advantage. The sale of manufactured skirts is now enormous, and, we are glad to say, that, in getting them up, female labor is employed to a large extent.

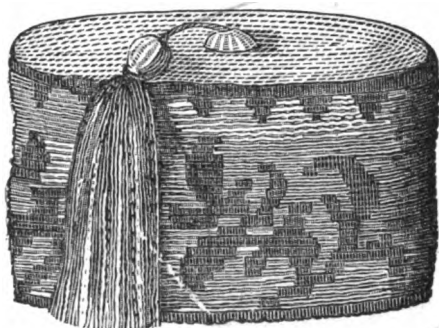


BONNETS FOR DECEMBER.



GREEK SMOKING CAP IN CROCHET.

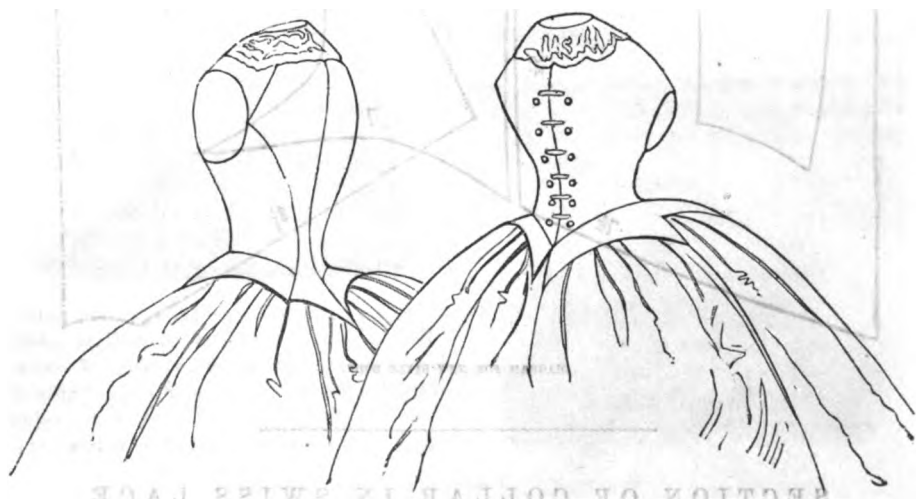
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS is a very stylish cap, and peculiarly suitable for a Christmas or New Year's present, from a lady to a gentleman. In the front of the number we give an enlarged pattern of the top and side, from which any one, who can crochet, can make the article, without the necessity of a detailed description. The cap is to be lined, according to the taste of the maker, and finished with a tassel, as seen in the engraving above. Any colors may be selected that will look well together: blue and yellow, red and green, black and gold, for instance.

NEW STYLE FOR BODY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



OUR pattern, for this month, is a new style for a dress, just brought out in Paris. The engraving represents both the back and front of the body. The diagram is to be enlarged as usual. The size, in inches, for a lady of medium height, is marked, it will be seen, on each of the following; viz:

- No. 1. FRONT OF BODY.
- No. 2. SIDE BODY.
- No. 3. BACK OF BODY.

In the November number, we gave a pattern } a lady's toilet, for the winter, would be com-
for a cloak: with this pattern for the dress, } plete.

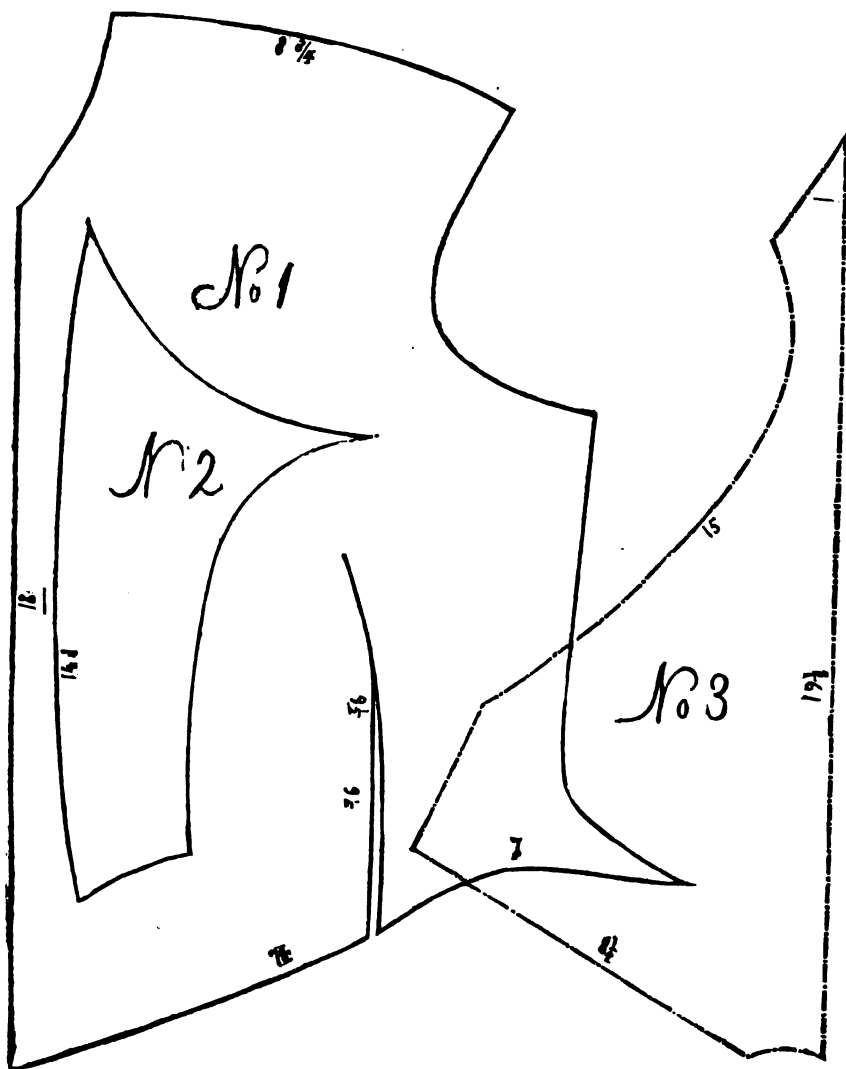
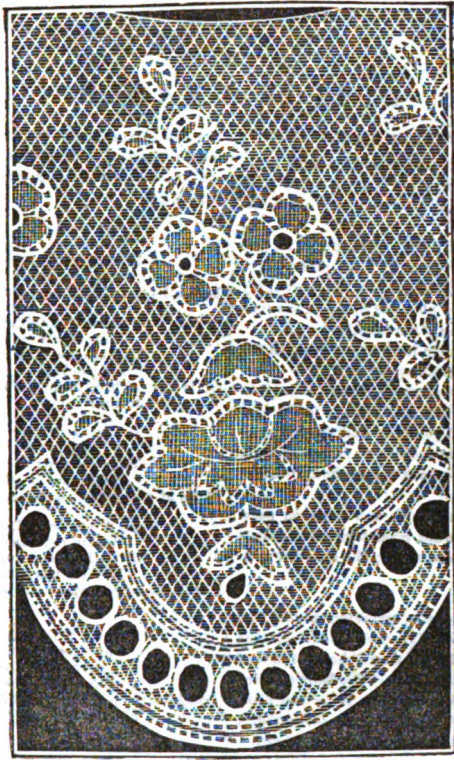


DIAGRAM FOR NEW STYLE BODY.

SECTION OF COLLAR IN SWISS LACE.

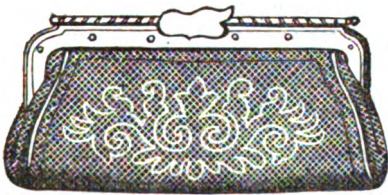
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS elegant article is to be worked on jaco- needle, and various fine ones. From the sec-
net muslin, with embroidery cotton, No. 40, and tion we give, the whole collar may be drawn,
sewing cotton, No. 50, with a coarse sewing of a size to suit the wearer.



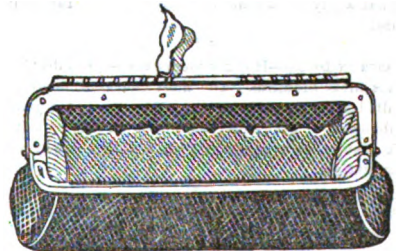
TOBACCO POUCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS would make a seasonable gift for a father, brother, or husband: and it is easily made. We give two engravings of it here, one showing the pouch closed, and the other showing it open: from which may be learned how to line it, and also what kind of clasp to select. In the

front of the number, we give a pattern, full size, of the two sides of the pouch, showing the embroidery. These two sides, when doubled, form the pouch.



INDIAN MOCCASIN FOR INFANT.

IN the front of the number will be found a beautiful pattern, full size, for an Indian Moccasin for an infant. It may be worked on yellow buckskin, or cloth, in colored embroidery silks or beads, in chain-stitch. It would make an appropriate Christmas present.

J. W.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE STRANGER IN THE HOUSE.—"Children, be very quiet to-day! Step about like mice, and don't speak above your breath—there's a stranger here, and perhaps he is not accustomed to noise.

"Betty, go make all the beds. Put everything in its proper place, and leave the doors open. It has a pretty effect when everything is tidy. See that the parlors are thoroughly dusted—trim all the lamps—go about as softly as possible, for I understand he is something of an invalid.

"Tell Susan not to practice when he is in; and pray if the baby is fretful, take her to the nursery instantly."

What a model house it is for that day! The stranger is in the house! Wife speaks so softly, and sweetly to the dear children!—the children talk so gently to each other!—husband's voice takes a low, musical accent, (he forgets himself, however, and hunts for his boot-jack for an hour, because it's—in the right place.)

Things are whisked off from chairs and hung on pegs. Everybody is watching to see what good turn he can do—what favorable impression he can make; the stranger is in the house!

To-morrow the stranger goes.

Whoop, whoop, hurrah! The calm, mid-warm waters hiss and bubble now. The children slap each other. Mother bawls at the top of her voice. Father throws his boot-jack at something because breakfast isn't ready. The baby screams in a dabbled night-gown. The dish-cloth is on the floor. Books and hats, coats, clothes-brushes, combs, shoe-strings, lamps and blacking, are on chairs, and laying about loose.

"I mean to show things as they really are, Not as they ought to be."

Chamber doors sprawl wide open, showing new-made beds in all stages of slovenliness. Wash-hand basins full of dirty water—closets on dishabille.

Family sits down to a greasy table-cloth and broken dishes. Tom and Sue fight for the last piece of toast. Dick teaches the baby to make faces.

The dulcet tones have all gone with the going of the stranger. What seemed to him

"The dearest spot on earth"

is a small depot of Bedlam now. The angels are—something else. The calm soothes and hisses in whirlpools.

What a pity there could not always be—a stranger in the house!

TASTE IN DRESS.—It is not mere expense, recollect! which makes dress beautiful. The most charming attire is the result, less of an extravagant outlay, than of a judicious combination of colors and a neat fit. A lady of taste will look prettier in a gingham than a vulgar dowdy will in *noirs antique*.

ON A MARRIAGE.—We clip, from a newspaper, the following on the marriage of Rouben Wise to Matilda Chevis:

At length, she seized the proffered prize,
(A happy one, believe us),
For matrimony made her Wise;
Before, she was Miss Chevis.

A CHEERFUL TEMPER.—A bright, sunny face is the most beautiful thing in the world, for it is a guarantee that all around it will be happy. And a cheerful temper is the secret of this loveliness.

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.—We noticed, last month, Miss Proctor's volume of poems. We give, now, one of the poems we praised, entitled, "A Woman's Question." Is it not beautiful?

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine;
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine;
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unsharred by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy, tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfill?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame;
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou—oh, surely thou wilt warn me now.

Nay, answer not—I dare not hear—
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my fate;
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I would risk it all.

THE BEST MAGAZINE.—The Broome Co. (New York) Gazette says, speaking of this Magazine:—"In all Magazinedom, there is not one, of the same price, that contains so extensive a variety of original patterns in embroidery and crochet, of new music, household receipts, original tales, poetry, &c., as does this model Magazine. It employs an able array of contributors, and is edited by MRS. ANN S. STRAPHERS, author of 'Fashion and Famine,' 'Mary Derwent,' and other tales; and C. J. PETERSON, author of 'Kate Aylesford,' &c. It is conceded by every one to be the best two dollar Magazine in the world. It contains more reading matter for the money than any other Magazine extant. Its steel illustrations are unexcelled." We quote this, to show our friends that they need not be afraid to recommend this Magazine.

BERLIN MAT.—The request of M. W. D., in reference to this, we shall endeavor to comply with, next month. Her letter came too late for the pattern to be given in the present number.

EDITORIAL CONVENTION.—We observe that in several of the states conventions of editors are being held, partly for purposes of business, partly to increase good-fellowship and fraternity. In Pennsylvania, two annual meetings of this kind have already taken place; and both were well attended by leading members of the profession. A third annual meeting is to convene, at Harrisburg, next February. These assemblages ought to be encouraged, even if they led to nothing more than a personal acquaintance between editors; for nothing softens the asperities of political strife so much as social intimacy. As a member of the Pennsylvania Convention said, at the last meeting of that body, "it would be impossible for me to go home, and pen an abusive paragraph of any gentleman I have met here, no matter how much we may differ, politically or otherwise." To raise the tone of the press, to infuse into it more courtesy, to make all its members alive to its power: these are results, which will flow from such Conventions; and therefore they ought to be encouraged. We may say, in concluding this hasty paragraph, that nothing struck us more forcibly, at the last meeting of the Pennsylvania Convention, than the large amount of intellectual ability it displayed. We are certain that no equal number of men, taken at random from either of the learned professions, would have shown so much mother wit, such knowledge of life, such Encyclopædic information, or so much general intelligence.

COST OF A MODERN BELLE.—An English cotemporary calculates the cost of a modern belle, in this wise:—"I saw her dancing in the ball. Around her snowy brow were set five hundred pounds; such would have been the answer of any jeweler to the question, 'What are those diamonds?' With the gentle undulation of her bosom there rose and fell exactly thirty pounds ten shillings. The sum bore the guise of a brooch of gold and enamel. Her fairy form was invested in ten guineas, represented by a slip of lilac satin; and this was overlaid by thirty guineas more in two skirts of white lace. Tastefully down each side of the latter were six half-crowns, which so many bows of purple ribbon had come to. The lower margin of the thirty guinea skirts were edged with eleven additional guineas, the value of some eight yards of silver fringe, a quarter of a yard in depth. Her taper waist taking zone and clasp together, I calculated to be confined by thirty pounds sterling. Her delicately rounded arms, the glove of spotless kid being added to the gold bracelet which encircled the little wrist, may be said to have been adorned with twenty-two pounds five and sixpence; and putting the silk and satin at the lowest figure, I should say she wore fourteen and sixpence on her feet. Thus altogether was this thing of light, this creature of loveliness, arrayed from top to toe, exclusively of little sundries, in six hundred and forty-eight pounds eleven shillings." Many of our American belles, we suspect, are quite as extravagant.

THE FASHIONS IN "PETERSON."—We owe it to our "Fashion Editor" to say a word about the fashions in this Magazine. Those persons, who are in the habit of seeing other Magazines, are aware how superior ours are to the fashions to be found elsewhere. We possess great facilities for getting the fashions from Paris and London in advance, and the result is, that, very often, we anticipate other periodicals, two, three, or even six months. It is amusing to see such Magazines talking of "being ahead" in the fashions, when, in the very numbers they make these boasts, there are, sometimes, engravings of dresses, which our subscribers have had made up, from our patterns, a year before.

A SUITABLE GIFT.—A present of "Peterson's Magazine," for 1859, would be the most suitable gift a brother could make to a sister, a husband make to his wife, or a gentleman make to a lady.

MAGARGE'S NEW PAPER-MILL.—Mr. Charles Magarge, senior partner of the firm of C. Magarge & Co., of this city, has just completed a new paper-mill, which is, perhaps, the most thorough and elegant one in the United States. It is situated on the romantic Wissahickon, a few miles from Philadelphia, in the midst of some of the most picturesque scenery in the world. The edifice is built of hammered stone, after an architectural design of great fitness and beauty; and the machinery is not only the best of its kind, but is finished with unusual elegance. Mr. Magarge is one of the oldest and most esteemed paper-makers in America, and takes, as this building shows, that pride in his craft, without which no man ever rose to eminence and respect.

CHAIR-SEAT, BORDER, &c.—The splendid pattern, in Berlin work, which is given in colors, in the front of the number, may be used either for a chair seat, for a cushion, for a stool, or for a variety of other purposes, as the ingenuity of our fair readers may suggest. With it are given two borders, either of which may be worked with the pattern, or used singly. The cross-lines, in the engraving, represent, of course, the threads of the canvas. A pattern, like this, sells, at retail stores, for from thirty-seven and a half to fifty cents. One of these, now for a purse, now for a slipper, now for something else, will be given, in every number, next year; and will be the additional embellishment which the publisher announces.

THE CASH SYSTEM.—Many of our exchanges say:—"We don't see how Peterson can afford to publish so good a Magazine for only two dollars a year." We can tell you, gentlemen. The secret is the cash system. We get cash in advance from every subscriber, and pay cash: and hence we can do what other Magazines, that trust, cannot afford to do. Nobody, who subscribes to "Peterson" has to pay for the delinquencies of others. But where Magazines trust, the paying subscribers have to make up for those who don't pay: and so get an inferior article for their money.

CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE.—There is much good sense and truth in the remark of a modern author, that no man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandize or his farm, fly over lands, sail upon the seas, meet difficulty or encounter danger, if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home!

"THE MOTHER'S DREAM."—The *Fairfax* (Va.) News says that "The Mother's Dream," which we published in our November number, is "one of the most charmingly beautiful pictures ever engraved, and we are sure that this will be the opinion of all who see it." In this sentiment we find that everybody coincides.

A CHRISTMAS GAME.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers have laid on our table, "Dr. Kane's Trip to the Arctic Seas," a new game of cards for children, which is equally entertaining and instructive. It is copyrighted and published by V. S. W. Parkhurst, Providence, R. I.

OUR STORIES, &c.—The *Palmyra* (N. Y.) Courier says that this Magazine contains "very little of the frivolous 'fold-erol' of the day; but it is made up of excellent original matter, containing much sense, and a good deal of instruction."

THE WATER LILY.—This is one of the most beautiful engravings, is it not? ever published in a Magazine. We have several others, however, equally fine, for 1859: some of them from original pictures.

POEMS BY D. HARDY, JR.—We have alluded, once before, to the premature death of D. Hardy, Jr., one of our most popular contributors. We have now before us a beautiful volume, containing the best of his poems: it is an 18 mo, bound in blue and gold, and would make a charming present. We understand that the book will be forwarded, post-paid, on the receipt of a dollar. Direct to D. Hardy, Homer, Courtland county, New York.

HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.—Among other novelties, next year, will be a monthly Horticultural Department, prepared expressly for this Magazine, by one of the most eminent gardeners in this country, a gentleman of forty years' experience. Ladies, who have flowers, bear this in mind!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Poetical Works of Edgar Allan Poe. With Original Memoir. Illustrated by F. R. Pickersgill, R. A., John Tenniel, Birket Foster, Felix Darley, Jasper Cropsey, P. Dugan, Percival Skelton, and A. M. Madot. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: J. S. Redfield.—We are inclined to think this the most beautiful American book that has ever been published. It is certainly the most thoroughly elegant of any which has been laid upon our table; and that is equivalent, we believe, to being the most completely so in reality. The engravings have all been designed expressly for the work, and, though on wood, have a force and finish, that, twenty years ago, even steel engravings rarely attained. The paper is as thick as vellum, and of that rich, creamy tint, which is to a bibliographer, what the mellowed color of old point-lace is to a lady of taste and fashion. The typography is equally superior. Numerous exquisite tail-pieces, in addition to the other illustrations, adorn the volume. Among so many beautiful things, it is difficult to choose, but we think the illustrations of "The Raven," "Lenore," and "Ulalume," peculiarly good. In those of "The City in the Sea," however, the artist, Jasper Cropsey, has caught the spirit of his author more successfully still: they have all the sombre tone of Poe's mind, and are, so to speak, intensely Poe-ish. Some of the illustrations to "Politian" also are excellent. The portrait of Poe is good; the best almost we have ever seen; but it is lacking a little in that sadness which always haunted his face. If we had space, we should like to say a few words on the poetry of Poe, examining its true position in art. In many respects, as a poet, Poe excels any other American writer. No one, certainly, understood metres so well, or knew better how to adapt them to his theme. Even Tennyson is not more musical than Poe, when the latter chooses to be so. Where is there, in the English language, two lines, in which sound and sentiment are more fitted to each other, than the opening ones of "Lenore?"

"Ah! broken is the golden bowl, the spirit flown forever!
Let the bell toll! a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river."

How sad and solemn! And this is but one specimen out of many. But we must pause. We will only say, in conclusion, that the book is peculiarly adapted for a Christmas or New-Year's gift, where the recipient is a person of culture and taste. Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers are the Philadelphia agents for the work.

Vernon Grove. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carlton.—The author of this new novel is an accomplished and intelligent lady, born and bred in the South, whom we should be glad to name here, if we could do it without violating that privacy, in which she has chosen to seclude herself. The work is excellent, in all respects; but it is in pathos that the writer excels. We have not, for a long while, been so interested in the fortunes of a heroine, as in those of Sybil Gray. The volume is printed in the handsomest style of publications of its kind.

The Courtship of Miles Standish, and other Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—We regret that our crowded columns, this month, prevent us doing more justice to this volume. The principal poem is one of about a hundred pages; is written in the same measure as "Evangeline;" has a theme that gives full play to the poetic element; and is a work of very high merit. Before another month, "The Courtship of Miles Standish" will have made its way into every household of culture in the land; and will be giving delight to thousands and tens of thousands of readers. The volume contains twenty-three other poems, by Longfellow, never before collected into a book, and now grouped together, under the appropriate name of "Birds of Passage." With many of these effusions, the public is already familiar, most of them having appeared in newspapers and periodicals: yet no one, who has read them once, but will be glad to welcome them again. The volume is published in the usual neat style, which distinguishes all Ticknor & Fields' books. T. B. Peterson & Brothers are the Philadelphia agents.

In and Around Stamboul. By Mrs. Edmund Hornby. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: James Challen & Son.—The author of this agreeable and instructive volume resided with her husband, at that time Commissioner to the Sublime Porte, at and near Constantinople, for several years. Her opportunities for observation, therefore, were much better than those of ordinary travelers. Her descriptions of the Mosques, the Harems, the Valley of Sweet Waters, the customs of the Moslems, the Sultan, and generally of modern Turkey, are as reliable as they are graphic. She also devotes a chapter or two to the Crimea, the Black Sea and Sevastopol. We find all parts of her volume interesting, but especially chapter twenty-nine, in which she narrates her visit to a Pasha's harem.

Webster and Hayne's Celebrated Speeches, in the United States Senate, in January, 1830. Also Webster's Speech on the Compromise, March 7th, 1850. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We are glad to see these three famous speeches reprinted. They have a value that is more than ephemeral, and can be read now, as great senatorial orations, with hardly less interest than when they were first delivered. Col. Hayne's speech, especially, was becoming scarce, for no edition of his collected speeches has been published, as is the case with Mr. Webster. The price of the volume is only twenty-five cents.

Sir Walter Raleigh, &c. By Charles Kingsley. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.—A collection of review and magazine articles from the pen of the author of "Alton Locke." The first paper, on Sir Walter Raleigh, is full of that heroic spirit, and that admiration for the Elizabethan age, for which Kingsley is distinguished. All the articles, however, are good. "My Winter Garden" and "North Devon" please us especially. They are the perfection of word-painting, besides breathing a free and healthy tone, that brings back vividly to us the woods and fields. Altogether it is a genial, hearty book.

The Citizen's Manual of Government and Law. By Andrew W. Young. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: H. Dayton.—In this compact duodecimo, of four hundred and odd pages, we have a manual of the elementary principles of civil government; a practical view of the state and federal governments; a digest of common and statutory law, and of the law of nations; and a summary of parliamentary rules for the practice of deliberative assemblies. It is a work of value for reference, and ought to have a large sale.

Blonde and Brunette; or, The Gothamite Arcady. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A novel, by an anonymous author, and one, we think, new to the craft. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have the book for sale in Philadelphia.

Piney Woods Tavern; or, Sam Slick in Texas. By the author of "A Stray Yankee in Texas," "Adventures of Capt. Priest." 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—As full of fun as it is possible for a book to be. We have laughed incessantly over it, and laugh now at recalling what we read. To any one, afflicted with low spirits, we say, "read Piney Woods." Mirth is a wonderful conservator of health, and if we were a physician, we should prescribe this, and others of the Peterson Brothers' "Library of American Humor," as freely as some old-school doctors prescribe calomel.

Elements of Natural Philosophy, designed for Academies and High Schools. By Elias Loomis, LL. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A very superior work. The author is well known for another text-book, which has taken its place as a standard one: we mean, "A Course of Mathematics." He is also professor in the University of the city of New York. The volume is neatly printed, substantially bound in sheep, and illustrated with three hundred and sixty engravings.

The Talsman, &c. By the author of *Waverley*. 2 vols., 12 mo. *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—These volumes comprise the fortieth and forty-first of the now well-known "Household Edition of Scott's Novels." Ten volumes more will complete the series. No library can be considered complete until it has upon its shelves this beautiful edition of the greatest of English romance writers.

The Planter's Daughter. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a story of intense interest, the scene of which is laid in Louisiana. The fair author, Miss Dupuy, has dedicated it to our co-editor, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. The publishers issue it in a neatly printed duodecimo, handsomely bound in embossed cloth.

The Dead Secret. By Wilkie Collins. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A new edition, in handsomely bound duodecimo style, of one of the most thrilling novels that has appeared for many years. The interest begins with the first chapter and is maintained to the end. If you have not read the book, get it immediately.

A Journey Due North. By G. A. Sala. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—A sparkling, witty volume, but not one of much solid merit. Mr. Sala is either full of prejudices against Russia, or, what is worse, disguises the truth to conciliate the prejudices of the British public, for whom this book was written.

My Lady Ludlow. A Novel. By Mrs. Gaskell. 1 vol., 8 vo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A charming story, by a favorite author, which we recommend to our fair readers. It is published in cheap style, price twelve cents.

The World's Battle. By James Moore, M. D. 1 vol., 18 mo. *Philada: Published by the author.*—A little treatise, full of sound thoughts well expressed, and with a high moral purpose.

PARLOR GAMES.

A SECRET THAT TRAVELS.—This is a short game, but rather amusing; it is to be played with either a circle or line formed of the players. When all are ready, one person begins by whispering a secret to her left-hand neighbor, who repeats it to the next, and so on until all have heard it; then the last one who is told speaks it aloud, and the one who commenced must repeat what her secret was exactly as she first worded it, and then all the party will know whether it returned as it was given, or how much it gained or lost while travelling.

If the players are told to pass on the secret without knowing that it will be exposed, they will not be as careful to repeat it exactly as when they know the game, and by this means greater diversion will be afforded.

READY RHYME.—This game should not be attempted by

very young players, as it would most likely prove tedious to many of them; but to those who are fond of exercising their ingenuity, it will prove amusing. Two, four, or more words are written on paper and given to each player; the words must be such as would rhyme together; thus, suppose the party have chosen "near, clear, dell, bell," all endeavor to make a complete verse, of which the words given shall compose the rhyme.

When all are ready, the papers must be thrown in a heap, and read aloud, and those who have not succeeded must be fined, the fine being the recital of a piece of poetry. One of the papers might read thus:

A gentle brook was murmuring near,
Afair was heard the tinkling bell,
And peaceful zephyrs, pure and clear,
Refreshed us in the shady dell.

Another would be quite different:

Fairies in the distant dell,
As they drink the waters clear,
From the yellow cowslip bell,
What have they to heed or fear?"

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, & C.

TREATMENT OF INFANTS.—It is found by careful inquiries that one half of all the children born die before they reach their fifth year. Such a universally large mortality of infants must unquestionably arise chiefly from some species of mismanagement—most likely ignorance of the proper means to be employed for rearing children. Besides the loss of so many infants, society suffers seriously from the injuries inflicted on those who survive. The health of many individuals is irremediably injured, temper spoiled, and vicious habits created, while they are still infants. Whatever, indeed, be the original or constitutional differences in the mental character of children, it is consistent with observation, that no small proportion of the errors and vices of mankind have their source in injudicious nursery management. As ignorance is clearly at the root of this monstrous evil, the following short and easily comprehended directions to mothers and nurses will, we doubt not, be duly valued.

Let no other kind of milk be given to an infant in addition to the milk of the mother or wet-nurse.

The less rocking the better.

When asleep, to be laid upon its right side.

The best food is biscuit powder, soaked for twelve hours in cold spring water, then boiled for half an hour, not simmered, or it will turn sour. Very little sugar need be added to the food, and then only at the time when given.

Sweets, of every kind, are most injurious, producing flatulency and indigestion, sores in the mouth, and disordered secretions.

An infant will take medicine the more readily if made lukewarm in a cup placed in hot water, adding a very little sugar when given.

The warm bath (at ninety-four) degrees of heat, not less, for ten minutes, every other night) is a valuable remedy in many cases of habitual sickness or constipation.

Soothing-syrup, sedatives, and anodynes, of every kind, are most prejudicial. They stop the secretions. A very small dose of laudanum given to an infant may produce coma and death.

When an infant is weaned, which is generally advisable at the age of nine months, it is of the utmost importance that it be fed with the milk of one cow, and one only (a milch cow,) mixed with biscuit-powder, prepared as before directed, and very little sugar.

Boiled bread-pudding forms a light and nutritious dinner, made with stale bread, hot milk, an egg, and very little sugar.

When an infant is twelve months of age, bread and milk should be given every night and morning; stale bread toasted, soaked in a little hot water, and then the milk (of one cow) added cold.

Solid meat is not generally required until an infant is fifteen months of age, and then to be given sparingly, and cut very fine. Roasted mutton, or broiled mutton-chop (without fat,) is the best meat; next that, tender, lean beef or lamb; then fowl, which is better than chicken; no pork or veal; no pastry; no cheese; the less butter the better.

An infant should not be put upon its feet soon, especially while teething or indisposed.

Avoid over-feeding at all times, more particularly during teething. It is very likely to produce indigestion and disordered secretions, the usual primary causes of convulsions, various eruptive complaints, and inflammatory affections of the head, throat, and chest.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR CAKES.

Plum Cake.—One pound of butter, one pound of flour, one pound of sugar, two pounds of currants, three pounds of raisins, one pound of citron, twelve eggs, two nutmegs (grated), a little mace, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, a wineglassful of brandy, and the same quantity of wine and of rose water.

French Cake.—One and a half cupfuls of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, two eggs, three-quarters of a teaspoonful of soda, and one and a half teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; flavor to your liking. Put all the ingredients together at once, and beat up quickly.

Sponge Cake.—The weight of twelve eggs in sugar, the weight of seven eggs in flour; beat the whites of the eggs to a froth; also, beat the yolks well; add the sifted sugar to the whites, then put in the yolks, then the flour; add also the grated rind, and the juice of three lemons.

Crunners.—One pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of lard, a quarter of a pound of butter, a teaspoonful of milk, a teaspoonful of pearlash, a little orange peel, and four eggs; beat the eggs and sugar together, and add enough of flour to make a dough.

Bread Fruit-cake.—Prepare one pound of very light bread dough, and work half a pound of butter into it, and let it stand awhile; mix three-quarters of a pound of sugar and five eggs together; pour all into a pan, and mix well with some spices, brandy, and raisins, and then bake it.

An Elegant Cake.—Two cupfuls of sugar, a small lump of butter, half a pint of milk, four eggs, one cocoanut (grated), a teaspoonful of oil of lemon, (or grated rind of lemon,) a teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar.

ORIGINAL USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Recipe for Dyspepsia.—To a handful of hoarhound add the same quantity of rue, and of burdock-root; put to these articles two quarts of water, and slowly boil it down to one quart; strain it, and put in half a pint of honey; and, when cold, add half a pint of the best French brandy. Dose—two tablespoonfuls night and morning.

Pomatum.—Melt about half a pint of marrow, and add to it six cents worth of castor oil, and three tablespoonfuls of alcohol; scent it to your liking. First rend the marrow, then melt it, and put in all but the perfume, and beat it until it becomes like cream; then add the perfume.

For Cleaning Carpets, &c.—One pint of ammonia, one pint and a half of water, and two ounces of borax. This mixture, if diluted a little, will clean silks without injuring them, and it is also an excellent hair tonic. It cleans the hair nicely, it is said.

To Clean Silver.—Rub the tea-pot on the outside with a piece of flannel lightly moistened with sweet oil; then wash it well with soap suds. When dry, rub it well with a piece of chamois skin and some whiting.

A Homeopathic Hair Restorer.—This is a receipt to make hair grow, and is composed of the tincture of cantharides, and water, in the proportion of ten drops of the former to half a gill of the latter.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR PUDDINGS.

Pound-cake Pudding; to be Served Hot.—Ingredients:—One pint of flour; one common size cupful of cream; one teaspoonful of sugar; three eggs; one-quarter pound of butter; one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in warm water; then add it to the cream, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar put dry into the flour. Bake the pudding an hour in a slow oven; serve it with sauce.

A Simple Pudding.—Boil a quart of milk; cut up some bread into small pieces, and soak them in the milk for about an hour; then add a tablespoonful of Indian meal, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut; sweeten well, and put in nutmeg and other spices. Bake about twenty minutes.

Bread-and-Butter Pudding.—A layer of grated bread, and another of apples, cut very thin; add sugar, butter, and nutmeg, with a wineglassful of wine; add layer after layer until your dish is full. Bake an hour.

Corn Pudding.—Grate four dozen ears of corn; add to it one quart of milk, four teaspoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, and four eggs. Bake two hours and a half.

TABLE RECEIPTS.

To Cook Oysters.—Butter a saucer or shallow dish, and spread over it a layer of crumbled bread, a quarter of an inch thick; shake a little pepper and salt, and then place the oysters on the crumbs, pour over also all the liquor that can be saved in opening the oysters; and then fill up the saucer or dish with bread crumbs, a little more pepper and salt, and a few lumps of butter here and there at the top; and bake half an hour, or an hour, according to the size. The front of a nice clear fire is the best situation; but if baked in a side oven, the dish should be set for a few minutes in front to brown the bread.

To Stew Red Cabbage.—Shred the cabbage, wash it, and put it over a slow fire, with shreds of onion, pepper, and salt, and a little plain gravy. When quite tender, and a few minutes before serving, add a bit of butter rubbed with flour, and two or three spoonfuls of vinegar, and boil the whole up.

Potato Cheesecakes.—One pound of mashed potatoes, quarter of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of butter and sugar, and four eggs; mix well. Bake in tins lined with paste.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF PURPLE SILK, with two flounces, each flounce is trimmed with rows of narrow black velvet ribbon. Cloak of black velvet, trimmed with fur. Bonnet of white velvet and blonde, trimmed with feathers.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF TAN COLORED POPLIN, ornamented down the front breadth with a velvet trimming woven in the silk. Cloak of French cloth, in the Bournoise form. Bonnet of dark green velvet and black lace.

FIG. III.—MORNING ROBE OF LIGHT GREY SILK, buttoning in its whole length, and trimmed down the front by broad plaided bands. The loose sacque has a broad band of plaid



Moussin & Sons.

silk round it, with small collar of the same. The very wide open sleeves have a plaid band and small epaulettes or *jockey* to correspond: very full bishop sleeves of fine muslin; at the wrist several narrow frills, worked at the edge with cherry colored wool.

FIG. IV.—CAPE OF BLACK NET, trimmed with rows of scarlet velvet ribbon, and edged with black lace. On the shoulders are two medallions formed by narrower lace than that around the cape.

FIG. V.—INFANT'S SACSUE DRESS OF NANSEUK, edged with embroidery.

FIG. VI.—SLEEVE OF A NEW STYLE FOR WINTER.—It fits closely at the waist, and is cut open in a diamond form on the back of the arm, through which the white under-sleeve shows. It is trimmed with buttons.

FIG. VII.—DRESS OF DARK GREEN SILK, striped transversely with a double skirt. The body is made with braces, formed of bias Tartan plaid. The skirt and sleeves are also trimmed with plaid, and the sash is made of Tartan plaid, finished with a narrow fringe.

FIG. VIII.—BONNET.—From Wildes, 251 Broadway, New York, we have illustrations of two beautiful bonnets, (see page 442) intended for mid-winter. The first is composed entirely of light maroon color velvet. The material is laid on the foundation plain, with the exception of the front, which forms four narrow plaits, terminating in two square ends on the right side, and one on the left; a deep fall of thread lace forms an edge to the plaits, and extends round the ends, forming pretty and effective side-trimmings. The curtain is of velvet, edged with narrow lace; a similar lace adorns the brim. The face trimmings consist of a full cap of blonde, intermingled with stock gillflowers and bows of black lace. Broad strings of maroon color ribbon.

FIG. IX.—BONNET.—The second is composed of black and emerald green velvet. The black velvet is laid on the foundation plain, four narrow folds, alternate green and black, form a finish to the front: these folds cross on the top of the head and terminate on the right side in narrow ends, edged with black lace; the left side is adorned by clusters of green ostrich plumes. A plaiting of green and black velvet, edged with a broad fall of fine French lace, extends across the crown. The curtain is composed of alternate folds of green and black velvet, and finished with narrow lace. The face trimmings consist of a cap of blonde, with a wreath of bright colored velvet flowers, interspersed with jet drops; over the head on the right side are quilling of fancy velvet ribbon, edged with lace. Broad green ribbon strings.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For plainer styles of dress, silks striped transversely are much worn. For a more expensive style, silks of rich dark colors, with designs woven in velvet, are much worn. Many of the new silks have very large patterns in stripes, chequers, or trailing clusters of flowers. The gay plaid, known as the "Tartan," is very fashionable. Fancy Tartans in silk or poplin are worn for out-door dress; and the rich colors of the "Clan Tartans" are very effective in satin or velvet for evening costume. Very many dresses of plain silk are trimmed with gay plaids, and a combination of black velvet and Tartan velvet, is remarkably rich in a bonnet. Cashmeres, de-lains, and chintzes, are of the gayest colors, and usually in large figures.

With respect to the make of dresses, it may be observed that basques, in Paris, are disappearing. They are now worn only with dresses suitable for negligé, and are never seen in evening costume. Even high dresses made of the richest and most costly silks have no basque at the waist; but the corsage is usually pointed both in front and at the back. A waistband of a color (or in various colors) harmonizing with the dress is very fashionable. It may be fastened by a brooch or buckle in front of the waist. A broad ribbon sash, fastened in a bow and long ends in front, is also very fashionable.

CORSAJES, according to the present fashion, are very much trimmed. Dresses with flounced skirts and those with double skirts continue to enjoy fashionable favor. Flounced dresses are, in general, regarded as the most elegant. When the dress is made with two skirts, it is requisite that the upper one should be very full to cause it to hang gracefully over the other.

CAPIES OF TULLE, &c., are very much worn with dresses made low in the neck. One of the prettiest novelties is a fichu of white tulle, covered with rows of narrow black velvet, crossed one over the other so as to leave lozenge-formed spaces between. This fichu is edged round with a trimming of white guipure.

UNDER-SLEEVES are still made of plain white tulle, in two or three puffs, the lowest puff being usually finished by a frill of lace; and sometimes there is also a frill of lace between the puffs. Some under-sleeves consist of one large puff fastened on a wristband, trimmed with rows of black velvet. Under-sleeves, suitable for a very superior style of costume, are trimmed with bows of ribbon, or loops and ends of velvet. For demi-toilet, we have seen some muslin sleeves, fastened at the wrist, and having revers, or turned-up cuffs of worked muslin, edged by a row of Valenciennes. Under-sleeves of jaconet, embroidered in colors of the same, to correspond, have been introduced in Paris for morning costume.

COATS are made quite large, cut rather pointed behind, and have large sleeves. The bournoise is likely to be the fashionable form for winter cloaks. For ordinary walking-dress it is made in grey, brown, or black cloth. Velvet will also be a favorite material. The bournoise is unquestionably very elegant when gracefully worn; and, above all, when properly cut. To set well it ought to be shaped so as to fit closely at the neck, and to flow behind as if cut longer at the back than in front. The hood should be without any complication of folds, and simply trimmed. Some *bournoises*, of the finest cashmere, have appeared; they are of a rich dark shade of fawn-color, and lined either with white silk, or silk of the same color; the hood is round, and of a large size: the trimming is a broad rich *galon* of the same color, but a lighter shade, and *broché* in black: the neck and hood-tassels correspond.

BONNETS are more round in shape than those of last winter. There is one peculiarity in the under-trimmings of the bonnet which has just been introduced. It consists of a single rose placed in the quilling of the cap exactly in the middle, above the forehead. In the same way a bow of rather wide ribbon, to match the trimming of the bonnet, is likely soon to be prevalent.

HEAD-DRESSES are made in great variety to suit the style or taste of the wearer. One, which has been greatly admired, is composed of rosettes of red velvet and tassels in gold; on one side there is a plume of white ostrich feathers, tipped with a sprinkling of gold. Another consists of pink, lilac, and white chrysanthemum, with blades of grass frosted in imitation of dew. There are trimmings for the dress to correspond.

FANS still continue very large in size; but many Parisian ladies of high fashion, in imitation of their grandmothers, use fans of different sizes and styles for different occasions; for instance, the large Louis XV. fan is reserved for the opera and for evening parties, and small pocket fans, of a plain description, are used on occasions not demanding so elegant a style of dress. Many of the newest Parisian fans are truly magnificent. The paintings which adorn them are finished works of art, and the mountings are of splendid workmanship, in ivory, sandal-wood, or mother-of-pearl; not unfrequently of gold and silver elaborately wrought.

SHOES, which are by no means the least important part of lady's dress, is subject, no less than the robe and the bonnet, to the dictates of fashion, whose latest decrees are as follows:

For walking-dress, kid boots, buttoned at the side, and with small heels. The kid may be either black or colored. Grey and bronze color are extremely fashionable.

For ball dress, satin slippers, white or colored, or white satin boots, or silk boots to match the color of the robe.

Morning slippers are made of kid, morocco, velvet, satin, and various fancy materials. They are frequently ornamented with embroidery in colored silks or gold and silver thread, and are trimmed with ruffles of ribbon, fringe, and passementerie.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. 1.—(See wood engraving.)—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK OF WHITE MARSEILLES, trimmed with white braid and buttons. The body has bretelles, meeting in a point in front of the waist, and with long ends, widening at the lower part. These ends descend over the skirt of the frock, and form part of a trimming, consisting of five long strips of Marseilles, orna-

mented with braid and buttons. The frock is edged by a broad hem, above which there is a band of Marseilles, cut the bias way, and ornamented with braid.

FIG. 11.—(See wood engraving.)—THIS FROCK FOR A LITTLE GIRL, is made of white jaconet, and trimmed with needle-work and white braid. In front of the waist there is a large bow of jaconet, with long, rounded ends edged with needle-work, which fall over the apron trimming in front of the skirt. This dress is very beautiful when made in Marseilles.

We have seen several very pretty children's costumes, of one of which we subjoin a description. A little girl's dress, composed of grey and white chequered silk, has a plain corsage with a berthe. The latter, formed of cross folds of silk, is pointed at the back, crossed in front of the waist, and each end is prolonged by a strip of the silk, plain (that is to say, not in folds.) These ends are passed under the arms and linked together at the back of the waist. The sleeves are composed of three frills edged with fringe of bright green, with chenille heading. The same fringe forms a trimming for the sides of the skirt.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

REMIT EARLY FOR 1859.—There will be just time, after receiving this number, to remit in season for the January one, which will be ready, at latest, by the first of December. Send on your single subscriptions and your clubs immediately. The press and public pronounce this the cheapest and best of the Magazines. Our strict adherence to the cash system enables us to publish, for two dollars, as good a Magazine, as others print for three dollars.

We claim, that, in several points, this Magazine excels all others. 1st. None publish such powerfully written original stories and novelets. 2nd. Our colored fashion-plates are later, prettier, and more the real styles. 3rd. In proportion to our subscription price, we give much the largest quantity of reading matter and embellishments. 4th. No other Magazine proposes to give, every month, a colored pattern for the Work-Table. 5th. Our designs for crochet, embroidery, knitting, bead-work, netting, hair-work, &c., &c., are more numerous and more beautiful, and many of them are designed expressly for us. 6th. Our Cook-Book for 1859 will be a necessity to every housekeeper. 7th. Clergymen recommend this Magazine, for its pure morality, as eminently suitable to place in the hands of daughters.

We may add that this Magazine has the reputation of always keeping its promises. All we ask is that "Peterson" should be compared with other Magazines to verify these assertions.

Every old subscriber can easily, by a little exertion, get one or more new ones. Will they not do it for "saul lang syne!"

OUR PREMIUM ALBUM.—Our premium to persons getting up clubs for 1859 will be a lady's album, in beautifully embossed gilt binding, with gilt edges, and with variously colored writing paper. It will also be embellished with several elegant and choice steel engravings. Altogether, it will be the most superb affair, we, or any other magazine publisher, has ever offered to the public. It will be sent gratis, post-paid, to every person getting up a club of three, and remitting \$5.00; or to any person getting up a club of five, and remitting \$7.50; or to any person getting up a club of eight, and remitting \$10.00; and also to persons getting up larger clubs, if preferred instead of the extra copy of the Magazine.

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